THE COMING MAN.

A pair of very chubby legs
  Incased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots
  With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat,
  Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us strides in state
  The future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,
  And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
  Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
  Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
  On some "big fellow's" kite.

That brow where mighty thought will dwell
  In solemn, secret state;
Where fierce ambition's restless strength
  Shall war with future fate;
Where science from now hidden caves
  New treasures shall outpour—
'Tis knit now with a troubled doubt,
  Are two, or three cents, more?

Those lips that in the coming years
  Will plead, or pray, or teach;
Where whispered worlds on lightning flash
  From world to world may reach;
That, sternly grave, may speak command,
  Or, smiling win control—
Are coaxing now for gingerbread
  With all a baby's soul!

Those hands—those little busy hands—
  So sticky, small and brown;
Those hands whose only mission seems
  To pull all order down—
Who knows what hidden strength may lie
  Within their future grasp,
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick
  In sturdy hold they clasp?

Ah, blessings on those little hands
  Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet
  Whose race is yet unrun!
And blesings on the little brain
  That has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the future holds in store,
  God bless the "coming man."
—Elmira Telegram.

PERCY.

I was at work.

We had been furnishing—my wife and I. We thought we had done it cheaply, but a few charming things in the bric-a-brac line, added at the last moment, had so overbalanced our account that I felt it imperative to make up a better check than usual that week on the daily paper upon which I earned my daily bread.

So I was hard at work.

But my wife had been hard at work, too. She had been to Paul Jones' sale—it was "remnant day"—and she had got a few little things which dear baby absolutely had to have, besides a few more quite indispensable trifles for herself—all of them "dirt cheap." She had been forced to confess, however, that the week's housekeeping money had been severely encroached upon, and I am afraid I was not enthusiastic over the Jones sale.

In fact I took some credit to myself for my silence both over the interruption and over the advisability of the purchases; I did not even endeavor to stop her when she had quickly gathered up all her little soft parcels and had deprived me of her presence.

Instead of chasing the passing cloud from her sweet eyes—as I knew how to do—I had even heaved a sigh of relief as the door slammed after her. But, there, the bills were hanging over my head, and I had written one paragraph!

So I was hard at work, and within sight of the end at last, when a voice on the stairs, shouting, "I know my way," made me swear a gentle oath under my breath before the door opened and one Percy Faimouth stood before me.

He was a college friend—one of those who always prevent one from working, but to whom one is never able to say nay.

I smiled a sickly smile of welcome and pushed the cigarettes toward him, but even as I did so I forgot his offense in sudden alarm at his appearance.

His face, that was wont to be fresh, was sallow and gray, and his eye, that was always merry, was dull and downcast.

"What's the matter, old man?" said I. "You're down on your luck."

It took him some time to bring the trouble out, even to me. But at last he managed it. He was in love.

"Is that all?" cried I cheerily. "Well, don't be alarmed. I assure you, when you have got over the beginning it isn't bad at all."

"It isn't that," said my friend gloomily, after a pause.

"Isn't what?" I asked.

"It isn't that I mind being in love," he explained, "but how am I to keep a wife?"

My chair spun around again of itself.

"You!" I cried, almost fiercely. "Why, haven't you got $2,500 a year of your own?" and a vision of the weekly books and the monthly bills swam before my eyes and made me run my fingers wildly through my hair. "You're a nice one to talk!"

Percy smiled sarcastically.

"Two thousand five hundred dollars!" echoed he. "Why, it wouldn't keep her in frilled underwear and short silk petticoats!"

I looked grave instantly. "O!" I murmured.

"And it wouldn't keep any of them," said my friend, rising and throwing his cigarette away as he warmed to his subject. "And one wouldn't wish that it should. What man cares to see his wife looking a frump, and dowdier than other women? And it isn't only the clothes; it's the house, and the furniture, and the servants, and everything. Dinginess is out of date. People don't cover up their carpets with washing drugget now, or let their wives go about in linsey-wolsey gowns and dust the knick-knacks, or give their friends herring and mutton chops for dinner. Ca ne se fati plus, and you know it."

I sighed. Yes, I did know it—more or less.

"If I were to marry on $2,500 a year," continued Percy emphatically, "I should be in debt two months, and my wife and I would have quarreled forever."

Why didn't I smile? I had been married more than two months, and, though I had certainly been in debt most of the time, my wife and I had not quarreled—yet.

But a vision of pouting mouth and tear-dimmed blue eyes rose uncomfortably before me; instead of smiling it was I now who sighed.

Perhaps my wife had not brought home small, soft parcels enough from Jones' sale instead of—as I had meanly supposed that morning—too many.

"But a man can work," said I, as bravely as I could, drawing my papers toward me.

"Work!" echoed Percy, bitterly. "That's all very well if you've got brains. I have no qualifications for earning money, and love in a cottage isn't good enough nowadays."

Somehow this speech restored me to my balance.

He smoked another cigaret, and then took up his hat, and I breathed a sigh of relief.

"It's a devil of a mess for a fellow to be in," he said, gloomily.

"Yes," said I. I'm afraid you'll have to find a wife who can work on her own account. There are a good many of them about nowadays."

He looked at me doubtfully. "O, I hate that sort," he said. "A girl with money's better, but that won't help me just now."

"So I supposed," said I. And I let him out. I had sworn at his entrance, but he had brought me luck.

The words literally flew from my pen when I sat down again; there was something spurring me on—there was a goal in sight that I knew of.

And when I had put my name to the last sheet and was free I sought it.

Upstairs in the nursery my wife sat beside the cradle; she had our child in her arms and was lulling him to sleep. Her eyes shone as she looked up at me, her face was fresh, and she was as dainty as any man could wish in a plain, white frock—ready to welcome me to dinner after my work. As I bent down to kiss her I said gayly: "I've made up a splendid week, darling; so you needn't worry about the purchases."

And she laughed, saying: "There weren't so many after all, you know. Only a few dollars' worth. But I shouldn't have interrupted you while you were making them!"

And then we went together to the dainty meal of her frugal ordering, and I was sorry that I had not been able to explain to Percy what it was that made it "good enough."—Exchange.

ARTIFICIAL TREE INDUSTRY.

Factory-Made Palms of Life-Like Formation Are Now Numerous.

This is the age of things artificial. A palm manufactory has recently opened a salesroom on Upper Broadway, and a huge sign lower down on the same thoroughfare notifies the mob that another store of the same sort will soon be ready for business. The artificial tree industry is comparatively new and it must be profitable. All over town one sees counterfeits. Many of the large stores, and most of the more prominent hotels of this city, including some of those that are most tasteful in their decorations, now have huge palms in their halls or entrances, and even in private houses it is not uncommon to find plants with removable leaves.

The prepared palms, such as are used to-day, are infinitely more real in appearance than the old artificial plants of a few years ago. Many are so close in their resemblance to the live plant that it is hard to detect them as imitations without close scrutiny. The leaves are real leaves, and not constructed out of enameled tin, like the old kind, and the fiber on the trunk is real fiber. It is only on approaching them and examining them that the leaves are seen to be painted and the stalks inserted into, but not growing out of, the stem. The price of the manufactured article varies from 50 cents to $25 for the ordinary specimens, but some of the larger and finer ones amount to $50, or even $100. A small fern palm sprig of some fifteen inches high is sold at half a dollar; a tree, such as those that are seen in the halls of hotels, measuring, say, nine feet high, and with about eighteen removable leaves, will cost $17. The sago palm is a more expensive variety, a tree of five feet selling for as much as $20. We may rail against humbug to our hearts' content, but, somehow or other, the laugh is seldom on the fellow who fools us.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

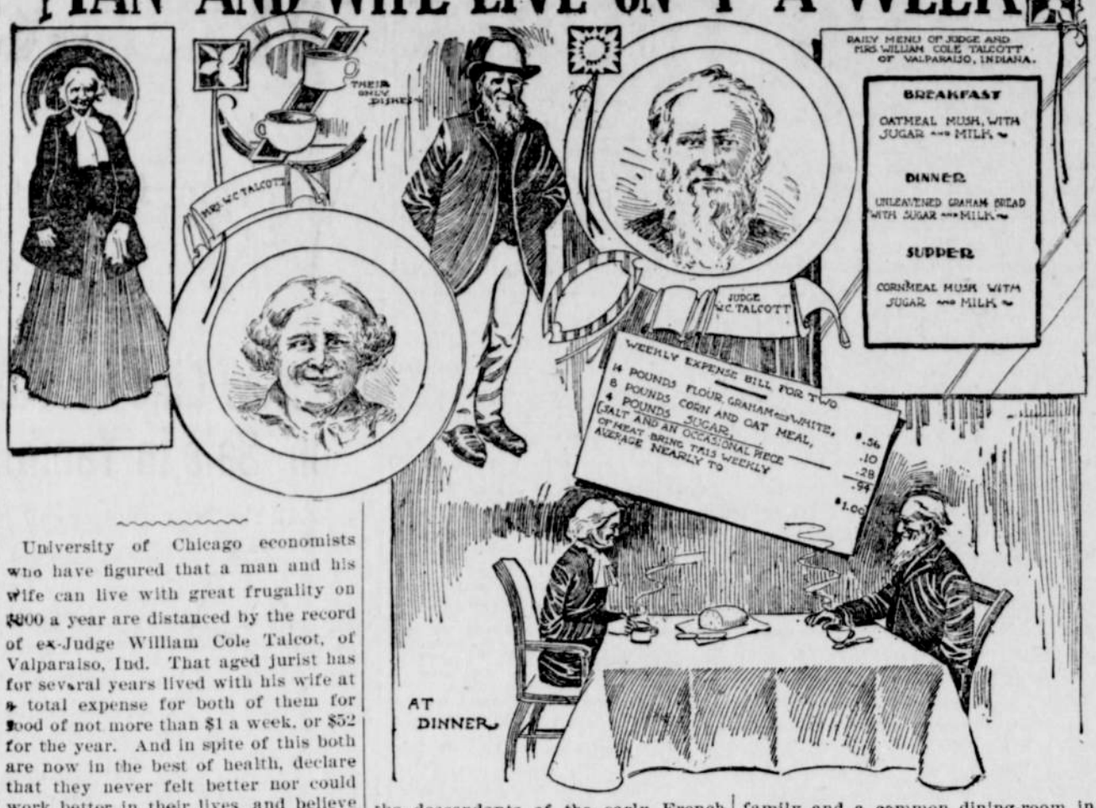
Work's Great Work.

The movement in G. A. R. circles to erect a monument over the grave of Henry Clay Work, at Hartford, Conn., revives the fact that his father was once confined in the Missouri penitentiary on the charge of aiding slaves to escape from the State of Missouri to Illinois. When the elder Work was released, one of the conditions of his pardon being that he should return to the State of Connecticut, whence he came originally, and remain there for the rest of his natural life. This obligation he faithfully kept. The son, Henry C. Work, was born at Middletown, Conn., and saw the end of American slavery while thousands of soldiers and citizens sang "Nicodemus," "Ring the Bell, Watchman," and "Marching Through Georgia."

The Czar's Scepter.

The Russian scepter is of solid gold, three feet long, and contains among its ornaments 268 diamonds, 360 rubies and fifteen emeralds.

MAN AND WIFE LIVE ON $1 A WEEK



University of Chicago economists who have figured that a man and his wife can live with great frugality on $800 a year are distanced by the record of ex-Judge William Cole Talcot, of Valparaiso, Ind. That aged jurist has for several years lived with his wife at a total expense for both of them for food of not more than $1 a week, or $52 for the year. And in spite of this both are now in the best of health, declare that they never felt better nor could work better in their lives, and believe that they have solved the problem of happiness and health in resorting to the plainest of plain living. Though nearly 85 years old Judge Talcot works daily in a garden near his house or about the house itself, is never ill, and is apparently as strong as most men who are not within a score of years of his age. And Mrs. Talcot, not quite ten years his junior, though snowy white of hair, has as fresh a color in her cheeks as a girl of 15, and does every day all the housework about their home.

Though the diet on which this is accomplished will appear to many people barren of everything that makes the table attractive, yet the two who have long made it their own declared that desire for other things quickly disappeared when they resorted to it, and that they neither want nor need additions to it. The rule of their table provides in general that their meals shall consist chiefly of cereal products with milk and sugar. They eat generally for breakfast oatmeal mush and milk and sugar. For dinner bread and milk and sugar, and for supper cornmeal mush and sugar. They vary this slightly from time to time with other cereal foods, and when they feel a taste for it add a bit of meat, for neither is a strict vegetarian.

For two-thirds of a century William Cole Talcot has been known as a leader in social reforms in Northern Indiana. He came from the East in 1835 on an excursion trip around the great lakes on one of the earliest steamers. The vessel ran up to the Sault Ste. Marie, then in the midst of the great Northwestern wilderness. From there it went into Green Bay, and its passengers beheld along the shores of that beautiful water the virgin forest, in which lived Indians almost unacquainted with white men, save as they met the descendants of the early French pioneers or the few Americans who had penetrated thus far into the wilderness for furs. Out through Death's Door they came, and up the lake to Chicago, and from this straggling hamlet across the lake to Michigan City. There where a great city was expected to grow Judge Talcot left the boat and soon after settled in St. Joseph County. He has lived in that vicinity nearly ever since, and most of the time at Valparaiso.

Even in his youth he was a thinker along original lines. Having when a boy been given a scholarship in college by a church educational society, he became convinced during his freshman year that the creed of the church which was supporting him was narrow and was founded on myths and traditions. He therefore resigned the scholarship and proceeded to study by himself. After he came to Indiana the Brook Farm communistic experiment was made and co-operation and socialistic colonies became much talked about. The young Talcot took the lead in Northern Indiana—in which there were scattered farming settlements and small towns—and in 1844 started the Philadelphia Industrial Association. Land was secured near South Bend, about two miles from the original town site, on the river, and a house and other buildings put up. There were nine families of seventy persons in the community, numbering cobblers, carpenters, farmers and men of other trades, and the plan was strictly a Commonwealth. All went well for a time. The land, however, had been secured from two different parties, who were at swords' points, and the troubles between these two soon destroyed any notion of "brotherly love" in the philadelphic community. A big common house had been built for a starter, having a separate entrance and room for each family and a common dining-room in the center, and there were outbuildings and plans for larger houses, but after two and a half years of existence the colony finally disbanded.

After that Mr. Talcot was elected Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, with jurisdiction over six counties. He held this office fifteen years. He had been before this owner and editor of the local paper—the Valparaiso Vidette—and after resigning from the bench again took charge of the paper and conducted it for thirty years. In the early years he found it necessary often to set and print as well as write the paper.

Having been thus in the public eye for three score years, Judge Talcot has come to have great influence among the people of Porter County. He has kept to his free thought, and is now leader in the Dr. Thomas branch of the People's Church in that city. Judge Talcot is as keen in putting forth his reform ideas to-day as at any time in his earlier life, and in them he has the unqualified support of his wife. The latter was for many years a teacher of penmanship in the "Collegiate Institute" of Valparaiso, and was a close friend of Judge Talcot and his first wife.

"There are two things for people to do to be happy and be healthy," says Mrs. Talcot. "They must live plainly and they must sleep at night instead of half the daytime. Early to bed and early to rise is a wise motto and plain living is another. In our opinion an expenditure of $300 a year for two people would be great extravagance. To be sure, we have no rent to pay and we have milk sent to us by Mr. Talcot's son, but even if we had these things to pay for we would not need to spend $300 a year. We do not stint ourselves, but we follow a wise creed by living plainly when we are at home or when on the railroad."

URBANITY A PAYING QUALITY.

Instances in Which Courteous Men Have Found Politeness Profitable.

Many years ago the late Dr. Snippen, of Philadelphia, left his house in early morning and was hurrying down the street when he noticed a singular and ferocious-looking man, whose gaze was fastened upon him. With instinctive politeness and bonhommie he smiled, raised his hat and passed on, when suddenly he heard a shot. Turning he found that the stranger had just left his home with the insane intention of killing the first man he met. He was the first man; but his absolute fearlessness and constitutional as well as cultivated courtesy had put the man off his guard, and the next passer-by had caught the bullet intended for him. That smile and bow had saved his life.

When the country was a century younger and the Indian was yet in the land, a gentleman upon the then frontier was hunting with friends, got separated from them, and completely lost his way. Every effort to retrieve his steps led him still further into the wilderness, and night overtook him in a dense forest. Overcome with fatigue, he lay down under a tree and slept profoundly. In the morning he awoke with a start, with that indescribable feeling that some one was looking at him, and, glancing up, he saw that he was surrounded by hostile Indians, and that the leader of the band, in war paint and feathers, was bending over him in no amiable mood.

He took in the situation at a glance—knew his immediate danger, and had no means of averting it; neither did he understand a word of their language. But he was self-possessed, knew the universal language of nature, and believed that even under the war paint and feathers "a man's a man for a' that." He fixed his clear, bold eye upon the Indian, and—smiled! Gradually the fierceness passed away from the eye above him, and at last an answering smile came over the face. Both were men—both were brothers—and he was saved! The savage took him under his protection, brought him to his wigwam, and after a few days restored him to his friends. Courage, self-command, and tact had gained the day.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Instinct of Cats.

The instinct of animals in the matter of self-preservation is curiously illustrated, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, by the fact that several dozen cats found refuge during the Ottawa fire in a wooden house which, although the buildings on each side were burning down, refused to catch fire and remained intact. Cats have a peculiar gift in this direction, since, in addition to their reputed nine lives, there is a popular superstition that they will only eat what is good for them.

This may or may not be a fallacy, but the instinct of self-preservation, which is common to all animals, except, perhaps, horses (who, being very bags of nerves, will during a fire behave with suicidal obstinacy), has been proved time and again. The rats which, in practice as well as in theory, desert the ship which is no longer seaworthy, are a notable example of it; and there are many animal lovers who would not consider it any way extravagant to suggest that the quacking of the geese in the capitol was due to a knowledge on their part of the facts that the entry of the enemy would mean the cutting of their throats, while the rousing of the Romans would earn them a debt of gratitude and personal immunity from the poulterer's shop windows.

Was Just Com ion Lying.

"The cunning of the Chinese has been very much exaggerated," said a former sea captain in conversation the other day. "I will never forget my own experience. We had arranged with a prominent Chinese merchant of Hong-Kong for a quantity of tea, but at the last minute there was a hitch about the delivery of the consignment. He told me it had been temporarily tied up by the officials on account of some misunderstanding about the internal taxes. I discovered by accident later on that the lot had been sold over my head to a chance customer and the tax story was a mere pretext to gain time for the substitution of an inferior grade.

"The tea merchant was a sedate, courtly old gentleman and he had told me the outrageous lie with perfect calmness, looking me squarely in the face, without a quiver. It never occurred to me to doubt his word and but for chance we would have been heavy losers. When I exposed him indignantly before all his employes and several foreign residents I supposed he would be ashamed and disconcerted. An American of his standing would have been humiliated and crushed beyond measure. I have known men to commit suicide for less disgrace, but he never so much as blinked. He heard me through blandly, made no comment and began to talk about something else. He had told a lie, was caught and regarded the episode as closed."

An Odorless Onion.

The latest product of scientific propagation is the odorless onion. Just how an onion can be odorless and still remain an onion is not explained. To most people the odor is all there is of an onion and that is enough. The elimination of the characteristic feature of a vegetable of such long and strong standing in natural history ought to be reckoned among the proudest achievements of man. But an onion deprived of that delicious tang and the penetrating scent which goes with it, can hardly be an onion. The palate which loves onions will not recognize it; calling a whitened, innocuous, insipid, plated bulb an onion will not make it one.

No true lover of onions will hail this new invasion of science. He eats his onion at dead of night, in silence and solitude. He rejoices in it and sleeps upon it. The incense of his praise fills the room and soothes him to delicious sleep. He rises in the morning after his sacrifice to pass the day in purification, to see no one till the sun hath sunk with indigestible substances, its rudiment vegetable can command such devotion from its votaries. It is a luxury and a worship. Shall he yield all this delight for an odorless bulb? Let others do as they will, he will not. An onion without its odor would be ashamed of itself.—Milwaukee Journal.

A Chinese Typewriter.

The Rev. Sheffield, a Presbyterian minister at Tung Chow, has invented a typewriter for the Chinese language. This machine is capable of writing 4,000 characters, which are carried around the circumference of numerous type-wheels. It requires the depression of two keys in order to print a simple character.

A Northern Lighthouse.

The most northern lighthouse in Great Britain, the northwest tower on the coast of Shetland, is built on a rock 200 feet high, the summit of which barely affords room for the necessary buildings

Japan's Attitude Toward China.

The racial differences that exist between Japan and China have probably led some observers to believe that the two peoples are naturally antipathetic. The war of 1894 has been cited as proof of this, and in the present crisis in the Far East it appears to be taken for granted by many that the Japanese people will regard China's misfortune as their opportunity. That there is no valid reason for thinking that this is Japan's attitude, and that those who are most prominent in guiding Japan's public policy sincerely desire to establish and foster friendly feelings with China, is ably shown by Durham White Stevens, Esq., counsellor of the Japanese legation, in his article, "Japan's Attitude Toward China," which appears in the current issue of Collier's Weekly.

Rare Philippine Jewels.

The rarest corals in the world are to be found in the Philippines. As precious as this jewel is, there is still a rarer one, and that is health. It may be possessed by any one who will use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for indigestion, dyspepsia, belching, heartburn or sleeplessness. Try it.

Southern Moonshiners.

The great majority of moonshiners are to be found in the mountain fastness of Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee, and here they live in conditions of civilization as crude as their ancestors, most of whom were English fugitives from justice who reached this country more than a century ago. Indeed, in many respects these descendants have retorgraded rather than advanced. Had they been surrounded for a century by a Chinese wall they could not have been more destitute or ignorant of the modern conveniences.

ALUM BAKING POWDERS.

Congress Is Acting to Suppress Their Sale.

The report of the senate committee on manufactures upon the subject of food adulterations and food frauds has created a sensation in congress and awakened great interest throughout the country.

If there could be published a list of the names of all articles of food found by the committee to be adulterated or made from injurious ingredients, it would be of inestimable value to the public.

The recommendations of the committee that the sale of alum baking powders be prohibited by law, will make of special interest the following list of names of baking powders which chemists have found to contain alum:

Baking Powders Containing Alum:

K. C. . . . . Contains Alum
Manf. by Jaques Mfg. Co., Chicago.
CALUMET . . . . . Contains Alum
Manf. by Calumet Baking Powder Co., Chicago.
HOME . . . . . Contains Alum
Manf. by Home Baking Powder Co., San Francisco
WASHINGTON . . . . . Contains Alum
Manf. by Pacific Chemical Works, Tacoma.
CRESCENT . . . . . Contains Alum
Manf. by Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle.
WHITE LILY . . . . . Contains Alum
Manf. by D. Ferrera & Co., Tacoma.
BEE-HIVE . . . . . Contains Alum
Manf. by Washington Mfg. Co., San Francisco.
BON BON . . . . . Contains Alum
Manf. by Grant Chemical Co., Chicago.
DEFIANCE . . . . . Contains Alum
Manf. by Portland Coffee & Spice Co., Portland.
PORTLAND . . . . . Contains Alum
Manf. by Beno & Ballis, Portland.

It is unfortunate that many manufacturers of alum baking powders state that their powders do not contain alum. It is only right that consumers should have correct information as to the character of every article of food offered to them.

Superstition in Yucatan.

"Apropos of the wonderful ancient ruins in Yucatan," said a New Orleans college professor, "there is one very fortunate circumstance which has protected them almost entirely from spoilation by the Indians. It is currently believed by the natives all through that part of the country that the ruins are haunted and that devils will carry away anybody who attempts to molest them. This superstition has been encouraged by explorers, and is a better safeguard than a picket of soldiers."

It is a hard matter to discern rightly whether a good or an evil spirit does provoke thee to covet this or that.

Deliberate much before doing or saying anything, for you have not the power of recalling what has been said or done.

All farmers are not good judges of butter and lose the advantage of high prices thereby. They keep cream too long or fail to use a thermometer when churning, making mistakes that might be avoided by taking precautions against selling an inferior article.

Better make of every sorrow a stepping stone to higher, nobler thought and deed than to hang it against your heart to weigh you down into the slough of despondency.