QUIETNESS SHALL BE STRENGTH.

And poetry will in it grow; Quell in it greed and hate's turmoil, And music from its depths will flow.

From ever changeful scene to scene: Atoms and molecules may dance, But man should hold a constant mien.

Still, still in tranquil mood advance,

We have forgotten how to dream so that I may have quiet hours

VIRGIN ALLEY.

Virgin alley had its virtues, if not its virtuous. There's much in a name, it is said, and in this case I am bound to confess that the subject was well nigh exhausted in its title, so far as that locality was concerned But when once this street had won its ironic title it ceased to be particular on the score of its nomenclature, and the barefooted urchins who dangled their pinched legs from doorsteps had names as abbreviated

as their stockings. Just where this Rue de Sodom stretched its dirty length I shall not be particular to say. It is not in the nature of my subject to be particular. Enough said when I explain that it was the lazar spot of a certain small town near this city; a row of low wood colored cabins little bigger than boxes, where the cannaille, washed," swarmed and hived. It was bare. Earth, houses, children—all bare. No grass, no paint, no clothes. And like the bald spot on the small head, its barrenness was all the more conspicuous because of the smallness of the village that contained

The male infactants of Virgin alley lived by fishing, hunting gambling and stealing in a small way. When they drew the line at that the town was sa The female portion of the alley-lived. I

Now and then some one of the three or four wealthy men of the town would begin to talk about cleaning out Virgin alley. crats had of announcing their candidacy r president of the town board. I only mention it because it is so refreshing to ing to the virtuous and respectable part of community. But when these politicians began to boast of how they would "clean out Virgin alley," they were reminded that, as for the alley, fire would not burn t and that a greater than Mr. So-and-so ad been swallowed up in its depths. This Mr. So-and-so that he would better let wel toes of the alley if he hoped to trifle with

The little allusion, however, concealed cealment that now concerns us.

A tradition sprang up in Virgin alley and was bandied about the town generally that once upon a summer's day a gay youth struck the little town and made the most of it. He was not a colporteur for the tract society nor the agent for a foundlings' ne, but he was as well dressed as either of those philanthropic gentlemen, and like them, soon "struck his gait," and emerged into Virgin alley. The moon was in an other quarter when he left it. He went immediately to the railway station and thence

It was soon whispered that this gay he had not condescended to make the acquaintance of the remainder of the town, alley was prepared t own way and say as to the genuineness of his lordship. Lord or not, neither his coming nor his going seemed to make any on neighborly virgins rested their bare elbows on their window sills and fence tops and scolded, cursed and snat at each other as just as freekled, dirty and devilish as be-fore his possible lordship came and went.

One person, however, seemed visibly a fected by the innovation of the gay youth into alley society. That person was Little Lisette. She was sad. Those who had Lisette. She was sad. Those who had known her from childhood had never known her to be sad before. Whatever else she may have been, sadness was not would have made her hated by every fema in the alfey, but her irresistible good nature made them forgive her for her beauty and love her for her sunshine. Even the lazy hounds would leap up from their lairs under f better shelter, ranged along the alley in front of the habitation of their ownersnd wag her a hearty welcome. She always pull their long, soft ears—a familiarity that few dare attempt. Yes, happy Little Lisette was irrevocably

sad. Not so with the other virgins. When Lisette passed by looking her saddest they smiled wisely and seemed to see something quite laughable in the girl's dejection. Little Lisette was seventeen, and as girls have been known to be in love at seventeen that might explain her sorrow were it not for the fact that no one in the alley had ever been known to commit that weakness. It was contrary to the traditions of the place, and a piece of nonsense not to be tol-erated. In fact, the presumption of falling in love was received as an assumption of superiority, and was treated accordingly. It did not do for a daughter of the alley to ie "stuck up." Even favored Lisette

After a time Little Lisette dropped the title of "Little" and became simply "Li-sette," for the very good or bad reason that that diminutive prefix was needed to de-

scribe a smaller Lisette.

Six years passed and still Lisette was unhappy, though for the life of them the virgins of the allet could not tell what Lisette had to make her so. To be sure, she was not as handsome as at seventeen, but she was still the handsomest woman in the alley—and that ought to be enough for femining ambiting in that locality. More In the alley—and that ought to be enough for feminine ambition in that locality. More than that, Little Lise-the was the hansomest child in the alley—and of the town, for that matter. The highly respectable of the town would stop the child on the street, draw her long, golden curls through their flagers, and sigh, "What a pityf".

If no one was looking these ladies would even kiss the child's brow. Scandalous, to be sure! Yet they did it. They could not help it; the/child drew them so.

help it; the child drew them so.

Another summer's day. Another gen-tleman emerges into Virgin alley. He is not the colporteur; not the agent for the foundlings home. But he would pass, the world over, for a "Marrof the Cloth." He knocks at Lisette's door and is admitted.

about it is that the Man of the Cloth is as

It is not yet noon, but Lisette and the Some Advice Regarding the Best Way to Man of the Cloth are sitting in the shadow of a deserted cooper shop, talking earnestly. The other virgins are watching as earnestly from windows and fences. Some laugh and some make up hideous faces. It's all the same to Lizette and the Man of the Cloth, for the inquisitive virgins can-

I am a different man already. My wild days are ended and I have set about righting the wrongs that I have done others—so far as wrongs can be righted. This is why I have crossed the ocean to make you my wife. I will not ask you to forgive me the sorrow I have caused you until you understand a little of what its reparation costs me. Before sunset you will be the duchess of M-

Lisette says nothing; only beckons Little Lisette, who is playing with the hounds in the street. The child dances toward them laughing and shaking her golden head. Lisette looks long and directly into the child's eyes, but the Man of the Cloth only toys with her curls. He does not look into the child's eyes.

"And do you say that she will grow up into a fine lady and have everything that money can buy?" Still gently sobbing.
"Yes, everything," he answers.

"And must you marry me before that can come to her?" "Yes," he replies.

They part. Afternoon. It is all over! Lisette is the Duchess of M—. The clergyman who has wrought this change is too astonished at the fee which his highness, the Man of the Cloth, has pressed into his hand to no-tice that the bridegroom does not kiss his

the duchess is excused to go up the alley to put Little Lisette to bed for the last time her own little trundlebed, for tomor ow father, mother and child will leave Virgin alley forever.

nugs her so tightly and why her mother's heart beats so fast and loud. Why does her sad mamma kiss her so hard and so nany times? It is all a mystery to sleepy Little Lisstte, who never knows how many ered upon her when asleep before Mamma Lisette leaves her bedside and passes swiftly into the alley.

It is late, and his highness, the Man of the Cloth, is anxious less his martyrdom should have miscarried by some accident

He goes slowly up the alley, thinking how good he is to endure all things for conscience sake. He wonders what the virgins, who stare at him from window and fence top, would think if they knew what he had sacrificed to do penance for the sins of youth.

when lost or listening to the tolling of a bell. It is the wail of a hound. The mournful brute is in a field a few rods. ting upon his haunches, with his nose pointed high in the air. His highness is first to investigate this strange canine pro-ceeding. Lying close beside the hound, face downward and mouning deeply, is

He takes the paper that is shut tightly in ner small, clinched hands, thrusts it into his pocket, lifts her in his arms and carries

A physician is summoned and the wretchedly aimed knife drawn from her breast. ful flow of blood, but at last it is done. No; his martyrdom has not miscarried.

Lisette lives. She slowly recovers.

the field that night. It reads:

To His Highness the Duke of M—:

I love you too well to curse your life with my presence. I should have compelled you to return without me-yes, I should have killed myself before marrying you had it not been for Little Lisette. Perhaps I have done wrong to allow you to blight your name, even for her sake, but the temptation was too great. She is sweet and beautiful, and you will surely learn to love her. You could never learn to love me. I should always be a shame and a reproach to you. Do not waste a regret on me. I am unworthy of it. You never brought me anything but good, for I should never have known love if I had not known you. Oh, if I could only have one word of love from your lips before I die! But I cannot. That, and leaving my precious Little Lisette, are the only hard things about dying—for I love you so much that it is easy for me to die that you may never have to blush because of my presence at your side. the field that night. It reads: easy for me to die that you may here have a blush because of my presence at your side. If what I have done for Little Lisette's sake is wrong may God forgive me! and for his sake and for pity of me do no let it set your heart against the child. Goodby forever!

LISETTE.

The marriage kisses which his highness

"I have just asked your father, also obliged to serve, and that failure to Maud," he said, "if I might offer myself to solve, and that failure to you, and he was kind enough to say he had appear would lay him liable to attachment and fine. This was news to me. no objections, and that I would find you in

Papa should have consulted me in this matter before sending you here," said the beautiful daughter of the distinguished senator, haughtily. "As a friend I shall always be happy to see you, but as a lover, Mr. Spoonansore, you are persona non -Washington Post.

-Who was that comical fellow who

TO YOUNG HUSBANDS

Treat Your Wives. that a married man can be guilty of is a kind of coarse jesting at the bondage of the married state, and a laugh at the shackles which the wife imposes not see that Lisette's crying or hear what On the contrary, be it your pride to exhibit to the world that sight on "Yes, my whole life is change. I can't which the wise man passes such an tell you how it has all come about," he is saying, "but I'm going to be a different men are a man and wife that perfectly men are a man and wife that perfectly Make it an established rule to consult your wife on all occasions your interest is hers-and undertake position. Independent of better moyou from! For if the affair turns out li, you are spared reproaches both her and your own feelings.

But the fact is, she who ought to have most influence on her husband's mind is often the person who has the least, as a man will frequently take the advice of a stranger, who cares not for him nor his interest, in preference to the cordial and sensible opinion of his wife. A due consideration of the domestic evils such a line of conduct is calculated to produce might, one would think, of itself be sufficient to prevent adoption; but, independent of these, policy should influence you, for is a woman of intuitive quickness, a sagacity, a penetration and a foresight into the probable consequences of an event that make her peculiarly calculated to give her opinion and "If I were making up a plan of consequences," said the great Lord Bolingbroke, "I should like first to consult with a sensible woman.

Have you any male acquaintance whom, on reasonable grounds, your wife wishes you to resign? Why should you hesitate? Of what conse quence can be the civilities or even the friendship of any one compared with the wishes of her with whom you have to spend your life, whose comfort in your marriage vows you have promised to attend to, and who has a ight to demand not only such a trifling compliance, but great sacrifices if necessary? Never witness a tear from your wife with apathy or indifference. Be assured, when you see a tear on her cheek, that her heart is touched, and do not behold it with coldness and finsensibility. It is unin the presence of others be particularly watchful. A look or a word that may, perhaps, in reality convey no angry meaning may at once lead peoto think that their presence alone restrains the eruption of a discord which probably has no existence what My good sir, allow me to ask you what was your motive in marry-Was it to oblige or please your wife? No; truly, it was to oblige and please yourself, your own dear self. Had she refused to marry you you would have been (in lover's phrase) a wiser. very miserable man. — Mrs. Grace Wilcox in Montreal Star.

A new industry has made its aphis offering. The signature, which, singularly enough, is almost without exception the first name of the maiden. is clipped from the end of a letter and handed to the artist. After looking at it closely through a magnifying glass he gets a thorough idea of the proportion of its shading and all of its characteristics. Then with the thin sheet of gold in his fingers and a delicate pair of finely tempered scissors and a hair file he reproduces the signature in the precious metal in an incredibly short time. The work of soldering a pin to the signature and packing it in a box filled with tinted and perfumed cotton is a matter of a few moments. It is said that bridegrooms are this man's chief patrons. - New York

One day this week I made the as-The marriage kisses which his highness could not give his bride at the marriage are scattered through their wedded life. Lisette's passionate love for her husband and her native intelligence and social tact enabled her to put far behind her the things of her youth, and many a noble duke has less occasion to be proud of his wife and less occasion to be proud of his wife and child than his highness, the Man of the Cloth.—Buffalo News.

To unding discovery that in occasiony eligible to jury duty it is not necessary eligible to jury The young government clerk found the object of his scarch in the conservatory.

'I have just asked your father, Miss

'I have just asked your father, myself to obliged to serve, and that failure to obliged to serve, and that failure to It seems under the law that a man may be too old for jury service, but not too young .- Interview in St. Louis

The Ass and the Wild Horse. An Ass who was at Pasture one day was approached by a Wild Horse, whose graceful movements and perfect freedom from the restraints of Man so Jim—That's Mr. Graves, who writes the outhing obituary notices in the Evening an Excursion in his company.

Tom—And that preternaturally solemn out togeth who sat open its many together. youth who sat opposite us?

Jim-O that's young Van Tyckle, the writer of the jokes in the same paper.—
Pittsburg Bulletin.

Ine Horse consented and the two set out together, but they had not traveled above three or four miles when a pack of wolves made a rush and cut the Ass off from his companion. He cried Horse said, as he galloped away:

"Johnny, what are you going to do with at beetle?"

"I had forgotten to mention the Fact that this sort of life has its draw-

Moral: Nature puts us all where we

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JACOBS' CRUCIFIXION

A Wonderful Piece of Mechanism That Represents the Sufferings of Jesus. One of the most despicable practices lan. Prussia, has been credited with con-Hermann Jacobs, a carpenter, of Bunzstructing a wonderful piece of mechanism representing in several successive the actors in the grand but beautiful machinery runs by clockwork, and enacts the various parts three times in ea. winding. The panorama first unfolded is a beautiful garden, with a figure of Jesus kneeling in prayer under one of no plan contrary to her advice and op the trees, figures of the three sleeping apostles being plainly discernible in the

> As the machinery warms up the wheels and the figures move more rapidly, quickly unfolding the last scenes in the earthly career of Jesus. The last supper, the betrayal, the remorseful look which comes over the face of Judas when he first realizes the extent of his crime, the examination of Jesus before Caiaphas, the dialogue between Pilate and the Jews-all flit before the gaze in a manner so astonishingly lifelike and real as to make one almost believe himthe cross appears.

the little figures busy themselves binding the figure to be nailed upon it. Ladders are run up to the arms of the cross, a little figure quietly slips over the rungs, then there is a sound of hammers as two figures hold the one that is being nailed to the cross by the figures on the ladders.

At last, when all is thought to be finished, a figure on horseback slides across the platform, draws his sword and thrusts it into the side of the figure on the cross. The last scene shows Jesus in the sepulcher, with angels guarding

Mr. Adams in his "Letters on Silesia" says: "It is the most remarkable piece of mechanism I have ever seen. The traitor's kiss, the scourging, the nailing to the cross, the sponge of vinegar and every seeming pain inflicted occasion description."-St. Louis Republic.

How Frank Leslie Died. Mr. Leslie was physically strong and hearty to the very hour of his death, all to be avoided at all times; but when his life being singularly free from aches or pains. His death was caused by a small tumor in the throat; being just beneath the jugular vein, the tumor

could not be touched by the lance The day of his death Mr. Leslie took a long walk, little thinking that in a few hours e should be numbered with those who have gone on ahead of us to the unknown country. They sent for me in the heart of the city. I hastened to his bedside with all speed. When I arrived he lay sleeping. I spoke to him. He did not know me, or appear to take hopeful. I could not believe that he must die. Those about the bed were

One said to me: "Do not deceive yourself; this means death." I put my two arms over the dving man's shoulders and looking into his face asked him to speak to me. He opened his eyes, pearance in the hotel corridors which, smiled faintly, then said to me these from the satisfied expression of the words: "You are beautiful and I love proprietor's face, seems to pay hand you!" He had thrown all his life into

by mistake for a penny into the slot of an automatic machine and cannot get it back; no, nor even the piece of chocolate himself and for his own char he bargained for. "Boo, hoo, hoo!" to me when I was a much smaller boy, and yet I did not cry about it. I was taken to "call" upon a most excellent clergyman who had a missionary box upon his drawing room table. The poite function hung rather heavy on my hands, and I was amusing myself with trying whether a five shilling piece-all the money I had in the world, invested in that gigantic coin for safety-would go into the slit in the box. It was a close fit, but unfortunately it did go and falling into a sea of coppers-and then gyman in raptures over my charitable act.-James Payn.

Spectacle Cure for Headaches. A New York physician who has for several years been studying the relation of the eye strain to headaches, etc., in children has published the result of his He finds that cases of short sight, far sight and irregular sight often go unrecognized until the continued eye strain results in a chronic headache and lassitude, or even more serious nervous disorders. The most approved modern treatment in certain cases of headache is to order the use of spectacles.-New

Moslems Abhor Bells.

The Moslems abhor bells, which they say draw evil spirits together. of them they have men called Muezzins come to prayer. Their cry is, "There is prophet."-St. Louis Republic.

that my words sunk deep into her heart.

HOSPITALITY.

Decline of the Old Fashioned Virtue.

Reasons for the Change. There is something more than the talk of the traditional grumbler in the charge that the old fashioned virtue of hospitality is on the decline. Where drama are carved from wood, and are fathers it was not unusual for people each about six inches in height. The to have their houses literally over flowing with guests, it is now hard to find anybody who ever thinks of en tertaining more than one or at the most two at a time, and it has become the exception rather than the rule that it used to be for anybody outside of a country house in summer to have guests at all. The succession of country cousins who were once almost as regular ovisitors to all well regulated city dwellings as the tax collector and the gas man, are seen no more forever, soon think of opening a boarding house at once as of having her home grandmother.

The reasons for this change are numerous. In the first place, the in-creased facilities for traveling of modern times has made it so easy for visit-ors to come to town that if the doors self at Calvary. After the sentence has been pronounced a figure of Jesus with swung as hospitably open as of old it is feared that the rightful owners of The cross is mechanically erected while any given domicile would be in serious danger of being crowded out of their own premises. There is, moreover, the increased expense of living and the complex requirements of modern society, which renders it impossible to up the old fashioned customs, with imminent danger of finding any ordinary income and any ordinary strength hopelessly overtaxed. Mod ern housekeeping, it is to be added, is so much more elaborate than that which obtained in the olden days that it cannot allow the interruptions and upsettings which formerly made no great difference. The housekeeper of today is at the head of too intricate a machine to see with any patience the arrival of guests which throw out of gear the whole mechanism. We are more selfish than of old, and we are forced to be if we hope to keep up at feelings which cannot be felt at mere description."—St. Louis Republic. the country cousins, the poor relatives, the strangers of all sorts, must be attended to in some other way than that of having the house doors opened

The sense of individuality which has been developed so greatly within the last century much to do with the present state of things. It is recognized that a man's house must be his castle mentally as as well as physically if he is to preserve his individuality from the importunities of the unsympathetic, the vexing, the vulgar and the idle may be a sublimated form of selfish ness, but it is one of the things which the age demands, and to what the age demands it is pretty hard not to accede much interest in my words. Still, I felt Nor is the result wholly without its good side. People are certainly more interesting who do defend their individuality, and develop their personal ity, and in the stress of our over ner yous time and climate it would be proctically impossible to meet the requirements which stand ready to meet men and women the moment they step over their own threshold, did they not make that threshold a bar to the claims of the outside world as far as

In the days that follow Little Lisette wonders why the Man of the Cloth kisses her mamma and herself so often and so fine himself to any one locality, but is fine himself to any one familiar corridor.

The days that follow Little Lisette wonders why the Man of the Cloth kisses some profits. The man does not confine himself to any one locality, but is fine himself to any one locality, but is some profits. The man does not confine himself to any one locality, but is some profits. The man does not confine himself to any one locality, but is some profits. possible.

The danger perhaps lies in the ditenderly, and why Mamma Lisette and the now found in one familiar corridor, this man had time to turn aside from stagnant, and the sanctuary's becomtenderly, and why Mamma Lisette and the Man of the Cloth are no longer sad, although mamma is so sick and must lie so very still. Perhaps we may understand if we glance over his shoulder as he reads, for the hundredth time, the letter taken from Lisette's hand as he picked her up from the field that night. It reads:

now found in one familiar corridor, now in another. His businesss has a certain amount of sentiment in it, for out of thin sheet gold he manufactures pretty lace pins, the design of which is the signature of any fair one to whom his customer desires to present this man had time to turn aside from the deep Plutonian shadows of eterative and consecrate his expiring breath to the love and tenderness of wife and home. Ah, sir, such a life as this could not have been entirely in valr.—Interview with Mrs. Leslie in Detroit Free entertaining angels unawares is so much diminished by modern fashions that there is room for fearing that we A gentleman has been complaining to seem to entertain the heavenly visi-the papers that he has dropped a florin tants at all. Of course each must in this as in other matters draw the line for himself, but out of regard for will be well if he draw it a great deal Why, that's nothing to what happened nearer the old fashioned idea than is generally done in these days.—Boston Courier.

That Crotchety Meter.

A gas meter is to my notion a thing of consent. I would like to have some one convince me that it in any way indicates the amount of gas burned as a bushel or a pound represents something that we can prove up. gas meter will register air blown into it as well as gas that passes through it. tounding discovery that in order to be slipped out of my fingers. There was a to assess gas bills as the water departterrible metallic splash-a rock of silver ment does-on the basis of the num ber of rooms in a house! Any one "I knew no more." When I came to who will make the experiment will myself I found my family and the cler-find that if every burner in the house is lit and turned full head on every night for a month that the bill for that month will be no larger than usual, The gas that is forced through the meter, if not burned, will leak away That is the explanation of gas bills rendered for months when a Some safeguard against waste is to turn off the gas behind the meter dur-

Mr. Grady's Home Life.

At home Mr. Grady was full of fun and frolic. One of the funniest scenes I ever witnessed was during a dinner at Mr. Grady's house. When we seated ourselves at the table Me.

Grady gave a same true.

"What is it to have versatility?" asked Teddy one day.
"It's to be a poet," returned Kitty, without hesitation. "To make verses, you know."—Youth's Companion.

Death of the Companion. Grady gave a warning look at her husband, who had commenced to carve the chickens, as she said: of them they have men called Muezzins "Henry, I am going to say grace."

With a resigned air Mr. Grady sat, five times each day for the people to come to prayer. Their cry is, "There is his lips pursed up. Mrs. Grady, who no God but God, and Mohammed is his | was a devout Methodist, began to say grace, while Mr. Grady kept up an undercurrent of soft toned, sotto voce chains, parentheses: "Now, dear, the chick ally in Father-I am very much afraid our ens are getting cold." "Now, dear, daughter will elope with that young don't make it longer because you've got company." "Now, dear, these banquet hall by stronger, people can't be thankful; they look with a small hammer, with I know of hammer. "Johnny, what are you going that this sort of life has its drawat beetle?"

Back that this sort of life has its drawlast evening that girls who eloped got
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backs a Grady was a sincerely religious man.

He simply could not suppress his bubbling spirits. That's all.—Philadel lines daily do the Wagnerian tones these United States. It's Mr. Sullivan.—Pittsburg Bulletin

LET THE BOYS SHOOT.

By all means let the boys have their rifle and shotgun, furnish them a reasonable amount of ammunition and pay their license to shoot, if we ome to that protective measure. How had my way every boy and every girl should learn to shoot, even though ey never killed alone a single head of game. It is not the extinguishing the vital principle of either bird o beast for which men go afield, and the game butcher should never be classed

The rifle and revolver are weapons, ditions never found in the indolent, effeminate or the dissolute. They are weapons for men and women not for dolls of either sex. If every boy and girl were early taught the u abuse of firearms the death rate from accidents caused by carelessness would be reduced to a minimum; the number of corner loafers, cigarette smoking, round shouldered, delicate boys and girls afflicted with corsets, nerve tire and headaches would decrease in direct proportion to the increase of re-cruits to the army of those now enjoy-

And what is to hinder? Any one of half dozen American manufacturers nakes rifles sufficiently light for ladies and boys to use; prices are such that any one of moderate means can own the very best; accuracy is unsurpassed; and ammunition, that is the 22-caliber cartridges, which are plenty large enough for all ordinary range, is very cheap. But, alas! fickle fash-ion has decreed that the girl child shall be a woman before reaching wo manhood, and must never condescend o mingle in manly sports unless the thin veneer of fashionable polish should be marred Fathers forget they were ever boys and wanted a gun; or, being without desire that way, compel their boys to think as they do, or to use weapons surreptitiously. No! give the boys a chance, and the

Let those parents who are not sportsmen and are blessed with chilfren imbued with such instincts, take the time and trouble to learn the art themselves and instruct their boys and girls. My word for it, such children will love you with a deeper intensity, will spring to obey your commands with a better grace, for has not their father, their ideal of all that is good and great, associated himself with them in their play? And where is there a normal child who would not rather associate with his father than

You, who yourselves love the gun, do not, I beg you, think it a bore to guide the youngster in the to guide the youngster in the paths you love so well or think it tiresome to initiate him in the mysteries of an art fascinating alike to young and old. Bear in mind your own youth, and your heart would have gone out to any one who would taken time and trouble to help

you become a good shot.
Our boys and girls are to be the fathers and mothers of other boys and girls, and how can we mold the generation of those who shall take our places unless we now stand sponsors to the sports as well as to other educational advantages, and where is there to be found a cleaner, more scientific, more manly sport than rifle shooting?

A celebrated wooden leg has been discovered in an old Vincennes shop, examine beneath the surface. As a abundant evidence to prove that the relic in question is the sham limb which replaced the leg which Gen. Daumesnil lost in the big wars of Na-poleon I. This rugged old warrior defended the fortress of Vincennes against the allied army, and is famous for having said to the invaders, when summoned to give up the place: Bring me back my leg which you have shot off and you shall have my The wooden leg now found had been sent by Daumesnil to a Vin-cennes smith in order to be "shod," as was sent back the old warrior died suddenly, and the sham limb represent day. It is now in the artillery museum of the Hotel des Invalides among many other martial and his-toric souvenirs.—London Telegraph.

"'He made a feeble and impotent resture," read the father of the famgesture," read the father of the fam-ily from his newspaper; and then, see ng that his children were listening, he added, "Kitty, what is an 'impotent

"I guess it's when you snap your fingers in somebody's face," returned Truly, an excellent illustration of an

impudent gesture.
It is the same Kitty who is constantly asked by her younger brothers to at a loss for an answer, and can always find reasons, sometimes more in-

that it sends its merry tinkle through the corridors of aristocratic houses. nounced by the butler, or by neat aproned and capped "Phyllises." But the latest is the Japanese gong. It is a succession of three bronze hemispheres, graduated sizes, connected by The gong is suspended usually in a convenient curve of the stairfamily is musically summoned to the these banquet hall by strokes upon the gong wife I know of has succeeded in teachBABY'S AUTOGRAPH.

Give Your Son a Gan When He Understands Handling It.

By all means let the boys have their

Bighly I treasured the gift from my friend,
My album, so spofless and pure,
And I thought, too, how grandly its leaves would be peaned By the loved of whose truth I was sure.

> Who shall dedicate it, I thought, as with care I laid it away for a time, And I wondered whose name should be first written

Long before I had settled the question so grave, The baby, our toddler, had found it: Its cover of crimson and gold could not save It from wee, tiny hands now clasped 'round it.

There we found her, cross legged like a Turk, on With my dear, precious book on her knees. While with pencil in hand she was scribbli

Lisping sweetly. "Mamma, if ou pease." On the pure title page, zig-zag and criss-crossed, She had marked, in mischief secure. Her bright golden curis on her forehead were

'Whip her," said auntie in sternest of tone

As the mischief she saw (not the baby).
(She never had reared a child of her own,
Or she would not have said it, may be.) "Olyou naughty, bad baby!" I angrily cried.
"You have ruined my album so new."
"Stop! Stop!" said my mother, and sadly she sighed.

"Pray be careful, my child, what you do." And I'm glad that my baby I clasped in my arms, Those dear rosebud lips I had kissed, Glad, too, that her tiny heart felt no alarms; What fond memories, else, I had missed.

How long is it since? Counting heart throbs, long years,
Though only two months have gone by,
Peace, foolish heart, thy pain and these tears;
Our baby is gone; this is why

The leaves of my album all a blank are As her dear little life without stain; ingels the record have kept from afar, And they spotless and white must remain

Not all the fine handwriting fashioned by art, Could be treasured or valued one-half
As the pencil marked title page 'graved on my

The Wood of Cigar Boxes. The Havana cigars boxes are usually made of the wood of a species of the juniper tree, which is generally known to commercials as "Barbadoes cedar." It is well to remember, however, that juniper is quite a different kind of wood from true cedar. This cigar box wood is largely employed in this country for making the inner portions of drawers and wardrobes. In the West Indies it is often fashioned into canoes, being well adapted to this purpose from its lightness, softness durability. Pencil wood is another variety of juniper. The faint agreeable smell evolved from the wood of pencil and cigar boxes is due to the gradual escape from its interstices of peculiar kind of balsamie oil, which is nowadays largely used fumery manufacturers. It has been found that 100 pounds of the wood of cigar box juniper contains about fif-teen ounces of this essential odorifer ous oil. If chips of the wood be alfor a year, the interior of the vessel at the end of that period will be found to be coated with a heavy dew of per-

fume. - Exchange.

English Opinion of Tupper As a poet Mr. Tupper enjoyed more' favor with the general public than with the crities. has been a frequent theme for the satirists, and yet the attacks upon him only seemed to confirm his hold over the masses. He lacked genius and inration, but there was a kind of orac ular air about his utterances which when animated by the fervor of patriotism. That he enjoyed a strange and unique position in literature is be British heart rather than to its intel-lect. Personally, Mr. Tupper was a friend, and a good hater of cant and superstition, as well as of the enemies of Britain. - London Times.

The government meteorologist of India finds that-in that country at least-the largest and most abnormal mained in the ancient smithy to the tions and actions seem to be associated with the period of minimum sun spots. Exceptionally heavy snow fell in the northwest Himalayas in 1866 and again in 1876 and 1877. most disastrous of recent famines in India were in 1866, 1874 and 1876 77, The greatest cyclones have occurred just before the minimum of the cutta storm wave in 1864 destroying 60,000 lives, and the Backergany cyclone in 1876 drowning no less than 100,000 persons. — New York Telegram.

Can't Always Do That Way.

"Never write," said an Experienced Writer to a Young Journalist, "unless you have something to say."
"Alas," exclaimed the Young Journalist, about whose brow the flies were hovering, fearful to alight. "That is the Gaul of it. I've got an assignment to fill the third column whether I have anything to say or not." At which remark all the flies in the swarm awooped over to the Experienced Writer, and settling down upon his back rode there in Undisturbed Repose all day. - Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Love, it is said, was the cause of the first ascertained bank note forgery. A young man, an engraver, sought a pretty girl in marriage. Her father would not consent to the match unless his daughter's sweetheart put down a certain sum in ready money. He put it down in notes of the Bank of England-notes forged by his own handand the fraud being discovered he was hanged. - Montreal Star.

Teacher-Can any boy tell me who is the grand llama of Thibet? New Boy (an adorer of the manly art)-Please, sir, I dunno. But-I these United States. It's Mr. Sullivan.