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MY LADDIE? NO.

Was it up or down our boat shot out?
You who are oarsmen maybe know;
There seemed no need that I should heed
Aught save to watch my laddie row.
The floating tresses of the trees
Bent low to kiss the river's edge;
A pipe of bird, whose nest was stirred,
Rose sleepily from out the sedge.

The swift turns of the curving course,
The tranquil nook where lilies slept;
A human flute, now sharp, now hoarse,
As low beneath the bank we crept.
The wet tips of the tiller ropes
Dripped silver in that magic air;
The river's edge, like giant hedge,
Grew dense with shadows black and bare.

A sudden flash of gleaming lamps,
Where sweet, shrill laughter pierced the night;
A glint and glow on us below,
Then—stillness, and the rare moonlight.
A tawny head in crimson cap,
Eyes, honest eyes, most darkly blue;
Bare arms of snow that come and go
Athwart a statue's cosy hue.

O moon! what strange dementia breeds?
What stirs this quiet pulse of mine?
What vision sweet and incomplete
Illumes the world with light divine?
No answer! But the moon shines on,
Smiling, mayhaps, with gentle glee.
Why should I wish with her to kiss
The rower, who is not for me?

Some day the statue will arouse,
The marble arms with warmth will glow;
Then in his boat another'll float,
And she will watch my laddie row.
"And why," you ask, "to other loves
Do I resign my gondolier?"
"Because (ah, me! the cruelty!)
I am his maiden aunt, my dear."
—Cora Stuart Wheeler in Louisville Courier-Journal.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Debt—debt—nothing but debt," grumbled Maj. Monthill, as he tore open one after another the numerous letters which lay upon his 11 o'clock breakfast table. "If I was Midas himself I couldn't pay 'em all—and I wouldn't either. There's only one alternative left open to me that I know of—and that is marrying an heiress."

The major eyed himself critically in the opposite mirror. He was a tall, handsome Apollo of a military gentleman, with well preserved teeth, hair and whiskers, bright hazel eyes, and a general air of stylishness.

"Yes," quoth the major, "I must marry rich—and Letty Price is the woman. She's as ugly as a Gorgon—what very unpleasant looking females those Gorgons must have been, by the way, to get themselves such a reputation for homliness; but a man must overlook minor defects when his settlement in life is at stake. I've been a gay young bachelor long enough; I must really turn my attention seriously to Letty Price. But there are several preliminaries to be considered, and one is that she has a lover for every day in the week, and every lover I believe a more genuine fortune hunter than myself. It takes policy to outgeneral so many suitors, and I've got to look sharp if I expect to win the prize."

Miss Letty Price was rather after the Gorgon style of womankind. Maj. Monthill was right in his criticism of her style. She was fat and stout and ungraceful, with a dumpy figure, a short neck, greenish gray eyes, reddish brown hair, a turned up noose and teeth broken and decayed. Her complexion was muddy and her chin retreated, and altogether she was a picture that sorely needed the glitter of a golden frame to set it off. But then Miss Letty's grandfather was worth $200,000, and she was consequently what the newspapers call a "society favorite." People listened when she spoke, and laughed obsequiously at her jokes and admired her taste in dress, and Miss Letty, naturally of a confiding and credulous disposition, believed it all.

With Maj. Monthill to will was to do, and no sooner did he make up his mind that he must marry an heiress, and that heiress Miss Letitia Price, than he set vigorously about consummating the affair. Bouquets, drives in the Central park, books and photographs, soft glances and poetically flavored quotations were all alike the engines of his warfare; and when at length the time had arrived in his estimation to strike the final blow, he dressed himself in the guise of a Nineteenth century exquisite, and went to call on Miss Price.

"It seems to me," said the heiress, who had contrived to make her blowsy cheeks a shade blowsier than ever by a hideous ruby silk dress, with a scarlet cashmere scarf looped over it, "that you are unusually dull this evening, Maj. Monthill."

The major affected to start from a deep and absorbing reverie.

"Ah, Miss Price, you of all others should not reproach me with my lack of spirits," he said sentimentally.

"And why not?" demanded Miss Letty, with elephantine playfulness.

"Need you ask me when you know so well that my heart is racked by contending emotions."

"I'm sure," quoth the heiress, looking down at the point of her Marie Antoinette slippers, "I don't know why it should be racked."

"Because I love you, and I dare not speak my love!"

Miss Price colored and essayed a faint little giggle.

"I'm sure, major, I don't see any necessity for such timorousness."

"Because," impressively went on the major, looking unutterable things into the greenish gray orbs—his own eyes were an exquisite wine brown, and well he was aware of his advantages in this respect—"because you are rich and I am poor, and I have registered a solemn vow upon the tablets of my own soul never to wed an heiress!"

"La!" said Miss Price.

"Of all men," said Maj. Monthill, "I am the least mercenary. A roof to shelter me from the driving storm, a crust, a glass of clear cold water from the spring—that's all I want. Money I spurn, gold is my bugbear. And yet, dear Letitia—nay, let me call you thus for once—fate has decreed that I should hopelessly lose my heart to one who is unfortunately rich."

Miss Price burst into tears and impulsively put her fat hand into the major's slender palm.

"Don't talk that way, Major Monthill," [illegible] those mournful eyes, or you'll break my heart."

"Letitia, do you then love me?"

"Yes, yes, I do," wailed the heiress "I love you with all my soul."

"Alas!" groaned the major, "that two such hearts as ours should be parted by a wall of gold!"

"But they sha'n't be!" asserted Letty, her nose growing red and her eyes twinkling in the enthusiasm of the moment. "No, Marmaduke, no! Not if grandpapa was ten times as obstinate and pig headed as he is."

"My Letitia!" sighed the major, in a voice honey sweet, and as low as summer winds breathing o'er the twilight sea.

And when he left the Price mansion he had the satisfaction of knowing that he was Miss Letty's accepted lover.

He plunged ruthlessly into more debt the very next morning to the amount of $200, to buy a solitaire diamond ring to deck the fat forefinger of his affianced.

"It will be a mere drop in the bucket," he said to himself, "when I come to handle her cash. I hope the old gentleman means to place it entirely at her disposal, and I'll see to the rest."

And Maj. Monthill contracted for a pair of cream colored horses, a yacht and a cottage at Newport for the summer season, on the strength of his known engagement to old Zadoc Price's granddaughter.

Just at this time—life, we all know, is proverbially uncertain—Mr. Zadoc Price took it into his venerable head to have a stroke of apoplexy, and depart this existence without the ceremonial of more than two days' illness.

"The most sensible thing the old fudge could possibly have done," thought his dutiful grandson-in-law elect. "Letty'll come into her fortune now without any difficulty, and I shall be a made individual!"

He stopped at a hat store to get his hat draped in a suitable mourning weed, and thought it very becoming. The third day after the funeral he called on Letitia.

Miss Price received him in her new black suit, her nose swelled with much weeping, and her eyelids as pink as if they had been painted all round with a red lead pencil.

"Dear Letty," murmured the major, his voice attuned to the tenderest sympathy, "do not mourn too deeply! We must all die—and our departed friend had lived out the threescore and ten years allotted to man's life here below."

"I know it!" sniffed Letty, taking out her black bordered pocket handkerchief.

"You are not bearing your grief all alone?" he asked.

"No; Cousin Bethuah Jenkins and her husband have been here for a week," Letty lugubriously answered.

Maj. Monthill pricked up his ears. Cousin Bethuah Jenkins? He had not hitherto been aware that his Letitia had any relatives save her grandsire. However, the $200,000 would well bear a few reversionary legacies, and this Cousin Bethuah was doubtless an attached relative whom it would be scarcely creditable for the old gentleman to omit entirely from his will.

"The only thing that I regret in this sudden and unlooked for dispensation of Providence, dearest Letty," went on our smooth tongued major, "is that it makes an heiress of you—and I believed that I have before expressed to you my horror of the imputation of wedding a rich wife."

"Don't let that trouble you, Marmy, dear!" cried Letty hysterically. "I—I meant to have told you all about it before, but somehow there never was a real good opportunity."

"Told me all about what, Letitia?" asked the major, in some surprise.

"About my quarrel with grandpapa last month. He said you were a fortune hunting miscreant—you dear Marmaduke!—and I never should have a cent from him if I married you. And then I repeated to him the noble words you had spoken, and he said—grandpapa always had an inelegant way of expressing himself—'that he'd settle your hash for you!' And he called me a fool, and we had an awful quarrel, and he made a new will, and left all his money to Cousin Bethuah Jenkins, but I don't care, Marmy, darling, for I knew," cried the disinherited damsel, with a fresh burst of tears, "that you loved me for myself alone, and not for mere filthy lucre!"

And so speaking, Letty Price flung her 167 solid pounds of dumpy humanity fondly into the major's arms.

Marmaduke Monthill felt like the man in the old tale who has sold his soul for forty pieces of gold, and finds the treasure changed into dead leaves. He had got Letty Price, but not Letty Price's fortune.

He went home, promising to call early the next morning. The next morning came, but not Maj. Monthill.

Miss Letty Price is living, a disappointed damsel, with her Cousin Bethuah, who is a good natured soul, and does not grudge the "bite and the sup" to the poor girl whom she really thinks has been used very ill both by her grandfather and the major. As for the gallant Marmaduke, nobody knows what has become of him, not even his Jewish creditors, who would certainly be the ones to find out, if any one could. The diamond solitaire is not yet paid for, and somebody else is living in the cottage at Newport this season.

But, after all, it is only one more illustration of the daily lesson we all read—the mutability of human affairs.—Helen Forrest Graves in New York Weekly.

Photographing Clouds.

A good suggestion has been thrown out for the benefit of those who have not had much experience in making cloud negatives: If the sun is to be included in the picture films or ground glass backed plates should be used. Any lens which will take a good landscape can be used, and its smallest stop should be employed. As a rule the exposure will be about one second on a slow plate, but in the case of red sunrises and sunsets this may often be increased to as much as eight or ten seconds unless isochromatic plates are available. The development must be very carefully watched, and [illegible]

Bride of the Autumn Sun.

O golden rod! sweet golden rod!
Bride of the Autumn Sun!
Has he kissed thy blossoms this mellow morn,
And tinged them one by one?

Did the crickets sing at thy christening,
When in his warm embrace
He gave thee love from his fount above,
And beauty and cheer and grace?

He brightens the asters, but soon they fade;
He reddens the sumach tree;
And the clematis loses its sunny bloom,
But he's true as truth to thee.

Scattered on mountain top or plain,
Unseen by human eye,
He turns thy fringe to burnished gold
By love's sweet alchemy

And then when the chill November comes,
And the flowers their work have done,
Thou art still unchanged, dear golden rod,
Bride of the Autumn Sun.
—Sarah K. Bolton in Ladies' Home Journal.

An Escaping Prisoner's Plight.

A new jail has just been completed for Edgar county in Paris, Ills., costing nearly $30,000. It has all of the modern improvements, such as hot air, sewerage and heating apparatus, the improved system of prison doors by which every cell door can be locked simultaneously, and the entrance door to the cell room is made in such a way that the turnkey, in going in, is locked out of the jail proper before the cell room door can be unlocked. Every appliance seemed to be perfect, and the jail committee was to have received the jail from the contractors.

The day before the acceptance there were two prisoners in the jail, one for forgery, the other a pickpocket. Early that morning the pickpocket, a small, young man, escaped by going down the stand pipe into the hot air furnace, with which each closet in the cells is connected. The large tile which was cemented in the stand pipe was removed with a small piece of iron, and the prisoner escaped. The other prisoner stripped naked, and, putting soap on his body, made the same attempt to escape, but could not get down into the sewer, and was found in the pipe, head down, having been in there two hours. He could not be extricated until his body was greased.—Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

By the Heels.

A few days since a gentleman with two or three ladies rowed up Deal lake to explore the head waters of that beautiful sheet. Thinking he might see some game he took his gun along.

Not having used the gun lately on the way up he thought he would fire it off just to see if it was all right. Standing up in the boat he discharged the piece, but the recoil of the gun overcame his equilibrium and over he went into the lake.

The ladies, of course, screamed, and one caught him by the heels, thus ducking his head under water. As soon as he could get his head to the surface he told her to release his feet. But no, she would not see him drown, and so she pulled again, and under went his head a second time. It was repeated, and the young man began to fear she was bent on keeping his head under water, and with a violent kick he released her hold and soon was able to take care of himself.—Asbury Park Journal.

An Electrified Locomotive.

An unusual electrical exhibition is said to have been seen in the neighborhood of Fanwood during a heavy thunder storm. A freight train on the Central railroad was running along in the darkness, when the engineer and fireman heard above the roar of the storm and the rumble of the train a strange, incessant, crackling sound. Looking out of the cab windows the men say they were astonished to see vivid electric discharges flash from the telegraph wires on one side of the track through the locomotive to the wires on the other side. The display back and forth continued some time and was repeated at intervals along the road to Westfield. At times the locomotive seemed illuminated with a pale bluish flame, giving a weird effect, and what seemed to be balls of fire shot out toward the wires. Suddenly there came a heavy crash, which dazed the engineer and stunned the fireman. The manifestations then ceased.—Boston Transcript.

A Pretty Deep Hole.

A hole ten feet in circumference appeared in Oconee county, Ga., during the great earthquake in 1886. It is full of water, and there has long been talk about its depths, but no soundings were taken until a few days ago. Then a rope 200 feet long was put down, but it failed to touch bottom, and now there are persons who declare that "the hole extends into the bowels of the earth." It is proposed to take a second sounding in the near future.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Queer Fact About the Lady Bug.

It is a curious fact that the Australian lady bug, which was brought to this state to make war upon the cotton cushion scale, has become extinct in its native land, and that Australia is to be supplied with a new stock of the useful parasite by our state board of horticulture. The lady bug, known as the Vedalia, has been worth millions of dollars to California in preserving the orchards from threatened destruction.—Marysville (Cal.) Appeal.

Plenty of Notice.

Mrs. Winks—The paper says a cold wave has developed in Montana, and is expected here within a week.

Mr. Winks—Well, send word to the plumber that our pipes have burst, and then he and the cold wave will get here about the same time.—Street & Smith's Good News.

The craze for passing floral tributes over the footlights to stage favorites seems to have reached its height in Boston a few evenings ago. A minstrel performer received a life size floral image of himself seated in a chair and playing the banjo.

The balloon proposed for polar exploration is 99 feet in diameter and 300,000 cubic feet in volume. The journey is to be begun from Spitzbergen, and with a [illegible]

CHILDREN WHO ARE RICH

THEY HAVE ACHIEVED FAME AND FORTUNE ON THE STAGE.

Elsie Leslie, Mark Twain's Little Partner, Is a Real Estate Owner—Gertie Homan Buys Plays—Flossie Ethyl, Dot Clarendon and Little Tuesday.

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I wonder if theater goers ever stop to think of the number of children who support themselves by acting, children who draw regular salaries sufficiently large to support not only themselves, but those who care for them also. I am sure I could

ELSIE LESLIE.

name over a hundred such who draw over twenty five dollars a week. It may surprise many to know that there is one girl not yet thirteen who already owns a spacious homestead, the purchase money of which she earned herself, and her mother tells me that she has put enough away from last season's business to pay for a certain corner lot and build a house thereon. Of course this girl is Elsie Leslie, whose summer home at Lake St. Catherine is one of the prettiest spots in the mountains of Vermont.

It is not generally known that Elsie and Mark Twain are partners, but the fact is Elsie has been a shareholder in "Prince and Pauper" for more than a year, and "Prince and Pauper" was one of the successful plays on the road last season. It is amusing to see these two partners at work together, the dear old grizzled head of Mark Twain and the golden curls of Elsie buried together over a roll of manuscript making changes here and there, the child confidingly offering suggestions for alterations, and the white haired author devoutly using the blue pencil with implicit faith in her judgment. In fact, Mark Twain declares that his partner has done more to make the play presentable than either he or Mrs. Richardson.

GERTIE HOMAN

Twain has one prerogative of royalty. When he sends word from Hartford that he will call, Elsie breaks every engagement and is at home to no one else for that day.

Another girl, somewhat younger, but who also draws a very large salary, is Gertie Homan, a thorough little creole, born in New Orleans of French and American parentage, with a little dash of the German thrown in, for she is the great granddaughter of Schiller. Her great dark eyes and oval face framed in a mass of jet black, wavy hair that falls in a tangled wealth about her shoulders always attracts the attention of passers by. A. M. Palmer first discovered Gertie at a Sunday school entertainment in Brooklyn. He asked the child if she would like to act at a real theater, at the Madison Square. Of course Gertie was delighted, and immediately introduced Mr Palmer to her parents. The child was but four years of age then, but from that time forward there was no peace in the family until they had given their consent. Gertie was only a baby in "Partners," but the very next season Gus Thomas wrote up "The Burglar" in four acts for her. She soon left that to star with Kate Claxton in "Bootles' Baby." Then came the Fauntleroy craze, and of course Gertie joined the happy family. She has quite a sum of money stored away somewhere. She does not own a house, it

FLOSSIE ETHYL.

is true, but she thinks she has a big thing in a play of her own. That is, she has bought it, and soon expects to show northerners what a real southern fire eating heroine is, for that is her part.

One of the luckiest youngsters on the stage is Flossie Ethyl, aged eleven. She is lucky for the reason that Augustin Daly has taken her under his wing and intends educating her for the stage. Some months ago she was retained for the part of Moth in "Love's Labor's Lost." Daly taught her the part carefully, and Flossie learned it mechanically. All went smoothly the first night, but by the third night the nervousness that accompanies a new piece had worn off and the child had recovered her usual pertness. Passing from the rear to make her entrance, her quick eyes caught sight of her manager under the shadow of a wing. "Hello, Mr Daly," she called cheerily, "just watch me tonight. Now I act." And she did, every piece of business was changed, and Shakespeare's most tedious comedy actually became interesting. The child showed what could be done with the part of Moth, and a few days later signed a five years' contract with her manager, with a clause stipulating a yearly increase of salary. I understand that Flossie is the only member of Daly's company who dares make exception to his rulings—except, of course, Miss Rehan—but I note that Miss Flossie is never seen loitering on Broadway nowadays. Mr Daly requested her to give that avenue a wide berth, and she does.

A girl who makes a great deal of money is Dot Clarendon, a mite of about six. It was she who, when her means of gaining a livelihood were about to be taken away from her by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, argued the matter most ably with Mr Gerry its president. Seated in his lap with her chubby arms about his neck she conducted the argument, begging and pleading most earnestly to be allowed to stay on the stage. At first Mr. Gerry refused to let her act at all. Then the child began to cry, and the harder she wept the closer she hugged Mr Gerry. Soon the great briny tears began to flow down the collar of the children's guardian, and a compromise was effected, and Mr Gerry promised not to interfere with her for acting, but she must not sing. Dot slackened her hold, gave Mr Gerry one more kiss and let him go. This mite must have quite a pile laid away somewhere, for I know she receives a good salary even in summer, and besides working the year round and growing fat on it, she last season introduced the London fad of attending society gatherings after her performance at the theater—for a remuneration.

Last and smallest, but far from least, is Little Tuesday. She only plays on special

DOT CLARENDON

occasions—for a benefit or a big round sum. This baby is not yet five, at least she was not when I saw her at the children's festival last Christmas. What a cry of pleasure went up from every child on and off the stage as this little tot made her appearance in a long lace gown and stood patiently in the center of the stage smiling on her audience and waiting for the music to start. As it did the tiny hands gathered up the lace flounces, and a little blue socked leg shot straight toward the ceiling. Then commenced the prettiest, loveliest and purest skirt dance I have ever seen. Perhaps if some of the things done by Little Tuesday had been performed by a child of even ten they would have been suggestive, but the innocent manner in which this little one pranced about, utterly regardless whether her clothes were in their proper place or about her neck, captured every mother's heart and filled the children with delight.

For, whether in midair or bundled up in a maze of skirts, Tuesday was a vision of grace, and when her dance ended the theater echoed and re-echoed with applause. The audience, mostly composed of profes-

LITTLE TUESDAY

sional children, stood on the seats and cheered, even the musicians rose to look over the footlights. Tuesday seemed amazed and puzzled, but being in a happy mood she gathered up her skirts again and danced a real Irish jig. Faster and faster she went until the perspiration rolled down her baby face. Utterly exhausted, the little feet went slower and slower and the wearied hands let fall the rumpled skirt. For a moment she stood perfectly still, looking about undecidedly then, with a quaint bow she made her adieu. It was some time before the performance could proceed. I for one could have watched her dance all night, it was an intoxicating dream. I spoke to Tuesday after the performance, and she stopped eating an apple long enough to tell me about her Christmas tree, and passed on to the banquet hall, where were gathered several hundred happy children who earn their living on the stage. Probably many of our future stars were in that room. Some of them get perhaps not more than three dollars per week, while others, whom we shall never hear of as grown people, are already supporting families, for it is not always the brightest child who becomes the greatest woman.—A. H. Ford.

Colombia at the World's Fair.

John T. Abbott, United States minister to Colombia, who has just returned to his post after an extended vacation, in a private letter to a friend in the department of state, writes: "I am delighted beyond measure at the prospects here for the representation of Colombia at the Chicago exposition. Lieutenant Lemly is as busy as a bee, and has great influence at the palace. The appropriation has been given and a splendid set of commissioners appointed."

A woman in Hancock county, Me., who was afraid to drive her horse across a rail road track, [illegible] disappointed in at [illegible]

THE BLACK BORDERER.

A SOLEMN OCCUPATION WHICH SUPPORTS A BRIGHT GIRL.

She Failed at First in Several Lines, but at Last Discovered Her Forte—Skilled Labor That Has Little Competition—It Is Rather Nice Work.

"You can't tell me there is no good in novels," said the girl in glasses. "Some years ago my father read in a novel which was then coming out in one of the magazines—I don't remember the name of it now, nor in what magazine it was coming out—that every girl should know how to do one thing well enough to earn her living by it, and he was so much taken with the idea that he determined then and there that I should learn a trade. I was his only daughter, only child, in fact, and there were but two of us in the family, as my mother had died some years before.

"First I tried telegraphy, and found I was no good at that, and then I tried typewriting, and found that wasn't my forte either. I gave up then, and told papa that if he couldn't support me I'd either have to get married or go to the Free Home for Destitute Young Girls; but he had lately visited a paper mill, and so he suggested another trade, the one you see me working at now. Do I call myself a paper decorator? No, I am a black borderer; but, all the same, I am just as much of a skilled laborer as any girl who paints flowers and newly hatched chickens on Easter cards, and such things, though I do nothing but blacken the borders of mourning paper. Thought that was machine work? No, that it isn't!

PECULIARITIES OF THE WORK.

"It is woman's work. They have tried time and again to invent machines that would do it, but they have all turned out flat failures, and I am glad of it, as this is the only kind of work by which I have been able to earn my bread and butter for the last three years—since papa was taken off suddenly by heart failure, and it was found that he had laid up no money, and his insurance policy had lapsed.

"Profession much crowded? No, thank heaven! this is one profession in which there is a little elbow room. One reason, I suppose, is that it is not so well paid as it might be, and another is (though I say it that shouldn't say it) that it isn't every girl who could learn the art. You thought yourself that it was done by a machine, so you must have noticed how very smoothly the black is laid on. Of course I do not take such pains with the inferior qualities as with the best linen, such as I am doing now; but the worst must be done well or it won't pass muster. My employer, when he advertised for a girl to do this work, didn't get more than a dozen answers, and most of them were from girls who didn't know anything whatever about it; they only thought they could do it, as they had taken lessons in water colors. They didn't know that this kind of painting is a trade by itself.

"Trying to the eyes? Yes, when one's eyes are not very strong to begin with; but if I find my eyes giving out I can always stop and rest awhile. It is my own loss, you know, as mine is piece work, paid for by the ream.

GOOD PAY AND SHORT DAY.

"How much a ream? For fine qualities, $1.50 a ream; for the very commonest, forty-five cents; but there is very little of that kind to be done, for which mercy I am thankful. Unless we are awfully busy, I can come when I like and go when I like. Usually I get here at half-past 8 in the morning and leave at 5 in the afternoon. In that time, if I don't give my eyes too many resting spells, I can border a ream and a half.

"Lonely? No, I am too busy to feel lonely, though I sit here all day by myself, seeing nobody but the man who brings in my paper. That is, he brings it to me in the busy season, but if the work is anyways slack I have to go for it myself. The slack season begins in June, and work does not pick up again till some time in September. In July I live in daily fear of being laid off for a while, though that hasn't happened to me yet. I am not like girls who live at home and work for 'fun.' When a crowd of them have been addressing circulars in a novelty establishment they don't mind it a bit when the superintendent announces that the job is finished and the mob is to be dispersed.

"Treated as a lady should be? Yes, my employer is as polite as pie whenever I see him, as, indeed, he should be to a girl who he knows by this time is working for all she is worth. At first it seemed to me to be an awfully solemn kind of work, and I used to think about deaths and funerals, and sometimes would get to crying, though I took good care not to damage the paper by letting my tears fall on it; but one can get used to anything, and now I don't any more mind painting black borders than I'd mind painting red ones."—New York Tribune.

Where Stamps Come From.

"Where do stamps come from?"

"The dealers are the original collectors, if that is what you mean. There are at present about one thousand stamp merchants in the United States doing business on a capital of all the way from $100 to $100,000. The dealer gets most of the stamps from the countries issuing them by sending directly to postmasters in those countries with orders and drafts for money. If my stock of Shanghai stamps is low I send a draft for $100 to the postoffice in that city and receive in return $100 worth of whatever sort of Shanghai stamps I may have requested. In this way I keep myself supplied with new stamps of all sorts from every part of the world."—Interview in Washington Star.

Loss of Water by Waste.

Water leaking through a hole just large enough to pass a needle through, during twenty-four hours at a fourteen pound pressure, would be sufficient to supply a house for the day. The waste through a one inch pipe under the same conditions would be [illegible] gallons.—New [illegible]

Flattering a Poet.

Not long ago a poet was staying at a seaside hotel, where he attracted some attention as a celebrity. Among the guests was a woman who wished her daughter to seem on intimate terms with literature, and, as far as possible, with literary people. Accordingly she set the girl at work to learn one of the poet's shorter pieces, which might have been a clever move to gain her point, but the effect of it was somewhat injured by the daughter's carelessness and ignorance.

On the same page with the poem in question—in a book of selections—was one by another and more famous writer, and the girl made the mistake of committing this instead of the one which her mother had intended.

At the first opportunity the young lady said to the poet in the presence of several of the guests:

"It is such a delight to meet one whose lines I have carried in my mind for years! The poem which I love best of than any other in the world is one of yours."

"Indeed!" answered the smiling poet. "I had not flattered myself that I had written anything worthy of such honor. What is it?"

With an affected emphasis the girl repeated the poem she had learned, the company, of course, remaining silent till she had finished.

"It is lovely!" murmured one of the guests, who did not recognize it.

"Yes," said the poet, "it is so good that I can only regret that Wordsworth should have taken the liberty of writing it before I was born. Otherwise I should undoubtedly have written it myself."

The best of good breeding could not altogether repress the smiles of the bystanders, and the poor girl, suddenly remembering that her mother needed her, disappeared with much celerity.

"It is a pity," the poet said milkily when she was out of hearing, "it is a pity that people cannot understand that we writers, vain though we may be, are not so blinded by vanity as to be unable to tell genuine admiration from the poorest of make believe."—Youth's Companion.

The Lightning Was Mad.

During a picnic held by the colored order of Odd Fellows lightning struck a tree under which the festivities were conducted. The following Sunday Dan Hightower, a colored preacher of great renown, arose and said:

"Brudders and sisterers, we'se jest had er awful 'lustration o' what de Lawd thinks o' de wickedness o' dis yere world. While dem follerers o' Satan was a-dancin' an er skylarkin' under dat tree an' w'en da oughter been er prayin' an' raisin' money fur ter git this yere church outen debt, yere come de lightnin' o' de Lawd an' struck de tree. Oh, what a warnin' was dat, sinner man. Sinner pussan, jes' stop fur er minit an' think what er warnin' come down on dat picnic. De sinners got up money fur de picnic, but w'en I axes 'em fur money ter he'p save their souls, w'y da gits grunt an' 'plain o' hard times.

"Nebber mine; de lightnin' gwine come wus den dat de naixt time de sinners an' de folks dat 'tind like da Christians gits up one o' dem picnics. W'y, brudders, er picnic ain't nuthin but old Satan er sunnin' hi'self. Brudder Mallory, put down dat winder, ef yo' pleases, sah. Dar's er rain comin' up. De sinners is er buckin' right er gin de church w'en da goes off da ter"—

There came a terrific peal of thunder and a vivid flash of light. One corner of the church fell and the rain came pouring in. The house had been struck by lightning.

The old preacher did not lose his presence of mind, for when, after the frightened was over, a "sinner man" asked what he thought of lightning striking a church as well as a tree under which the picnic was held, he said:

"It's disser way: de lightnin' has got so uster strikin' at deze sinners dat it kain't keep still, an' you'se got ter git so mad it doan know whar it's hittin'."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Out of Town.

A crippled child was taken out of the slums in Philadelphia one summer to a farm house among the hills, where she remained for a fortnight. It was her first visit to the country. The next summer the farmer's wife went to the city to find the child, and to bring her home with her. But want and foul air had conquered. She was dying.

"I wish I could go," she said, with eager eyes. "Are the fields green this year? And are the trees growing in the same way still?"

A poor shopgirl, with some of her companions, was taken by a good woman to the seashore for the first time. The friend, seeing her standing alone on the beach, went up to her and found her weeping.

"Excuse me, ma'am," she said, "but I'm not used to these swell things."

Do we realize that there are in this free, bountiful country people so poor that the sea and fields and all great things seem to belong only to the "well to do" rich?

Children's relief and fresh air funds are doing much in our cities to give the overworked poor in their garrets and alleys a glimpse of the country during the summer, but there are still countless thousands who are left behind.—Youth's Companion.

The Advantage of the Public School.

We have no place in America for dainty people—often called gilt edged—who think that the army would be a good place if it were not for the rank and file. So it is better for a boy to be ours to be pitched into a public school to take pot luck with all sorts and conditions of boys, and to learn, in the earliest life, that some of the best fellows in the world, not to say the brightest, never had a French nurse, and always black their own shoes, when they are blacked at all. In all such schools that I have known the tone of honor is very high. And in such society one early learns the great lesson that all the people are wiser than any one of the [illegible]