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WHEN A WOMAN LOVES.

What One Man Thinks He Knows About the Infinite and Unknowable.

When a woman loves severely, she begins to be unlovable, for she begins to be unreasonable and for her great love's sake to do her best to make miserable the all too fortunate winner of her affections. She insists upon accusing him of virtues which he knows are not included in his character and taxing him with failings of which he is just as completely innocent and with that intolerable iteration which is supposed by women to be some sort of argument.

The result is that the man begins in time to believe that he is good where he is not and to turn bad simply because she says he is so already. He may be as faithful as a mullet ("for chaste love the mullet hath no peer"), but she will worry him by the assiduity of her suspicions and her consequent lamentations out of the secure highway of connubial affection into the hazardous bypaths that lead past other men's orchards to the Tom Tiddler's "Ground of the Divorce Court." Simply because she loves him so—and she pleads no other excuse when on occasion he attempts a reasonable discussion of their misunderstandings—she will make his bad seem good to him and make his good become bad till the seven take possession of him, and like one of the bedeviled swine of Gadara he rushes violently down a steep place into the sea.

She has no wicked intentions whatever. On the contrary, her intentions are all detestably good. And when the man rakes his mind for some reason for his own misdemeanors he can remember nothing better than that "she drove him to it," which is a poor excuse, yet true enough. So gardeners by frequent little pinchings abort the upright growth of trees into lateral obliquities.

There are very many men so deplorably human that to keep on accusing them of an offense is sufficient to make them commit it. They will in time live down to any moral standard that may be fixed for them by women, the women who love them, and, like the oysters, alternately tickled and irritated by the grains of sand which the Chinese drop into them, will grow to forget their natures altogether.

No woman can be quite so miserable as she who loves only one man at a time. For the time she loves him, and being unable to absorb all her own unhappiness she persists in offering him half of it. Because she is so insanely jealous of his time and his society she will, "for the sweet love she had of him," waste the one and try to engross the other until she torments him from innocence into artifice, and from artifice into revolt, and so in the sad end of it she can say, "I knew I was right all the time." Does the discovery break her heart? Not a bit of it. Women who love at this high pressure do not break their hearts. They start—after a pause to repair damages and to make a collection, as it were, of neighborly sympathies — loving again somebody else.

Such women, in the extremity of their affection for him, will throw vitriol in a man's face, will poison him with fly papers—murder him. So it is not good for a woman to love severely—neither good for him nor for her. The sensible man, when he sees it coming, will put up the hurricane shutters, back engines, skid the wheels, throw salt in the fire—do anything, in fact, that will meet the emergency, slacken speed or reduce the temperature.—London World.

Miss Penny Needs Help.

More than a generation ago Virginia Penny, a dark eyed, comely young woman of education and social standing, published the first book ever designed to help working women. At her own expense she traveled through the most thickly settled portions of the Union, gathering facts and figures about the work of women outside the three occupations then open to the sex generally—housework, sewing and teaching. The information was written in admirable literary style and published and republished in book form. First it was named "Employments For Women," then it was issued under the title "Five Hundred Occupations For Women," and and again it was called "How Women Can Make Money." But it never profited the author financially, though thousands of volumes were sold. Miss Penny is now 65 years old and destitute, and an appeal in her behalf is made—especially to that class which has profited so much by her labors.—Detroit Free Press.

Henry Clews' Lung Tester.

A good and ready talker is Henry Clews, the banker. He belongs to the large number of emphatic conversationists who are known as "lung testers." In order to accentuate a point he will suddenly bring his index and middle fingers against his listener's chest and ask him whether he catches the idea. Men who have weak lungs catch more than the idea, but the robust fellows enjoy the banker's mild punching. A joke is told on him apropos of his lung testing. He was reading aloud the quotations of stocks on his blackboard when suddenly he smote the board with his two fingers and said, "Do you catch the idea?"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Parrot Liked to Cough.

Whooping cough has been uncomfortably intrusive in this city. In one family up town three children were afflicted with that ailment at the same time. They coughed and coughed and coughed, and the family pet, an intelligent parrot, took it into his head to imitate them. Whenever any one of the children coughed, he would accompany it with a coughing paroxysm so natural that it was impossible to tell whether it was one of the children or the parrot that was coughing. The bird seemed to enjoy having the whooping cough, and after awhile he clamored for medicine whenever he saw that it was being administered to the children.—New York Times.

The Universalist church accepts and honors the woman divine equally with the man in her pulpit.

Mr. Gladstone's Knowledge.

What differentiates Mr. Gladstone from the others is the curious manner in which he has managed to combine his apparent dogged and tireless fixity of purpose with seemingly the most astonishing openness of mind to new ideas and altered conditions. One must use these qualifying expressions because the experiences of his public career are of such enormous bulk and magnitude, cover such an unparalleled stretch of time and involve such a bewildering variety of subjects and issues that comment on any one phase of it all has long since ceased to stand on its own legs.

To understand even relatively anything which Mr. Gladstone says or does it is essential to understand some fifty other things which, somewhere, at some time, he has said or done. The task has grown too big for even the clearest headed of those who watch him and write about him day by day. Now and again the newer and more eager critics think they have caught him tripping, and they quote against him his own words in 1857 to prove their jubilant charge of self contradiction.

Upon the instant he hurls back at them his remarks in 1851, his conclusions of 1844 and the inferences he publicly drew in 1832, demonstrates with overwhelming force the line of continuity connecting all the opinions of all these dates and covers the scorners with confusion by proving that logically this line leads straight to his present position. As I have said, the store of things he has behind him has now become so vast that outsiders no longer attempt to keep abreast of the catalogue, much less pretend to have mastered their correlative meanings and values. Yet he has every item of the whole huge mass quite at his fingers' ends. He knows everything that he has ever said on every subject under the sun, and has it docketed in its place in those marvelous mental pigeonholes, ready for production at call.—Cor. New York Times.

Carried His Bike and Won His Case.

A curious case has been decided by the Saxon court of appeals sitting in Dresden. At Krossen there is a toll bridge over the Mulde, and only foot passengers may cross free. A young man who rode across on his bicycle was charged the regular fee for a 2-wheel vehicle, but paid under protest. Having occasion to return the same way, he dismounted at the approach of the bridge and walked across, carrying his machine on his head. This time the toll gatherer protested, but to no purpose.

Suit was brought against the bicyclist in a local court to compel him to pay toll and costs, and a verdict for the defendant was rendered. An appeal was taken to the supreme court, which reversed the decision of the lower court and found for the plaintiff. Appeal was again taken, this time to the court of last resort, which decided that toll could be collected only for vehicles which came in actual contact with the bridge. Judgment reversed; verdict for the bicyclist.—New York World.

The Canals of Mars.

As to the so called "canals," which are so much spoken of now and are supposed to be the work of human beings, Mr. Lockyer has already shown in a very interesting paper how the incorrect translation of the Italian canali by "canals," instead of "channels," has created a misunderstanding as regards their real nature.

The fact is that the continents of Mars—which are very easily distinguished by their brighter reddish color from the darker and greenish seas—are intersected by many sinuous lines, which may be considered as fiords and inlets, as well as by straight lines, which, at a certain period of the Martian year, have been seen as double lines by so clever an observer as Schiaparelli, and as single lines at other periods. That these lines, which run for immense distances parallel to each other and 150 to 200 miles apart, cannot be "the banks of artificial canals" is almost self evident.—Nineteenth Century.

Eating Out of Troughs.

All the men employed on the Maniace estate in Sicily sleep on the property on week nights and tramp back to town for Sunday. Their food is provided for them during the week. In the morning they have each a large chunk of brown bread baked on the spot, a herring or a sardine, and as much wine as one can drink at a draft. In the evening they feed like animals. There are wooden troughs on trestles in the open air, arranged around three sides of a square and filled with all sorts of "pasta."

The men stand around these troughs (they are like English pig troughs) and feed with their fingers. It is in vain that their master has tried to induce them to eat out of plates with spoons. They broke the plates and threw the spoons away. Presumably their idea is that sometimes there are lumps in the food, which, feeling with their fingers, they are able to seize upon, so securing a large share.—National Review.

Lead Pencils Spread Diphtheria.

Diphtheria is prevalent among the school children of Detroit, and the charge is made by Dr. R. S. Farnum of that city that the disease has been spread by interchanging lead pencils. The board of education furnishes pencils for all the scholars, and the latter are not allowed to use any others. The scholars get one pencil today and another tomorrow, all the pencils being dropped into a box at the close of school each day. It is no exaggeration to say that the average child using a lead pencil will put the lead end into its mouth 40 times a day, and with the pencil going from one child's mouth to another from day to day it is easy to see that the practice might become very dangerous, while of course it is unclean.—Buffalo News.

A Sign of Mental Debility.

When a man at the theater hums the airs as the orchestra plays them and, moreover, marks the time by tapping with his foot, it is a sign that he is in the last stages of mental debility. It is a good omen for the proprietor of a private lunatic asylum.—New York Herald.

AN INQUISITIVE BROTHER.

Mr. Spatts Concluded That He Wouldn't Stay.

When the course of true love does not run smooth, it frequently happens that a small brother of one of the lovers is the rock in the stream.

That was the case with Mr. Spatts and Miss Kissam. The young man was waiting for his adored one to descend to the parlor when Tommy came in and observed curiously:

"I don't see 'em."

"Don't see what?" asked Spatts, mystified.

"The two strings."

"What two strings?"

"Why, the two strings tied to you."

"What on earth do you mean, Tommy?" asked the young man.

"Ain't you sister's beau?" demanded Tommy, who thought the best way to answer questions was by asking more.

"Why?" replied Spatts, "I suppose that in colloquial terms I might be alluded to in that way."

"Then you must be the chap she meant."

"Who meant?"

"Sister."

"What did she say?"

"I heard her tell mamma she had two strings to her beau."

That is why when Miss Kissam came into the parlor five minutes afterward, looking just two sweet for anything, Mr. Spatts wasn't there.—Detroit Free Press.

Just There.

Five-year-old Nell was "playing cars" with some of the chairs in the nursery, when a visitor came in, and unfortunately selected one of the cars belonging to the imaginary "train," and drew it out of the line.

Nell was disturbed. She surveyed the friend of the family for a moment in silence and then said;

"Did you know, Miss Reed, this is a train of steam cars?"

"Ah, is it indeed?" inquired the obtuse visitor. "Very well, I should like to take a ride."

This reply seemed not to be wholly satisfactory. The other chairs in the room were comfortable for visitors, Nell knew, but they didn't match her "train." Presently she stood beside the caller again, with her little hands folded before her.

"Miss Reed," she asked hesitatingly, "where did you want to get off?"

"Oh, at New York," said the lady, with a smile.

"Well," said Nell in her sweetest tone, "this is New York where I'm stopping now."

And fortunately that delicate hint was acted upon, much to Nell's satisfaction.—Youth's Companion.

The Conductor Wins For Once.

"I had a strordinary experience last night," said the Main street conductor, addressing himself to nobody in particular. "A woman got on my car to go to Tupper street, an I forgot to let her off. When we got half a block by, she made a grab at the rope, pulled the wrong one an run up 36 fares before I could stop her."

The passengers groaned. Finally the man in the corner said:

"If you can't tell us nothin fresher'n that, quit talkin!"

"Wait'll I get through," continued the conductor. "When I told her what she had did, an that I would have to pay the fares to the company, she pulled out her purse, did a little figerin an give me $1.80."

"Honest woman," said the passenger with the fur collared coat.

"Remarkable instance," said the fat passenger, who sat near the door.

"Yes," assented the conductor as he absentmindedly punched a transfer check two hours late. "Specially as them fares were on the 3-cent register, and I cleared 72 cents by the deal."—Buffalo Express.

Satisfied.

Patient—Well, doctor, how do you find things today?

Doctor (cheerfully)—I feel very much better satisfied.

Patient—I feel worse than ever. What have you discovered that makes you feel so assured?

Doctor—I am satisfied now that the medicine I have been giving you for the last three months has not been doing you a bit of good. I was in doubt about it before.—Life.

A Well Grounded Fear.

"How do you like your new French doctor?"

"Well, I told him I had cholera, because I didn't know how to say dyspepsia in French, and I'm afraid he has not given me the right remedies."—Harper's Bazar.

A Question of Etiquette.

Calino, the steward of a large estate, wrote to the landlord in the month of August a letter which wound up with the following postscript:

"I beg to apologize for writing to you in my shirt sleeves, but it is so dreadfully hot!"—Figaro.

How Those Girls Love One Another.

"The trouble with Jack Bronson," said Maud, "is his good nature. He has never learned to say no."

"You couldn't have known him in leap year," said Estella.—Truth.

Hot Coffee Slot Machine.

Shopkeepers are threatened with another kind of competition—as if among themselves there were not enough already. It takes the form of a new development of the automatic machine, which, if its inventors' hopes are realized, will require an enlargement of Trafalgar square to accommodate the unemployed licensed victuallers, soda water sellers, coffee house keepers, fruit merchants and confectioners, who will find themselves obliged to join in the chorus of the "starving poor of old England." These new machines are a kind of miniature universal providers. Into the slot of one you put your coppers and receive in return a cup of tea, coffee, chocolate or perhaps gruel, from another lemonade or soda water and biscuits, a third dispenses soda and milk, a fourth devotes itself to retailing bitter ale or Scotch whisky, another sells fruit, one more doles out sweets, and, lastly, there is one which hands its customers a basin of hot or cold water and a clean towel.

The system of course is open to indefinite developments, and every business will be liable to its inroads. A slight addition to the mechanism of the clear water and towel department will no doubt add shaving to its accomplishments, and a gentleman may in time be able to put his face into the slot and draw it out as smooth as a billiard ball. And if, as soon as the supply is exhausted, the machine at once can display in its window a card with the word "empty," there is no reason why it should not also be taught to whisper, "I thank you" to each customer.—London Letter.

A Time Worn Bible.

When Mr. Roddenbury of Thomas presented to the house of representatives the old time worn Bible that was used in the days of long ago at the old capitol down in Milledgeville, Mr. Turner of Putnam was sitting by the speaker and picked up the book and began turning its pages over and over.

Presently he looked up, smiling, and turning to the speaker said: "I do declare, here is the handwriting of my grandfather, who was clerk of the house in those days. I would know it was his handwriting if I saw it in Halifax. It is his own." On the page in the front of the book was written, "The law for those who make law." The Bible was used in 1836. It was printed in 1817 and is a quaint old volume. It has many curious inscriptions, some in Latin and some in English.

It was found at the old capitol by Captain J. Colton Lynes, who for a long time was the commandant of the military department of the Middle Georgia Agricultural college, which now occupies the old capitol building at Milledgeville.

He is now at Thomasville college and sent the book to Mr. Roddenbury to be presented to the house of representatives. It was taken in charge by Speaker Atkinson and will be kept sacredly by the head of the house in days to come.—Savannah News.

Taking the Wall.

The following extract from Boswell's "Life of Johnson" may serve to fix the date of the present custom of walking on the right hand side of the footway:

"In the last age," says Johnson, "when my mother lived in London, there were two sets of people—those who gave the wall and those who took it—the peaceable and the quarrelsome. When I returned to Lichfield, after having been in London, my mother asked me whether I was one of those who gave the wall or took it. Now it is fixed that every man keeps to the right, or if one is taking the wall another yields it, and it is never a dispute."

The period to which this is referred is 1737. I do not think that the custom of walking on the right hand side is very strictly observed in provincial towns. At all events, one notices that country cousins when in London frequently persist in taking the wrong side.—Notes and Queries.

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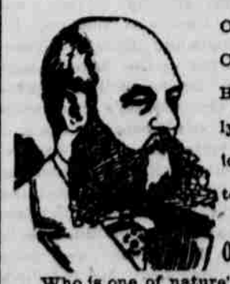

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