While all about were visions Full of prophetic bliss, But he never thought of the magic In his little daughter's kiss. While she with her kettle swinging

Morrily trudged away, Stopped at the sight of a squirrel, Catching some wild bird's lay, And I thought how many a shadow Of life and fate we would miss If always our frugal dinners Were seasoned with a kiss.

OUTWITTING A KING.

A firm

Frederick the Great of Prussia was a very peculiar man. One of his peculiarities was to stroll out with a demure sort of a look on his face and a ration cane in his good right hand. All at once he would bend it, the



cane, out of shape around the persons of such of his loving subjects as he found lostering or loading.

dants, of which he was as proud as if he was their paternal ancestor. It was the opinion of His Majesty that marrying his giant soldiers to women of similar stature a race of glants would be

the result. The wishes and feelings of the parties thus mated were never taken into consideration. Consequently many of the mar-riages entered into at the instigation of producted were not satisfactory to any body every thinkel

One day producted was taking a ride on horseback in the vicinity of Potsdam. from the road was an object that attract ed his attention. At first he thought it was a haystack,

ulto suro of it, as haystacks were not in the table of moving. The object moved iele rode up to it, when to his coment the object was cranso the biggest woman he ever

Her resemidance to a haystack was due to her position. She was bending over digging potatoes. As she smoot up she shut out from the slow of the king a vast quantity of blue sky. In fact, the king, who had dis-

mounted, was almost frightened as he looked up at this giantess. She seemed to be about seven or eight foot tall, but well proportioned.

held her apron with one hand, while she allowed the potatoes, with which it was filled, to drop into a large basket by her side. With her left hand she wielded a shovel with as much case as if it had been a teasting fork. She had flaxen hair, and a face as found as a full moon, but there was a

morry twinkle in her blue eyes that indicated much mother wit-"What are you doing there?" asked

"Can't you see for for reelf? I'm dig-ging potatoes. Did you think I was playing on the plano?"

How old are you, sissy?" "I was seventeen years old on my last wift lay, bubby." "Only seventeen! It hardly seems possible that you should have grown all

that clatanor in such a short time,"
"Will, I fild, and I fild most of it by
sayant, too, although I had a good start.
Wou are a polite continuan, you are, to
ask a lady here are. It I was to judge of hadn't been accord you although your face shows that you were not born last

The king, who was not accustomed to this seed of talk, was angered, but recolthet are that this peasant girl had no idea his good humor continued the conversa-

"You amuse me, little one, You are sich married, I suppose?"
"No and I don't expect that I will have a chance to get married for the most hundred years, or, at least, until the sold king pogs out. The way that old stanor holds out is scandalous. He



them in his big overgrown regiment at rotadam. You ain't going to propose to mae, are you, now that you are talking

about marriage?"
"No, not just yet; I am too young."
"If you are matrimonially inclined I mas going to recommend my grand-nother. She is a widow about your age. Ind mas 103 last Summer. She i ust he klink of a frisky young thing you seed to soothe your declining years. She is a daisy at trying pancakes."

#"A happy thought flashed through the monarch's mind: monarch's mind:

"Look here, little one, I want you to
take a note from me to a gentleman in
Potsdam. Here is a thaier for your
trouble, and taking his note-book, Fredorick fore out a leaf, wrote a few lines,
and handed the note with his ring, to the

"You take this note and ring to the colonel of the guards at Potsdam, and tell him that the gentleman who gave it to you said to be sure and carry out the instructions contained in the note."

"All right, sir," she said, taking the money and the note, "do you want me to lift you back into the saddle, old man?"

"No, I thank you, little girl," replied the king, mounting his horse. As he rode off she called after him:

"Be careful, bubby, that you don't spill yourself off that big horse."

The king rode off smiling. He was

king rode off smiling. He was

under the impression that he had done something very shrewd. The giantess possibly suspected that the old gentleman on horseback was

playing some trick on her. It is also possible that she opened the note and read it. It is not altogether impossible that the sly piece knew all the time that she was talking to His Majesty, and her ignorance was altogether assumed.

At all events, she made up her mind

not to deliver the note. As it happened, an old woman, bent and wrinkled with age, came down the road. The giantess motioned to her to approach. "Good morning, Grandmother Shippel, do you want to earn a thaler?"

Did she want to earn a thaler? That was more money than the poor old creatare had seen at one time in years. She took the ring and note and hob-bled off in the direction of Potsdam at a rate of speed that was astonishing in one

The glantess looked after her, and then throwing back her head she laughed so loud that a peasant plowing in a field half a mile distant paused in his work and looked back to see what was the cause of the atmospheric concussion. As for the old woman, it was not long

before she was ushered into the presence of the colonel of King Frederick's regi-ment of the guards. He was a man of immense size. After he had read the note and examined the ring, he rubbed his eyes, looked down at the shrivelled up little old wo-

man, passed his hand over his perplexed forehead, re-read the note, and seemed to be more perplexed than ever. The king's note read as follows: "Have the bearer married at once to

the tallest man in your regiment. You are directed to carry out this order without fail or delay, and the slightest deviation will incur my displeasure. "FREDERICK WILLIAM I., REX." "This is something extraordinary,

soliloquized the colonel. "How this marriage is going to promote His Majesty's intentions in regard to the future race of giants passes my comprehension, but that's none of my business. The king's word is the law. Orderly!" The orderly advanced, saluted, and

came to the position of attention. "Order Corporal Schmock to report to me at once; also the chaplain of the regi-

The corporal entered; he was the biggest man in the regiment. When he was informed of the order of the king he foot, that is, inwardly, for entward signs of insubordination

A or the aged bride, at first she thewed the border of her apron and ex-

pressed her unwillingness to thwart the wishes of the king. She was extremely willing to conciliate Tis Majesty, no matter to how much personal inconvenience she might sub-The chaplain of the regiment came in,

and in ten minutes Corporal Schmock and Annie Shippel were made one. After denying himself the pleasure of



The cor oral and Anna Shippel made one. saluting the bride, Corporal Schmock hastened to the nearest saloon, and in an incredibly short time he was in the guard house, as drunk as a lord. A few hours later Frederick rode into

the court-yard of the barracks. He dismounted and was received with usual honors by the colonel. "How is Corporal Schmock coming

on as a married man?" "He is in the gnard-house, may it please your majesty."
"What has he been doing?"

"He got drunk as soon as the marriage ceremony was over." "Release him. His young wife will naturally feel lonesome. "Did I understand your Majesty to say 'young wife?"

"Of course; she says she is only "I am afraid your Majesty has been deceived, but possibly she meant to say seventy one. She looks to be at least

"Then she must have aged very much during the last few hours. Bring

The aged dame was led in. She was very much embarrassed and was ready to sink through the floor, particularly when her eight feet of husband was also

brought in.

He hurled himself on the floor with a mighty proneness and besought the king to have him court-martialed and put him out of his misery, pointing sadly to his venerable bride, who, like the daughter-in-law-elect of the Mikado, was "simply appalling."

Roko's distress was mild compared to the mental anguish of Corporal lightnoots.

The king laughingly remarked that it was plain that there was a limit to his power, and told the wretched husband that he would be allowed to procure a

As for the giantess, the king allowed her to dig potatoes unmolested. The incident opened his eyes to the fact that there was a limit to the power of even the great Frederick.—[Texas Sittings.

A little boy of this city announced his ability the other night to frame his own prayer, and proceeded;

"O Lord, make me a good boy, and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

DISAPPOINTED.

Hugh Beverley never meant to marry. He had been of that way of thinking for ten years or more now, and he was at present six-and-thirty.

His sister, Mrs. Valentine, was therefore quite safe in counting so confidently upon his portion of, the Beverley property going to her two little boys, one of whom was his hachelor uncle's godehild and favorite.

Hugh Beverley had no carthly objection to her thus counting. Only he sometimes wished she would not make her anticipations so visible. It would be in better taste to veil them more.

in better taste to veil them more. However, poor Clara had always been rather worldly. And with this reflection Beverley folded that lady's last letter and walked down the stairs of the little Tyrolean inn, where he was temporarily stopping in his wander and out upon the covered balcony, which commanded a view of the quaintly picturesque village street.

He had been sitting there with a meditative eigar some little time when hurried footsteps roused him from his reverie, and he saw a slender slip of a girl, very young, and looking very frightened and white, hastily accost the landlord and speak to him.

The man gave some reply, and the girl turned quickly, almost running up the street. Mine host sauntered into the house and presently re-emerged. "A bad business-a bad business!" shaking his head. "That lady is very ill. The mother of that young girl?"

asked Beverley, putting two and two together.
"Yes; they've been here some weeks.
The mother's been going rapidly. Bad business—bad business! The girl, poor thing did not seem to fear anything serious. Guess there isn't much money, either," concluded the man, evidently his own interests intent.

"Who are they-Americans?" queried Yes; they were countrywomen of his, or, rather, the young girl was, for in the course of the night, very suddenly, the mother, whose name was registered upon mine host's books, "Mrs. Robert Ventnor, New York," passed away, leaving her daughter alone. Beverley did not learn of the death

until the next morning. He was leaving his room when, in the hall, he came upon the landlord and his wife, talking in slightly lowered voices and with expressive shrugs of the shoulders.

A neighboring door stood open, and a stark form covered with a sheet, within, told the tale. Near the bed sat the young girl of yesterday-motion-less, with clasped hands and a rigid

"There's no money to do anything with," said the landlord, with another shrug of the shoulders, to Beverley. "Good heavens!" the latter stood appalled; "don't let that stand in the I'll do anything that is to be The landlord made a sign to the

girl inside the room, and before Beverey could divine his purpose, she stood before them. "This gentleman says he will pay everything for you," announced the man; "there's something left on the

bill, too," he added in a lower tone. Beverley looked at the girl with a sudden deep pity. She stood tall and straight in her shabby black dress. "Thank you," she said. No muscle of

"Poor child! She is stunned,"

thought Beverley. On the next day all that was mortal of Mrs. Ventnor was laid to rest in the

little graveyard with its fantastic iron crosses and grotesque beaded wreaths hanging on the same, at the end of the village street, thousands of miles from her native land. The slender girl, who now turned

away from the new-made mound, had been familiar with the make-shifts of genteel poverty ever since she had grown from childhood into womanhood. She had not spoken a word as she walked back to the house, and Beverley knew not how to broach the question of her plans and movements for the At length he spoke to the landlady: "You must rouse her from her leth-

argy. A young girl like that can't stay on here alone in this strange inn. You must ask her whether she has no friends to whom she can write and whom she cun acquaint with her condition." But when the girl was spoken to she

answered: "No. There is no one-Beverley went out upon the balcony and smoked another meditative eigar, in sight of the blue Tyrolean hills, and

came to a decision. Clara Valentine was living in Paris since her husband's death, and she had the means to give this girl a home. No sooner thought of than done.

Beverley had himself announced to Miss Ventnor, and in a few kind words offered her his sister's protection. "I am going to Paris myself to-morrow. If you will be ready I will take

you directly to my sister's home."

" "Well, this is about the most utterly preposterous thing I ever heard of in life! And Hugh, of all men, to be mixed up in anything of the kind."

This was Mrs. Valentine's first exclamation when left alone after her brother's arrival with Lucille Ventnor.

He had telegraphed to his sister in order to take the first edge off her surprise, and then, when Luc lie had been conducted to her room, had stated the case briefly.

Someone else might have taken charge of the girl, she said with irritation.
"Who?" inquired Beverley. "She is absolutely alone in the world, poor child! And she was there penniless

among strangers."
"Good heavens, Hugh! What if she were? Do you think it was making her lot easier to compromise the girl?"
"Compromise her? What do you

"Of course it is compromising to her to have brought her here with you."
"She is about twenty years younger than I, Clara, and it is unworthy of you,

than I, Clara, and it is unworthy of you, to bring in any such word or thought in connection with her or me."

"Come," he added, "you have a better heart than you want to show, Clara. Drop a little of your worldliness and be kind to this poor child. She needs kindness sorely. I'm going back to Germany to-morrow, and I shall leave her here with you."

Mrs. Valentine knew better than to make any further demur, but the irritation remained.

"To come all the way here just bring that girl, and start off again next day! And then he is indignant touse: call it compromising. That man of the world like Hugh should dates in saything so cruzily quixotic.

cording to her lights, very generous to her, presenting her with a mourning outfit to take the place of the poer child's scant and rusty black.

"She is very pretty," she said to het. elf, the first time that the girl ap-

peared in one of these plain, neatly-fit-ing gowns—"very. I wonder if Hugh toticed it?"

Upon the whole she was just as well eased that Hugh had gone back to Lucille had begged, from the first day, to be allowed to take charge of the little boys, and, as the latter took to her very kindly, there was no objection to her

And gradually she pleaded to have sundry other duties assigned her, until Mrs. Valentine had perforce to acknowledge that she was most will most anxious not to eat the bread of charity, and, that which was certainly not the least good thing about her, considerably useful to herself.

The little Parisian household had, therefore, settled down upon a calm and comfortable basis when Beverley, with the suddenness which usually characterized his movements, reappear He never came to Paris at this season of the year, and Mrs. Valentine reminded

him of the fact with some sharp-"Oh, I thought I would try it," he said carelessly. And he remained on without any definite purpose that Mrs. Valentine could see, day after day and week after week.

Mrs. Valentine's temper began to grow very uncertain as time went by. Her brother did not, perhaps, notice the fact, but others did, and Lucille chief among the number. One day the gathering storm broke loose. Beverley was sitting unconcern-

the latter asked him how much longer he thought he should keep Miss Vent-"Why," queried Beverley, looking up quickly, "has she shown any desire

edly in his sister's pretty boudoir when

She? No!" eried Mrs. Valentine, impatiently. "But you don't expect the girl to go on living in perpetuity this way, do you? I understand, of course, that you thought we might give her a home until other arrangements could be made for her. She must have someone-friend or relation-some kith or kin to whom she can turn for protec-

"She has no one, Clara," said Beverley coldly, "and you know it. She is earning her living with you, as the poor girl would have to do elsewhere. You need a nursery-governess for the

Let her be nursery-governess somewhere else!" cried Mrs. Valentine. "You have taken a dislike to Miss Ventnor, Clara," said her brother slowly.

"It is you who have taken an unaccountable liking to her. I believe you're in love with the girl!" " Clara!"

Beverley's face contained a note of He had turned pale. But warning. Mrs. Valentine's prudence had forsaken "Yes, indeed, I do think so. Blanche Conway is forgotten at last, it seems."

The words were searcely spoken before Mrs. Valentine could have bitten her tongue out for uttering them. It was a very sore spot in her brother's memory that she had touched. She was going to make such blundering amends as she could when the portiere was

hastily drawn aside, and they both saw Lucille Ventnor on the threshold. "I have heard every word," the girl began There was not a vestige of color in her .ace, but her voice was stead, and her gaze brave and direct. "I did not mean to; but I was going through the next room, and I stopped before I knew it. Forgive me, and let me go. You have been very, very kind to me. I shall never forget it. But I must not be the cause of misunderstanding. I see now that I should not have stayed

se long." She paused suddenly and put he. hand to her head. Never mind, child-never mind,

said Mrs. Valentine soothingly. But Beverley said very quietly Enough, Clara. Let Miss Ventnor do as she thinks fit."

And Lucille turned and left the room. Perhaps it is just as well that she did hear," Mrs. Valentine reflected when her brother, too, had gone, leaving her alone. "If I can only get her away quietly now, and before anything happens! Of course it would be extremely trying to have Hugh at this late day marrying an obscure and penniless girl

twenty years his junior." Meanwhile Beverley had gone to the ante-room which led into his little nephews' school-room, and taking a book

sat down in the window. A very short time passed Lucille came hastily through. She started on seeing him, and made a motion as though to escape. Her eyes were red with weeping. Beverley quickly laid a firm detaining

hand upon her arm. "I don't want you to go, Miss Ventnor. I want you to stay-as my The words were spoken. For a minute they both looked in silence into each

other's eyes. "Oh, no, no!" cried Lucille the "That can't be. Let me go!" But Beverley, in that one mome had learned her secret too. He smiled

and gently took her hand. "My child, I have loved you from the very first, since you looked at me with those pathetic eyes the day your mother died. My poor lost lamb, left alone, in this bleak world! Do I seem too old for you, Lucille? Believe me, dear, I will cherish you as the apple of

What other fond nonsense he whispered over the dark head pillowed on his breast it behooves us not to know. Presently he said: "There is one thing more, Lucille. You heard my sister mention a woman's

name. You have doubtless heard her say, too, that I never meant to marry. Perhaps the two things are connected in your mind. I did love that woman your mind. I did love that woman long years ago, dear. But she was unworthy. It was a deep wound. I thought it would never heal—but it is obliterated now—gone—forgotten—since the day when I found my poor little girl alone in that Tyrolean inn! Is all clear to you now, Lucille mine?"

In words Beverley had no reply, but he seemed to wish for none; her eyes snoke.

Suddenly, blushing rosy red, she dis-engaged herself from the strong encir-"Oh, what will Mrs. Valentine say?"

"Duappointed?" supplemented Beverley. "Poor Clara! I'm afraid so;" and he laughed. "But she is excellent at bottom. She will get over it,

HOW MONEY IS MADE.

A Visit to the United States Mint at Phil-idelphia What Was seen and Heard There. The city of Philadelphia, among other historic distinctions, possesses that of being the first place in which money was made for the use of the newly independent of the place. ent nation. On the 31st of July, 1792, the foundation stone of the first United States Mint was laid. The first purchase of metal for coining was made on the lith of September the same year. It consisted of six pounds of old copper.

THE MINT BUILDING. The building in which the most of our money is made was erected in 1835. It is in the Grecian style of architecture, and, though small and unimposing, amid surrounding structures of which Philadelphia is justly proud, is large enough to accommodate three hundred busy workers. The superintendent's quarters are simply furnished and unpretending. Four other departments complete the

general system under which all the work of the Mint is done. Each is under the control of a superintendent appointed by the President of the United States, confirmed by the Senate, and under bonds. RECEIVING BULLION.

When bullion for coining is received at the Mint, it is sent to the weigh clerk's room, where it is weighed with wonderful exactness. The most notable scales



Rolling machine.

in the apartment are large enough to balance six thousand ounces Troy on each side. Any deviation, even the slightest, is indicated by a pointer three feet in length.

The beam of the scales is cased in glass, and so is the pointer, and no breath of air can reach them. Very interesting is it to watch the effect of using even the tiniest weight upon the long pointer

An adjoining room, small in size, has enough gold in it to make more than a score of millionaires. Each one of some bars is worth about four thousand dollars. Smaller bars elsewhere observed average five hundred dollars in value. Such as these are of the size most convenient for use in the arts and manufactures, for the gold-beater, etc. The standard for coinage in this coun-

seen purer than 999 of gold to the thousand parts. Of course it can be made absolutely pure. MAKING A SPECIMEN CHIP. Metal received, after being weighed with the care of which emphatic mention has been made, is melted down in the

try is nine-tenths fine, and gold is rarely

deposit melting-room. The intense heat of the furnaces makes the whole into one homogeneous mass, from which, after cooling, a small chip is taken, as afford-

ing an exact index of the whole. This is sent to the Assay Department, where e percentage of pure gold or silver a exactly ascertained. Payment is made to the sender from the Treasury of the United States for the precise amount of the pure gold or silver thus ascertained, by the addition of an easy calculation, as collectable from his shipment.

INGOTS, AND HOW THEY ARE MADE. In the next department, that of the melter and refiner, the gold, silver, nickel or copper, is made ready for coining. Here ingots are prepared—those shapely bars of alloy from which coins are actually made. Refining, by processes the same in the Mint as elsewhere, is succeeded by the alloy of the pure metal, in the case of silver with ten per cent. of copper, and in that of gold, with ten per cent. of a mixture, consisting the greater part of copper, with a small amount of silver. Nothing can be more interesting than

the preparation of the metal for ingots. The crucibles chiefly used are made of blacklead, mixed with about an equal quantity of exceedingly plastic clay. Metal intended for coins is placed in these crucibles, which are then deposited in furnaces yielding a fierce heat. A stand of bricks receives the crucible,

which is so placed that the zone of greatest heat begins at about a fifth from the bottom of the vessel. When the metal is melted skilled hands holding tongs of proper construction, remove the crucible aud with its contents fill the moulds, two of which are screwed together for the more rapid

removal of the ingots. Standing this way in pairs, the moulds are rapidly filled, and almost as quickly



moulds with his thickly gloved hands, unscrews them with wonderful dexterity, and drops the newly-made ingots into a bath of cold water.

bath of cold water.

Upon their removal, the rough end produced by the overflow of the metal in filling the moulds is rapidly cut off by powerful machinery. The ingot is further prepared for the next process by filing off any roughness of its edges. The precious filings and cuttings are, of course, melted up again.

Ingots are about twelve inches in length, haif an inch thick, and vary in width according to the sizes of the coin to b. made. The process of making them is exactly the same in the case of all the metals used in coinage.

For some purposes what is known as the sand crucible is used. It is not as generally employable as that made of

blacklead, and is named from its granu-lated surface, which is covered with sand like particles. The clay of which it is manufactured is found exclusively in Hesse, Germany.

BOLLING AND WEIGHING INGOTS Rolling the ingots is next in order. The rollers are four in number and are powerful machines which so lengther and make thin the ingots that they are of the proper dimensions for the cutting press. Power in each machine is adjustable to requirement, but the usual plan is to pass the ingots from one to another until the needed length and

thickness are reached. Ingots thus treated are six times their original length, but made brittle by the pressure to which they have been subjected, need to be made red hot in adjacent ovens before being fit for cutting. Silver is placed naked in these ovens, but the precious gold in cylin-drical copper canisters which protect it

from waste. Ingots are then cooled and greased and passed to the cutting presses. Watching the operation of a cutting press is somewhat bewildering on account of the rapidity of its action. No fewer than 286 blanks for dollars or double eagles drop into the receptacle every minute, perfectly round, but still remote in appearance from the completed coin. Neither are a proportion of them of

the exact weight required, it being impossible to make the ingots with infallible accuracy of thickness. The business of eighty young women, working in a room above, is to make those blanks which are too heavy the exact weight by filing, to pass those that are the right weight, and to set aside such as are too light and must be remeited.

Each of these interesting operators wears a leather apron fastened under her arms and tacked to the table, and which catches the filings she may find occasion to make, and works with a nicety of accuracy which is as amazing as the fineness of the scales which guide her in the performance of her duties.

Let it not be considered ungallant to add that no young person in the Mint is capable of greater exactness in selecting blanks of the right weight, and rejecting those that are not, than the Seyss Automatic Weighing Machine, which does the work of several people at once, and is never known to make a mistake. Four specimens of this wonderful invention are in use, imported from Austria. Each has ten balances, and weighs forty pieces a minute, fed to it through ten perpendicular tubes, and discharged into receptacles for blanks respectively of light, exact, and exceeding weight

What is known as milling is the turning up of the edges of the blanks before they are ready for coining. It prevents the rubbing of the device to be afterwards added, and assists to make coins pile steadily. Two hundred blank dollars are milled in one minute.

MAKING THE DEVICE. The device on both sides of a coin and the serrated edge, in those coins which have one, are produced by one stroke of the press. This is fed through a vertical brass tube. A pair of steel fingers takes the blanks one by one with astonishing rapidity, and puts them into position under and above the two dies which make the device A knee joint movement, of pressure

varying from fifteen tons upwards, brings

instaneously converts the

denomination requiring one. An eighty 9

ton pressure is necessary to coin dollars. The great Ajax press would give a 250 ton pressure if necessary.

COUNTING BOARD. The counting board is an ingenious thing. It is a piece of wood forming a right angle and so divided that by piling coins to the level of its top and in so many rows, the precise nomber of pieces is calculable without the trouble of counting and with equal certainty. Collections of newly made dollars, for example, are counted in this way from boxes, then put into bags, each containing a thousand, which are weighed to make assurance doubly

ASSAYING GOLD AND SILVER. In the Assay Department are to be found the key and test of all opera-tions of the Mint. In an earlier paragraph it has been stated that a specimen chip of each shipment of bullion, after it has been melted, is sent to the Assay rooms, so that the value of the whole can be exactly ascertained. Usually two samples are employed for this purpose, so as to compare the results of separate examinations. Specimens are numbered. The normal weight used in assaying

pered 1,000. Scales of the most sensitive capability are employed. The beam has a knife-edge of steel and works upon agate, and the same provision for accuracy is at the back of the scales. The normal weight of gold to be tried is taken, and put into a bag of pure lead made from a tiny leaf in the shape of a cornucopia. To the gold is added twice its weight in pure silver. Then

gold is half a gramme, and is num-

the bag and its contents are rolled into a bullet, and placed in a socket numbered as the sample to be tested.

Upon the return of the gold after treatment in the laboratory it is weighed as pure gold and the difference between its present and former weight ascertained.

EMPLOYES AT THE MINT.

The Mint employs about three hundred persons. A hundred of these are females. Perhaps a more capable-looking set of work people cannot be seer than those employed at the Philacaphia Mint. Their work is mainly skillful and demands readiness and dexterity mands readiness and dexterity and the utmost care.

The Fictor FRIDAY, APE

Ringl

When I war young at an' full o' pluck, The lad wan't livin' hee my row for l In course with gals

for thirty years We never thought of each gal a beau. But now, to come t' at a May-day day An'I war dressed homespun linen They wan't these p so mighty goldan For marm, she cut

an' left me room My coat war made almost swept th It opened down be toned up before Twar cut from m with stripes o' 'An I war fine and ever seen.

And when the dance time to leave he axed Samanthy her hum, 'An when we reach I mout as well In course I couldn 'sides it wan't

[stayed till almo then I riz to go feelin' blue, fo S'manthy ans Now if I went the the old folks' n' th' old man the style o' bo an' round the ya they had a p The gate war par

half-way sens

Would try to me they stood for But I war kin climb the fer I said good-night solved to do 1 clum the thing, on top to res But when I tried treat nor adv A micket p'int ha o' them air

An thar I hung

feet from the

With head an' a an' swingin' hung on that thar yit I g But the picket dropped me fifteen brui

They're hangin will fer ye An' long as I' 'tend a Ma Thar's one thin won't w'ar Don't F

Does your

and appear

when you s

Does she k

casionally rai

My head war

of the pail, r contents, as peace of min her a "piece shape of a h fist or milkin your hard b your finger r not getting l are, pare the you do; the quietly draw some way, Men's finger slike, some ends with na as they gr alender finge correspond. their nails p pay but lit Long, sharp cows to rebe If your hire see that th

> Farms Keep no comfortal wise they p han profital Mulching to be one of mildew. Si material for It is clai grower that can easily i

merciful in t he finger en