### To an Electric Light.

Twinkle, twinkle, little Arc,
Sickly, blue, uncertain spark;
Up above my head you swing,
Ugly, strange, expensive thing.

When across the foggy air
Streams the lightning's purple glare;
Does the traveller in the dark
Bless your radiance, little Arc?

When you fade with modest blush,
Scarce more bright than farthing rush,
Would he know which way to go
If you always twinkled so?

Cold, unloving, blinding star,
I've no notion what you are;
How your wondrous "system" works,
Who controls its jumps and jerks?

Yours a lustre like the day!
Ghastly, green, inconstant ray!
Now wherever they worship you
All the world is black or blue.

Though your light perchance surpass
Homely oil or vulgar gas,
Still (I close with this remark),
I detest you, little Arc!

—*St. James Gazette.*

### The Same Old Story.

"Oh love, my love, where art thou now,
My love of long ago?"
No answer to my piteous cry,
And I had loved her so!

We walked beside the rippling brook,
Her hand in mine she laid;
And into her heart I stole a look,
My queenly blue-eyed maid.

I saw what she fain would keep from me,
My face engraven there;
Courageously then I stole a kiss,
And my heart to her laid bare.

I asked her to be my own sweet wife,
And with a smile so debonair
She answered, "Love I would with pleasure,
If you were a millionaire!"

### Compensation.

When we come to the gates which are each one pearl,
Past the waves' wild rush, and the dizzy whirl
Of the Waters of Death, so deep, so wide,
And are safe at last on the paradise side,
I think we may see clear written there
O'er the gates, in some heavenly character
For all to read, this beautiful word,
First welcome and pledge to the soul from its Lord.

For life seems so little when life is past,
And the memories of sorrow fleet so fast,
And the woes which were so bitter to you and to me
Shall vanish as raindrops which fall in the sea;
And all that has hurt us shall be made good,
And the puzzles which hindered be understood,
And the long, hard march through the wilderness bare
Seem but a day's journey when once we are there.

Each tear we have shed is the seed of a smile;
Our griefs may reapings be after a while;
The doubts turn to sureties, the discords to tune,
And the cold dawn called "Life" into heavenly noon;
The rainbow is cradled in storm, and the snows
Are the sheltering place of the fair, sleeping rose;
And, content it with the will of the Lord, soon or late,
We shall read the glad word o'er the beautiful gate.

—*Susan Coolidge in Congregationalist.*

### DEMENTIA AMORIS.

In love, all men are just the same,
Both prodigal and absent-minded;
Let beauty her desire but name,
And common sense at once is blinded.
There is no difference in caste,
He may possess a pipe or peerage;
Love is a thing that can't be classed—
It travels cabin style or steerage.

A mild insanity, it seems—
A temporary aberration;
The stricken man, as one who dreams,
Is rambling in his conversation.
No heed takes he how runs his purse,
To count expenses savors treason;
He buys enough of silly verse
To make young poets lose their reason.

Oh, you who never yet have felt
These symptoms of a happy lover,
Nor to a blushing girl have knelt,
Nor timidly have leaned above her,
A word with you: When you have found
That only one for whom you tarried,
Don't be engaged a twelvemonth round,
And make yourself a dunce. Get married!

### The Sleigh Bells.

Jingle, jingle, clear the way,
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh,
As it swiftly souds along
Hear the burst of happy song;
See the gleam of glances bright
Flashing o'er the pathway white.

Jingle, jingle, past it flies,
Sending shafts from hooded eyes—
Roguish archers, I'll be bound,
Little heeding whom they wound;
See them with capricious pranks,
Plowing now the drifted banks.

Jingle, jingle, 'mid the glee,
Who among them cares for me?
Jingle, jingle, on they go,
Capes and bonnets white with snow;
Not a single robe they fold
To protect them from the cold.

Jingle, jingle, 'mid the storm,
Fun and frolic keep them warm;
Jingle, jingle, down the hills,
O'er the meadows, past the mills.
Now 'tis slow and now 'tis fast;
Winter will not always last.
Jingle, jingle, clear the way,
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh.

## MARRY OR BE DISMISSED.

### Curious Regulations Enforced on the Railroads in Denmark.

Every one who has travelled in Denmark has noticed the tremendous number of guard houses along the railroads, and, in fact, that women usually signal the trains, says a writer in the Philadelphia *Press*. As a measure of economy man and wife are employed by the State, the former as track walker and the latter as guard. The rules specify the relationship to exist between these two classes of employees, and the rules are made to be obeyed. When it happens that either dies the survivor has just six weeks in which to find another partner. Neglect to do so is disobedience punished by dismissal. The employment of brother, sister or servant to fill the vacancy is not allowed. The guard or track walker must marry in six weeks or leave. A case of the kind occurred recently near the old town of Ribe, on the German frontier. The stricken widower petitioned the Government to allow him an extra week or two, alleging that his work of walking all day along the railroad track did not give him a chance to look for a wife, but his request was refused as in itself an infraction of discipline. The hapless widower had only six days of grace left, but he did not want to lose his job and went skirmishing with such energy that before the end of the fifth he had a new wife flagging the trains.

Mr. Jinks—I don't know how you will feel about it, sir, but the fact is that my wife, your daughter, is a dreadfully hard woman to live with. Mr. Blinks—I can sympathize with you, sir. I married her mother.

## MAX ON AMERICA.

### O'Rell, the Critic of Peoples, Gives His Views of Brother Jonathan.

American women run their husbands and fathers very close in the matter of wit.

The liberty enjoyed by American girls astonishes the English as much as the liberty of the English girl surprises the French. From the age of 18 the American girl is allowed almost every liberty. She takes the others.

Not to take the name of God in vain, the English have invented many euphemisms; some men, imagining, I suppose, that the Deity takes no cognizance of any language but English, venture so far as to say "Mon Dieu" or "Mein Gott." At this kind of thing the Americans are as clever as the English. They have invented "Great Scott."

The Americans are Christians—that is to say, they attend church on Sundays. * * * How resist the two following appeals, posted at the doors of a New York and a Chicago church: I copied them word for word with great care:

Musical Evangelists.
Solos;
Short sermons;
The place to be happy and saved.
Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, walk in.

The other, more seductive still, was worded thus:

No reason for not coming!
Free seats;
Cheerful services!
Books supplied to the congregation.
The public are requested to leave the books in he seats after use.

I saw in an American paper the appearance of Miss Minnie Palmer spoken of in the following terms: "Minnie Palmer will wear all her diamonds in the third act."

The booking office was besieged all day, and, in the evening, money was refused. An amusing detail was the arrival of a good fourth of the audience at 10 o'clock to see the diamonds in the third act.

The population of America is 60,000,000—mostly colonels.

An English old maid would do without her tea before an American woman would go without diamonds.

Oh, those diamonds in America! You see them wherever you go! Not one woman in a hundred will you see without a pair of them in her ears. It is an *obsession.*

Jonathan admires all that glitters, even that which is not gold.

In his eyes the success of a thing answers for its quality, and the charlatanism that succeeds is superior to the merit that vegetates.

The American men are generally thin.

At a dinner party given recently at Delmonico's I heard that each *menu* had a chain attached, consisting of pearls and diamonds, and valued at $1,000.

Every American with the least self-respect is Colonel or Judge.

Few escape it.

## A GENIAL CLERGYMAN.

### He Was Not Afraid to Play with the Children.

The late Dean Burgon, though a bachelor, was remarkable for his love of children. It was no uncommon sight to see him dancing in the high street before some delighted little ones or jumping up and down before a perambulator. At a school treat he was in his element, and he would run, jump and play with the children until fairly exhausted. On one occasion he was fairly done up, and could run no more. A crowd of children was standing round him as he sat on the grass. "I can run no more," said the vicar of St. Mary's. Then said a little girl, "All right, you sit still and make faces at us." He did so, and the contortions of his face were truly marvelous and delightful. On another occasion, however, he was not so fortunate. He was always devoted to the children, and upon calling at a house where some of his little friends lived he asked the servant, "Are they up stairs in the drawing-room?" On being told "Yes," he said: "All right, I'll go myself." The servant thereupon left him in the hall. Mr. Burgon then took up a large sheepskin rug and put it over his shoulder. On arriving at the drawing-room door he went down on all his fours, slowly opened the door a little way, and began to groan and roar like a beast; then he advanced a little way into the room, making a hideous noise. Unfortunately for him, none of the children were present, only two visitors staying in the house, who were scared out of their wits by this extraordinary apparition. They screamed loudly and rung the bell violently, thinking a madman was coming. However, a few words of explanation soon put matters to rights.

### Dr. Rainsford on Church Defects.

Dr. Rainsford, speaking of one of the weakest spots in modern Protestantism, says: "It does not visibly, by means of its great churches and services, embody any great gospel or Christian idea. Every one knows what the saloon means. The cotton, the produce exchanges embody a very definite idea. So should our churches. They should ever witness to those deepest verities of human nature. In our age, so sorely tempted to selfishness and materialism, the Church should surely stand as an evident witness, first to man's divine nature and consequent need of more than earthly food; second, to man's sonship to God, and hence the due of brotherliness owed by him to all his fellow men, and third, to God's love and good-will to men revealed in tha Christ whose words all Christian Churches profess to regard as their law. This weak spot, he says, is the exclusive character of most of our large and fashionable churches, which seem to exist for and are supported almost entirely by the rich people of the community.—*Evangelical Churchman.*

### The Dearest They Must Have.

Says an Englishman: "Many wealthy people in the United States have little artistic taste in the matter of flowers. In ordering flowers for a dinner or a reception they invariably order those which happen for the moment to be the most expensive. If cabbages were the most expensive they would insist on having them, to the exclusion of everything else."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

### They Often Are.

Mrs. Muggins (reading)—Every man gets the wife that heaven intended for him.

Mr. Muggins (musingly)—It must be true, then, that men are punished in this world for their sins.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

### Fashions of a Day.

Tartan hose for ladies in wool or spun silk appear to be coming into favor for wearing with dark gowns.

This year fashion, which in general favors tall, slight figures, seems more thoughtful of those of her votaries who are gifted with a certain amount of embonpoint.

Some of the newest jerseys have watered silk revers and cuffs, or a width of soft silk coming from beneath the arm on the right side, tapering into a point and fastened at the waist on the left side.

Stripes and pekins of all styles are in vogue, garments falling in long lines, redingotes of sober outline, all tending to give length to the figure, and to conceal or attenuate any excess of stoutness.

A magnificent ball dress is of pale, silvery green satin, with long court train lined with old-rose satin, and trimmed with a bordering of Alaska sable, above which are deep arabesques of silver, gold and white embroidery. The front of the skirt is almost solid with the same embroidery.

The petticoats for this season are very tempting. One in black-striped satin and moire had horizontal stripes between the moire, while another had bands of black lace let in, with colored ribbons run through the lace. The flannel petticoats are made with full flounces, elaborately embroidered.

The divided muff is a novelty, and derives its principal merit from that fact, as it is neither very useful nor very ornamental, resembling two cuffs, gathered at the edge to show a contrasting lining, through which the hands pass, connected with a large bow and ends, which ornaments the centre.

### Briefs for the Intellect.

Boiled starch makes an excellent paste.

When flat irons become rusty blacken them with stove polish and rub well with a dry brush.

Use charcoal to broil with. The flames close the pores quickly and make the meat very tender.

Silver can be kept bright for months by being placed in an air-tight case with a good sized piece of camphor gum.

For ink spots on floors rub with sand wet with water and oil of vitriol, and afterward rinse with pearline water.

Orange peel, when thoroughly dried or baked, is a capital thing for lighting the fires. It burns fiercely and gives out an intense heat.

Windows can be cleansed in water and the frost entirely removed by using a gill of alcohol to a pint of hot water. Clean quickly and wipe dry with a warm chamois skin.

Large quantities of vegetables should not be stored in a cellar under the house. They will vitiate the air of the whole house and cause sickness. Better have a root cellar or store them in a pit.

A Maine historian says that in old times the fine ladies of Eastport, then a gay, flourishing town, used to acquire beautiful complexions by sleeping with their heads out of the windows in foggy weather.

Cut off the top of an old leg boot or top boot, cut out a piece of the right size, line it with woollen and you will have the best kind of a holder for flatiron and stove ware—better and safer than old cloth holders.

### An All-Round Kisser.

A story is told of a young lady who kissed a baby held in her father's arms; then, in a moment of temporary insanity or abstraction, she stood on tiptoe and kissed the papa. Realizing instantly what a dreadful thing she had done, she wheeled around and kissed the baby's mamma, who was standing near, and retired in good order. Her satirical sister squelched the poor young woman as they left the house by asking her if she didn't want to go back and finish by kissing the hired girl.

### Interesting Social Statistics.

Have you any idea how many miles a dancing girl gets over in a single evening? I don't mean a more or less wallflower, or one who sits out her dances—alone or otherwise—but a real lover of waltzing, who dances everything from the beginning to end, and looks almost as fresh at the end of the evening as she did at the beginning. Some man has been attending several dances with a pedometer in his pocket, and he finds that the average distance traversed during an evening of twenty-two dances is 13½ miles! If any girl of one's acquaintance was asked to go an equally long walk, she would just say it was impossible, at least I know I should, but somehow when one has a pleasant partner, good music and a good floor in a well-lighted room, one scarcely stops to consider how much ground one has got over. The average length of one waltz is half a mile, whilst a polka is three-quarters, and even the lancers are a quarter of a mile long. I am going to try and remember these figures—though I am a fearful hand at anything of that sort—so as to entertain my future partners, when I find they are talk-about-the-weather men, with only the music, the floor and the dresses for variety.

### News Notes About Women.

The Princess of Wales is 45.

Empress Frederick is to go to Kiel next month.

The Empress of Austria is attended by a woman physician.

The Czarina of Russia prefers English books to those of any other language.

The 102nd birthday of Mrs. Lydia Watson, of Leicester, Mass., was celebrated a few days ago.

Two Corean ladies, who are the first to set foot on American soil, are now en route from San Francisco to Washington.

Mme. Lavroffsky, a celebrated Russian chess player, is said to have amassed a fortune by her proficiency in the game.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has paid heavily for "Robert Elsmere" in the way of ill-health. She has suffered badly from insomnia.

There are about 70,000 lacemakers in Normandy, and in all France there are nearly 200,000 women engaged in this industry.

At the dinner given on Friday evening by Mrs. Stanford at Washington to sixteen of the Senator's friends hot-house strawberries were served that cost $3 a dozen.

When a bride in China knows that she is to be married she must evince by word and manner the deepest melancholy, and she gains commendation and repute if her lamentations are poetical.

An Indiana court has decided that unless a woman is pleased with her photographs she need not pay for them. If, says a crusty bachelor editor, this is law the photographers in that State may as well obscure their cameras at once. Their vocation is gone.

## TO MAKE IT SURE OF HEAVEN.

### The Reason Given by an Insane Mother for Killing Her Baby.

A Scranton, Pa., despatch says: John Geer, of Buckingham township, Wayne county, left his wife with the baby cooing in her lap as he went to work in the morning. When he returned at noon for dinner the baby was in the cradle, and stretched out on the floor lay its mother, stone dead, with a hideous gash in her throat. When Geer looked at the baby he found that it had been also killed with a knife.

On the table was a letter for him from Mrs. Geer, which said:

I thought I would kill the baby, because then it would go to heaven. If I do not do so, I would then not know what might become of it. You need not think it was anything you done that made me do this. I want my ring left on my finger, and I wish my baby laid in my arms and buried with me in the same casket.

Mrs. Geer had never shown any symptoms of a disordered mind, but her terrible act evidently showed a disordered brain.

### An Italian Rival of Mme. Bernhardt.

A Naples correspondent writes: At the Sannazzaro Theatre the Italian rival of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, Eleonore Duse, has won the sympathies of a critical audience. In the great scene of the third act of "Fedora" she was rapturously applauded and called thrice before the curtain, together with Flavio Ando, who worthily supported her. She wore three magnificent toilettes. In the first act she had on a dress of eau de nil plush. The front breadth was of white brocade embroidered with delicately tinted flowers. The dress was cut low at the neck, with a fall of lace; the half sleeves were lace, and she wore a long feathery white boa. The only jewels were two solitaires. In the second act her dress was a white brocade, embroidered with white slightly mixed with gold. In front two large strips of white silk, embroidered with gold, like two Byzantine stoles. The gown was high-waisted and richly trimmed with lace. In the third act her dress was of crevette-colored silk, entirely covered with white braid; the front of crevette silk, with a tablier of gauze of the same tint. It had a large collar and cuffs, and pockets turned back with copper-colored velvet, and no train. In the last act she appeared in a train dress of dark blue silk, with tunic of very dark blue, embroidered with burnished blue beads. With this dress she wore black gloves.

### Why the Bridge Blew Down.

T. M. Griffith, an engineer, writes to the Niagara Falls *Gazette* on the causes of the wreck of the suspension bridge in the late gale. He says: "I am as well satisfied as if I had seen it just how it acted in the storm. The cables and platform danced up and down, until the motion became so ample that they could no longer be in unison, then the slackened suspenders were jerked in two on the quarters where the vertical motion is greatest, and after a few were broken the rest tore off. My plan of construction is to put in spars on the quarters, floor stays to the same point, and buffers between the end of the platform and towers, and also to build the floor so that it allows all the chance possible for wind to pass through. I lost two bridge platforms before I began to find it necessary to find out the cause. My first Mississippi bridge lost its platform. I sparred and guyed it after that, and it stood some terrible gales."

### A Lady's Chances of Marrying.

Every woman has a chance of "catching a husband," but it is conceded that young ladies between 20 and 25 years of age are more likely to draw the matrimonial prizes. However, it is not an unusual thing to hear of the marriage of a lady who has passed the three-quarter century mark. Yet, how can a woman, weak, dispirited, enervated and tormented by disease common to her sex, hope to become a happy wife and mother? Of course she cannot; yet by the magic aid of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription all these obstacles are swept away. As a powerful, invigorating tonic, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages, in particular. For over-worked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, it is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

### In Hard Luck

Mother—What is the matter, my son?

Adult Son—It's all up; no use struggling against fate. I'm bound to land in the poorhouse.

"You! Why, my son, you are plumber."

"Yes, but all hope of wealth is gone. My physician has ordered me to live in Southern California. Pipes never burst there."

### Popular Women.

Miss Longpurse—Why, of course, Helen of Troy was beautiful. Do you suppose there would have been a twenty-year war over her if she hadn't been beautiful?

Mr. Shortcash (forgetting himself)—Oh, I don't know. Maybe she was rich.

### Peculiarities of Car Windows.

Passenger (shivering)—I wish to gracious car windows were made so no woman could get them open.

Conductor (apologetically)—The dry, wintry air takes out the dampness and loosens 'em so they move too easy. They're lighter'n wax in summer.

### Sized Him Up.

Doting Mother (inclined to be facetious—"Have you any toys that my boy won't be likely to break in three minutes?"

Dealer (looking the boy over)—"Yes, madam. Step right back to the rubber counter."

## A DUNDASITE'S TRAVELS.

### Interesting Letter from Richard Talbot from Japan.

Mr. Richard Talbot was for fully fifteen years boss of the weaving room in the Dundas Cotton Factory. When he left he went to the Lybster Cotton Mills at Merritton, where he remained about three years, and since then he has been over a great part of the world as traveller for an English firm. He spent considerable time in Spain and France, and now he is in Japan. The other day his brother, who works in the Cotton Factory here, received a letter from him from Osaka, Japan. We have been permitted to glance through it, and have found it so interesting that we condense it for our readers. The letter is dated Dec. 17th, 1888, and says the writer, after passing thirty days in Yokohama and twenty days in Tokio (the capital), had arrived at Osaka, Japan, 380 miles from Tokio, where he had been ten days. He found in Japan an agreeable climate and an interesting people. Referring to his journey thither from California, he says two Chinamen, returning home, died on board. The doctor seemed jubilant, as he received $20 each for embalming the bodies of the Celestials. The passage on the Pacific was very rough. While travelling from Tokio to Osaka by steamer they had a splendid view of the sacred and very high mountain, Fujihama. It is cone-shaped, built by volcanic action, has a crater at the top, but inactive. It is one of the sights of the world. The top and sides for a long way down are covered with everlasting snows, and its appearance, while grand and majestic, is pleasing to the eye. Thousands, says Mr. Talbot, come and make their devotions to this mountain. He likewise visited Buddhist and Shinto temples, and saw the wooden god of trouble and grief. He saw the people rub parts of the god's body and then with their hand rub themselves on the corresponding portion of their own body. Nose, ears, face, in fact every protuberance originally on the god, had been rubbed smooth by the people who had come to be cured in this way of their bodily and mental ailments. The description of an Osaka temple is interesting. At the far end is the collection box, grated over to prevent people from getting the money thrown into it again, and it is as large as a "temperance platform." Priests were inside making everything right for those who threw their money in. Mr. Talbot was impressed with much that was beautiful in the Buddha and Shinto religions, and he says they inculcate a veneration for ancestors, for national heroes, and that under it children always respect their parents, and infants are carried about in the fresh air and cared for in a remarkable manner. Politeness is racy of the country. Boots must be pulled off when entering a house, and the waiters bow nearly to the ground. Refinement and politeness, says the letter writer, about these people surpasses anything he had seen in Europe. Brief references are made to the worship of the sun and the signification of the symbols used by the Japs in their religious exercises, and the interesting letter closed.—*Dundas Standard.*


### Do Not Think for a Moment

that catarrh will in time wear out. The theory is false. Men try to believe it because it would be pleasant if true, but it is not, as all know. Do not let an acute attack of cold in the head remain unsubdued. It is liable to develop into catarrh. You can rid yourself of the cold and avoid all chance of catarrh by using Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. If already afflicted rid yourself of this troublesome disease speedily by the same means. All druggists.


### An Unsuccessful Eavesdropper.

First Boy—"I hid under the sofa the other evening to listen to what young Smith would say to my sister." Second Boy—"What did he say?" First Boy—"He only talked about religion and kicked me about twenty times on the head." Second Boy—"He knew you were there, I guess." First Boy—"I'm afraid he suspected it."


### The Life Current.

Deprive the vegetable world of moisture and it pales, withers and dies; the whole earth becomes parched, and desolation pervades the landscape. Deprive the human system of pure blood and health is impossible, disease inevitable. The skin becomes charged with repulsive humors, the lungs loaded with foreign secretions, fevers ensue, and, unless speedily arrested, death follows. Renew to healthy action the liver, the great blood-purifying gland, with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and health flows through every avenue, restoring every organ to vigor. All druggists.


Col. Jacob L. Green, President of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, Hartford, announced last evening that Joseph A. Moore, the financial correspondent of the company at Indianapolis, after sixteen years of service, during which he has had unlimited confidence of the directors and officers and of their predecessors, is a defaulter. The extreme amount involved is about $500,000. Moore has restored to the company property which may reduce the actual loss to $400,000. The loss will not affect the company's solvency nor interfere with its dividend.

The home of Mrs. Potter Palmer, the millionaire Chicago hotel-keeper, is one of the most sumptuous residences in the West. Mrs. Palmer is at the head of many philanthropic enterprises and gives thousands of dollars to charity every year in an unostentatious way.


D O N I. 6 89

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THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND