Experience

The world was made when a man was born,
He must taste for himself the forbidden springs.
He can never take warning from old-fashioned things,
He must fight as a boy, he must drink as a youth,
He must kiss, he must love, he must swear to the truth
Of the friend of his soul; he must laugh to scorn
The hint of deceit in woman's eyes—
They are clear as the wells of Paradise

And so he goes on till the world grows old,
Till his tongue has grown cautious, his heart has grown cold;
Till the smile leaves his mouth and the ring leaves his laugh,
And he shirks the bright headache you ask him to quaff.
He grows formal with men and with women polite,
And distrustful of both when they're out of his sight.
Then he eats for his palate and drinks for his head,
And loves for his pleasure, and 'tis time he were dead.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

A Letter from Home.

The hotel 'bus from the midnight train
Brought only one passenger through the rain;
A commercial tourist, weary and sad,
For trade had been dull and collections bad.

Not a single order was on his book,
The disgust he felt was shown in his look;
With a careless hand he wrote his name
On the page of a book unknown to fame.

The drowsy night clerk the signature scanned,
Then a letter placed in the drummer's hand;
See how he starts, what a smile of delight
Comes over his face at the welcome sight.

Open the envelope is quickly torn,
And over his face so weary and worn
Now flits, like sunbeams after a storm,
Smiles of joy as the message takes form.

Thus clouds of despair that will often appear
To the travelling man sometimes in the year
Are quickly dispelled by such simple means
As one friendly letter—How queer it seems!

So wives, sweethearts, brothers and chums,
If you know where we'll be when Sunday comes,
Write us if your time will permit,
Draw on us at sight and we will remit—OUR THANKS.

Day Dreams.

How they come and how they go,
Ever fleeting, never slow,
Sailing up to heaven;
Tiny, subtle, wayward things,
Brilliant meteors, sparkling rings,
Which flash, and then are riven!

How they go and how they come,
Some so restful, yearning some;
Others like wild flowers;
Some like fragrant, even wind;
Some like clouds upon the mind,
Which, later, turn to showers.

How they come and how they go,
Born in sorrow, nursed in woe!
Oh, happy, useless dreaming!
Rainbow tinted, many starred,
Tear drops shed, sweet fancies marred—
Is all to end in seeming?

WANTED TO JINE.

But Jim Finally Concluded That He Wouldn't be a Mormon.

While waiting at a station in South Carolina one day, writes M Quad in the Detroit *Free Press*, I was joined by a man who carried an old-fashioned satchel on his shoulder, and who had evidently walked many miles through the mud. He was fully 60 years of age, scrawny and homely, and he simply nodded to me and sat down on a bale of cotton. In about 10 minutes along came a woman in home-spun, fully his age and about as homely. She had also had a long walk. She nodded to me and sat down on another cotton bale. Not a word was said between us for 10 minutes. Then as the whistle of the train was heard in the distance she said to the man:

"Then, Jim, you ar' gwine off ter jine the Mormons?"

"I am, Hannah," he replied.

"And you won't take me?"

"No."

"And I'm to be left?"

"Yes."

"And it won't do no good to argufy?"

"Not a bit."

"Wall, then, good-bye to you."

She started forward with extended arm, but passed his hand and seized the satchel and flung it thirty feet away. Then she grabbed him by the hair and they went off the platform into a mud hole together, and as the train moved away she was on top and jamming his head into the old gold soil and saying between the jams:

"Want to jine the Mormons, do you! Want to leave the old wife who's dun lived with you 40 years! Want to jine—jine—jine, you old rabbit, you!"

And fifty passengers gave her three cheers and a tiger as she got a new hold on his atriarchal whiskers.

Royalty at the Races.

There was the smartest show of dresses at Sandown races that has been seen this season, says London *Truth*. Grays, green and black, and various shades of terra-cotta and brown, seemed to predominate, though two or three white costumes shone bravely in the spring sun, and one lady, whose olive green dress was adorned with a broad band of vivid brick color, was as conspicuous as a lighthouse. Soldiers and soldiers' wives, sisters, cousins and aunts, thronged the enclosure, and the air was full of regimental "shop." There were many drags, and much eating and drinking upon and around them. Royalty was present on both days—the Prince and Princess on Friday, and the Prince alone on Saturday. The Princess looked charming in a simple gray dress, trimmed with astrachan and contrived to make the smartly dressed ladies appear very ordinary. I am a Radical, but granting, for the sake of argument, the necessity for a Queen, I must say that I have never seen a woman who so perfectly looks the part as the Princess.

His Strong Point.

"He is dissipated and heartless. He has no idea of financial probity. He plays cards for money; he is recklessly extravagant and altogether totally unfit to be your husband. I cannot consent to the engagement."

"Oh, but think, papa, how well he looks in a drawing-room. Why, he is the most becoming man I ever danced with."

"News of Nelson's Victory Came!"

Joseph Sutherland, who was a powder-boy on board the vessel which first brought to England the news of Nelson's victory at Trafalgar, has just attained his 100th year at Milton, Sittingbourne. He has good health and has all his faculties intact.

ABOUT CARPETS.

Some Hints Which are Very Seasonable Just Now.

"What do you mean by the 'standard?'"

"Look at this piece of ingrain. You see the threads are interwoven—across and lengthwise. Now, a thread running across we call a 'pick.' Count the number of 'picks' in an inch. There should be fourteen. That is the way we make our 'standard.' If there are one, two or three less than fourteen you see the carpet is far more loosely woven and less durable, though you wouldn't notice the difference on the surface. An ingrain, you know, consists of several thicknesses or layers of threads woven together—'ply,' as we say—that is, a two-ply carpet is two thicknesses of thread, and a three-ply three. The three-ply is the carpet of our grandmothers. After having fallen into disuse for many years it is coming in again. No, I don't think the rage for the antique has anything to do with it; people are beginning to believe again in its serviceability, that is all. "So much for the cheaper carpets. The more expensive kinds, the Brussels and the Wiltons, are woven on a rack upon wires running crosswise. The standard is ten to an inch. The wires being drawn, semi-cylindrical tubes of wool are left. This is the surface of the Brussels carpet. The Wiltons differ in this way, that the tubes of wool are woven thicker and higher. The wires here have a knife attachment on the end, and, upon being withdrawn by machinery, split directly through the top of the tiny tube. A rich and plush-like surface is thus formed. Here you can get effects and delicacy of tints and shades that you can't have in a Brussels carpet. Compare these two pieces," and he threw on the floor side by side a Wilton and a Brussels. "Now, these are exactly the same pattern. That is evident, made of exactly the same shade and kind of wool. That is not so evident, for it doesn't seem so in the least; their effect is totally different. The plush and velvety surface of the Wilton has a softness, a richness, a delicacy which make the Brussels look flat beside it. Still, you wouldn't notice the difference unless you compare them directly as we have been doing. This carpet, the Wilton, is thicker and finer and heavier and handsomer than the other, but it costs just about twice as much. An Axminster? Oh, that is the finest of all."

Why Are Deserts Barren?

Why are deserts rocky and sandy? The answer is that without vegetation there is no such thing as soil on earth anywhere. The top layer of the land in all ordinary countries is composed entirely of vegetable mould, the decaying remains of innumerable generations of weeds and grasses. Earth to earth is the rule of nature. Soil, in fact, consists entirely of dead leaves. And where there are no leaves to die and decay there can be no mould or soil to speak of. Darwin showed in his last great book that we owe the whole earthly covering of our hills and plains almost entirely to the perennial exertions of that friend of the farmer, the harmless, necessary earthworm. Year after year the silent worker is busy every night pulling down leaves through his tunnelled burrow into his underground nest, and there converting them, by means of his castings, into the black mould which produces in the end for lordly man all his cultivable fields and pasture lands and meadows. Where there are no leaves and no earthworms, there can be no soil, and under those circumstances we get what we familiarly know as a desert. When new land rises above the sea it first emerges bare and rugged like a sea cliff. No living thing is harbored on its naked surface. In time, as rain falls upon its jutted peaks and barren pinnacles, the rock crumbles, and streams wash down deposits of sand and mud into the valleys and hollows. Lichens begin to spring in patches on the bare face of the rock, and ferns, whose spores have been wafted by the wind or carried by the waves or borne on the feet of unconscious birds, sprout here and there from the clefts and crannies. These, as they die and decay, form a thin layer of vegetable mould, the first beginning of a local soil, in which the earthworm—imported in the egg on driftwood or floating weeds—sets to burrow, and which increases by his constant labor. On the soil thus deposited flowering plants and trees root themselves as fast as seeds, nuts and fruits are wafted to the island by various accidents from surrounding countries. The new land thrown up in the Gulf of Ceylon four years ago by the great eruption of Krakatoa has in this way already clothed itself from head to foot with a luxuriant sheet of ferns, mosses and other vegetation. —*Cornhill Magazine.*

A Thief's Novel Disguise.

The man who has done so much horse stealing in the western part of Queen's county is locked up at Newton. He was apprehended at Trenton, New Jersey, having in his possession a horse which was one of a team that he stole from Peter Luyster, of Newton, last Sunday night. The other horse was found in a stable in Brooklyn. No trace, however, has been obtained of the four horses that he stole from F. W. Dunton, of Morris Parks, or the fine animal he took from Mr. Van Pelt, of Corona. He has been identified as the man who was seen in the places named and had the horses in his possession at different places trying to dispose of them. On these occasions he appeared to have two eyes. When arrested he had but one eye and his identification was not easily established. A glass eye was found in his clothes and when placed in the socket every person recognized him.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Peculiar Facilities.

Bolter—So my wife, sister and daughter eloped together last night?

Bulter—Yes, sir.

Bolton—Who were the three scoundrels?

Bulter—Only one, sir; he was a Mormon.

No Letters Lost.

A very busy young man, the week of whose wedding had been decided upon, wrote to his fiancee, on a postal card, "What day, Tues.?"

The answer came back promptly, also on a postal card: "No, Wed."

A man in California has played 78,832 games of whist during the past 51 years, and he thinks it is a wanton waste of time for women to paint long-legged storks and water lillies on brass plaques.

MANAGING STOVES.

Some Points on the Economy of Fuel in the Household.

How to minimize the expense of heating is a question of vital importance to the majority of citizens. What was recently pointed out relative to the wasteful use of coal for manufacturing purposes is no less true of coal for domestic uses. Few families get anything like the maximum caloric power out of their fuel, and the reason is largely their own lack of knowledge or their carelessness. With the exception of Kentucky and Arkansas lignite, which runs very low in caloric power, the differences between various kinds of coal are, after all, merely nominal, and the question of economy in coal resolves itself largely into one of use or treatment. The management of fires is the one important thing for people who wish to economize to post themselves on. As in factories, so in private dwellings, different fuels require different treatment. The harder the coal and the stronger the draught the thicker should be the bed of coals, or, in other words, the deeper should be the fire-pot. Hence size of stove, height of chimney, supplying of fuel, and judicious shaking or poking of the fire are important factors in the economy of fuel. In a general way the loss of heat results from one or other of three or four causes. Whenever the products of combustion are removed at too high a temperature, or there is a greater influx of air than is necessary to keep the fire sufficiently lively, or warm ashes or cinders are precipitated too soon, or the combustion is imperfect, there necessarily results a great loss of heat. So far as imperfect combustion is concerned, the escape of combustible gases, the fall of coal into the ashpan, and the precipitation of carbon as soot are the chief causes. Now, these are facts that the masses are apt to overlook, and in a measure they are all under the control of the one managing the fire. It will be noticed that the only effort usually made to reclaim this loss is to sift out of the ashes the bits of coal that have dropped down. Why not aim to save the other lost products? To begin with, there is no economy in small stoves. A stove with a large fire-pot can be run lower in point of heat and expense than a smaller stove. The thickness of coals over the grate can be better adjusted to the draught. A greater or less accumulation of ashes on the bottom of the pot is all that is necessary to regulate this matter. Poking and shaking should be avoided as much as possible, and the large stove requires this less than the smaller one. There is thus less partially burned coal precipitated into the ashpan, and the heat of the ashes constantly accumulating in the fire-pot is utilized to the fullest. When these are poked or shaken down they cool almost immediately, and the heat is lost. Another important point is the care given to the draught. No stove should be forced any more than possible, and with proper attention the necessity for forcing can be minimized. Combustion requires that the constituents of the air and the fuel should unite in exact proportions. Too much or too little air will entail loss of heat. As the quantity of air admitted into the stove in a given time increases its velocity is accelerated, and the air passes up the chimney in a highly heated condition and bears off heat in the measure of the volume and velocity of the current. If too little air is admitted, carbonic oxide instead of carbonic acid is developed and passes away in like manner. Hence a fire-pot adequate to the needs of draught, the avoidance of poking out hot ashes into the ash-pan and of disturbing the coals, and the closing of all direct draughts of the stove that would afford egress for hot air, gasses, and unconsumed carbon in the form of soot are factors in the economy of fuel more important than the selection of the material.

COAL AND PHILANTHROPY.

An English Dealer Fined for Giving His Customers Overweight.

"Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame" may have been excellent advice when Mr. Pope wrote, but it would require reshaping to bring it into harmony with modern requirements. A Yorkshire coal dealer, who has been doing good by stealth on quite an extensive scale, now has cause to blush at finding himself fined by a police magistrate. The philanthropic trader owns a weighing machine which gives his customers 21 lbs. overweight on every hundredweight. Some time ago his attention was officially drawn to the fact, and he received solid warning that if he continued his sinful benevolence he would be summoned. A weighing machine that gives overweight is as illegal as one that does the other thing, the law demanding a perfect adjustment of balance. This coally Samaritan refused to believe, however, that his stealthy benefactions were punishable, and so persisted in adding the little bonus to every hundredweight of black diamonds that left his shop. A fine of 5s. and costs is the result, the bench expressing the opinion that it looked a little hard to punish a man for cheating himself to benefit his customers. It does look hard, no doubt, but what a splendid advertisement.—*London Globe.*

Wash Your Hands.

Cases of infection that could be accounted for in no other way have been explained by the fingers as a vehicle. In handling money, especially of paper, door knobs, banisters, car straps and a hundred things that every one must frequently touch, there are chances innumerable of picking up germs of typhoid, scarlatina, diphtheria, smallpox, etc. Yet some persons actually put such things in their mouths, if not too large! Before eating, or touching that which is to be eaten, the hands should be immediately and scrupulously washed. We hear much about general cleanliness as "next to godliness." It may be added that here, in particular, it is also ahead of health and safety. The Jews made no mistake in that "except they washed they ate not." It was a sanitary ordinance as well as an ordinance of decency.

Uneasy About Johnny.

Wife (at bedtime)—Cyrus, what day is this?

Husband—Wednesday.

Wife (anxiously, holding a small pair of trousers at arm's length)—I am afraid Johnny isn't well, Cyrus. He generally has at least two pounds more of marbles in his pockets at this time in the week than he has to-night.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

How a Member of the Smith Family Ended a Dilemma.

James Smith suffered some trouble from his surname. Sydney Smith is reported to have named his sons Douglas and Wyndham, not that he had any connection with these noble families, but to distinguish them from the other Smiths. James Smith, when a solicitor, says a writer in "Temple Bar" for March, was very much troubled by another James Smith, who came to live in the same house. Deeds and confidential secrets went to the wrong Smith. James Smith determined to put an end to the dilemma, and told the new arrival he must leave. "Why should I leave?" said the intruder. "Because," said James Smith, "you are James the second, and must abdicate." There is something in a name. The Duke of Newcastle, of borough mongering celebrity, was once asked for a day's fishing by a newly arrived clergyman. The reply was: "The Duke of Newcastle cannot comply with Mr. Nose's request. P. S.—Finding Mr. Nose's name is Rose, he is pleased to grant his request."

A Scotch Courtship.

I knew a young fellow who was very sweet on a Scotch spinster. She was a wealthy Scotch spinster, but if there is a kind of woman who must be loved economically and for herself alone it is a Scotch spinster. Scotch spinsters are warranted to make good wives all the time. It is awfully hard to be untrue to a Scotch woman. She makes you so very comfortable and holds you to her not so much by your heart as by your bank account. She doesn't always want new bonnets; she is rather liable to object even to your having a new hat until the old one is quite worn out. A Scotch wife can keep her husband neat and trim and herself and her children as well at a smaller expense than any other. She doesn't want diamond ear-rings for her birthday. All you have to do is to show her your bank account and kiss her and tell her you owe the balance to her, and she is quite satisfied. This young fellow did not understand the Scotch spinster, and when he thought to please her he sent her a lovely and expensive basket of flowers. He went up to receive her thanks and smiles, and he was quite knocked over when she told him that he hadn't a big enough salary to waste it in buying flowers for her or anybody else, and she was sorry to see he was so extravagant, because otherwise he was "a very pleasin' young man." He lied himself into her good graces by saying he had got the flowers for nothing, and he thought he could not make better use of them. She smiled graciously and said: "Seein' they did na' cost you anything it's a great compliment." She was a woman after all.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Popular Though He Did Not Dance.

A popular young man who, despite the fact that he does not dance, is rather prominent in the social life of the town, told me recently how he managed to transform his inability to dance into a new element of popularity. "I got the idea from a girl," he explained, "and I have frozen to it right along. I met her out one night, and observing that I was not dancing, she asked me if I never danced. I confessed that I did not, and went on to say that I was constantly bemoaning that fact. 'Undoubtedly,' she said, 'you must find it annoying at times; and yet if you know how to make use of it, do you know that in one way you have an advantage growing out of the very fact that you do not dance?' Of course I wanted an explanation. 'Why, it's simple enough,' she said. 'Never put your name down for a dance until toward the end of the evening. Then put your name down for just one dance with each of the girls in whom you are most interested. By the time that your dances are due the girls will have been dancing for hours, and will have become pretty well tired out. Then as you lead them out on the floor, propose a promenade instead of a dance, and depend upon it they will mentally bless you for your consideration—you will have gained far more than though you had danced with them ever so gracefully.' Well, I've tried that suggestion," continued the youth, "and I never knew it to fail. It's a great idea."—*Albany Express.*

Green the Popular Spring Shade.

What I was most struck by in this early display of summer millinery was the predominant color of green in everything. All the hats were symphonies in light shades of green. I thought perhaps the winter mind was merely startled by the color of ripe nature, and that probably these hats were no greener than they are every year, but in the next window I was confronted by a great assortment of gloves, some of them nearly a yard long. These were of the same shade of green as the hats. In another window were stockings just as green as the gloves. Then there was lovely silk underwear, likewise pale green. There were green parasols, and I assure you that one window contained a hat covered with light green roses. So, you see, the beautiful brightness of nature is to adorn our girls during the coming hot season. The shops are certainly well stocked for the Easter trade, and the sidewalks in front of the windows are constantly thronged with eager young women who rapturize over this dream of a bonnet or that love of a hat with an enthusiasm delightful to witness.—*Clara Belle's Letter to the Indianapolis Journal.*

Silk Dresses and New Bonnets.

"I haven't had a silk dress since I was married, nor a new bonnet for three seasons," complains Mrs. C. V. R. She declares she is bound to have a new bonnet if she has to work for it herself. This is true grit, but many ladies who would gladly work hard to attain a desired object are unable to do so because they are almost always constantly afflicted with diseases peculiar to their sex. Dragging-down pains, displacements, leucorrhea, and other uterine disorders are the bane of many women's lives; but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure where all other compounds fail. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

At a recent beggars' ball in Vienna there were 5,000 persons present, all in beggars' costumes.

HARRYING WOMEN AND BABIES.

The Brutal Evictions on the Olphert Estate at Falcarragh.

The police having ascertained that the houses had not been fortified left the battering ram and the bulk of their military and civil forces in reserve in the village. Only 60 constables accompanied the sheriff and his men throughout the distressing day. The houses visited were grouped together, rendering easier the work of the crowbar brigade. In some instances a feeble attempt at barricading had been made. The tenants of the first two houses found themselves on the roadside within a half hour of attack. At the third house the painful monotony of the proceedings was varied by a vigorous attack made upon the sheriff by the tenant's wife who, despite the incumbrance of a 7-weeks-old child in her arms, belabored the minion of the law with a stick until a policeman came to the rescue. The poor woman retreated inside and clung tenaciously to a bedpost, whence she was brutally torn by two burly bailiffs, the baby being almost killed in the struggle. Patrick O'Brien, M.P., at the risk of being sent to prison for another long term for obstructing the police, rescued the infant and lulled it to sleep with matronly skill. At the fourth house the bailiffs turned out a bed-ridden old dame despite indignant protests that the exposure would kill her. Real resistance was only offered at the last two houses visited, but the defences were so feeble that they were soon broken down, and the garrison, consisting all told of one man and ten women, were sent off to prison. Fourteen out of 70 families were evicted to-day.—*London Correspondent of the New York Sun.*

Wanted to be Heard From.

If any person has ever given Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy a fair trial, and has not been perfectly and permanently cured, that person should write the proprietors of that wonderful remedy, for they are in dead earnest and "mean business" when they offer $500 reward for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists, at only 50 cents. It is mild, soothing, deodorizing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing.

The Singing-Teacher Dodge.

The following is the latest swindling scheme reported: A sleek party representing himself as a first-class singing teacher goes through a neighborhood and gets several of the best farmers to sign their names to a subscription paper. A very low price is asked, and no trouble is had in getting all the good ones he wants. The "teacher," of course, fails to put in an appearance after the names are obtained, but those who signed after a few days find their note at the bank for collection, the subscription paper being a promissory note payable to bearer. The singers have ample time to sing after the "teacher" has gone to look for more suckers. Is it possible that people will ever learn to carefully read papers which they are requested to sign by strangers?

Then he clasped her with emotion,
Drew the maiden to his breast,
Whispered vows of true devotion,
The old, old tale—you know the rest.
From his circled arms upspringing,
With a tear she turned away,
And her voice with sorrow ringing,
"I shall not see my bridal day."

This dramatic speech broke him up badly; but when she explained that her apprehensions were founded on the fact of an inherited predisposition to consumption in her family, he calmed her fears, bought a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for her, and she is now the incarnation of health. For all bronchial, throat, and lung affections, it is a potent remedy.

Served Him Right.

"Is it true, Angelina," said a young lady addressing an acquaintance, "that there has been a rupture between you and Clarence De Johnes?" "It is quite true." "Gracious! What was the cause?" "He was addicted to the use of slang." "Oh!" "Yes, I begged him to discontinue the habit, but he persisted in it." "And the result?" "The result is he is in the soup."

Too Much Dandelion.

California has a new grievance—the dandelion. Some years ago it is said that a citizen imported from the east the seed of the old-fashioned dandelion. He wanted something to remind him of his early home. Like the man who imported the sparrow, he did worse than he knew. The sparrow is everywhere, so is the dandelion. The seed drifts in the wind like that of the thistle, the down is built into the nests of birds, and every seed which gets a lodgement on a lawn or grass plot will, in due time, produce a million more. Now the solitary dandelion is very attractive in bloom, and hardly less so when after the blossoms the gauze globe appears, and a few days afterward goes sailing off before the wind like a small balloon. But the citizen who is forced to dig up his lawn because a million dandelion roots have strangled the grass will utter no benediction over this rich golden blossom.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

All in Harmony.

A.—What is a dude, anyway?

B.—He is the graceless son of Egotism and Stupidity; his sisters are Vanity and Heartlessness. There is only one thing to praise about him, and that is he lives in harmony with the rest of the family.

D C W 1, 18 89.

$100 Confederate Money for 50c. Send to JOHN W. WATTS, Montgomery, Ala.

IMPERIAL PEN AND PENCIL STAMP.
With your name, to print cards, mark books, linen, etc. Single stamp 25c. Club of six, $1.00. Cash to accompany order. H. BARNARD, Rubber Stamp Works, Hamilton, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND