Modern Love.

'Twas only a week ago to-night,
You said "good-bye" at the garden gate.
The wind breathed a laugh to the poplar leaves,
And a nightingale sang of love to its mate.

The fireflies gleamed through the meadow dark,
Where the river ran gaily to meet the sea,
And every word was a sweet caress,
Ere you said "good night" at the gate to me.

You spoke of life "as a problem dread,"
And breathed a sigh for your lonely lot;
Then begged a pansy from my hair,
And a sprig of blue forget-me-not.

You said, 'twas so bad to live unloved—
That love was love, forever and aye!
And implied, you never could love but one;
Your heart would break if I said you nay.

You spoke so long of men and books,
That mine eyes grew dim, and brain did reel
As you quoted of Tennyson many a page,
And asked "if I didn't dote on 'Lucille'?"

'Twas only a week, and yet to-night
I sit alone in the shadows drear,
As the moon creeps over the poplar trees,
And list for a step which I seldom hear.

But soon a voice—and two shadows pass;
When I hear once more an old refrain—
He is quoting "Lucille" and "Locksley Hall,"
To my pretty neighbor down in the lane.

The City of David To-day.

The town is as compact to-day as it was when David thrummed upon his harp and the tribes not only of Palestine but of all the world came here to worship. There are magnificent monasteries scattered throughout the city, and on the very top of the Mount of Olives a great Russian church lifts its bulbous domes toward heaven. In the Garden of Gethsemane, where Christ spent the night before he was crucified, there is a resting place for pilgrims, and the Roman Catholics have 1,500 brothers and sisters in their monasteries and convents, while the old Armenian Church has a big monastery near the gate of Zion which contains 180 monks and which can accommodate 2,000 pilgrims. There are Greek Christians here by the thousands and there are Syrians and Copts by the hundreds. There are Abyssinian priests with faces as black as your hat, and you may see every costume and hear every language in the worshippers who gather around the holy sepulchre. The Jerusalem of to-day is the Mecca of millions of souls. It is to hundreds of millions the holiest spot on the face of the earth. And among the others whom I have met in Palestine is the party of American Roman Catholics, the first pilgrimage which has ever been made to the holy city by a band from the United States. It is, above all, a religious city, and, stranger than all, it is again becoming a city of the Jews. The Jews are fast coming back into Palestine, and the Jews of Jerusalem, who now make up a large part of the city, are far different from their brothers in any other part of the world. Their movement toward the holy land is strange, and their life here is so interesting that I have made it the subject of investigation.—*F. G. Carpenter's Jerusalem Letter in the Post-Dispatch.*

Night Terrors in Children.

Mentally active children of high strung nervous system occasionally suffer from what are termed "night terrors." These paroxysms come on suddenly during sleep, the victim starting up, crying or screaming, and exhibiting other signs of great terror. Such attacks are often quite obstinate, and it generally takes some time to fully awaken the sufferer and bring him to the realization of where he is, and that he is in no danger. The paroxysms in some cases come every few nights for quite a long time, and naturally occasion the parents much annoyance, if not intense disgust, after they know their character. They treat the unfortunate with consideration at first, but are extremely likely before long to show a good deal of temper and impatience if, as they term them, the "crazy spells" are of frequent occurrence. The victim of such attacks is in no wise to blame, and to use harsh measures would be simply inhuman, and add to his terror. Kind and reasoning words are what is needed at such times. If several attacks have occurred it is safe to assume that medical treatment is necessary, and a physician should be consulted. —*Ex.*

A Polish Election Dodge.

At an election in Poland the other day a smart young candidate tried a manœuvre which almost deserved to succeed for its ingenuity. Nearly all the peasants were against him, and the problem was how to prevent them from voting. The interval is very short between the time when they leave off work and the closing of the polls, so that at the last half hour a great crowd was waiting. Suddenly there was a cry of "Fire" and a rattling of engines. But the ruse did not succeed, the stolid countrymen first waiting to record their vote, and then hurrying off to discuss the conflagration.—*London Globe.*

Desecration of Sunday in England.

The battle against desecration of Sunday continues to rage furiously in England. The Sunday observance societies have attacked the cheap excursion systems of the Brighton Railways, which allows the poorer classes to spend Sunday at the seaside. They have even got a large number of the shareholders of the road to sign a petition against the system.

R. A. Gunn, M.D., Dean and Professor of Surgery, of the United States Medical College; Editor of "*Medical Tribune*," Author of "Gunn's New and Improved Hand-book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," referring to Warner's Safe Cure, said: "I find that in Bright's disease it seems to act as a solvent of albumen; to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes, and wash out epithelial debris which blocks up the tubuli uriniferi (urine bearing tubes); and to prevent the destructive meamorpeosis of tissue. * * * I am willing to acknowledge and commend thus frankly the value of Warner's Safe Cure.

A Real Necessity.

Committeeman—Before engaging you for our pastorate we should like to know if you can preach without notes.

Pastor—No, sir. Bank notes are a necessity with me.

Ada—So you have been to see your husband's friends, have you, Lulu? And how did you like his mother? Lulu—Oh! ever so much, Ada; she made me feel so much at home. Why, in less than 24 hours after I arrived there she had me in the kitchen wiping dishes.

THE FACILE PENCIL.

Shorthand as a Profession Very Much Overcrowded.

FEW REMUNERATIVE POSITIONS.

Some Well Paid Writers—The Various Systems—Lady Stenographers—Some Advice to Students.

In this age of hurry and rush it is but natural that shorthand should receive considerable attention. The saving in time which it effects for those whose time is very valuable, to say nothing of the facilities it affords for securing the words of public speakers or the evidence of witnesses, justifies placing it high up in the educational curriculum. But just now, I fancy, it is being rather run into the ground. When men are found who actually advertise over their own signatures for "competent stenographers" at a salary of nine dollars a week, there is required no further evidence of a glut in the stenographer market than the fact that such positions are regarded as "snaps." Not, of course, by "competent" stenographers, in the correct sense; but as they go they fill the places and cut down the figures paid really expert men (who are not plentiful) and drive them out of the business.

Perhaps you are thinking of studying some system of shorthand, and if so I would not discourage you. There are very few people now-a-days to whom a knowledge of shorthand—even if not very thorough—would not prove useful, if practice be maintained. But if you purpose depending on the use of the knowledge of shorthand you expect to gain to make a living a few friendly hints to enable you to take stock of the prospect, uninfluenced by some school prospectus, may be much to your advantage.

The "fat" situations for shorthand writers are confined chiefly to the official reporters of the Houses of Parliament, the courts, a few leading railway offices, and fewer of the larger newspaper offices. Inside of this charmed circle the remuneration is good. Murphy, chief of staff at the United States Capitol, is the best paid United States officer below the President, and receives the somewhat princely salary of $25,000 a year and perquisites. On his shoulders rests the entire responsibility of the work of the Congressional Record and the Senatorial Debates. He has under him a staff of 20 to 25 of the best reporters he can find; and he can size up a pencil pusher very quickly. He is a phenomenal man and an expert writer of the Graham modification of Pitman's system, known as Standard Phonography. Some very large sized stories are told of his work and, as all stenographers of experience know, many of them will stand being very heavily discounted. At Ottawa the Hansard reporters receive $1,500 a year; and there are some of our reporters of the High Court of Justice who receive as much and augment that figure considerably by transcripts. They receive either a stated salary per annum or a per diem allowance for attendance, with ten cents per folio of 100 words for copies of the evidence when required. When they get a long case where two to four copies are required, and can be manifolded on the typewriter, they have a soft snap. Two of our best known and most competent court reporters in Ontario are Mr. Nelson Butcher and Mr. A. J. Henderson, Toronto, to either of whom an all-day take offers no terrors.

Outside of the positions above referred to, and which require not only rapidity on the part of the writer but also a broad education and general acquaintance with the particular line of work entered upon, there are other openings for the aspirant to stenography, chiefly as amanuenses. The salaries are not usually large, and the rapid influx of women into the field has tended to still lower rates, until to-day she is practically master, or rather mistress, of the situation. It is an occupation for which women are well adapted, and when with fair education and moderate speed she combines the use of the typewriter, such a situation affords a young woman a clean, dignified and pleasant means of livelihood. The field of amanuensis work promises to become, as a rule, more and more a woman's preserve. If you are going to study with the view to entering that field you must expect her to fix your salary.

But there are many ways in which the accomplishment will prove beneficial to you indirectly, that is, other than as a main reliance. If you enter the ministry it will bless you daily; if you study law it will be your junior counsel always and aid you in a hundred ways; if you follow medicine it will save you much valuable time and be the means of preserving full and interesting notes which would, did you lack it, never be taken. If you are a newspaper man it will prove daily useful. If you are in business at all it will save you time, and time is money. But what I am trying to impress upon you is that as a means of livelihood—as a profession—it is a bruised reed.

What system should you learn? Well, that is a question upon which there is, naturally, much divergence of opinion, and I do not feel called upon to become arbiter. I have had some experience, and while I feel quite convinced that I write (indifferently, of course) the best system I must admit I have met writers of other systems who did good work. In general, practical reporters in Canada write either Pitman's system or Graham's, which is known as Standard Phonography and which is based on the same general principles as Pitman's. In Washington I found the great majority of those who occupied official positions wrote the Standard, while not one, during my term there, wrote other than Pitman's or Graham's. With either great speed is attainable. On August 22nd of last year a great speed test took place at Lake George, N. Y., before a committee of judges and under stringent rules. Three of the parties entering for the $500 in prizes wrote the Graham system and one the Munson system. The test was a five-minute "take" of strange matter, read by a copy-holder to each contestant, after a synopsis of the matter had been previously read to him. Each had three tests. The most favorable in each was then copied, counted, errors deducted and the prizes awarded. The committee awarded Mr. I. S. Dement, Chicago, 1st, (1,252 words) and Mr. Fred. Ireland, Detroit, 2nd, (1,202 words). Both gentlemen are official stenographers in constant practice, and both write the Graham system. Mr. Nicholes, who wrote the Munson system, failed to decipher his notes. I understand Mr. Ireland has since beaten his performance. This is, however, not ordinary work; it is phenomonal. Few write over 150 words per minute, and a speed of 120 is more common, even among fair shorthanders. The amount of matter taken down in a few hours at that speed would astonish the uninitiated.

And don't be misled by promises to turn you out a skilled shorthand reporter in three months. That is pure deception. You can no more be turned out a reporter in that time than you could be turned out a chemist, a physician or a lawyer. True, you can learn the principles of the art, but the acquisition of speed, the thousand and one things necessary to qualify you as an expert all-round, or even special, reporter must be a matter of much patient study and cultivation. You may set it down as a basic principle that you can only report what you know. Perhaps you have read some of the tall stories with which waggish fellows stuff the credulous, such as that whopper about the stenographer taking a verbatim report of a speech in a foreign tongue, of which he knew not a word; about Murphy reporting ambidexterously and taking two, or even three, speakers at a time. That is all very picturesque fiction. But to report you must comprehend. It is related of a member of the English Commons that he almost had a fit when he read his speech as taken by a rapid (but not expert) reporter, in which his

In heaven yclept Euphrosyne

was rendered:

In heaven she crept and froze her knee.

The merely mechanical reporter will never become expert. To be a success the reporter must be an omniverous reader, a close student of men and things, a man of good reasoning powers and above all of instant and unerring decision. Possessed of these qualifications, with a special aptness for the particular branch in which his services are engaged, unremitting study and devotion to his work should win for him the not too munificent remuneration good positions in this overcrowded profession yield.

Masquette.

The People Like It.

The precedent set by the marriage of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne scarcely stirred the same feelings, for it was not so important. The illustrious lady at the time of her wedding, if our memory does not mislead us, stood only twenty-sixth in the order of succession. But the death of the venerable Queen and the accession of the Prince of Wales to the throne elevate the Duchess of Fife to a distinct civic status in the eyes of the law as Princess Royal of England. At this very moment, indeed, she stands third after the heir-apparent in the succession to the throne. That she has, in such circumstances, been permitted to wed out of the royal caste, and to select a husband, not from a minor Teutonic "dukery," if we may venture to appropriate a favorite phrase of Lord Beaconsfield's, but from the ranks of the English nobility, is to the English people a fact of no ordinary significance. It is a sign that in the highest quarters there is some desire to break the tradition perpetuated since the time of George II., that it is necessary to keep the Royal Family of England, or rather those of them who are near the succession, exclusively German. The outburst of popular congratulation with which Her Royal Highness' marriage was hailed on Saturday all over the Empire may be taken as showing that Englishmen are well pleased to find that this tradition is no longer to be held as sacrosanct. Perhaps it may be even taken as confirming the view of the shrewd historian, who held that Englishmen always in their heart of hearts hated the Royal Marriage Act as a thing offensive to their insular pride and prejudices, and that they only tolerated it when it was passed because they did not want to see Mrs. Fitzherbert Queen of England.—*London Daily Chronicle.*

A Surplus of Widows.

It appears from the last statistical returns that there are about 1,000,000 more women than men in England, and many of these are widows. This is a very surprising discovery. It may be explained, however. In England, as in all old settled countries, women predominate numerically over men, partly in consequence of the superior vitality of girl babies over boy babies; partly because of the large number of young men who go abroad. In England, widows are addicted to the practice of marrying again. How, then, does it come that the number of widows so largely predominates over that of widowers? The explanation is that there are more old men who marry young women than there are young men who marry old women. A large class of men postpone matrimony until late in life. They enjoy the desolate freedom of the bachelor; they are afraid of marrying on scanty means; they dread the loss of their freedom; they have never met the right girl. Thus they only resort to matrimony when they find they absolutely need female companionship. Such middle-aged men usually marry women of 25, or, at any rate, women under 30. It is obvious that, all other things being equal, the chances are that a woman of 25 will outlive a man of 45. The average life of men in easy circumstances is not over 60 years. If the husband dies at 60, the wife, if she is married at 25, will be 40 at the time of his death, and she will have a fair prospect of twenty years' more life. Hence the surplus of widows.

A Physical Demonstration.

Inquirer—How does your protracted meeting prosper, pastor?

Parson—Oh, very well. There's a great wakening at the close of every sermon.

—"Where are we going now?" said the prisoner, as the guard loaded him into the Black Maria. "You're going to the Police Court," was the reply. "Ah, I see; we are merely out for a trial trip."

A volume of the poems of Frederic Tennyson, eldest brother of the poet laureate, is among the reprints in contemplation in London. They have become difficult to procure.

THUMB AUTOGRAPHS.

A Novel Method of Identifying Criminals.

Two men of science in two different countries—Francis Galton in England and M. Bertillon in France—have lately recommended a means of identification which policemen and detectives, with all their ingenuity, seem never to have employed. These gentlemen have observed that the human thumb dipped in ink, in blood, in black lead or in any other loose, adhering substance, and pressed upon a sheet of paper, leaves a mark which is perfectly characteristic of the individual. Mr. Galton has remarked that no two persons' thumbs make the same mark; the lines and depressions in the skin, which make a series of wave lines when pressed upon paper, are never the same in two different individuals. It is urged that this fact would be of very great value in the administration of justice, because a criminal's thumb mark would be a sure means of identifying him, no matter what disguise he might assume. If a business man wishes to make use of a signature which is quite impossible to forge or counterfeit, he has only to dip his thumb in his ink bottle and make a mark with it in connection with his written name. No other thumb will make the same mark, and it would be practically impossible for anyone to imitate this new kind of "autograph" with a pen or other mechanical means.

"In testimony whereof I hereunto set my hand and thumb," the new form of subscription may some time in the future, run, the seal having by that time perhaps completely gone out of use, as it has now except on official documents and with fashionable letter writers. The experiment with the thumb mark may be made by any one who will take a knife blade, hold it over a lamp until it is black with smoke, allow it to cool, apply the thumb to the black surface, and then press it lightly upon a slightly sticky bit of paper, such as the back of a postage stamp. Examined with a magnifying glass, the differences in the thumb marks of different individuals come out very strongly. According to Mr. Galton, thumbs run in family groups, dividing themselves, as it were, into seven or eight distinct types or grand divisions; but within these divisions the differences are so marked as to leave no chance for confusion.—*New York Press.*

The Homeless in France.

No such institution as our English workhouse exists in France, the only shelter offered those unfortunate members of the human family who find themselves houseless and penniless being the night asylums, which, though admirable institutions in their way, are kept up by private charity, and can receive but a very limited number of the applicants who crowd round the doors both winter and summer. That the absence of workhouses in France does not, however, imply much greater prosperity or thrift than in England is proved by a statement recently made in the Chamber of Deputies by the member for Indre-et-Loire, who informed the Minister of the Interior that in one commune of his department reckoning 6,000 inhabitants, no fewer than 1,400 vagrants had been known to present themselves for alms in a single day. This instance was adduced as an example of the great increase in the number of vagabonds, due presumably, as M. Constans observed, to the hard times experienced by many of the working classes during the past few years. It may be added that to put down vagabondage in France is not easy, offenders of this class only being liable to prosecution in the event of their having neither domicile, nor profession, nor recognized trade—three conditions that are rarely met with together. —*London Standard.*

What is Beauty?

A young gentleman, describing a young girl to some of his friends, said that she was beautiful. They naturally expected to see some radiant creature with whom they would be instantly charmed. This, however, was not the case, for they found the girl extremely plain, and a laugh was indulged in at the young man's expense. But in a very short time his friends found that they had laughed too soon. The young lady was one of a large pleasure party which went off on a week's outing; and when the party returned, there was not one among them who did not think her beautiful. It was she who had responded most quickly to the requests of her elders, rendering sweet service in a charming way which can be better understood by the delighted recipient than by any pen-picture, however vivid. It was she who had run with gentle helpfulness to the rescue of every troubled child, she who had given up her seat to an older and a more wearied person, with a tact not always shown even by kindly disposed persons. In fact, she had unostentatiously done the countless loving little acts which stamp the doer as a follower of the "One altogether lovely." —*Presbyterian.*

—Printers' types are not quarrelsome, as a general thing, but we have seen a quadrangle.

—In character, in manner, in style, in all things the supreme excellency is in simplicity.

—The wages of sin may be death, but pay day frequently comes so late the good effect is lost.

HIS MISTAKE.

There was music in the parlor,
Sweet airs were softly played,
And a lurking lover whispered,
"It is my own dear maid."

Then he stealthily approached her,
With one arm around her waist,
A kiss of long drawn sweetness,
Upon her lips he placed.

And a voice in smothered accents
Remarked with humor vicious;
"My daughter is in the kitchen
Washing the supper dishes."

Professor James Thomsen has resigned the chair of Civil Engineering and Mechanics in the University of Glasgow.

A process has been invented by means of which photographs can be printed almost as fast as a newspaper, and without dependence on sun or light. They are said to be of the first quality. That, of course, would make photographs much cheaper.

Preparations are already being made in several German university towns to celebrate next year the 300th anniversity of the invention of the microscope. Zacharias Janssen, of Middleburg put together the first microscope in 1590.

BEACONSFIELD'S PRIMROSE.

How the Modest Blossom Became His Favorite Flower.

Lord Beaconsfield's fondness for the primrose originated when he was living in Highbury, London. Here he was much attached to a young lady residing in the same locality, who was the daughter of a gentleman of good property. At a ball given at that gentleman's house the young lady in question wore a wreath of primroses. A discussion arose between Mr. Disraeli and another gentleman as to whether the primroses were real or not. A bet of a pair of gloves was made, and on the young lady being consulted, and the primroses being examined, the bet was won by Mr. Disraeli. The primroses were real primroses and the young lady gave two of them to the future Prime Minister, which he put in his buttonhole and kept and used to show long afterward. Some have thought that because the Queen sent a wreath of primroses to Lord Beaconsfield's funeral the flower became his badge in that way. This is a mere invention. The Queen did not know at the time that the primrose was Lord Beaconsfield's favorite flower, and she did not, consequently, send a wreath of primroses to his funeral at all. Others have entertained the opinion that the noble lord appreciated the flower because he says in one of his novels that the primrose makes an excellent salad. This is incorrect again, and the true history of the way the primrose became the noble lord's favorite flower is recorded above.—*Washington Press.*

The Belles of Bethlehem.

There is a market inside the Jaffa gate and I can see it just under me as I write. Great piles of oranges and lemons lie upon the flag sidewalk, and there are scores of women with baskets of vegetables before them. Many of these are from Bethlehem, and the Bethlehem girls are the prettiest you see in Jerusalem. They have straight, well-rounded forms, which they clothe in a long linen dress of white, beautifully embroidered in silk, so that a single gown requires many months of work. This dress is much like an American woman's night gown without the frills and laces. It falls from the neck to the feet and is open at the front of the neck in a narrow slit as far down as a modest decollete fashionable dress. Over this they have sleeveless cloaks of dark red stripes and their heads are covered with long shawls of linen beautifully embroidered. Just above her forehead each girl carries her dowry in the shape of a wreath-like strip of silver coins which stand on end fastened to a string, and crown the forehead with money. Some of the girls have several rows of these coins and some have crowns of gold. Not a few have coins of silver and gold the size of our $20 gold pieces hung to strings about their necks, and none of the women hide their pretty faces, as do those Mohammedan girls near by, who, in shapeless white gowns with flowery white and red veils covering the whole of their faces, look like girls playing ghosts in white sheets. Beside these are Russian girls in the peasant costumes of modern Europe and Jewish maidens in gowns and flowered shawls. There are Greek priests with high black caps, and monks of all kinds, such as you see under the black cowls of Europe. The Syrian, the Turk, the Bedouin, the African, the Armenian and the Greek are all in that crowd below me, and among them all is the form of the obiquitous American traveller, who, in pith helmet hat and green sun umbrella, has conquered the east as well as the west.—*F. G. Carpenter's Jerusalem Letter in the Post-Dispatch.*

Irish Industries Successful.

Irishmen in the United States will be glad to learn the association started by Micheal Davitt a couple of years ago to encourage the industries of their native land, has been a great success, and that the shares of the company are now held at a premium in Dublin. Several good dividends have been declared and there are excellent prospects for the future. It is a patriotic and philanthropic enterprise, and not a money-making scheme. Mr. Davitt has long been convinced that a larger demand for Irish homespun woollens would arise if they were properly introduced in the United States and England, and the result of the experiment has justified this opinion. The difficulty at the outset was to meet the long credits given by English manufacturers, the Irish cottage weavers needing cash for their goods as soon as they were finished. This was paid by the Dublin company, which gave the credit required by the trade, and the weavers were thus enabled to go on with their work. The demand is now said to be larger than they can supply, and the goods are wanted as much in England as in the United States, where the Irish homespuns were at first taken for patriotic reasons, which led to the discovery of their sterling worth.—*Correspondence New York World.*

He Killed It.

Doctor Talmage, while engaged in delivering a discourse on a very warm day in his Tabernacle recently, was closely watched by a little girl. A fly seemed to bother him very much. He brushed it away several times. It finally lit upon a bald spot on his head. He kept on with his sermon, gesticulating in his peculiar angular way with one hand while he raised the other devoutly over the fly and finally came down on it slowly drawing his hand down and looking at it. The little girl suddenly called out: "Did 'oo till it?" It is unnecessary to say that the audience smiled audibly while the doctor answered, "Yes, I killed it."

Horses In Russia.

Recent statistics show the stock of horses in Russia to be 21,000,000, exclusive of the Caucasus, Finland, and the Asiatic territory. There are six government studs, beside a large number of private ones. The sum of 100,000 roubles is devoted annually by the Russian government to the purchase of stallions. Much has been done in Russia of late years to improve the breeding of horses. Races, trotting matches and "shows" have been multiplied all over the country.

—"What is the matter with your eye?" exclaimed Brown, as Fogg made his appearance with his optic in mourning. "Only a *mare clausum*," replied Fogg with assumed indifference. "A *mare clausum?*" "Yes; a closed see, you know."