A Kiss-By Mistake.

Upon the railway train we meb—
She had the softcet, bluest eyes,
A face you never could forgeb—
"Six cen," with all that that implies.
I knew her once, a little girl,
And meeting now a mutual friend,
Our thoughts and hearts got in a whirl;
We talked for miles without much end.

I threw my arm around the seat Where, just in front, she sideways sat, Her melting eyes and face to meet

(And no one wondered much at that). For soon the station where she left Would on the sorrowing vision rise, And I at least should feel bereft: I thought a tear stood in her eyes.

She was but kith, not kin, of mine-Ten years had passed since last we mea; And when, in going, she did incline Her face, 'twas natural to forget. It seemed so like the child I knew, It seemed so like the child I knew, I met her half-way for that sake; And, coming near those eyes of blue, She gently kissed me—by mistake!

She saw her error, and straigtway ran
With flaming blushes, rosy red;
I should not be one half a man
If shought of wrong came in my head;
In fact, I'd take that yery train And travel daily for her sake. If she would only come again
And gently kies me-by mistake!

# Gone to the Bad.

"Father, the boy's bound to go to the

city-"
"Let him," huskily interrupted an old, grizzly man in shirt sleeves, as he kept on greasing his boots in front of the stove. The old mother bent lower over the stock-

ing basket, and a bright tear fell in and was lost in an instant. That one tear came from the mother-heart. It was like a drop of blood wrung from the very fountain of

"Ah! boys go 'stray in the great cities, sometimes, Father," she said, wiping her spectacles and threading her darning needle.

"If they're 'termined to, let'em," came from the old farmer's lips, as he held the

boot up to the red spot on the stove door. "But our boy, you know; he's been so near—to—to us; and we've tried to bring him up proper—"
"Yes; an' that's what makes me so 'tarnally mad." The speaker dropped the boot

to the floor and turned upon his chair and faced his faithful old wife. He felt sorry for her, and his heart fairly bled as he gazed upon the dear old face which had been his comfort for many a year. "I'm a man who's allers been willin' to

let well 'nough 'lone. I didn't have any sorter leanin' to'ward city ways when I was a boy. I stuck to the farm, though 'twas purty hard raslin' 'gin the big mor'gage. Now, mother, the case stan's jist here—you'n I've done our best fur that boy. I've seen you settin' up late nights, fixin up his dothes, so's he'd make a proper show'n at school. I've seen you bendin' your back an' ironin' his shirt bosoms an' polishin' his collars an' cuffs, so's he'd cut a shine at tho frolic. I've seen you standin' by the winder in the cold winter nights when the kitchen was like an ice house, watchin' fur our boy to come through the lane. Then, when you seen he was safe, you'd crawl into bed softly, so's not to wake me up. But I was 'wake all the time, an' it sorter made me mad to see you standin' there in the cold, watchin' fur a great big feller-bless his heart-to come in sight safe an' sound. I heart—to come in sight safe an' sound. I regkon it was all right though, fur that mother-heart of yourn wouldn't let you sleep when the boy was 'way from hum. I've done the best fur our boy that I could. I've bought him a Portland this winter, an' if I do say it myself, our boy inside of that Portland with the red foy robe, behind the Portland with the red fox robe, behind the sorrel colt, just pulls the other youngsters down a peg or two. Our boy can sleep late in the mornin' an' when he does come down, his breakfast is stamin' hot fur him. He don't have to dono hard work. He's young an' full of life. He goes to town when he likes; 'tends a dancin' school, an' does purty likes; 'tends a dancin' school, an' does purty much as he pleases. You'n I do all the hard work an' give him all the rope he wants. We're willin' to do this 'cause he's our boy, you see. An' now, Mother, that's what makes me so 'tarnally mad. We're getting old,—but still willin' to work. If he'd only stay 'long with us till—till one was done just to keen the sweet surshine in the done, just to keep the sweet sunshine in the old place by his presence, it would be all right. We've done heaps fur our boy, an' an' why can't he stay an' sorter chirk us up so long's we're willin' to work an' let him

have it easy?' Notwithstanding his remark about being mad, his words bore a sorrowful tone. He could not bear to face the tear-laden eyes behind the spectacles; and so, not stopping to finish greasing the other boot, he went off to bed.

One, two hours passed, and the mother was still seated there by the table. The stockings were all darned, and the wrinkled old hands rested upon the lap. A mist had gathered upon the spectacles, and she gazed upon the stars through the window, it seem ed as though a something, an inexpressible fantasy obscured her vision. Then a step upon the porch; next the door opened.
"Ah! up yet, mother? Better go to

"Yes, dear; I was only waiting for you

to come—"
"Well, I'll be off in a few days, mother
" well, I'll be off in a few days, mother then you'll not have to sit up for me, Good, night." No kiss, no tenderness of touch did he leave behind to warm the faithful

heart which loved him so devotedly.
"So changed! so changed! Oh! does he think, can he have no thought for—a mother's heart? God keep and protect him wherever he may go. Not sit up for him!
—oh, just Heaven! how my poor old heart
bleeds, bleeds since this change!"

The old farm-house was very quiet and lonely after the boy left. The handsome Portland stood in the barn covered up from dust. The sorrel colt was but seldom used; however, the old farmer loved to take care of the pretty animal, for it was one of the many things left to remind him of his boy. No kind old face watches at the window now; no bent form sits by the table, waiting for the boy to come in. He is away in the great city, and the old pair left alone in the farm-house, are only happy when talk-ing over the dear, familiar incidents of the past among which the boy was the central

Out in the barn the old farmer is busy threshing oats with a flail. He whistles a quaint, old fashioned tune as he beats the sheaves of grain. Through the cracks and knot holes in the clapboards, the rifts of sunlight dart golden pencils among the mellow dust, hovering like a halo over all.
The meek-eyed grey mare cribbed the worn

edge of the manger, and the sorrel colt robbed his velvet muzzle against the feed

"Hello ! neighbor," greeted a voice with-The old man opened the door-and start-

ed back in dismay. 'Twas the sheriff of the county! What could he want! "I say, neighbor, I've got a disagreeable task to perform. You must excuse me if I search the place—"
"Eh!—wh—what's the matter, sheriff?"

"Man stabbed to death in the city over a in the boiler. game of cards," responded the officer enter-ing the barn and gazing about.
"Why do you come here fur to hunt

the-"Your son was mixed up in the affair."

The old farmer grasped the door-post for support. Man stabbed—must search the place. For what! Ah !-our boy-who

went away to the city!

The hay was pulled over, the loft search ed, and every nook and corner looked into.
"Nothing here, neighbor. I will now

search the house."
"Stay, Sheriff; his mother is a bit weak, she hain't been well since—he left. Take my word, won't you?—the boy hain't on the

The officer hesitated. He looked into the trembling old man's eyes, and saw a something which told him that the old farmer spoke the truth.

Well, I guess I won't search the house. I may be wrong, but I'll trust you all the same. Bad business all through. Good-day." The sheriff went away leaving the old man weak and tremulous, there in the barn, surrounded by the golden rifts of the

The next day the village paper contained a full account of the murder over a game of cards in the city. In husky tones the old man read it all to the old mother. After he had finished he looked up, and the sad eyes were fixed upon him in such a terrified, pit-iful stare, that he went and laid his hand upon the wrinkled forehead. At his touch the head fell forward. The thin lips part-ed—and the spirit fled as the two words fell

'Our boy !"

The kitchen is very lonely now. Under the stove hearth the cat sleeps; in the corner the tall, quaint, Dutch clock ticks the moments away, and—a sad old man sits list-less, dejected, sorrowful in the rocker. A cannot conceal-

annot conceal—'our boy.'

The old man lifts the cold hand up and

currents through the chilled veins, for the

young man sprang to his feet and cried:
"Dead! No, no!—Dead!—and I killed her, I killed her! Oh, God—mother—I killed her!" Out into the chill night air

In the moonlight the names upon the gravestones can be discernible. A raggedly clad form wends its way to the burial ground. The gravestone he seeks is found. A cry, wrung from a remorse-stricken heart pierces the silent air. A pair of blue lips the cold stope and then away the cold stope and the cold stope and the cold stope and then away the cold stope and the cold stope and the cold stope are cold stope and the cold stope and the cold stope are cold stope and the cold stope and the cold stope are cold sto are pressed to the cold stone, and then away therefore is apt to spread the fit the form speeds over the glittering snow result from the explosion of oil.

## Cilluloid in Naval Architecture.

It may be interesting to note, apropos of the completion of the first of our new steel cruisers, that the French Navy Department has been experimenting at Dunkirk with an invention which, if its practicability is demonstrated, will render all existing navies quite useless. This invention is nothing less than a hull for a man-of-war, capable of carrying heavy guns and being, in fact, a complete fortification, which will not sink and cannot be sunk. It is made of celluloid and is said not only to float under all circumstances, since the heaviest shot merely imbed themselves in it with a dull thud and do not pene-trate. The problem of naval warfare, with timid of all denizens of the wood. such unsinkable fortifications in conflict, would be either to see which party could put the other hors du combat with boarding par- when he picked it up the animal turned and ties armed with pistol and cutlasses, a la soized him by the hand. Jobes could not Trafalgar, or else to determine which could release his hand, but he killed the woodload the other's celluloid with enough heavy chuck, and then walked three miles with shot to sink the structure. The naval officers who have made the experiments are reported by the French papers to be quite taken with the invention.—*Exchange*.

#### SCIENCE.

The amount of pressure per square foot with the wind blowing at twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy and eighty miles per hour is respectively 2, 44, 8, 121, 19, 25 and 321 pounds.

When it becomes necessary to stop an ongine with a heavy fire in the furnace, place a layer of fresh coal on the fire, shut the damper and start the injector or numn for the purpose of keeping up the circulation

In spite of continued protests wall paper is still the source of poison by means of arsenic. Of 88 samples examined 60 were found to contain arsenic, 34 having much arsenic, 17 having a trace of arsenic, 9 having onsiderable arsenic.

The first city in Europe where electricity has been entirely substituted for gas for street-lighting is the town of Hernosand, in Switzerland. The motive power is water, which is very plentiful there, rendering the light cheaper than gas.

The recent volcanic eruptions at the antipodes would appear to be, in some senses, good for the agricultural interest. The New Zealand official analyst, Mr. Pond, finds that the ejected dust which has covered so large an area of country is equivalent to a fertilizer of high quality.

A patent has been issued to George Westinghouse, jr., of Pittsburg, Pa., the invent-or of the Westinghouse air brake, for a new system of distributing electricity to be used in lighting and for other purposes. The new invention will, it is alleged, effect a saving of about 95 per cent. in the distributing main wires as compared with the present evetem.

The French War Department is experimenting with new explosive bombs for the destruction of fortifications. The missile bursts with exceedingly destructive effect. The compound has all the powers of gun cotton, with none of its defects, is easily trans portable, and not liable to spontaneous ignition. The secret of its composition is known only to Gen. Boulanger and his associates.

A plan for rendering paper as tough as wood or leather has been recently introduced on the continent. It consists in mixing chloride of zinc with the pulp in the course of manufacture. It has been found that the greater the degree of concentration of the zinc solution, the greater will be the toughform, ragged and dilapidated, fell on the floor. The straggly beard, the rags, the dirt ing boxes and combs, for roofing, and even cannot convenient to the floor. for making boots.

caresses it. He brushes the damp locks distinct flower tubes, each of which contains from the brow. The eyes open and the blue a portion of sugar not exceeding the five-pinched lips utter: Each head of clover contains about sixty a portion of sugar not exceeding the five-hundredth part of a grain. The proboscis of the bee must therefore be inserted into A tear falls from the gaunt, face, and 500 clover tubes before one grain of sugar in a sad whisper the old man says: "Mother can be obtained. There are 7,000 grains in s dead?"

a pound, and, as honey contains three
That seemed to send the blood in hot
currents through the chilled veins, for the
pound of honey represents 2,500,000 clover rubes sucked by bees.

It is well that people generally should know that water will not put out an oil fire. killed her!" Out into the chill night air the miserable wretch staggered, leaving the poor old man kneeling there upon the floor.

In the moonlight the names upon the gravestones can be discernible. A rangedly the floor thrown upon the burning oil in such a

A new motor intended for use on street nis head on his breast, and his eyes closed.

The clock ticks, ticks, ticks; the cat licks stam boiler. The soda is at first heated to a high temperature by means of gas, where where in the world is a remorseful wretch—gone to the bad, with the brand of Cain was the stam of the stam in the boiler. The exhaust steam from the engine is then absorbed by the caustic soda until it becomes supercharged. The heat of combination is sufficient to generate steam within the boiler. During this process the flame is dispensed After the soda becomes saturated with steam, heat must be again applied to expel the moisture and regenerate the anhydrous soda. The success is, therefore, a ontinuous one.

> A man who has been looking up the record, has been unable to find a single instance where a panther, the terror of the woods, has attacked a man, while almost every deer hunter who has hunted much in woods can tell of the serious encounters

> William Jobes of Bushville, Pa., it; teeth firmly locked in his hand, which when freed was found to be so mangled and swoolen that it will probably have to be amputated.



SCOTIA COAT.

This comfortable little cloak is here represented made in dark brown cloth with boucle weaving at intervals on the surface, and is without trimming excepting the broad girdle of brown braid with fringed ends, and the brown horn and steel buttons that fasten the front. Hat of brown felt, cents each.

the wide brim neither bound nor faced, and the outside trimming consisting of brown satin ribbon that is run through perpendicular slits cut in the crown close to the brim, and tied in a bow with ends falling at the back. Patterns of the coat in sizes for from four to ten years. Price twenty-five

#### THE DUKE'S CREEK MURDER.

Steve Golliday Doesn't Know to This Day That He Killed 'Squire Buckley.

When Steve Golliday came into Blue Rock early one morning, and called the Sheriff out of his house, that officer supposed that his visitor desired to see him some ordinary matter of business. He was quickly undeceived.

"I have killed a man down on Duke's Creek," said Steve, "and I thought I would

give myself up."

"The mischief you say!" exclaimed the Sheriff. "You've had too many drams this

morning, Steve."
"Not a dram," was the reply; "I'm tell-

"Not a dram," was the reply; "I'm tening you the truth."

The Sheriff took a good look at young
Golliday, and saw that it was no joking
matter. He changed his tone.

"Steve," he said, "I hope it was a fair

fight. "No fight at all," answered Steve. "I just slipped up behind him and blew out his

"Why, great goodness man, that's mur-

der. Who was he?"
"It was Squire Buckley." There was a long pause during which the two men looked steadily at each other.

"Now, see here," said the Sheriff, after he had collected his wits, "this sort of thing won't do. Murder is a serious business."

ness."
"I know it," said Steve, "and that's why

I'm here to give myself up. I'm ready to go to jail right now."
"Well I ain't ready to take you," pro-

tested the other, "so you had better tell me

"If you will go out there with me," sug-ested Steve. "I think I could tell you. gested Steve. "I think I could to Somehow I can't talk about it here

"Good enough," said the Sheriff, cheerfully, "of course I'll go with you. We'll slip out there quietly, and keep this little matter to ourselves until we get back to town.

The two men walked off at a rapid pace and were soon beyond the village limits, and lost to sight in the woods.

The Sheriff said very little on the way. He was badly bothered. 'Squire Buckley had always borne a good reputation, and was a man of some little property. Golli-day, while a clever young fellow, had been a little wild, and, since the disappearance of his father, had acted very strangely. Old man Golliday had lived the life of a hermit, and was supposed to have quite a snug sum of money hoarded up. Towards snug sum of money hoarded up. Towards the close of the war he mysteriously disap-peared, money and all, and all efforts to trace him failed. When his son returned from the army he tried in every way to ascertain his father's fate, but without suc-

The fate of old man Golliday was the subject of the Sheriff's thoughts as he followed his companion through the bushes. But his speculations were suddenly inter-

rupted.
"There is what you wish to see," said

the young man.

It was not a pleasant sight, and it was very different from what the officer had expected to see. The dead body of Squire Buckley was lying on the grass, face down-ward, and the red wound in the head spoke for itself. But what attracted the Sheriff's gaze was not the corpse. It was an open grave, by the side of which lay the skeleton of a man !

I don't understand," said the Sheriff. 'My God! Steve, what does it all mean?'
Young Golliday pointed to the skeleton.

"It is the remains of my father," he said: "He was murdered and robbed by Buck-

When the astonished Sheriff had composed himself enough to listen, Steve told him all about the affair. The young man notic ed, after his return from the war, that Buckley avoided him. In fact, the 'Squire seemed to fear him. For a long time this was unaccountable. At last Golliday's current. osity was excited by discovering that Buckley frequently made a visit to this lonely spot on Duke's Creek. After several unsuccessful attempts to follow the old man, he concealed himself in the bushes one morning, and was almost driven mad by what he saw and heard. Buckley made his usual pilgrimage to the spot, and, believing himself unobserved, fell down on his knees and prayed aloud. In his prayer he spoke of the terrille temptation which had led him to murder old Golliday, and prayed for strength to keep his secret to the end. His language indicated that he was then kneeling on the

grave of his victim.
"I could not stand it," said Steve, "I walked up behind him, without saying a word, and blew off the top of his head. It was wrong, I know, but I couldn't help it."
"I don't see how you could," said the Sheriff.

"Then," continued Steve, "I took a piece of a fence rail and dug into that little mound. I dug and scratched away for an hour until I came to the skeleton. On one of the bony fingers I found this ring. It was my father's. I would have known it any where."

where."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the Sheriff.

"Well," the young man said, dejectedly.

"I knew hardly what to do. I was satisfied that I had killed my father's murderer, but I thought I had better go and deliver myself up to you."

The good hearted officer carried his prisoner to the Golliday cottage not far off and put him to bed. It was not a moment too early, for when the nearest doctor came he pronounced it a case of brain fever. Long weeks afterward when the patient recovered he recollected nothing of the tragedy. Nor

did any one tell him. Was there no inquest? Certainly one was held, but the good people of Blue Rock and Duke's Creek were not in the habit of allowing the technicalities of the law to override their ideas of justice. When the Coroner's jury heard the Sheriff's dramatic recital, it took only a brief consultation to induce the jurers to bring in a verdict to the effect that Buckley had come to his death by a pistol shot fired by Steve Golliday in self-defence. The self-defence idea had been suggested by the Sheriff, and it was considered a hap-

py solution of an embarrassing question. Steve Golliday is now one of the mos popular farmers on Duke's Creek. Occasionally he speaks of his father's disappear ance and 'Squire Buckley's suicide. His neighbors humor his delusion, and he will never hear the truth of the business.

The Science Monthly declares that coming generations will be bald and toothless, and surc enough a great many are being born that way already.

#### HOUSEHOLD.

CHOICH RECIPES.

Tom Thumb Omelettes,—Eight eggs, half-cup of rich milk, salt and pepper, half-cup of rich milk, sait and pepper, tablespoonful of cheese; beat the eggs light, season, stir in the milk, the grated cheese. Half fill eight patty pans, buttered, and set in a dripping-pan with half an inch of boiling water in it; shut up in a quick oven, and as soon as they are "set" turn out on a bot dish. You way yays the dish by substi hot dish. You may vary the dish by substituting minced parsley and thyme for the grated cheese, and when dished pour drawn butter over the omelettes. They make a pretty show when garnished with curled parsley, a tiny sprig being stuck in the middle of each mold.

Water Pound Cake.—One pound of but-ter, one pound of powdered sugar, four eggs, one cupful of boiling water, one pound of prepared flour, flavor with lemon. Beat butter, sugar, and the yolks of the eggs to a cream, then add the boiling water and stir gently till cold, then the pound of flour with the whites of the eggs which have been beaten to a stiff froth, the lemon last; bake one hour. This cake cannot be told from pound cake, and it will keep two weeks.

Rose Cake.—Three cups of flour, two cups of white sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one-half cup butter, whites of four eggs, one teaspoon cream tartar, one-half teaspoon soda: flavor with lemon of rose and sprinkle red augar between layers as you please.

Ambrosia.—Eight fine sweet oranges peeled and sliced, one grated cocoanut; arrange layers, first of orange and then cocoanut, in a glass dish : scatter sugar over this. and cover with another layer of orange. Fill up dish in this order, having cocoanut and sugar for top layer.

Apple Pudding .- Make a crust as for biscuit, about half an inch thick. First fill a tin basin with apples sliced fine. Then cook slightly on the stove. Put the crust on and bake. Cut slits in the crust to let out the air. This is best eaten with sugar Cut slies in the crust to let

Veal Marbel,-Boil a beef tongue and the same quantity of lean veal. Grind separate ly in a sausage-cutter; season tongue with pepper, a little mustard, and pinch each of nutmeg and cloves; season veal same, add-ing salt. Pack in alternate spoonfuls as irregular as possible in a buttered crock, press very hard as you go on, put in a cold place, turn out whole and cut in slices.

Boston Cream Cakes.—Pour half-pint boiling water over a cup of butter, and while hot stir in two cups of flour. When the whole is very smooth and thoroughly scalded set away to cool. When cold break in five eggs, stir until perfectly mixed, then and one-fourth teasurous sods. Butter a and one-fourth teaspoon soda. Butter a pan, drop in the mixture, a tablespoon in a lace, and bake in a quick oven. the cakes are done they will be hollow and the top must be sliced off, the inside filled with cream, and the top replaced. Cream for inside—Pint of milk, half-cup flour, a cup sugar, and two eggs stirred together and heated until the consistency of cream; flavor with lemon.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Mold can be prevented from ferming on fruit jellies by pouring a little paraffine over the top, which, when cold, will harden to a solid cake which can be easily removed when desired.

A plaster cast which has become soiled may be made as fresh and white as when new by spreading starch paste over it with a soft brash. The starch dries, and in scaling off brings with it all the impuri-

Paint brushes may be cleaned by putting them into soft soap for a day, or twowhen the paint can be washed out. Care should be taken that the soap does not extend up to where the bristles are fastened as it will cause them to fall out.

A silver dollar weighs very nearly an ounce, hence any letter not heavier than a dollar can go for a single 3 cent stamp. A dollar can go for a single 3 cent stamp. If 5-cent piece added will give the ounce. If you have not the silver dollar, five nickels and a small copper cent will give an ounce.

Chloride of lime is recommended by Chambers' Journal to drive rats away. This is not as good as killing them, but may be said to be the next best thing. It pungent smell is no doubt what they dislike.

A notable housekeeper says that an eco-A hotable housekeeper says that an economical substitute for butter may be easily made. Melt a piece of nice fat pork and strain it through a thin cloth into jars. Set it aside where it will cool quickly, when it may be used instead of butter for any kind of cake. Pound cake made with it is pronounced delicious.

The ordinary cement which is so much used by fine-shoe makers is made by disused by line-shot makers is made by dis-solving a quantity of gutta percl a in chloro-form or carbon di-sulphide until the solu-tion has the consistency of honey. Thin down the parts to be joined. Warm the parts over a flame or fire half a minute, bring the surface to be united together and hammer well or clamp firmly. The cement dries in a few minutes. If, when a lamp is new, you begin by

keeping a bowl of kerosene handy, and drop the burner into it a few minutes nearly every morning, afterwards polishing it off with a soft woolen rag you can always keep it bright. An old, blackened burner is, however, very hard, almost impossible, to common brick dust, polished off afterward with a soft woolen cloth dipped in ammonia and whitening.

### Telephone Troubles.

The strike which Rochester telephone subscribers have inaugurated against the Bell Telephone Company began at noon on Saturday last. The steam whistles of nearly every factory in the city were blown as a signal to indicate that the fight against the company had begun. The opposition is to a change in the tariff of rentals, which the Telephone Company wishes to introduce in the city. As soon as the new tariff was made known the subscribers organized at once into a protective association and elected officers and an executive committee. The result of the deliberations of the association was that each member pledged himself to stop using his instrument. Many of the instruments are draped in mourning or the instruments are draped in mourning or boxed up, and have such inscriptions as "Gone to Join the Angels," "Down with Monopolies," etc. It is estimated that 750 phones are idle on account of the strike.