Rememberin' Things'

There's things we never would forget; 't we'd need a thousand years
We couldn't laugh 'em from our minds nur wash 'em out 'ith tears;
As we our lives go hurryin' by they brighten ever day.
They've got a place in memory an' there they've gotin t' stay.
They may not be important things, but just a look or smile
From sunny eyes that all along has gladdened ever mile;
An so I recollect th' day so near yet so remote
When Liza pinned some roses on the lapel of my coat

We'd moved into their neighborhood a little while afore,
An, as I now remember it, I hadn't seen er more
'An just a time or two, an' that was when my paw an' horn
Was changin' work in seedin' time (our farm lined onto theirn)
But anyhow some circus fellers came along, you know,
An put up bills, it said 'at they was going to be a show,
An so I got to thinkin' an' made up my mind one day,
I'd jest ask Liza if she'd go to see what she'd sy.

It happened ever'thing went right for me an' her ter meet,
For paw he told me I should go an' he'p thar paw sow wheat;
An' when the dinner hour come I sort o' hung erround
Wherever she was likes to be till by and by I found
A chance to ask her; an' her maw she said she guessed she could
An' mebby all that afternoon I wasn't feelin' good!
An' fingerin' up how long 't would be till me and her'd go—
Jest me an' her, an no one else erlong—to see the show.

It seemed es though the day'd never come, but by an' by
It finally jest couldn't he'p but creep erround, an' I
Put on the very best I had—it wasn't none too good—
An' driv my rig to Liza's house, an' nervous-like I stood
A waitin' for her at the gate, my heart a-thumpin so
That when she come along by me she must a heard, I know,
An' I remember wonderin' if each beau got such a scare
The first time at he tried to take his sweetheart anywhere.

As 'Liza come a trippin' down the path she stopped to pick
Some pink an' yeller roses growin' all about so thick
You could get a bushel of 'em, an' she pulled off two or three—
The nicest o' the lot—an' come a-milin' up to me.
The sweetest face twas ever seen to please the eyes of men;
Inever since that day have looked upon the like again.
An', oh! the sight I got of eyes, an' cheeks, an' lips, an' throat
When Liza pinned them roses on the lapel of my coat.

Peace to her dust. Long, happy years we journeyed side by side,
An' yet it seems but yesterday when she become my bride.
The pink and yeller roses in the summer breezes nod
Above the spot where she's asleep, her soul at rest in God.
An' when I close my eyes, at times, I fancy I can see
Her standin' by the pearly gates awaitin' there for me;
While all the happy scenes of life through mem'ry gladly float,
An' angel hands pin roses on the lapel of my coat.

WATERMAN NIXON.

Your Mission.

(A poem that was asked for.)

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet
You can stand among the sallow
Anchored yet within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
While the multitude go by;
You can chant in happy measure
As they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer
They may not forget the song.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where smoke and fire are thickest
There's no work for you to do—
When the battle field is silent,
You can go with careful tread;
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
May the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briers
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

Do not then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do
Fortune is a fickle goddess,
She will never come to you;
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do and dare,
If you want a field of labor
You can find it anywhere.

At the Pound.

Shaggy dogs and hairless ones,
Troubled dogs and careless ones;
Humble dogs and blooded ones,
Dainty dogs and muddled ones.
Cordial dogs and surly ones,
Tiny dogs and burly ones;
Lively dogs and lazy ones,
Quiet dogs and crazy ones,
Ugly dogs and pretty ones,
Country dogs and city ones;
Foreign dogs and native ones,
Noble dogs and calliff ones,
Gentle dogs and snappy ones,
Whining dogs and happy ones;
Paupers' dogs and wealthy ones,
Scurvy dogs and healthy ones.
Cautious dogs and curious ones,
Frightened dogs and furious ones—
Dogs high and low degree,
Howling, yelping to be free;
Spaniel, pointer, cur and hound,
Held as captives in the pound.

Three Kisses.

The purest kiss
In the world is this—
The kiss that a mother lays
On her child's fresh lips
As he blithely trips
To meet the world and its ways.

The sweetest kiss
In the world is this—
The first long kiss of love,
When time is not
And the earth's forgot,
And Eden drops from above.

The saddest kiss
In the world is this—
The kiss on unanswering clay
When dead lips tell
We must sob farewell
Till the dawn of the Judgment Day.

The Hot Weather Annual.

Oh, for a lodge in the garden of cucumbers!
Oh, for an iceberg or two to control!
Oh, for a home in the vale that the dew cumbers!
Oh, for a pleasure trip to the North Pole!

Oh, for a soda fount spouting up boldly
From every hot lamp-post beneath the hot sky!
Oh, for a maiden to look at me coldly
And freeze up my soul with a glance of her eye!

Oh, that this cold world were twenty times colder—
That's irony, red hot, it seemeth to me!
Oh, for a turn of its dreaded cold shoulder!
Oh, what a comfort the ague would be!

He Never Gets There.

He is always in a hurry,
He has always "lots to do,"
It's a treat to see him scurry,
As the streets he dashes through.

He is ever wildly working,
And his energy's immense;
He talks scornfully of "shirking"—
Hows about his diligence.

He's a painful, brainful mother,
His nervous force is great—
And this martyr of a toiler
Is the man who's always late.

A Most Unhappy Woman.

"Mary Queen of Scots was a most unhappy woman, wasn't she?" inquired a thin man of a friend on a Woodward avenue car the other day.

"Indeed she was," replied the other, earnestly.

"Queen Elizabeth was also a wretched creature, wasn't she?"

"Very wretched, I should say, if history is to be believed."

"Then there was Catharine"——

"What are you driving at, anyway?" broke in the man who was being regaled with the names of the unhappy woman of history.

"I was just about to remark," continued the thin man, "that the name of the unhappiest woman in this world does not appear in history. Now, I've got a sister-in-law named Martha Tubbs, and just at present she is the most wretched woman on the face of the earth."

"What's the matter with her—chills?"

"No."

"Lumbago?" broke in the other.

"No; but you see last week her husband bought her a twenty-dollar bonnet."

"And I suppose the twenty-dollar bonnet made her more unhappy than Mary Queen of Scots was, when she discovered that her neighbor had one that cost thirty dollars."

"That was not it at all. She was as happy as a bobolink in a June meadow until she tripped and fell going up the front steps and fractured her shell. She is now lying in bed, unable to wear the hat, and by the time she can wear it it will probably be out of fashion. I tell you it is sad to watch her looking tearfully at that bonnet, which she has had adjusted to a bedpost. Talk about the unhappy women of history! Why, she is more unhappy than any ten of them put together."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A LITTLE DECEPTION.

The Colonel's Hatred of Music and How He Was Cured.

EUGENE VAN RENSELER, who had recently returned from Europe with his last year's bride, had given me a cordial invitation to dine with them on the following Monday, after having introduced me to Madame Van Renseler.

She was a Pole; and when I saw her, I, who had been astonished at Van Renseler's marriage with one who was not an American, swallowed my surprise completely.

To call her charming would be by no means doing justice to her.

Besides this she was in the very bloom of youth, while Van Renseler was much about the same age as myself, and I was on the shady side of 40. I was surprised, for I knew that the Colonel when a boy had lost his heart to a French singer who had run away with him, only to turn away from him a year late. After which he became a misanthrope and fairly hated music.

I had entered the Academy of Music between the first and second acts of the opera, when the first person upon whom my eyes fell in the corridor was the Colonel.

Rushing towards me he seized both my hands and shook them heartily.

"How are you, my dear old boy?"

"In capital health, as you may perceive, Eugene, and delighted to see you again, after your having so long left me in doubt as to your continuance above ground."

At this moment the second act was about to commence, and he said:

"Come with me to my box and I will introduce you to my wife."

As he uttered this he opened the door of the box and we entered.

Adelaide Van Renseler looked around with her finger upon her lip and a saucily mutinous expression, as soon as she heard her husband's step.

I sank into a chair behind her, while Van Renseler seated himself upon the opposite side of the box.

A married sister of the colonel's, whom I had long known, occupied the seat before him. A very cordial greeting had been interchanged between us.

For a moment or two I might probably have envied Eugene VanRenseler his position as a married man had I not chanced to turn my eyes towards him.

There was the fellow who hated music, who only endured it "for Addie's sake," as he had just told me, with his eyes closed and a ridiculous expression upon his face of the most supreme delight, listening to Nilsson, and beating time gently upon his knee to the aria she was singing.

When the curtain fell the Colonel turned round, just as his wife folded up the programme of the opera, on which I had seen her scribbling a few words with the little jewelled pencil-case attached to her bracelet, and pushed it into my hand.

After Eugene had invited me to dine with them, he bade me offer my arm to his wife, and, appropriating Mrs. Corby to himself, quitted the box.

As the Colonel, with his sister, preceded Mrs. Van Renseler and myself, I felt her little kid-gloved fingers tighten upon my arm like a vise.

"You must not fail me, Major."

Shortly after they were whirling away.

Crossing the corner of the square I stepped up, so as to catch the light of a lamp, and read the lines traced upon the programme:

"Come to me to-morrow at 12 o'clock. Eugene will be away. Mind, you must come. A. VAN RENSELER."

Precisely at noon next day I sent up my card to the wife of a friend.

I was not long before the waiter returned and asked me to step upstairs to Mrs. Van Renseler's apartments

She had been charmingly pretty the night before she was exquisitely so now."

"Come nearer, Major," she said, slightly coloring. Then she pointed to an ottoman near the centre window. She turned to her maid.

"Go into my bedroom, Rosalie, and wait there until I call you."

No sooner had she said this than she placed herself in a fauteuil immediately opposite me.

"And so," she began, "you are Eugene's oldest and best friend in New York. I really fancy I may compliment him on his selection."

With a profound bow I placed my hand on my heart.

"Will you promise not to be annoyed with any question I may ask you, and to answer as truthfully as you can?"

"I promise."

"Have you and Eugene had relations together in many affairs?"

She colored a little, but upon my soul I reddened to the very roots of my hair.

"Wait a moment," she impetuously continued, "before you answer. Do not imagine that I am asking you about my husband from any foolish curiosity. It is because Eugene is making me very miserable.

"When I became the bride of Eugene I had only known him for five weeks. He met me, procured an introduction to my parents, and won my affection—oh, no, the whole of my heart!

"The first few months after our bridal were passed in Italy. They were to me divinely happy days! It was long before I noticed, while he took me everywhere else, he never took me to the opera. One day I told him I should like to have a piano."

"And what did he say?" I was compelled to inquire.

"He told me in a cruelly hard voice he detested music in every shape and must leave me if I insisted upon 'squalling' to him. I thought Eugene 'really detested music,' as he told me he did!"

"Then you don't think so now?"

"How can I? You were watching him last night. And now, my friend, you must allow me to put my question in a somewhat clearer and narrower shape."

I had almost forgotten the question to which she referred, and was searching my memory for it.

"Has Eugene ever had an affair with any vocalist before he met me?"

How the dence had she managed, at her age, to stumble upon the idea of such a possibility How could I reply to her?

I had friend some twenty-eight or thirty years, yet she had wheedled me into passing her my word of honor to answer her question.

"Will you tell me, Mrs. Van Renseler, how it was the Colonel came to take you to the Academy of Music last night? Did you ask him to go?"

"Certainly not," she replied, with a look of perplexed wonder. "When he came in before dinner he told me, if I liked to go he would take me."

"And where had he been in the morning?"

"I only know he had an engagement with his sister on some business."

"How often have you seen Mrs. Corbyn?"

"Some three or four times."

"Have you thought of telling her what you have done me the honor of telling me?"

The color came scarlotly to her cheeks, and the shamed made her wondrously lovely.

"I have been very wrong," she said penitently, "but I thought you as a man could tell me so much more of his life in what I wished to know than it was possible she could."

"So," I said, rising and extending my hand to her, "you will permit me to bid you adieu."

"You forget, sir, she exclaimed, "your parole d'honneur is yet unredeemed."

"May I not ask you to trust me for three weeks, Mrs. Van Renseler?"

"If you do not choose, sir, to tell me now!"

"I presume, madam, you would prefer having the answer to your question direct from your husband rather than from a comparative stranger."

"Can you promise that to me?"

"If within three weeks he does not tell you all, I pledge myself to be your informant."

Ten minutes later she allowed me to decamp.

Fifteen minutes later I was with Mrs. Corbyn. She had always been a capital friend of mine.

Consequently I had no difficulty in confiding to her all that Mrs. Van Renseler told me

"And what do you want me to do?" she at length asked.

"You know you are one of the patronesses of the grand amateur charitable concert."

"I see what you mean," she said with a joyous laugh. "Mrs Van Renseler shall sing at it, and you will bring my brother."

The concert was to be of the most distinguished and aristocratic character—so much so, indeed, that it had been determined no names of the amateurs who were to appear should be published in any of the advertisements or any of the programmes.

This did away with the chances of preliminary interference on his part.

But the rehearsals!

About a week before the concert was to come off I was summoned to Washington on business. I heard the Colonel announce his intention of visiting that city before Congress should adjourn. What could be more natural than that I, as a friend, should ask him to accompany me or that he should accede to my request?

I could scarcely help laughing in my sleeve as I saw how amiably the Colonel submitted to my fraud.

We started to New York, purposing to arrive in ample time to attend the concert.

The train on which we had started was considerably delayed, and we did not reach Jersey City until close upon 8 o'clock.

However, we got to the door of the hall some time after the second part had begun, and, in consequence of the crush within and around it, we were unable to enter.

We could merely see the surging and heaving mass of heads before us. Then someone in the crowd said:

"Here she is again."

And such a thundering storm of applause rang through the audience!

Next, a few notes were played by the orchestra, and a pure, clear resonant voice rose through them in Bellini's beautiful invocation, "Casta Diva."

Although I was unable to see from whom that voice came, I knew it rose, bird-like, yet human, from the throat of Mrs. Van Renseler.

My wandering thought was recalled to the actual present by the voice of Eugene Van Renseler, whom I had for the moment covered up so completely in my mind as if he had no share in the present.

"So this was the cause, Major, of your trip to Washington. I have to thank you and my sister for having made me a thorough fool."

I turned myself as soon as I could, but the Colonel was no longer behind me.

Forcing my way to the top of the stairs I looked around, but he was nowhere to be seen.

When I rose on the next day I felt a qualm or two regarding the net result of my first appearance in Washington as an actor in private life.

The arrival, while I was at breakfast, of a note from the Colonel, sent by hand, settled this.

It ran thus:

"Come, old fellow, and dine with us at 6 this evening, sharp. Mrs. Van Renseler wants you to compliment her.

"EUGENE VAN R."

Need I say I was there, and before I left them in the "wee sma' hours" of the following morning, his wife told me the Colonel had abandoned his sensitive secretiveness, and confessed his unworthy and unhappy marriage.—*Exchange.*

Give the Children a Chance to be Natural

As to keeping children too clean for any mortal use, I don't suppose anything is more disastrous. The divine right to be gloriously dirty a large portion of the time, when dirt is a necessary consequence of direct, useful, friendly contact with all sorts of interesting, helpful things, is too clear to be denied. The children who have to think of their clothes before playing with the dogs, digging in the sand, helping the stableman, working in the shed, building a bridge, or weeding the garden, never get half their legitimate enjoyment out of life. And oh! unhappy fate, do not many of us have to bring up children without a vestige of a dog, or a sand heap, [a stable, or a shed, or a brook, or a garden. Conceive, if you can, a more difficult problem than giving a child his rights in a city flat. You may say that neither do we get ours; but bad as we are, we are always good enough to wish for our children the joys we miss ourselves. Thrice happy is the country child, or the one who can spend a part of his young life among living things, near to Nature's heart. How blessed is the little toddling thing who can lie flat in the sunshine and drink in the beauty of the "green things growing"; who can live among the other little animals, his brothers and sisters in feathers and fur; who can put his hand into that of dear mother nature and learn his first happy lessons without any meddlesome middleman; who is cradled in sweet sounds "from early morn to dewey eve"; lulled to his morning nap by hum of crickets and bees, and to his night's slumber by the sighing of the wind, the splash of waves, or the ripple of a river. He is a part of the "shining web of creation," learning to spell out the universe letter by letter, as he grows sweetly, serenely, into a knowledge of its laws.—*From "Children's Rights," by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, in August (fiction number) Scribner.*

What Mothers Should Do.

As the boys grow up, make companions of them; then they will not seek companionship elsewhere.

Let the children make noise sometimes; their happiness is as important as your nerves.

Respect their little secrets; if they have concealment, worrying them will never make them tell and patience will probably do its work.

Allow them, as they grow older to have opinions of their own; make them individuals and not mere echoes.

Remember that without physical health mental attainment is worthless; let them lead free, happy lives, which will strengthen both mind and body.

Bear in mind that you are largely responsible for your child's inherited character, and have patience with faults and feelings.

Talk hopefully to your children of life and its possibilities; you have no right to depress them because you have suffered.

Teach boys and girls the actual facts of life as soon as they are old enough to understand them and give them the sense of responsibility without saddening them.

Find out what their special tastes are and develop them, instead of spending time, money and patience in forcing them into studies that are repugnant to them.

As your daughters grow up teach them at least the true merits of housekeeping and cookery; they will thank you for it later in life a great deal more than for accomplishments.

Try and sympathize with girlish flight so fancy, even if they seem absurd to you; by so doing you will retain your influence over your daughters, and not teach them to seek sympathy elsewhere.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It's Ginger Ale Great.

"I passed the Fourth at Coldwater, Mich.," said a Chicago business man last night with a sigh. "Coldwater is a nice town—for people who like just that sort of town. It is a 'dry' town—nothing stronger than pop is sold. I had walked about a dozen miles on the Fourth, and was tired nearly to death. When I got back to Coldwater I was so thirsty that even pop, which usually nauseates me, seemed to be a drink fit for the gods. I bolted into a soda-water establishment where a dozen giggling girls, and as many rural swains were sipping cooling drinks and asked: 'Would it be possible for me to get a glass of beer anywhere in this town?'

"'No, sir,' was the prompt and emphatic reply. 'We do not sell beer or any other intoxicating drinks in this place.'

"As he spoke he passed a glass of soda water across the marble counter to a simpering miss, and, turning, drew an amber-colored liquid from a barrel which stood beside the soda fountain, and passed it over to me, remarking: 'Yes, sir; this 'ere's a prohibition town through and through. Nothin' but soft drinks sold here.'

"As I surrounded a glass of as good bock beer as I ever tasted, I passed back the glass and said: 'I'm sorry you don't sell beer; but I'll have to make the best of it. Let me have another glass of that—that ginger ale.'

"Coldwater isn't a first-class place, but its 'ginger ale' beats any brand that ever struck anywhere else."—*Chicago Mail.*

Woman's Dangerous Knee Trick.

Another case is reported, says the Boston *Courier*, in which a woman has probably lamed herself for life through the habit so generally prevalent among women, the trick of shutting bureau drawers with the knee. It is so much easier to push a drawer to, even when it moves with difficulty, by a motion of the knee than it is to stoop, that nine women out of ten perhaps are accustomed to do it. The instances in which evil results, are of course not large in number in comparison to the number of persons who do this; but they are sufficiently numerous to show the folly of running the risk of harm, and to deter thoughtful persons from exposing themselves to a danger so easily avoided, yet of consequences so serious in many cases.

A French company is building an American street car line in a Turkish town ruled by Russia. Any sentimentalist which have been left out will be welcome to ride on it at the usual rates.

THE BUFFALO BELLS.

The Trolley and the Trailers and the Chimes of Bells.

Buffalo *News*: It is a pity that Edgar Poe couldn't have postponed dying long enough to hear the bells on the Main street trolleys, Buffalo, N. Y. There are more of them than anywhere else ringing outside St. Joe's tower, and the Chimes of Normandy are not in serious competition with them.

There's lot of fun "watching this train go round the bend," when a yellow trolley with two or three trailers swings through Cold Spring, but there's little "good-by, my lover, good-by" in the business now. People must make their adieux before the car comes. There's no time to kiss and swap dates of future meetings or arrange for correspondence after the tang tang of the leader is heard and the dust cloud envelops the slowed-up train. The trolley doesn't wait like the old red car for travellers to get up and make a breakfast and pack a picnic basket, or for shoppers to stop off and match goods. There's no place to hang a baby carriage or tie a dog on the flyers. Travel is business now, and business is done on a two-bell basis.

That is to say the signals are all double. Trains are stopped and started on double bells, except the last signal in starting, which is the one the motor man has to do with. Sometimes a green motor man starts his car on hearing the bell from one of the rear cars. Then the train starts up with someone on the step. A lady came near being thrown from one of the through trains trains that way this morning. The signals are clear enough, however, and the motor man will learn to wait his bell every time.

When the cars are open, as now, the succession of tinkles is interesting. When a train of three or four cars is at a stop, ready to start, two sharp tinkles are heard from the rear car; then two from the second forward, then two from the third, and the conductor of the trolley proper gives one sharp bell to the motor man. The brakes are released in the same order. When the motorman releases his brake and turns on the power he puts down his heel twice on the alarm bell, and this he repeats most of the time as he goes along. When he sees a passenger and wants to stop his train he rings back one bell to his conductor, and this signal is transmitted all through the train to release all the brakes. Then there are two fare registers with bells in each car, a pink one at one end for a 3-cent fare, and a white one at the other end for a 5-cent fare, "all in the presence of the passenjare," and the punch for the transfer tickets rings a bell, and, all in all, when the cars are open and business is good, one can "hear dem bells a ringing" about all the time.

The system is necessarily imposing as to general effect, though not at all intricate, and it is ever so much better every way than calling out signals of any kind. But when a long train comes swinging around curves, swaying with the motion like a string of sleepers, one looks to see a brakeman lean off the side of a platform as the procession slows up and wave his arms and call out "All right," as the train prepares to get under way

There is interest enough in the new system of trolleys and trailers to keep the cars loaded for a few days with people who don't want to go anywhere except just for the sake of going and seeing what goes on.

A HOT-WEATHER DRINK.

Two Ways to Make Ginger Ale and How to Bottle It.

This is a beverage at once healthful and refreshing in warm weather. Thinly peel two large lemons and put the rinds into an earthen pan with juice, which must have been previously strained; one pound and a quarter of loaf sugar, one ounce of bruised ginger and a quarter ounce of cream of tartar. Over these pour five quarts boiling water. Let it stand, and lukewarm add a tablespoonful of brewers' yeast, which must be quite fresh. Stir this quickly together a short time and then leave it until next day to ferment. Skim off the yeast, and having carefully poured the liquid from the sediment it may then be bottled for use. Take care that the corks are good; just before using put them into boiling water, and, having placed them in the bottles, let them be firmly secured with wire. This quantity will make rather more than a dozen bottles, and will be ready in two days. Another way: Two ounces of whole ginger, bruised; two pounds of loaf sugar, the thinly pared rind and strained juice of four lemons, over this pour two gallons of boiling water. When it has remained until lukewarm, spread a toast with yeast and put it in. Let it stand all night, then bottle it off. This quantity will make about four dozen bottles.

Managing a Husband.

We hear a great deal nowadays about the management of husbands, and the matter is discussed as if, like embalming the dead, it was one of the lost arts, writes Edward W. Bok in "AtHome With the Editor" in the August *Ladies' Home Journal.* But I notice that the women who are agitating the question are not the gentlewomen of this country. No, my positive friend, you will rise at this and say that these other women are under the subjection of their husbands and are afraid to speak. This is not so. These women have found a warm and tender place in the hearts of their manhood. They have found the secret of "managing a husband," and you have not. Prate all you like, agitate all you wish at club meetings and at women's gatherings, but the secret will not thus be found. The place to learn how to manage a husband is not at the meeting of your club, but in your home, at the side of your husband and with your children. "That's the old-fashioned idea," said a positive woman contemptuously to me the other day. Yes, thank God it is, my friend, and it would be better for the happiness of hundreds of women to-day if they would be a little more old-fashioned in this respect.

The Uselessness of Worry.

Worry is the one thing not needful. It belittles a man and makes him petty; it writes its mark in furrows and wrinkles, and filches away his strength and fortitude; it is a nuisance to himself and makes him a nuisance to all that are about him. Let your trouble tarry till its own time; climb one stair at a time; that is the best way to get to the top. We do not know what will happen; we are so ignorant of what is coming that it is said—"The unforseen always happens." And that is true, because we cannot take every factor and influence into our reckoning. Am I not right in saying that the troubles we most feared passed over like swift clouds, while the things that really troubled us were not what we expected to happen? Do not cross the bridge till you come to it; it will be in sound enough condition, for God does not give men tasks to which they are unequal. Everything will fall into its proper place as you go along, if you will but go along.—*Sunday Magazine.*

Youths at the World's Fair.

Provision has been made for the holding, in Chicago at the time of the World's Fair, of a congress composed of youths of all nations of the world. Delegates will be sent, it is expected, from England, Japan, France, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Spain, Austria, Italy, Russia and countries of the Orient. These young men are to be selected from the high schools and the grammar-school grades. Their ages are to range between 13 and 20 years. No World's Fair congress has been thus far arranged for, it is thought, that will excite more interest than this project. The idea is to get from each country not more than from fifteen to forty or fifty students. All told, it is intended to have 5,000 at the congress, and a special committee has been appointed to see that proper encouragement is lent to induce attendance. The preliminary address of the special committee has been issued by A. F. Nightingale, Chairman, and F. F. Bliss, Secretary

Worse Than Murder.

Burdette says that many people who would recoil with horror from cutting a human creature's throat, which really does not hurt very much and only lasts a moment, will murder a woman's good name without remorse or compunction; that hurts worse than death for a lifetime. It is a meaner crime than murder.

Knew the Man.

Salesgirl—I wish to resign my place. I'm going to be married to Mr. Clipper of the ribbon counter.

Manager—My dear child, that is no reason for stopping work. Keep your place.

Salesgirl (a close observer)—It won't do. I'm afraid if I don't knock off and do nothing, he will.

The orange was originally pear-shaped and about the size of the wild cherry. Its evolution has required 1,200 years.

THE WORLD OF LABOR.

Echoes From the Busy Mill and the Work shop.

A $1 bill costs 3 2-10 mills.

Artificial quinine is made.

Michigan has 115 salt firms.

Corsons wear paper clothes.

Teeth are pulled by electricity.

Dublin has the biggest brewery.

Moscow has a 443,772-pound bell.

An electric machine counts coins.

Textiles are made from pine leaves.

Spanish America has produced the most gold.

New York makes 2,000,000,000 cigarettes a year.

Glasgow underground railroad is about finished.

Chicago has a society for the prevention of smoke.

China's foreign trade last year aggregated $250,000,000.

An express engine uses ten gallons of water per mile.

A lamp shows the interior of boilers while under steam.

There have been patents granted to 646 New York women since 1809.

Two-fifths of the companies started annually in England are said to fail.

The Manufacturers' Building for the World's Fair furnishes employment to over 1,000 men.

Many coffee planters in Mexico make a profit of 250 per cent. on the amount of money invested.

A New Yorker has made a clock which contains 34,000 pieces of wood, comprising about 325 varieties.

If cork is sunk 200 feet deep in the ocean it will not rise again on account of the great pressure of the water.

Among the most recent uses to which electricity has been applied is that of transmitting photographs and drawings by wire

Scientists say that an average man of 154 pounds weight has enough iron in his system to make a ploughshare and enough phosphorus to make 500,000 matches.

A recent test of brick made by the dry clay process at the Watertown Arsenal, according to *Spring*, showed an average compressive strength of 3,972 pounds per square inch.

The end of another hundred years may see aluminum the most widely-used metal in the world next to iron and steel, but it is never destined to supersede them because it is not a fit metal to do so.

The longest railroad is in Canada—the Canadian Pacific, the main line of which is nearly 3,000 miles long. The company controlling the largest milesge is the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe; it contains 7,384 miles.

The oldest armchair in the world is the throne once used by Queen Hatafu, who flourished in Egypt 1600 B. C. It is made of ebony, beautifully carved, and is so hardened with age as to appear to be carved from black marble.

A new method of quickly rendering glass transparent during the process of manufacture consists, according to the *Industrial World*, in forcing into the melted materials a stream of oxygen gas, the enormous heat generated oxidizing all deleterious materials.

John J. Taylor, of Streator, Ill., once wrote 4,100 words on the blank side of a postal card without artificial aid. The words on that single card, if printed in regular newspaper type, would fill two and three-quarter columns of any of the great metropolitan dailies.

The results given out by some of the tanneries of France using the electrical method show that there is accomplished in ninety hours by this method what would require from seventeen to eighteen months by tanning in a vat and from five to six months by process of agitation.

John Good, the cordage king, lives at Far Rockaway in a beautiful cottage. Good's income is said to be $1,600 each day and $1,000 each night. These sums are from royalties on the rope-making machinery which he invented. He worked at the trade of rope-making in an ordinary rope-walk.

PROGRESSIVE CONVERSATION.

A New Social Entertainment Which is Very Enjoyable.

A progressive conversation party is a fresh device by which entertainers seek to prevent their guests from sinking to the depths of plain conversation. In describing it the New York *Evening World* says the chairs are arranged through the rooms in conversation pairs. On entering each guest takes a numbered card from a basket in the hall, the women picking from one basket, the men from another. Every woman takes one of the pair of chairs, and the man who holds a corresponding number becomes her companion for the opening tete-a-tete, whose subject is announced when all are ready. Every three minutes a bell sounds, and the man moves on to the next woman, and the subject is changed, and the tongues wag again or "eyes discourse most eloquent."

No talking across groups is allowed, and all conversation must be in a sufficiently low tone not to distract the attention of others. When love, marriage, travel, the drama, the weather et al. have been duly discussed, an excuse for the inevitable prize is found as follows: Every one writes on a slip of paper the three subjects he has found most interesting, and the award goes to the one whose list is made up of the three winning topics. Twenty to 25 subjects make a sufficiently long list.

Got Just What She Wanted.

I was sitting in a depot waiting-room one day recently when two women came in and sat down so near me that I could not help hearing everything they said, particularly as the one who did nearly all of the talking spoke in a very high key.

"Yes," she said, the moment she had seated herself, "I've been to see Madame C——, the clairvoyant, and it was perfectly wonderful what she told me, perfectly wonderful. They needn't no one try to tell me hereafter that there ain't nothing in clarryvoyance, for I know better. She told me things that no livin' human mortal could of told her about me."

"What did she tell you?" asked the other woman eagerly.

"Well, the first thing she told me was that I was a married woman. The minnit I went into the room she says, says she, 'I don't think you're a single woman.' 'Why,' says I, 'I ain't.' And then she went by and told me more things about my affairs than I s'posed anybody knew. She told me I'd have trouble with a dark complected woman, and I know just who that is, and she told me to look out for a light-complected woman, and I know exactly who that is, and she warned me against a certain person who is trying to do me an injury, and I know exactly who that is, and said I'd get an important letter soon, and she thinks I'm to go on a journey soon, and she says I'll outlive my husband by ten or twelve years, and that we must both look for a certain person with black or brown eyes and dark hair, who would do us any injury she could. I know who she meant. Then she said we were likely to inherit a large fortune soon from a totally unexpected source, and that it would upset us a bit to get it. She just went on in that way telling me more things that I'd no idea anybody on earth knew. I know there is something in clarryvoyance."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Ancient Furniture.

Without going further back then the reign of Charles II., writes Meredith Jackson in a paper in the August *Peterson*, it can be announced as a general rule that the furniture of palaces and the houses of nobility consisted chiefly of pieces transmitted from generation to generation along with the landed estates, and belonging in great part to the Elizabethan epoch and that of James I., with some acquisitions from abroad, brought home by ancestors who have travelled. On the other hand, commerce with France, chiefly under Louis XIV., had introduced a small number of Parisian bits of furniture from the workshops of leading French artisans.

In the houses of the middle classes, on the contrary, only the simple and common oak furniture of the time of James II. was to be seen; chairs, chests, bureaus and wardrobes, often of clumsy pattern, the like of which are still manufactured in certain remote localities of conservative England.

Entitled to the Best.

All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, so every family should have, at once, a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 75c bottles by all leading druggists.

"Every time I see Mary in the park with the children there is a policeman sitting with her." "A nurse maid is the only warrant an officer needs for a rest."

WOLSELEY NOT AN IRISHMAN.

The General Says He Loves Ireland But Is Not One of Her Sons.

General Lord Wolseley has written the following letter to the Rev. David R. Williamson, of Kirkmaiden, Wigtownshire, with reference to a heroic poem:

"DEAR MR. WILLIAMSON,—Thank you very much for your dedication of your Irish poem to me.

"I am afraid I cannot claim to have a drop of Irish blood in my body; and my grandfather was the first of my belongings who was born in Ireland. We are a Staffordshire family, and come from Wolseley, where we have been for at least three or four centuries before the conquest of England. I am very fond of Ireland and of the Irish people, among whom I was brought up. I have been very little there, however, since I was a boy. I remember seeing the book you refer to years ago, which gives an account of my boyhood full of inaccuracies. But life is too short to correct all the nonsense that is published about one now-a-days, and I have no time for such work, even if I had the inclination to put busy-bodies right.

"Irish history is wrapped in obscurity. One thing only is certain, that there never was a kingdom of Ireland. No man ever ruled there until we conquered it. At present the only prosperous part of Ireland is that region where the people speak broad Scotch, and have Scotch names, and are Protestants like the Scotch.

"My family's connection with Ireland began with a Colonel Wolseley who fought in the Protestant North and won some hard-fought battles there, as you will find in Macaulay's History of 1689-90. Our Irish property is, however, I am sorry to say, in Wexford, Carlow and County Dublin. We used to be on very good terms with our tenants; but now I hear from my cousin, Sir Clement Wolseley, that none of his people ever go near him.

"Mr. Gladstone knows as much of Ireland as I do of Timbuctoo. With best wishes, I remain, very sincerely yours,

"WOLSELEY."

HAS SHE THE SECRET?

A Remarkable Chilian Who is Supposed to Have the Secret of Perpetual Youth.

"Perhaps the most remarkable woman in the world lives in Santiago, Chili," said Robert A. Bonham, an American who has spent several years in South America. "She is apparently a well-preserved woman of 35, rather good looking, spry as a girl, and is a pronounced coquette, yet it is known positively that she is 80 years of age and may be much older. She has a granddaughter who looks old enough to be her mother. This remarkable woman is of Spanish extraction, a native of Peru, and her name is Boeckman, her second husband, now dead, being a German. Middle-aged people aver that she was a grown woman when they were children, and that she does not look a day older now than she did then. She is regarded with superstitious awe by the more ignorant of the natives, over whom she could undoubtedly exercise great influence were her morals not so notoriously bad. She is passionately fond of dancing, has a musical voice, snappy black eyes, and a beautiful set of teeth.

"She claims that she owes her wonderful preservation to a charm which an old half-breed Indian doctor exercised over her when she was a child. She says she will neither grow old nor die until the charm is broken. Some of the natives express the belief that she is in league with the devil. She got into an altercation with a young woman not long ago and cut her seriously, but the latter was afraid to enter complaint against her, lest she should exercise some baleful influence over her. It is said that she has many admirers, and is soon to be married to a young Chilian of considerable wealth."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

THE REJECTED LOVER

Tells How and Why his Sweetheart Dismissed Him.

London *Tit-Bits* lately offered a prize for the best letter from any man in the world descriptive of [illegible] was "given the mitten." The prize fell to the writer of the following specimen:

"Mabel was the object on whom my heart's affections were centred. I was sure my love was reciprocated, but a coolness arose, not to say indifference, which was never cleared up until the following was received in answer to my request for an explanation:

"'DEAR SIR,—I decline to create in you a false hope. You can afford to go to theatres, soirees and other places, but on mamma's birthday you could not even buy her an umbrella. With best wishes to you and the future one who may be foolish enough to have you,

"'I am, sir, yours obediently,

"'MABEL ——.'"

Parental Responsibility.

The parent whose sole answer to criticism or remonstrance is, "I have a right to do what I like with my own child!" is the only impossible parent. His moral integument is too thick to be pierced with any shaft, however keen. To him we can only say, as Jacques did to Orlando, "God be with you; let's meet as little as we can."

But most of us dare not take this ground. We may not philosophize or formulate, we may not live up to our theories, but we feel in greater or less degree the responsibility of calling a human being hither, and the necessity of guarding and guiding, in one way or another, that which owes its being to us.

We should all agree if put to the vote that a child has a right to be well born. That was a trenchant speech of Henry Ward Beecher on the subject of being born again; that if he could be born right the first time he'd take his chances on the second. "Hereditary rank," says Washington Irving, "may be a snare and a delusion, but hereditary virtue is a patent of innate nobility which far outshines the blazonry of heraldry."

Over the unborn our power is almost that of God, and our responsibility, like His toward us; as we acquit ourselves toward them, so let Him deal with us.

Why should we be astonished at the warped, cold, unhappy, suspicious creatures we see about us, when we reflect upon the number of unwished for, unwelcomed children in the world; children who at best were never loved until they were seen and known, and often grudged their being from the moment they began to be. I wonder if sometimes a starved, crippled, agonized human body and soul does not cry out: "Why, O man, O woman, why, being what I am, have you suffered me to be?"—*Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, in August Scribner.*

Women in Stores and Shops.

If the normal schools taught girls bookkeeping, many of them could become clerks and bookkeepers instead of trying to get places as teachers, and when they find no place open to them turning to the stores and overcrowding them. Girls have few opportunities to prepare for positions that are remunerative. The two or three occupations which are considered genteel for women are overcrowded, while there is often a demand for girls as feather workers, for example. If trades such as the making of jewelry, surgical instruments and similar manufactures were taught here in technical and industr