

Her Celestial Adorer.

She was little, prim and pious. She was also distractingly pretty.

Three of these qualities are an unusual combination, therefore worthy of note.

She came up to New York to study book-keeping and shorthand. Her name was Alice Pearson, and she had a mania for converting people.

The house in which she boarded was kept by a stout Irish-American woman—Mrs. Brown. She looked the essence of good nature, but she let the boarders freeze all the winter by never having a fire in the furnace, and she fed them with pork and beans until life became a burden.

Brown's attitude peacefully grew into a dislike, though running to bone, who was much in love with a man whom I may term the "head boarder."

There were sixteen boarders in Mrs. Brown's establishment the first night Miss Pearson came down to dinner. Two weeks afterward there were twenty-one, and within a month Mrs. Brown's limit—thirty—had been reached.

There were all sorts of curious enough men who, in the rush of New York business life, had time to worry about their souls. The fact was that before the lovely Miss Pearson had been in the house five weeks she had nearly ruined the surrounding boarding house, and had turned Mrs. Brown's estate peacefully into a business establishment into three opposing rival meetings rolled into one and let loose.

Fah Chung, laundryman, late of Pekin, subsequently of San Francisco, then of the Bowery, New York, fell as madly and jealously in love with her as if he had been a Chinese.

Miss Pearson affected demure little gray frocks, with a white Eton collar and cuffs of white, and Fah Chung—oh, bliss!—Fah Chung washed and ironed them for her. It was noticed that while no fault could be found with the Chinaman's ordinary work, there was not in the whole of Sixth street linen that could be compared with his neatness and gloss with Miss Pearson's little collars and cuffs.

It had been remarked that Miss Pearson had a mania for converting people. She tried her hand on Millie, the waitress, first; but Mrs. Brown made strong objections to having her servant converted, and so she turned her attention to Fah Chung.

"How do you do, Mr. Chung?" she greeted him with a morning when he came for the laundry work.

"Ni cha," replied the Celestial. "I guess he means 'Howdy,' Miss Pearson, struck in Millie, who was sweeping the room.

"Oh! Ni cha, Mr. Sing." The Chinaman did not change a facial muscle. He did not want to look sad, and he could not be angry, for Miss Pearson was already doing. The left side of the six padded coats gave a great beat outward.

German delicatessen shop, a French laundry, six drinking saloons kept by Irishmen, a Swiss wood carver, a Spanish Jew pawnbroker, an Italian ballet master, a academy and one solitary shop—a grocery—kept by a native American.

She came upon Fah Chung's laundry. She stopped at the window to admire the scrupulous cleanliness and to watch its owner at work.

Now the ways of American laundrywomen are not as the ways of Chinese laundrymen. The former sprinkles the rough dried clothes by dipping her hand into a basin of water, and flinging the drops from her finger tips.

Not so the Chinaman. He fills his mouth with water and deftly ejects a tiny spray over the garment in hand at the same time he is ironing it.

Fah Chung, lovingly pulling out the dainty, just as if it were a little white apron with his slender yellow fingers and ironing with ardor, was probably never so thunder-struck in his life as when it was snatched from his hands and a lovely little face as red as a rose with anger and disgust, disclosed to him Miss Pearson's indignant brown eyes.

The second mistake—a fatal one—sprang from the fact that Fah Chung, in his eagerness to please, had taken it into his head to bring her a gift. He had bought a pair of shoes, and he had taken them to her room when the gift was presented, and he left her just then.

It is probable that Fah Chung would have been kicked further down the street than he was, but that Caldwell, who was in the drawing room when the gift was presented, had to leave him just then.

Fah Chung, in her agitation, seemed to require some one to hold her in his arms and call her his darling, and assure her that just as soon as he had time he would go and finish that Chinaman. She would not let any of the other fellows do that, and she would not let Caldwell sacrifice himself. Good old fellow! Mattie glanced at them, and looked rather as if she could not bear in such haste to pitch it into the street after its broken-hearted owner.

The little Chinaman crept miserably away, wondering at the uncivilized manners of those "Western barbarians." But his "art was true" not to fail, but to Pearson.

Caldwell married Miss Pearson. He got his diploma as M. D. and settled in her old home. They are shining lights among the Deep Water Baptists there.

Mrs. Caldwell in view of her great familiarity with the Chinese, when she saw the "laundry list," framed and hanging in her sitting room, is a prof—always called upon to entertain the "foreign missionaries" and to provide for the "top boots and blanket" clubs.

Mattie has transferred her affections to the younger present "head boarder." She is no longer young. She would not mind marrying.

Fah Chung? Ah, yes; Fah Chung. Well, he got killed one night near the Bowery.

My Short Story.

At last my story was done. My friends had always told me that I had literary ability, and now that my manuscript lay completed before me, I felt that they were right. I had written it over and over again, polishing a crude paragraph here and strengthening a weak one there, putting in a touch of rhetorical ornament in one place and removing a story from another in another until I thought (and my wife, too) that the style was just perfect.

Then my wife copied it off in her own hand, to make sure that it should be perfectly legible, and we both went over it together to see that the dots and crosses, hyphens and quotation marks, capitals and punctuation were all in due order; for we were determined that the editor of the Magazine should not be tempted to a rejection by any carelessness in the preparation of the manuscript. A stamped envelope was inclosed for its return, if not available, and the story was consigned to the post.

For the next two or three days I spent most of my spare time in trying to moderate my wife's hopes by pointing out how many different questions had to be considered in deciding upon any given manuscript, entirely apart from its literary merit. My confidence was beginning to wane, and the wife, anxious that her literary ability should not be crushed if my story should be rejected, then I received a short notice stating that the manuscript had been received and would be examined and reported upon at an early date.

By this time we had said all we could think of on the subject and our conversation turned upon other matters, but the eagerness with which the mail was scrutinized whenever the postman came betrayed readily enough what was uppermost in our minds.

At last, after a full month of waiting, the longed-for envelope came. I sat down to read it, and the first thing I saw was an inadequate pretense of perfect composition, and my wife's stolid looking over my shoulder, as if she were to be consulted in the matter.

My manuscript entitled "A Moonlight Romance" had been accepted for publication, and I was anxious to see what the editor had to say for the same will be made in due course.

There it stood in black and white, with the name of the author in large letters, and my wife threw her arms around my neck with a shout of joy and I upset the inkstand in my excitement.

The little Chinaman crept miserably away, wondering at the uncivilized manners of those "Western barbarians." But his "art was true" not to fail, but to Pearson.

Caldwell married Miss Pearson. He got his diploma as M. D. and settled in her old home. They are shining lights among the Deep Water Baptists there.

Mrs. Caldwell in view of her great familiarity with the Chinese, when she saw the "laundry list," framed and hanging in her sitting room, is a prof—always called upon to entertain the "foreign missionaries" and to provide for the "top boots and blanket" clubs.

Mattie has transferred her affections to the younger present "head boarder." She is no longer young. She would not mind marrying.

Fah Chung? Ah, yes; Fah Chung. Well, he got killed one night near the Bowery.

Fah Chung, laundryman, late of Pekin, subsequently of San Francisco, then of the Bowery, New York, fell as madly and jealously in love with her as if he had been a Chinese.

formed, just as rigidly correct as it had been at the close of each day's march. And there, too, those men stood and stayed. The Irish killed officers and men were falling like autumn leaves, all along the line, and yet "dressed on the march" the men were dying, just as they had been taught to do at the close of each day's march, and this, too, continued, as if the men were dying, just as they had been taught to do at the close of each day's march, and this, too, continued, as if the men were dying, just as they had been taught to do at the close of each day's march.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY. Faneuil Hall has been pronounced unsafe by Boston's superintendent of public buildings.

There are 7,000 people in Paris who are employed in the preparation of human hair for the market.

Earthenware bricks or tiles, with characters engraved thereon or stamped, were undoubtedly the first books.

It is estimated that the burning of Moscow by the Russians in order to drive out the French cost \$125,000,000.

The library of Göttingen has a Bible written on palm leaves. There are 5,373 pages, each made of a single leaf.

The Rev. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, has preached to more than 100,000,000 of Chinese are addicted to the use of opium.

The cross mark instead of a signature was used by the ancients, and the ways appended to signatures in medieval times as an attestation of good faith.

The human lungs retain the air in their substance with such obstinacy that it cannot be driven out by the most powerful force of absolutely disintegrating the tissue.

Lightning travels in a zigzag course, because it passes through different strata of air, and in its passage it is deflected from side to side to find the easiest path.

A pint of the oil of vitriol mixed with a pint of water will fill a quart jar with fire, because the bulk of the compound has been reduced by the abstraction of latent heat.

A law in Norway prohibits any person from spending more than 5 cents for liquor at one visit to a public house, and alcoholic liquors are supplied only to sober persons.

Gardening ants collect pieces of vegetable matter and deposit them in the interior of their nests until the rubbish is covered with a growth of fungus, on which they feed.

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

Sojourners. Thro' the endless astral regions we had wandered, wandered on. Drifting ever down the ages from the dim ancestral dawn;

Drifting down the weary ages, groping vainly thro' the vast Solitude, yet hoping, knowing, we should somewhere meet at last:

Knowing that the mystic longings which had led us from afar, Still would lead and we should follow till we reached our own bright star:

Knowing that the tender yearning of the spirit for its mate Which had thrilled us, which had filled us, yet would triumph over Fate.

Do we stand within the portal of that life we sought so long? Have we gained our world of happiness, of sunshine and of song? We have met, and loved, and mated—all the joys for which we sighed;

We have found them, found each other, rests the spirit satisfied? Sweetly from the western heavens smiles the golden orb of day.

Glowing gold and landscape answer—on the breeze they whisper, "Yes, We weary children, love and rest contented,"— So we yield—and yet

Whence these heart-throbs of emotion, these strange echoes of regret? Slowly down the western heavens sinks the golden orb of day.

Fades the glowing sky and landscape, comes the twilight, cold and gray; Comes the darkness and the silence and the solitude once more.

And, behold, two separate pathways, reaching ever on and on, Leading from our beautiful world back to the dim ancestral dawn—

And the questioning heart is answered; from the boundless, soundless skies, In the stillness comes the answer and the dew bedlins our eyes.

For we know this life is mortal—that a few brief, fleeting years Only is our earthly sojourn, then—a wand'ring 'mid the spheres,

Thro' the endless astral regions, groping vainly thro' the vast Solitude, yet hoping, knowing we shall meet again at last.

HAIR

ON THE FEMALE FACE. Also hair on men's cheeks above the lower lip, on the forehead, on the neck, on the arms, on the legs, on the hands, on the feet, on the fingers, on the toes, on the nails, on the hair, on the scalp, on the crown, on the forehead, on the temples, on the ears, on the nose, on the mouth, on the chin, on the neck, on the back, on the chest, on the arms, on the legs, on the hands, on the feet, on the fingers, on the toes, on the nails.

ELECTRIC NEEDLE. by Dr. Van Dyck, Dermatologist, Electrician and Facial Surgeon, president of the Boston Electrolysis Company, Circle Park Hotel, 13 Circle Street, Indianapolis, 22 years' experience; over 10,000 cures.

Do we stand within the portal of that life we sought so long? Have we gained our world of happiness, of sunshine and of song? We have met, and loved, and mated—all the joys for which we sighed;

We have found them, found each other, rests the spirit satisfied? Sweetly from the western heavens smiles the golden orb of day.

Glowing gold and landscape answer—on the breeze they whisper, "Yes, We weary children, love and rest contented,"— So we yield—and yet

Whence these heart-throbs of emotion, these strange echoes of regret? Slowly down the western heavens sinks the golden orb of day.

Fades the glowing sky and landscape, comes the twilight, cold and gray; Comes the darkness and the silence and the solitude once more.

And, behold, two separate pathways, reaching ever on and on, Leading from our beautiful world back to the dim ancestral dawn—

And the questioning heart is answered; from the boundless, soundless skies, In the stillness comes the answer and the dew bedlins our eyes.

For we know this life is mortal—that a few brief, fleeting years Only is our earthly sojourn, then—a wand'ring 'mid the spheres,

Thro' the endless astral regions, groping vainly thro' the vast Solitude, yet hoping, knowing we shall meet again at last.

Business Directory. ATKINS' SAWS. W. B. Barry Saw & Supply Co. Founders & Machinists.

Garland Stoves and Ranges. You can easily have the best if you only insist upon it.