

**Moonshine.**

Of Miss Moon, she wink her eye  
While she sailing' free de sky.  
Sees dem young folks han' in han'  
Strollin' on the ocean san';  
Hyuh dom talkin' foolishness  
Like 'twus truth an' 'nuffin' less.  
Jes' go on an' let 'em be—  
Can't fool ol' Miss Moon an' me.

Talkin' 'bout de broken heart  
Dat would come if dey should part.  
Dat same gal was rum' las' year;  
But nex' summer she'll be here,  
Makin' up bes' she can  
To a different young man.  
Jes' go on an' let 'em be—  
Can't fool ol' Miss Moon an' me.  
—Washington Star.

**The WRONG HOUSE**  
BY HELEN LIVERMORE

She had sweet eyes. That fact had impressed itself upon Tom Leslie's dulled brain, as he turned aside and let the young lady pass him. He knew well enough who she was—Tome & Tapes' new typewriter girl.

He was not interested in girls just now—in fact, he hated them.

What could have been more beguiling than Miss Sophie Silver, with her fair, fluffy hair, and her pink cheeks, and her darling little way of looking at you as if she would eat you up if she only had a silver spoon?

Fair, false little Sophie! She wasn't worth the intense discomfort she had caused him for the past four months. She hadn't cared a button for him; or for anyone else but herself, for that matter.

She only wanted him to think her pretty, and to be sure she could captivate him. She had allowed him to think they were engaged! Engaged! Well, she was three deep before she saw him. There was her dentist, and a theological student, and one of her father's salesmen dancing attendance upon her, each believing himself the favored one, when she met Tom, and immediately planned him as victim number four.

Miss Sophie liked to please people; it wasn't a bit of trouble. She promised to marry most of the young men who asked her. As these affairs multiplied she sometimes wondered how they would come out, but never troubled herself any further.

When Tom realized all this, when he found her out, he could have beaten his head against the wall for a fool. But that would hardly have relieved the sting. It had been a little cruel. His dear old mother had died and the house was unbearably lonely, with the grimmest of housekeepers.

He had not a sister or cousin or young woman friend in the world. In fact, he didn't know much about girls. He was only three and twenty, and a little shy and awkward, though more than usually good looking.

In his loneliness he was led to join a social club called the Hyacinths, and Miss Sophie saw him and marked him for her own.

It was all over and well over. But young "Tom" felt old and dull, and when he saw a pretty girl he turned aside with a wry face.

But the young lady entering Tome & Tapes' office was not so remarkably pretty. Only she had sweet eyes, and "Tom" thought a little about them in spite of himself. He knew her name; she was Miss Arethusa Dacy. She was said to be a very nice operator. Mr. Tome was doing some business for him, and he mentioned her as a very exceptional young lady.

"Tom" wondered if she had ever fooled any of the younger men who had admired her. She did not look as if she had. She had a little air of reserve about her, and then those frank,



Knew well enough who she was. Innocent eyes, dark blue as pansies, and with curling lashes! "But glasses and lassies are brittle ware," quoth "Tom," with a groan, as he recollected Sophie's smile and the little curls on her forehead. He went home that night unusually depressed. He had seen a great many people during the day, and they had had the effect on him of making him feel more alone than he did before he saw them. It was a little relief to be at home. The rooms were the picture of comfort and neatness, though a little stiff, under Miss Pikestaff's

hand. She never allowed a book or chair out of its allotted place.

After tea he sat down to think. Was this solitariness to be forever the end of his happy hopes? Was Miss Pikestaff always to preside over his home? He hoped not.

It seemed unendurable as the bright coals tinkled in falling from the grate, and the pretty French clock ticked and echoed in the oppressive quiet.

Suddenly there was a ring at the door bell.

Tom started up, as much because his thoughts were unsettled as for any other reason, for the maid usually



"This must be the wrong house."

answered the door; but they were at once pretty well concentrated on the lovely apparition there—a slender girl with flushed cheeks and sweet eyes, a small valise in one hand, a shawlstrap in the other.

"I am late, but—" she began breathlessly, in a pleasant young voice; then paused, with a look of surprise and an air of perplexity.

"I beg your pardon—I am afraid this is the wrong house!" she said, looking squarely at Tom.

"Tom felt queer. "I don't believe it is," he stammered. "Whose house did you wish to find, Miss Dacy?"

The girl flushed still more, but did not look displeased.

"Mr. Hall's. I have just come in town to-day. I am going to board there. This must be the wrong house."

"Mr. Hall lives next door; but I don't think they are at home—perhaps they have gone away to a funeral," said Tom, astonished at his own duplicity. "Won't you come in, Miss Dacy? I believe I recognize you. I—I have heard Mr. Tome speak of you. I never have taken boarders, but—my housekeeper would perhaps find it pleasant," supplemented Tom, eagerly, and noting with satisfaction that the young girl put down her burdens as if she could carry them no longer. "Pray come in and sit down. You seem tired. I will introduce you to Miss Pikestaff. Perhaps we can accommodate you."

The flush of exertion died out. The young cheeks looked a little pale, and the sweet eyes Tom admired glanced rather wistfully about the cosy parlor.

"I must be settled to-night. I thought my boarding place was engaged. There must be some mistake if they do not expect me. Mrs. Hall is Mr. Tome's sister. I am not particular as long as I am comfortable, and it looks very pleasant here," Arrie Dacy said to grim Miss Pikestaff, who softened under the sweet eyes, and said:

"We can take you as well as, not, if Mr. Leslie is willing."

"Yes, certainly, certainly," responded Tom; and the matter was settled.

He felt rather guilty of misrepresenting the absence of the Halls to Miss Dacy, for he had seen them at the station and knew well enough that they were going in town only to the theater; but his little plot never came clearly to light, while Arrie was very much pleased from the first with her new home.

She was grateful to Tom, and she thawed Miss Pikestaff into surprising kindness to herself; and the three sat down to breakfast the next morning a very happy family. Tom meant business from the first, but he dared not be in haste. He pretended that he liked a bachelor's life, and never told

Arrie that he loved her until she had been the light of his home nearly a year.

"Do you love me, Tom?" she said, then—"you a rich man and I only a poor girl?"

"I am a poor man without your love, Arrie. As for my money, you may have it all if you'll only marry me."

And when they were married she said:

"How strange I should come to be mistress where I stumbled upon the wrong house—"

"But I knew it was the right one from the start," interrupted Tom. "It is, isn't it, Arrie?"

"It is the pleasantest home, and I am the happiest woman, I think, in the world," she replied.

"Granted, if you will allow me to be the happiest man," he rejoined; and for once in this unsatisfactory life, everybody was suited.—Chicago Journal.

**FAT MEN SEEK BARGAINS.**

**Wax Chummy as They Turn Over Piles of Collars.**

"This is the only time of year we catch the fat man at the bargain counter," said a salesman in the white goods department of a New York department store. "The man who wears anything above an 18-inch collar never trusts his wife to buy his collars or shirts. He never relies upon the number on the collar box. The fat man's way of buying a bargain counter collar is to pick it out of a job-lot tray and try it around his neck. If it feels as though it would button easily he keeps it in his hand and delves in the pile until he finds another one. If it doesn't fit he throws it back. If the store opens at 8 o'clock the fat man who buys his own collars and shirts is sure to be on the doorstep a quarter before the hour. Ready-made collars are sold for 20 and 21-inch necks, but there are very few of them in comparison to the number of those of smaller sizes. A man who wears a 15 or 16-inch collar can take his choice from a bargain sale almost any hour of the day. The fat man must, and does, come early. Fat men are very chummy at bargain counters.

"What size are you looking for?" one customer asks another. "Nineteen inches," is the reply. "You'll find a bunch of them right down at the end of the counter. Saw them a minute ago. What are those in your hand—eighteen and one-half? Just what I'm looking for. Give them to me and I'll show you the nine-teens."

"Catch women talking like that over bargains!"

**Remarkable Work of Physician.**

The latest American wonder is a complete skeleton of the human nerves, prepared after an incredible amount of work and patience by Dr. Rufus B. Weaver, professor of anatomy at the Hahnemann college, Philadelphia. There is nothing to equal it in any museum in the world. The nerves of the hand, the foot, or some portion of the human anatomy have been separated from the body and shown in the same fashion as the remarkable skeleton made by Dr. Weaver, but no one has had the patience to prepare a complete nerve chart, using as the material the actual nerves withdrawn from the body. A picture of the nerve chart has been sent to the Museum of Medical Curiosities at Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, and the creator of the chart has been congratulated by the great surgeons of London on having built up one of the most marvelous anatomical structures of the age.

**The Czarevitch.**

He doesn't know that God has been at pains To fashion him for splendid, lofty things; He doesn't know that there is in his veins The sacred blood that quickens only kings.

He doesn't know that millions of grown men Are whispering his name with awe to-day; He doesn't know a nation trembles when He, gaggling, from the nipple turns away.

By right divine raised high above the mean, The common ones, that hew and plant and spin; He doesn't know the difference between Divine right and an open safety pin.

How wonderful! And yet how strange withal!

**Churchman's High Position.**

The archbishop of Canterbury, now on a visit to this country, occupies the highest social position in England next to the crown and the immediate descendants of the king. He takes precedence after the prince of Wales and his son and above all dukes, earls, viscounts, above the lord chancellor, the premier and the secretary of state and all ministers from other countries to the court of St. James.

**Bee Culture for Women.**

Mrs. Fanny N. Berthe, who superintends the bee and honey exhibit at the St. Louis exposition, is one of the most successful apiculturists in the world. She has an apiary at Winona in Minnesota and for three years has filled the office of treasurer of the Bee-Raisers association of that state. She says: "I consider bee culture one of the most pleasant and profitable occupations for women."

**Is Double of President Lincoln.**

Representative John Lind of Minnesota, who has twice been governor of that state and has been nominated for justice of the supreme court, is said to bear a marked resemblance to Lincoln. In fact, he seems a perfect double of the martyred president; even the expression of his face is similar, as well as its contour. He is extremely tall and gaunt and has a shambling gait.

**Old and New Rome.**

(Special Correspondence.)

One of the most common complaints that artists and those given to esthetic expressions make on coming to Rome is that the city has been modernized out of recognition and with a woeful lack of taste. The idea it first prevailed that the new masters of the Eternal City were striving to convert it into a feeble and distant imitation of modern Paris. In spite of all that has been accomplished in the course of thirty years the remnants of the old Rome are still to be seen, and travelers are to be met with the narrow, sunless lanes, rather than streets, of Trastevere, sauntering slowly along, admiring magnificent fragments of architecture or abandoned frescoes, with a most refreshing interest.

The fountains of Rome are celebrated throughout Europe, and several of them are unequalled for grandeur and artistic beauty. But the fountain that occupies the center of the Piazza di Permini, at the end of the Via Nazionale, is notorious rather than celebrated. It was originally built to mark the completion of a great work achieved under Pope Pius IX., the restoration of the ancient aqueducts and conduits which led to Rome the stream known as the Aqua Marcia, originally in use long prior to the Christian era. On the 30th of September, 1870, Pius IX. assisted at the inauguration of the fountain, and earlier in the morning of the same day he received the letter of Victor Emmanuel II. announcing his determination to invade the Pope's Roman possessions, and requesting meanwhile the pontiff's blessing!

Among the important memorials in the newest Rome is the grandiose and stately Church of St. Joachim, erected as a jubilee offering to the late pontiff, Leo XIII., whose name was Joachim.

mother of the present king, there stand still the close leaved flexes, casting deep shadows around, that are the last remnants in the way of trees of the demolished Villa Ludovisi. The palace itself is a new construction made by the Piombino family; and it is here that the two American ambassadors to the Quirinal, Wayne MacVeagh and Gen. Draper, resided in succession. Here also the present ambassador, Mr. Meyer, would have lived, had not Queen Margaret purchased it for her residence.

Among the newer adornments of the city, one of the most conspicuous is the great monument to Garibaldi on the Janiculum Hill, on the Trastevere side of the city. This position is the highest in Rome, and as the pedestal of the chief figure is of unusual altitude the statue is seen from nearly every part of Rome, and from several spots in the near Campagna. The sculptor Gallori has made rather a stately and novel combination of figures. The horse on which the hero of the figure is placed, seen from beneath, seems very long in the legs, a defect which probably arises more from the position of the ordinary spectator than from a fault in the modeling. There is a particular show of animation in the groups of soldiers and allegorical figures at the base of the pedestal, which is not perhaps beyond the proprieties, as the material is of bronze, but which some are inclined to regard as excessive, as breaking in upon the lines of the group taken as a whole.

Rome indeed is not devoid of monuments or statues. There is a fever prevailing both in France and Italy of what is called "statue mania," and even ordinary individuals who have done little else than live through their lives are remembered by memorials



Fountain Near Rome.

It is the outcome of the enthusiasm of a French priest, the Abbe Brugidou, who had more zeal than business capacity, and was eminently successful in accumulating a very heavy debt, which the late pontiff paid up to preserve the church from being sold. The cupola is formed of a white metallic substance that shines like silver in the sunshine, and which is pierced in star like apertures filled with yellow glass, through which the light penetrates in golden glow. Above the rich portico of fine Corinthian columns a glowing mosaic is seen. The interior is distinguished for its wealth of marbles and bronzes and frescoes.

Along the aisles are chapels which are constructed and adorned at the expense of several of the nations of Christendom. The chapel of the United States at the right near the transept is a splendid shrine in richness of painting, sculpture and decoration. Opposite is the French chapel; close by is that, very rich indeed, which England has made its own; on the opposite side, its art expressive of the new impulse that possesses the mind of the Irish people—the Celtic revival—is the recently completed Irish chapel. Thus this church would seem to be a world's gift to the memory of Leo XIII. The beauty of the structure and its method of adornment are not quite like those which prevail in Rome, and has a suggestion of modern French church architecture. Yet it is characteristic of the new Rome, to which nothing that is good, whatever the style may be, is wholly foreign.

The site of the city of Rome is, it has been said, quite fitted to receive the capital of the world. The azure of the horizon here is limpid and dazzling, and the dark foliage of the north harmonizes here with the lighter foliage of the south. In the garden of the palace of Queen Margaret

in stone or bronze. Statues are everywhere—in college courts, in public squares and in tiny gardens; they are so numerous that a future generation will have difficulty to remember them, not having known them; for the present generation who have met some of them in restaurants or lecture rooms, in public demonstrations or in the halls of parliament, the task is not so difficult. The great monument to Victor Emmanuel, the hugest construction probably ever raised, since the pyramid builders ceased work, to commemorate a king, is not likely to be completed for years to come. The men who knew him during life are not likely to live to see the monument finished. It is a construction of slow growth, made slower still by want of funds and by frequently recurring strikes among the workmen.

Time in its course is bringing the harsh colors and inharmonious freshness of the new Rome into a condition in which the discord is less felt. In the course of the years, when rain and sunshine have beaten upon the staring bright of the new walls of Rome, it will be difficult to distinguish them from those that are more ancient.

**Plan Ocean Cable Line.**

A group of German and Dutch capitalists, bankers and merchants have formed a joint stock company for the purpose of constructing and operating a new ocean telegraph line whose cables are to connect the island of Celebes (Dutch East Indies) with the island of Yap, whence one cable is to reach Shanghai, the other the island of Guam, where it communicates with the Pacific cable of the Commercial Cable company.

It is always safe to do right; and the truest expediency is simple justice.—John G. Whittier.



**The Cub Reporter's Fate.**

Politics were working like a can of Aunt Polly's preserves in Danville, when the cub reporter secured a "sit" on the Morning Fog Horn and was sent out to get the great Danville's speech for early copy.

Danville was a friend of the paper and a good fellow. When the cub found him at the Burris Hotel, he said yes, in Barkis-is-willin' mood, and summoned a stenographer. While the steno made curlicues, the cub sat on the foot of a sofa in Danville's room and wondered when he would be great and influential like Danville.

The speech being transcribed, the reporter proceeded to interject into the copy at divers closing paragraphs the words:

"Great applause!"  
"Demonstration in the audience!"  
"Uproarious commendation!"—and the like. Then he handed in the manuscript and went out to the sinker counter to allay the hunger within him.

Now Danville was a much admired speaker, but a lesser light than either the gubernatorial candidate or the local chairman (?) both of whom talked long and dryly at the evening "rally." Despite the fact that many people had driven in from the rural districts to hear Danville, who was last on the program, it was soon evident that he would not be heard except very briefly. Thus there was uneasiness in the nauseated throng and disintegration of the compact body as the farmers "pulled their freight" for pastoral haunts.

To further embarrass, there was to be a politicians' banquet at the leading hotel following the speeches and this must not be delayed too long.

Danville, much chagrined, but tactful, settled the fidgeting by calmly referring to the lateness of the hour and withdrawing to his hotel.

The cub reporter, busier than he had ever been with the Cross Roads Advocate, was throwing off copy in bales, while all this was happening. On his way to the hotel, however, he stopped in the office of the Fog Horn and hastily shouting up the tube to the city editor, to revise "that Danville speech," hurried to the banquet hall.

He was visibly excited over his political affiliations when he returned to the office, but he obeyed instructions when the city editor blurted:

"Sutton, write a caption to that Danville article. Say you met him in the rotunda of the hotel and he spoke on the issues of the day as follows!"

The cub retired at 4 o'clock that morning feeling he had earned at least a part of his stipend that night. But his sense of security and gratification was visibly jarred next morning! When he read the Fog Horn he discovered:

There was the caption to Danville's speech all "O. K." just as he had written it—Danville in the rotunda of the hotel talking to the reporter—and then—

Horrors! In the body of the article were those interjections standing out as boldly as a blue and red polka-dot wrapper at a Sunday school picnic:

"Great applause!"  
"Demonstration in the audience!"  
"Cheers!"

And all this, when the great Danville was talking to a "mere reporter" in a hotel lobby!

The cog had slipped!

This incident happened during the year of the big wind and was, curiously, about the time that the cub blew out of the Fog Horn office to test his ability to swim on other bladders in untried seas of prospective glory.

It is not wise to throw bricks even when out of the glass house district. In an Illinois town a bootblack annoyed a man at the depot. The man, protesting, angered the vender of shins, who threw a brick at him. The target, unfortunately, was the superintendent of the road, and he issued an order to keep all bootblacks, newsboys and other peddlers, off the platforms. If you want the news at this station now you have to ask the voluble (?) ticket agent for it—with the usual results.

Ten years ago the expenditures of the New York department stores were less than one-half of that of to-day. Twenty years ago it was less than one-tenth. Thirty years ago it was a minute fraction. Note how these stores have prospered and broadened. Does advertising pay?

Some wives object to putting their hands in hot water to wash dishes. These are usually the sort of women that keep their husbands in hot water up to the breathing line.

A man can seldom rely on his friends to tell him when to grasp an opportunity, but they never fail to chide him for his lack of foresight afterward.

If the girl doesn't know how to cook she may have the money to hire one. This is worth investigating.

Peace hath its war of conflict. Life is a perpetual sally 'gainst the contending forces of existence.

A great preventive of tramps is an ancient bucksaw on top of a pile of gnarled oak wood.