

THE ROMANCE OF A HAIRPIN.

Tray little Quaker, quiet eyed,
Camped in the corner of the ear,
I watched you loaf from bed to bed
In that poor novel "Like a Star."
Your paper-knife, I do declare,
Was but a hairpin from your hair.
And while the hairpin led the way,
I saw you smile from page to page,
And nod your head as if to say:
"This story does my heart engage."
But suddenly, unlike a lamb,
You shut the volume with a slam.
What did the precious heroine do?
Prove false, though most divinely fair,
Or die untimely? Would I knew
That I might make the placid air
Wherein the novelist exists
A very hurricane of fits.
Ah! would that I might pen a tale,
All fashioned for your ears alone,
A little ship with silver sail
From supphine seas of Eros down,
But no! you put the hairpin back
And left the train at Hackensack!
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE RANSOM.

An old Latin city slumbered by the blue waters of a gulf, over whose bosom the waves sped lightly as birds might skim the azure of a cloudless summer sky. The mountains seemed proud heads still crowned by marble temples half demolished, which seemed to gaze at their quivering reflection in the blue mirror at their feet.

The great walls of the city still bore the victorious mark of the Caesars, and on them paced the restless watchers, whose monotonous cries told the hours of the night, in concert with the tongues of monastery bells.

The outline of great aqueducts cut sharply across the horizon. Triumphal arches and rostral columns emerged from the thick foliage of trees whose shadows were crowned by marble temples half demolished, which seemed to gaze at their quivering reflection in the blue mirror at their feet.

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Provençe. They told him of the wives and daughters led to hideous bondage by these the foes of God and His church. And there were murmurs among the men who roared after Foulques the Beautiful, and he heard his name spoken in bitterness among them when they knew not he was nigh, and he saw the frown upon their faces when he came unheralded into their midst.

His own heart chid him, and he fretted to be gone, and yet the face of Bathilde held him as though she were a sorceress who had bound him to her side by chains. But a day came when a messenger rode in hot haste to Pierreluce with word that hands had been laid upon the sire of Foulques the Beautiful, his own country of Theoule, and he called his men to horse and threw himself upon his palfrey and, during not to look again on Bathilde, he rode away without a glance behind. She spoke no word.

Wearily she went up into her tower. There she sat alone and no one heard her voice in lamentation, or could say that she was desolate. But from that window where she had first looked down on the coming of her lord, there she sat, from the first gray dawning until the shadows of the night, and watched and waited for his return.

No one heard her weeping and none could say that they had seen her shed a tear. But there by her window she wept the silent, bitter tears which scald and scar the cheeks of the first gray dawning.

And in the night the watchers of the castle saw her in her trailing robes of black wandering through the long corridors, or stood aside that she might pass into the courts and gardens and walk the paths and show her sleepless eyes to the cold city of the stars.

Thinner and paler she grew until her black robes seemed to float about her and scarce touch her tender limbs. She was conscious of neither hunger, thirst nor fatigue. And at last she ceased to hope for the return of Foulques the Beautiful. He was dead or faithless.

Then she summoned her servants and bade them take from her castle walls all the mirrors of glass and steel which were wont to reflect her beauty. She would look no more upon the face which he had ceased to love or which he never more might look upon with living eyes.

From her window in the tower, where still she sat—though hopeless, for the place was dear to her because it first yielded her the sight of him—she one day saw a troop of horsemen enter the road from the mountains. Straight she went down from her tower and, but for the gates to meet them. She went among them and questioned them herself and trusted to none other.

But they knew naught of Foulques the Beautiful. After that day she went out and questioned all who journeyed on the road, and took into her white hands the hands of pilgrims and beggars and entreated of them tidings of her lord.

But none could tell her of Foulques the Beautiful. And now she prayed to God and all His angels. Each day she went to the church and bruised her delicate knees on the rough stones where knelt the poor to pray, or lay her tender feet with pilgrims to shrines, where she might lay offerings of flowers and burn tapers and pray for the return of her lord. She emptied her coffers of their stores of wealth and scattered her silver among God's poor and gave her gold in alms to abbots for the building of new monasteries and churches, where masses might be said for the safe return of her lord. And when her coffers were empty and she had sold her jewels, her rings, her glittering girdles, her golden strings with their clasps of amethyst, and her tower robes, she took her silken robes and mantles of rich brocades and laid them as offerings to our Lady, and they were taken by the church and used to drape the altars of the saints.

And she kept only her robes of black, and she was as poor in her castle as any beggar upon the roads which led into its gates. Then came a monk to the donjon gates to ask for Lady Pierreluce. White and thin, in her black garments, she came to meet him. The friar told her a woeful tale of his escape from the wars with only his life, and that threatened by wounds given him through his sword, he sought shelter for his wounds in the arms of the monks of his church. They had surprised him while binding the ten wounds of Foulques the Beautiful, now Lord of Theoule, who had been slain in the battle, and one hundred against two they had borne away the lord and chased him with thrusts of many weapons to die, as they thought, in the arms of the monks. He lingered long enough to learn that the ransom placed on the head of Foulques the Beautiful by these, his eternal foes, was a sum of 500,000 francs, and in the image of the king of France, and ten cases of precious stones.

She listened with eyes in which burned the signals of overwhelming despair. "I have nothing," she said. "I have nothing." "Daughter, where is thy great wealth?" asked the monk, and she saw that he believed her not.

"I have given unto the church," she answered, and would have explained further, but with cold, averted eyes the friar turned and left her, and she knew that he believed her not and held her faithless.

Then she went, sad eyed, back to her tower and sat in her window. She looked on the road and saw the people must pass her people wending their way toward the church. They were bearing a great branch of palms. Then she bethought her wearily that it was the Feast of Palm Sunday, and holy Sabbath day. And alone, in her tower, she sank on her knees and prayed unto God for the delivery of Foulques the Beautiful.

Thought came to her. Rising, she went down from her tower and out at her castle gates, and knelt on the road where the people must pass her on their way from church. He face was as white as that of the dead, and her eyes as dark as black pools when the sky is angry above them.

And when the people came from the church they found the Lady of Pierreluce kneeling among the beggars by the roadside, with arms outstretched, asking alms for the ransom of Foulques the Beautiful. And they thought her mad, and spat upon her—because they feared her no longer, and they thought her a witch, and they placed them in her hands, and bade her help herself from the store of jewels. They laid bits of tin and copper between her white fingers, and bade her make herself welcome to their gold. But as they stoned her and laughed at her and reviled her in her misery, the holy abbot and his white-robed friars came down from the donjon chapel, and when he saw her kneeling he laid his hands upon her head and blessed her.

And lo! there came a sudden rift of light from heaven, and it bathed her from head to foot in its splendor. And the bits of tin and copper became the shining gold she coveted, and the store of jewels in her turned to jewels in her hands, and she had ten times more of these than she had any possible need of.

The people marvel and cried, "Hosannah!" And she rose and, covered up her treasure and smile part of her people and forgave them and Gladster way to dispatch the messenger. And she was at once released. And the angel heaven that

the Lady of Pierreluce had won to herself, through her humility, the ransom of the valiant soldier, Foulques the Beautiful. Adapted from the French of Rene Maizere.

CASTING PLATE GLASS.

An Interesting and Beautiful Process—How It Is Done. The casting tables, the most important pieces of apparatus in a plate-glass works, are 19 feet long, 14 feet wide and 7 inches thick. Each is provided with an iron roller 30 inches in diameter and 15 feet long. Strips of iron on each side of the table afford a bearing for the rollers and determine the thickness of the plate of glass to be cast. The rough plate is commonly nine-sixteenths of an inch in thickness; after polishing it is reduced to six or seven sixteenths. The casting tables are mounted on wheels, and run on a track that reaches every furnace and annealing oven in the building.

The table having been wheeled as near as possible to the melting furnace, the pot of molten glass is lifted by means of a crane, and its contents quickly poured on the table. The heavy iron roller is then passed from end to end, spreading the glass into a layer of uniform thickness.

The whole operation of casting scarcely occupies more time than it takes to describe it. Each movement is made with almost nervous rapidity. Few industries offer such fine scenic display as the pouring of molten glass. One feels like crying "Encore!" it is so very brilliant. In contact with the cold metal of the table the glass cools rapidly. As soon as possible the door of the annealing oven is opened and the plate of glass introduced. The floor of the oven is on the same level as the casting table, so that the transfer can be conveniently and quickly made.

When, after several days, the glass is taken out of the oven, its surface is found to be decidedly rough and uneven. A small quantity is used in this condition for skylights and other purposes where strength is required without transparency. It is known in the market as rough plate. The greater part of the glass, however, is ground, smoothed and polished before it leaves the establishment. —British Mercantile Gazette.

A Queer Legacy.

Among the rubbish in the storeroom of the late William I. Hilton, a little odd faded book, containing some odd suggestions to his boys as to how they should proceed in life after he had passed to his reward, was picked up by a Franklin (Ky.) Favorite reporter a few days since, and is now for the first time given to the public.

Four per cent, when certain is better than eight per cent, when uncertain. Never buy inferior articles of any kind to make money on. Watch all men, as there are but few who are honest; in fact, there is none honest from the heart in everything.

Never let any person on earth know your business, and more especially how much money you have—not even your family. Never let any man know anything about your business, except what you wish to have some difference and need to advise with a lawyer.

Above all things on earth never vote for any tax on anything except for a railroad, in case you have no way of getting your country produce off. Never marry until you are thirty years old.

Be certain to give your children an English education at any cost, if you can. Never be persuaded beyond your own judgment. Never buy property adjoining either a church or a schoolhouse if you can avoid it.

Never lend money to your neighbors, for if you should ever have to sue them they would no longer be a neighbor. Never buy a small place with a fine building on it. Easy Lessons on Political Science. From the Boston Transcript.

Teacher—"We just now hear the first class in politics. What is politics?" Pupil—"Politics is the science of seeming to help another to get the vote and getting there yourself."

"What is an office?" "The one thing needful." "How can an office be secured?" "By putting yourself in the hands of your friends." "Should a man seek office?" "Not if he doesn't want it." "What is a legislature?" "A place where corporations purchase their privileges."

"Is this the only business transacted by a legislature?" "Oh, no; the members go there to get re-elected." "What is patronage?" "The corner stone of government. It is the stone that is given to those who ask for bread." "What is an election?" "It is the people's amen to the prayer formulated by the bosses."

Eloped With a Jap.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—Kaker Kura, a little Japanese maiden, is missing. Several years ago Kai Kura, Kaker's father, arrived in San Francisco and started a shooting gallery. He prospered and Kaker grew to be a maiden. Many were the offers for her hand, but her parents were loth to lose their child. One young Japanese followed Kaker persistently. Then papa Kura waxed angry and told him he must not do it again. But Kaker came around every night, and Kura grew desperate and moved to New York, arriving here on Sunday last. On the same night Kaker disappeared, taking her clothing, but leaving no word. Kura is afraid she has eloped with Kai, or that she has been abducted. He notified the police of her disappearance and offered \$25 reward for her recovery.

EXCURSION

COLUMBUS, O.

The Montana Central Railway will sell tickets to Columbus, O., September 11 to 14 inclusive, at a single fare (\$68.15) for the round trip on account of the Sovereign Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. convention.

Good returning until September 30. For further particulars apply to W. Pinkham, Grand Representative Sovereign Grand Lodge, or M. C. ticket office.

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