THE RETREAT FROM MUKDEN.

MOTHERHOOD.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging at their gown;
Or that the footsteps, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
A cap or jacket on my chamber floor,
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest has flown!
The little boy I used to love is dead.

But now it seems surpassing strange to me
That while I bore the badge of motherhood
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
My little child, who brought me only good.

—Mary Clemmer Ames.

THE HARDCASTLE TWINS.

WELL, May darling, what is to be done? Uncle Jim has come to life again. He is apparently married, and is the proud father of twin boys. So my chances of inheriting are——"

And Eric Strachan gave a half choke, and looked at Maisie, and the girl looked first at him and then away from him, and her beautiful eyes were clouded.

"And next week we were going to ask the courts to to be allowed to presume your uncle's death, and you would be slipped into title and estates, and—oh, Eric! What a man Lord Hardcastle is, dead one minute and alive the next!"

"What you might call unreliable," said Eric dryly.

In early youth Lord Hardcastle had had a disappointment in love, and, though anyone who knew him would have thought him the last man in the world to have taken such a matter seriously to heart, he did, for he shut up his house and wandered literally all over the face of creation for many years.

He had no relative living but Eric, and not only was he a bad correspondent, but when his rare and laconic epistles from Canada, Australia or South America did arrive only an average of one word in three was decipherable, for his handwriting was simply abominable.

He had been shot, stabbed, had fallen down a disused shaft or two at the diggings, and been shipwrecked twice, and seemed to thrive upon it; and once he wrote he was suffering from what looked like "galloping consumption," but the consumption either failed to gallop, or the air of the Blue Mountains had cured him, or the bad writing may not have been "consumption" at all; the symbols may have stood for a pain almost anywhere. Seven years before when in England, he had made the acquaintance of his nephew Eric, who was 18; he took a huge fancy to the bright young fellow, gave him a very handsome check, indeed, told him to look upon himself as heir to the Hardcastle estates, and promised he would write to his solicitors to see that Eric had a decent allowance worthy of the heir to thousands, and he had better try for the army, and live well.

When old Hardcastle, leaving a very grateful lad behind him, returned to his hotel, he met a very old crony who was sailing on the following day for the Argentine. Buenos Ayres was one of the few places Jack Hardcastle had not visited, so, forgetting all about his plans for Eric, he said he would come, too. There was no bother about packing, for he had only arrived the day before from Sydney, and had not unpacked yet; so at dawn the next morning this globe-trotter and his crony started for Buenos Ayres, and poor Eric was forgotten. The young fellow was practically alone in the world, and if it had not been for little Maisie, his boyhood's sweetheart, would have refused the fairly good clerkship in the city which had been offered him, and lived the life of an idle man on the very slender income his parents had left him, and the prospects of help from his rich, eccentric uncle.

They had been married nearly a year now, and two happier people never lived out of paradise; but their income was only a small one, and there were prospects of another little mouth to feed. They had never quite given up hope that in the nick of time the eccentric uncle would turn up like the godmother in the fairy story, and now had come this awful, ill-written letter, saying he had twin boys, and no mention of his wife—he probably forgot to mention she was dead. Maisie spread it out upon the table, and once more deciphered as much as she could, practically spelling out each symbol.

"'I'm bringing over my two lovely twin boys; you will be delighted with them; they're the image of Rose' (I suppose that is his wife). 'They yell a good deal at night—all boys do, but you can rig them up out of the way where they will disturb no one.'

"Oh, Eric, how can we find room for them all?"

"Twin boys? It looks to me like 'twin frogs.' I never saw such writing. Caesar and Brutus! Did you ever hear such names for children? They're heathen names, too. Awful!"

And then Maisie gave a faint shriek as she looked at the envelope, for it had been posted, not in Sydney, but in London! True to his eccentric instincts, Hardcastle had thought, as he intended to come over, and as the next vessel would carry the mails, including his letter, he might just as well bring the letter over in his pocket and post it in town.

"We must prepare a room for a possible wife and nurse, and we shall want a wee bed for the twins, Eric."

And, quite unconsciously, the little woman glanced toward a wee bed which was being prepared for another little tenant, and there was an expression on her face which made Eric bend over her and kiss her.

They turned out of their own room to make room for Lord and Lady Hardcastle, hired a wee bed, and placed it with a bed for the nurse in the dressing-room. Eric flew out and ordered unheard-of luxuries, and had scarcely returned when a carriage drove up.

Maisie was sitting in the drawing-room, eight feet by eight, trying to look dignified, and Eric himself went to the door. He hesitated for a moment to open it—he had preceded their little servant—and, ere turning the handle, heard:

"You can go back to town, John, or whatever your name is, and take the twins—why, where the devil are the stables?"

Now, there are no stables in Palmyra Villa—far from it.

And then Eric opened the door. A little man as brown as a berry, as hard as nails all over, with gray hair and eyes, and an alert look, was Jack Hardcastle. He did not attempt to shake hands. Small as he was, he seemed to fill the narrow hall.

"Well, young man, what have you to say for yourself?"

"I am glad to see you, uncle."

"Of course, of course—only natural; but do you mean to say that on five hundred a year you can't occupy a larger dog-kennel than this?"

"I am only earning two-fifty, uncle."

"Do you mean to say Spooner & Co. are not paying you five hundred a year?"

"No, sir—why should they?"

"Because I told them to, of course—they're my solicitors. I own I forgot I had arranged to grease your wheels a bit for you before I left England last—dear me, that's seven years ago—and when I did think of it—let me see, I was in the Andamans then—I wrote myself—and in my own handwriting, to make sure—and told them to pay you five hundred a year as long as you behaved yourself, and I got a cable back months afterward—I was in Mexico then: 'Five hundred bunches of bananas not arrived. I couldn't understand what they meant—I suppose there was something the matter with my handwriting."

Maisie could stand this no longer. She had stopped looking dignified, and was crumpled up with undignified laughter. So she came out and introduced herself, and the little gray man kissed her.

"But you are not alone, uncle?"

"There's only me and the twins."

"But where are Lady Hardcastle and the nurse? I have made all preparations, and am dying to see the twins."

They were in the eight foot by eight now, and Hardcastle seated, looked blankly at his hosts.

"Do you know, my dear," he said, "I'm bothered if I know what you're talking about. I was never married, and never shall be, and I do not require the services of a nurse."

"But your twin boys?" And she produced his letter.

"Twin boys!" he gasped. "Twin dogs! Poor old Rosie only had two, so we called them the twins, and they've taken every prize down under"; and he was purple.

And then he went to the front door, and in stalked two huge British bulldogs.

* * * * * *

They had been settled at Hardcastle House for some little time, for Eric had been ordered to throw up his clerkship, which he did with alacrity—when Maisie heard sounds of mirth proceeding from the day nursery, and quietly went upstairs.

She found her first-born on the knee of Lord Hardcastle, and Lord Hardcastle was giving the first-born a writing lesson!—The Gentlewoman.

JESSE BARTLETT DAVIS.

Her "Oh, Promise Me," Will Endure Till Lovers Are No More.

Jessie Bartlett Davis, the charming exponent of light opera, who died in Chicago recently, had sung her way into the hearts of the American people. As long as the world has lovers her sweetest rendition, "Oh, Promise Me," will endure, and its sentiment will pilot many souls as they embark on a broader sea of life than they have known before.

MRS. DAVIS.

Oh, promise me that some day you and I
Will take our love together to some sky
Where we can be alone and faith renew
And find the hollows where those flowers grew.
Those first sweet violets of early spring
That come in whispers, thrill us both, and sing
Of love unspeakable that is to be.
Oh, promise me! Oh, promise me:

Oh, promise me that you will take my hand,
The most unworthy in this lonely land,
And let me sit beside you, in your eyes
Seeing the vision of our Paradise,
Hearing God's message while the organ rolls
Its mighty music to our very souls—
No life less perfect than a life with thee.
Oh, promise me! Oh, promise me!

Jessie Bartlett was born shortly before the Civil War on a farm at Morris, Ill. As a girl she had a pleasing contralto voice and nature had endowed her with beauty of face and form. She studied music in Chicago and sang in church choirs. When the Pinafore craze swept the country she was one of the Chicago choir singers who joined a troupe of which Will J. Davis was manager. She played the part of Little Buttercup. Before the tour ended she was the wife of the manager. Soon after this Adelina Patti made a tour of the country and she engaged Mrs. Davis to play Siebel in "Faust." She next joined the Carletons, afterward was with the American Opera Company and finally joined the Bostonians, whose prima donna she was for many years. She had been a success as Carmen and Fatinitza, but it was as Allen-a-Dale in "Robin Hood" that she made herself a queen of light opera. Her pure contralto, matchless figure and the dazzling brilliancy of her jewels and gowns will long be remembered. She played other parts, including Dolores in "The Serenade." Her last appearance was in "Erminie," with Francis Wilson. She had saved money and owned a splendid farm, Willowdale, near Crown Point, Ind., where she passed much of her time in full enjoyment of rural delights. She will be remembered with Adelaide Phillips and Anna Louise Cary as one of the greatest of contraltos.

Ever notice that the number of women who are supporting their husbands is increasing?

GREAT THEBES RAILROAD BRIDGE.

The new railroad bridge over the Mississippi River at Thebes, Ill., is not longer nor more picturesque than other railway bridges across the Mississippi, but it is one of the most important. It was planned and constructed, not by the managers of one railway, but of several, and was located not with one railway in mind, but with the trade of two great sections in mind.

The structure recently completed is one of the fifteen great railway bridges crossing the Mississippi, and is probably the most substantial structure ever thrown across the great river. The fact that the approaches are of concrete contributes greatly to the serviceableness of the bridge. The experience of the last ten years has shown that concrete stands against floods better than stone or any other material, and in this particular and in the character of the structural work the bridge at Thebes represents the best results of modern experience and engineering skill.

The bridge was placed where the engineers directed and the railways interested are to come to it. It was built to accommodate a great freight traffic, and in this particular has advantages over bridges built at an earlier date. It opens a new line of direct communication between Chicago and the Southwest by way of southern Illinois, and is to stand for all time holding open the doors to a growing trade with the Southwest.

AT ELLIS ISLAND.

Grotesque Immigrant and Change Made by Year's Residence.

Ellis Island—that gateway to New York through which this year will enter about a million refugees from the ignorance, despotism, poverty and hopelessness of the old world—is one of the most interesting places in the metropolis. There the student of humanity is never in want of an engrossing subject. There he may see "in the raw" the peasantry of sunny Italy, of ice-bound Finland, of Lithuania, of Poland, of all the many lands of Europe and western Asia—the Jew, the Catholic, the Mohammedan, the Protestant, the adherent of the Greek Church—each attired in the grotesque and semi-barbaric garb of his native village and speaking a rude dialect which the educated from even his own land can scarcely comprehend.

Heavy, stolid faces—product of centuries of toil, poverty and ignorance—confront him, but he will detect little of viciousness. These ox-like men and women are not criminals. Only rarely among the tens of thousands of incomers is there one lacking the simple virtues of the peasant, and the exception may be detected as easily as may a wolf in a crowded sheepfold.

Of the 812,000 men, women and children whom the ships brought to Ellis Island last year less than one in a hundred were rejected, and only the smallest sprinkling because of a criminal record. Those who were sent back were refused admission because

CONTRAST AT ELLIS ISLAND.

they were in ill health, were likely to become paupers or were contract laborers.

The metamorphosis which a year's residence in the United States causes in these uncouth immigrants is something astonishing, particularly if the newcomer is a woman and has spent the year in the metropolis. When the immigrant lands at Ellis Island he—or she—is an outlandish-looking object, outlandish as was ever no stage clown. Invariably he has a bundle, and his wife has a bundle—a bundle done up in anything from the size of a pocket handkerchief to a large tablecloth. If the bundle is a small one it is carried in the hand or slung across a stick over the shoulder; if it is a large bundle the woman ties it across her back, leaving her hand free to balance, perhaps, a small paper trunk on her head with one hand, and with the other to drag a load of precious and archaic pots and pans to which she has clung like grim death since the eventful day when she left her hovel far behind. The children, or such of them as are not babes at the breast, follow in line, each bearing his own little momento of old world housekeeping—a tea kettle, a pot, a wooden spoon.

They see nothing to be ashamed of in all this—on the contrary, they are inordinately proud of this public parade of their worldly possessions, and it is hard for them to understand the shame and mortification which their gaucherie causes their loving and eager friends who come to welcome them. If the Americanized friend is a woman, especially if she be a young woman, one may depend upon it that her unsophisticated countrywoman has got to be amazingly "prinked up" before they set off together. Not infrequently a "lady friend" gifted with forethought will have brought with her an entire new wardrobe all a la mode for the newcomer, and it is a common occurrence to see one of these ambitious kinswomen literally forcing her dazed peasant friend to lay aside her picturesque kirtle and bodice, her gay headdress, her long pendant earring—beloved treasures—and don in their stead, in such privacy as can be secured in the door ways of the long exit corridors, cheap and tawdry black skirts and a white shirt waist and a picture hat laden with flowers and feathers.

In a few months the peasant girl becomes habituated to wearing corsets about her strong young waist, and she blushes to think of the sight she must have been when she landed, with a bundle on her back, and when she in turn goes to meet some one of her friends it is difficult to realize how radical has been the transformation.

A Discouraging Outlook.

The weekly New York paper which chronicled gay doings not only in that frivolous metropolis but in England and other foreign ports as well, afforded Mrs. Emmons keen enjoyment, and gave her many an excuse for righteous wrath. This fact had been fully appreciated by her son, who sent her a year's subscription.

"Listen to this, Bije Emmons," she commanded one night, the paper trembling in her hands. "It's the account of a grand reception in London, and this is what it says: 'The Honorable Winifred Cowles was in black velvet, studded with jewels, the low-cut bodice and sleeve straps being encrusted with sparkling gems. The Honorable Frances Rathbone wore deep blue velvet with garnitures of rich lace.'

"Now you mark what I say," said Mrs. Emmons. "If our young fellows that go over to England get to wearing such clothes as this paper describes, what's going to become of our country? A fellow that'll submit himself to be rigged up in any such way as that isn't likely to know how to handle a gun in time o' war or a hoe in time o' peace!"

A Little Shy on Culture.

"Mrs. Goldenwads doesn't seem to be very well educated or to have much refinement," said Mrs. Oldcastle. "At the dinner last night I heard her say: 'Just look at them there roses.'"

"No," replied her hostess, "she ain't been in society long enough yet to get much culture. Of course anybody that was educated would know enough to say: 'Look at those there roses.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

In theatrical circles, "melo-drama" means a poor show.

INTERESTING NEW INVENTIONS

Interchangable Base.

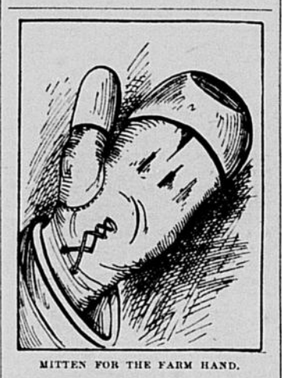
A new idea in glassware is to provide a metallic base and stem with interchangeable cups or bowls of different sizes and shapes, to conform to the necessities of the occasion. The

BASE FOR GLASSWARE.

bases and stems may be made of glass, but as the device is intended primarily for drinking glasses the more durable metal supports are preferable. Each interchangeable bowl is provided at its bottom with a depending necked annular projection adapted to engage with spring fingers on the base. Such device economizes the quantity of glassware that has to be provided, and yet lends itself readily to much desired changes in capacity.

Armored Mitten.

It is deplorable that so many hands and arms have been torn off by being caught between the rollers of cornhuskers and rolling machines. Sooner or later, through inattention or inadvertency, the operator's pliable fingers reach the rollers, and, once caught, the hand or arm is almost certain to

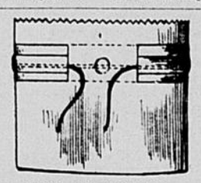


MITTEN FOR THE FARM HAND.

be crushed. Based on the fact that a hard and smooth or a hard and comparatively blunt object, even when purposely pressed against such rollers is not drawn between them, William C. Niebuhr, of Fielden, Minn., has perfected an "armored" mitten to avert these too frequent accidents. The body of the mitten is of ordinary construction and material, but the tip and thumb are provided with metallic shells, the former being very blunt and a little wider than the body of the mitten, while the latter is finished with serrations. The metal thumb cap is of a peculiar shape, as shown, to afford clearance for the thumb joint when this is bent. The flexible body of the mitten enables the wearer to manipulate stalks or other material being fed to a husking or chopping machine with considerable dexterity, while at the same time the metal tips prevent accidents of the kind referred to. The inventor, of course, expects to apply a modification of this principle to gloves, but for most purposes a mitten is preferable.

String on the Bag.

One of the most characteristic indications of the strenuous life of the times is the persistent effort to economize labor even in the moost trivial of industrial operations. The self-opening envelope, the self-addressing or



PAPER BAG FASTENER.

"outlook" envelope are typical of this class of devices. Much in the same line is the self-fastening paper bag, the invention of Henry H. Glenwright, of Morris Run, Pa. The object of the invention is to combine with paper bags a wrapping string, whereby the salesman is enabled to inclose and secure a greater number of packages, and thereby economizing his own time and giving greater dispatch to the customer. An ordinary paper bag is augmented by an enforcing strip which is pasted around the upper edge, nearly encircling it, leaving only a small intermediate space. This strip, which may be of paper or textile, but, of course, preferably of paper, covers a piece of string the size and strength of which conform to the capacity of the bag. After the bag is filled the strings are crossed and drawn in opposite directions, thereby gathering the top of the bag, after which the ends of the string are tied in any convenient manner. In effect, a paper bag is provided with a drawing string, which no doubt should to a greater or less extent facilitate the tying of a package. The presence of the string attached to the bag effects a considerable saving in itself aside from the mere rapidity of tying up, as a salesman is saved many steps to and from the string holder or wrapping counter.

A COMMENCEMENT DAY REHEARSAL.

—Cincinnati Post.

HUMBLE, BUT IMPORTANT.

Alvey Adee Considered Well Nigh Indispensable at Washington.

When Alvey Adee, Second Assistant Secretary of State, sailed for Europe the other day there was no mention of it in the papers, says a Washington correspondent. Most folks don't know who Mr. Adee is and many editors are equally ignorant. He is one of the most interesting figures at the national capital and is the one man who is considered indispensable, and changing administrations in no way affect him.

ALVEY ADEE.

Is there a treaty to be framed whose language must be such as to bind another nation in coils which it can not loosen and at the same time inflict upon the United States no obligation that will rise to harass her in the future? It is to Mr. Adee that the task is assigned. Is there an international representation in the form of a circular note to the powers of the world, a note which will become history and mark an epoch in the foreign relations of the United States? Mr. Adee is given the line to be followed, and it is in his phrases that the powers will learn our attitude. Is some great international question pending which threatens to draw the United States into world politics and will force this country to a declaration of its attitude? Mr. Adee will in a few hours give the precedents which have guided the government since its foundation. Is the government about to take an important step in any relation with foreign powers? To Mr. Adee the proposition involved will be submitted and its every ramification will be studied out with probable resultant effects, just as another man might figure out as many as twelve or thirteen moves in a chess game.

He is 60 years old and has been in the service of the State Department thirty-five years. As a linguist he has no equal in his department. He acquires the grammar of languages in his office and every year he makes a tour abroad, in which he learns the accent that distinguishes him from the average tourist.

Just Missed Killing Funston.

Telling a story of the troublous times in Cuba, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee recounted to the general assembly that while consul at Havana he came near killing Gen. Frederick Funston, believing him to be bent upon assassination.

Just before the Maine was blown up Gen. Lee received many threats that he would be killed and was in daily fear of his life. Soon after being warned of a plot to slay him the American consul got one of the worst scares in his life.

He was alone in his office when the door opened and one of the worst-looking faces he had ever seen looked in at him. The man had long hair, unkempt beard and a gaunt appearance.

"He said he was from Kansas and had enough of the Cubans," said Gen. Lee. "I told him he was taking his life in his hands by coming into the Spanish lines and if he was caught they would make quick work of him as a spy.

"He said he didn't care. I was satisfied he was telling the truth and sent him out for a bath and hair cut. I got him aboard a steamer the next day without arousing any suspicion. He landed safely in the United States. That man was Gen. Funston, who captured Aguinaldo."—Chicago Daily News.

When it comes to paying back a visit there are mighty few women on the dead beat list.

TALKS WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SOME QUESTIONS.

Why does the dog turn round and round
Before his sleeping posture's found?
Why does the dog turn round and
How does the cricket pipe his song?
Viewing the springtime cherry tree,
Blossoms or leaves do first we see?
From which side does one milk a cow?
Why do the sun-dogs storm avow?
Why does the rabbit, in a chase,
Prefer up-hill to lead the race?
What are the cat-tribe's whiskers for?
Why does the rat have tail galore?
When cows and horse rise, my dears,
Which is the end that first uprears?
Why does the whale proceed to spout?
How do the lobster's eyes "stick out?"
On which side of the tree-trunk grows
The moss—and why, do you suppose?
Why is the ocean salt, and why
Does't not o'erflow nor yet run dry?
But wax the rivers great or small
Its volume changes not at all!

—Edwin L. Sabin in Indianapolis News.

SKAL-LAL-A-TOOT'S WIND STORY

The old chief puzzled for a long time over Samoset's wind story. Perhaps he wished Glooskap would tie the wings of the Wind Bird once more, for he very often destroyed the cornfields in the broad plains where the old chief lived.

Then he said, "Skal-lal-a-toots, can you tell a wind story, too?"

And Skal-lal-a-toots said, "I can tell you why the wind howls and shrieks so wildly, good chief."

"Is it because he is angry?" Samoset asked.

"No, it is because he is crazy," said Skal-lal-a-toots. "Listen, and I will tell you about it."

Once upon a time the Wind went to the lodge of a great bear and stole away the bear's daughter.

"I will take you," he said, "to my beautiful home in the northern sky."

The daughter was glad to go, but the father was angry. So when he found that his daughter was stolen, he flew out across the sea to overtake the Wind.

And when he had overtaken him, he struck the Wind such a blow upon the head that the Wind gave a great howl of pain and fell into the sea.

For a long time the Wind drifted on the waves, and the bear supposed that he had killed him. But by and by the Wind awoke again. The blow had only stunned him, and he seemed dead for a time.

But, alas, the Wind was never himself again; and from that time he has been crazy—crazy as a Wind could be.

Since that time he has gone howling and shrieking up and down the earth, crying, "Where is my beautiful Wife-bear! Where! Where! Where!"

But meantime the stars had taken pity on the unhappy Wife-bear, and had carried her up into the skies to dwell with them. And there in the night you can see her still. Her face is very pale, and sometimes she turns it away from the earth and you cannot see it at all.

But the poor, sad, crazy Wind has never found the Wife-bear yet. He still goes on dancing and singing and moaning and howling, always looking for the Wife-bear that he lost.

And the Wife-bear grieves for him; that is why she sometimes turns her face away from the earth. The stars too, are sorry, but they cannot help him. So they watch over him, and they will watch over him as long as the poor, crazy Wind goes wandering up and down the earth.—New York Globe.

MOTHER GOOSE BAZAR.

An entertainment and profitable bazar for charity one springtime was called "Mother Goose's Spring Opening." A large Sunday school room was decorated with little booths made gay with imitation white lilies and festoons of yellow paper. Red cardboard flower pots also mounted guard at the entrances of the various booths, and these were filled with the some effective blossoms, and so natural were they that it was hard to realize that their fragrance was only sachet powder sprinkled generously within their centers, writes Marjorie March in the Housekeeper.

Mother Goose herself was mistress of ceremonies, met the guests as they entered and made them feel at home.

Old Mother Hubbard had a truly novel cupboard that was a delight to every one. Its doors were wide open and in its many compartments were some wee puppies and kittens for sale.

Lucy Locket presided over a counter where leather "pockets" of all descriptions were for sale, purses, big and small, shopping bags, beaded bags, silk work bags, etc.

Mistress Mary had a charming little corner where potted pansy blooms and other spring flowers were offered at tempting prices. Her counter was ornamented with the legendary "silver bells," and a popular feature was her "cockle shells." (These had been saved by one of the church workers from a seashore trip the year before.) They held the tiniest of potted ferns and sold for ten cents each.

The old woman who swept the cobwebs off the sky sold brooms, big and small, dust-pans, aprons, dish towels, dusting caps, wash rags and many other prosaic articles.

Curly Locks, a most bewitching maiden with flowing curls, sat at a little table sewing her "fine seam" and incidentally selling fancy articles, tray cloths, doilies, centerpieces, pillow cover, etc.

Then there was the "old woman who lived in a shoe," and she sold her children (dolls) of whom she had so many "she didn't know what to do." Most of these were grouped in a great shoe made of black paper. The others were arranged on the counter by its side.

Next to her came Cinderella's booth. Cinderella was in her ball dress and sold slippers of every description, worsted and bedroom sandals. Little Jack Horner literally sat "in a corner" and sold cakes and pies and candies. Jack and Jill dispensed lemonade from a charming little well, in small tin pails and not one catastrophe was there during the whole evening.

THE JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE.

Some Japanese nightingales were released in St. James park, London, the other day. They immediately made themselves at home, says the London Express, and settled down to the new life by taking a vigorous bath in the lake.

The Japanese nightingale is not a nightingale, nor does it come from Japan, but this is the name given to the bird by dealers, who find the higher sounding title better than the plainer alternative of "Pekin robin."

It has been a favorite with bird-keepers ever since its first importation, and is now exceedingly cheap; the first pair brought from China, not so very many years ago, cost £10—now this sum would buy a few hundred.

The Japanese nightingale is, perhaps, the most charming little bird in existence. He is more beautifully colored than most small birds, being olive green above, with orange bordered wings, and tinted on the throat and breast with the most exquisite shading of primrose yellow and glowing orange. His eyes are, if anything, darker and more lustrous than our own robin's, and his bill is as red as coral.

Moralists have gloated over the presumed incapacity of beautiful birds to sing, but the Japanese nightingale is one of the exceptions to the rule. His song is as sweet as the English blackcaps, sometime as short, loud, melow and insistent as one of the blackbird's strophes, and, again, long low and tender. He is, too, as affectionate as a love bird with his own kind and friendly to other birds—even London sparrows.

SIZE OF THE ATLANTIC WAVES.

The size of the Atlantic waves has been carefully measured for the Washington Hydrographic Bureau. In height the waves usually average about thirty feet, but in rough weather they attain from forty to forty-eight feet. In storms they are often from 500 to 600 feet long, and last ten or eleven seconds, while the longest yet known measured half a mile and did not spend itself for twenty-three seconds.

Coon Versus Mountain Lion.

James A. McCallum has a mountain lion that he is now willing to part with to any one as a gracious gift. When he received the fine looking cougar a few days ago from a friend in the Rocky Mountains he thought that he had an animal that could whip anything that wore hair, but when the king of mountain beast was fought to a standstill yesterday by an ordinary old ring-tailed coon, McCallum lost heart. The lion was seen a few days ago in his cage by Jack Cook. The lion tipped the beam at 175 pounds, but Cook said his coon could lick him.

The other morning Cook's coon was thrown into the cage with the lion. The fight began at once. The lion made vicious strokes with his paw at the coon, but the wily little animal proved to be an adept at dodging all the blows. No quicker would the blow of the lion proved futile than the coon would grab him by the throat, and begin to claw with all his might. He would soon loosen his hold and jump away. This was repeated for about twenty-five minutes, when the lion, bleeding profusely, skulked to a corner, and refused to battle further.

The coon was taken out of the cage with hardly a scratch on him, and apparently proud of his work with his heavy antagonist. The little ring-tailed animal weighs about twenty pounds, but Jack Cook says he is worth his weight in gold.—Louisville

He Died in Several Ways.

Records of the ancient city Georgeans founded in 1640, better known at the present time as York Harbor, Me., contain many quaint and unusual stories of the early life of the town.

At the entrance to York Harbor a bold promontory, known as Stage Neck, extends some distance into the sea, from which formerly in stormy weather a temporary light, in the form of a lantern hoisted upon an upright pole, was displayed as a warning to mariners.

One dark winter night a sloop was wrecked on these rocks. A survivor, on being questioned about the catastrophe, said:

"The vessel struck, turned over on her side, and the skipper rolled overboard."

The local Coroner was summoned and this somewhat startling verdict was returned:

"We find that the deceased fell from the masthead and was killed; he rolled overboard and was drowned; he floated ashore and froze to death, and the rats ate him up alive!"—Portland Advertiser.

The Coast of Spain.

"Everywhere that I have seen it, the coast of Spain is an iron-bound beach with a rough sea breaking," writes a traveler. "Whether on the Atlantic or the Mediterranean shore, whether on the Biscayan or the Andalusian coast, there seems to be ever a heavy surf booming along the Spanish beach. Here on the extreme north there were the same somber mountains that we had once seen when coasting between Gibraltar and Marseilles; here we saw the same stern landscape and the same gaunt cliffs crowned with watch towers, sad-colored like the cliffs and seeming to be stony growths out of the rocks themselves."