

GENERAL NOTES.

Judge Chipman of Detroit has rendered a decision in a divorce case, which, if sustained will prevent people coming to his state only for the purpose of procuring a divorce under the favorable laws of the state.

The practice of selling white children to Chinese in San Francisco seems to have become a serious evil.

A Lansing dispatch says: There has been some speculation whether Gov. Alger exceeded his authority in sending troops to the scene of the Saginaw valley strike.

A writer in the Pall Mall Gazette makes the assertion that the beginning of the shameless sins in London may be traced to the bringing of men in contact with young girls at the skating rinks.

A violent hater of tobacco is Dr. Hitchcock, the professor of athletics at Amherst college.

MEMBERS of the salvation army deserve credit for intrepidity as well as zeal. A few days ago several of them attacked that stronghold of anti-hell—Bob Ingersoll—and sought to convince him of the error of his ways.

A VIOLENT hater of tobacco is Dr. Hitchcock, the professor of athletics at Amherst college.

THE Episcopal rector of North Adams Mass., rides a tricycle, and the Episcopal rector of Adams, six miles distant, rides a bicycle.

BEVA LOCKWOOD, the world-be president, says it's all right for the milk-and-water sort of women to be yoked to a man, but that women with brains and will power should never entertain the idea.

A Oregon man has followed out the stump of a huge tree in the fashion of a room—cut a door and windows in it, and has there taken up his abode.

There is only one woman infidel lecturer in the world and her name, revised, is Shoshon Gardner.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Playing "Grown Up."

Three children with cheeks all aglow, Like roses that blossom in May, Set out to explore with fresh zeal, New fields in the kingdom of play.

Six bars, little feet pressed the sod, Each hat was all rimmed and torn; Yet onward they strode with a grace And meek that a king might have worn.

Said Walter, "I'm tired of 'horse,' Or of playing at the 'railroad car'; Let's play we've grown up and gone off— Oh, ever and ever so far."

"And I'll have a kingdom," cried Ned, "With Tassie the queen of my heart; We'll ride in the grandest big coach; 'Twas only a creaking old car."

"And Tassie a lady shall be, With a dress that will come way down; (That very old one of mamma's), And we'll play it's a satin gown."

"For my part," said Walter, in turn, "I'll choose a rich merchant to be; I'll own lots of ships that will sail To a land way over the sea."

"I'll build me store down by the beach— We'll play it's the ocean, you know; I'll gather up chips for my boats, And send them all off in a row."

"But they'll never come back," said Ned, "Said Tassie, the best but little maid; 'Dust play they'll come back some day."

"Oh, Tassie! 'tis maiden 'tis thus We ever keep on with our play, We send out bright hopes o'er Life's main, And trust they'll come back some day."

The Boys' Club.

The Boys' Club is not a school nor a lecture-room nor any kind of a meeting. It was only a club for the East-side boys, where every fellow can read or play games, or talk, or tell stories or do anything that is regular out and out fun, and not mischief.

The superintendent has one or two boys to help him, one to look after the hats and caps, another to keep an eye on the wash-room, and another to take charge of the drawing materials.

Every night at half-past seven, excepting on Sundays, the doors are opened and the boys file in, down the stairs to the big basement where the club holds its jolly meetings.

On New Year's Day another deluge of presents came to enrich the dainties. There was a white kitten, with a blue ribbon round its neck; a pair of white mittens, with swan's down around the top; a satin hood trimmed with swan's-down, and, best of all, Daisy thought, one for the wax doll just like it.

"They are beautiful," said Daisy, "and I thank you, but they wasn't what I expected. I expected something else—something that I need very much."

"Daisy had heard her mamma say: 'I do hope the children, in buying gifts for me, will remember my needs this year, for I need certain articles very much.' Daisy was coaxed again by brother Tom and by all the other brothers and sisters in vain.

The weeks rolled by until the spring days came, when the sled and mittens and hood were laid away for another winter.

"Daisy's birthday comes this week," said Lou, one pleasant May Sunday afternoon, when all the family were gathered for lunch before returning to church and Sunday-school.

"Don't they give things to good girls on their birthdays?" "Certainly," said Tom, "what would you like to have, little one?"

"There is one thing I need," she said, "and cause I'm afraid you haven't thought yet what it is I will write you a letter about it, and that won't be just quite the same as if I told it, 'cos mamma said she'd give a thing if it was very nice to tell what you wanted it."

Getting a sheet of paper and a pencil Daisy sat down by the window and scribbled away until the little zigzag lines covered one whole page.

"Dear Tom, I wish you would bring me a little black-and-tan dog named Pedro."

"Isn't such a word in it?" cried Daisy, so Tom passed the letter to her papa, who read:

"I do hope every mamma makes a bean-bag for her little girl," she said to herself.

"I got dirty very soon, though, with being down freely about the garden paths and the dusty porches. Bettie made up her mind it wanted washing, so she laid it under the pump and gave it a good soaking. She thought it looked very much improved, and sat it carefully away to dry."

"What a nice little sister they'll think I am!"

"No one saw her as she brought them all by turns and gave them a thorough shower-bath, then carried them back to the gymnasium, and piled them up as she had found them."

"The next day she went for her bag but what had happened to it?"

"Laws, child!" said old Dinah, with a smile at her little dismayed face; "don't yer know beans? It allus swell when yer wets 'em."

"If all spoiled?" asked Bettie, looking ruefully at it.

"Mebbe yer'll shrink if yer dries it, but mebbe not."

SOMEWHERE.

is there not somewhere in this great, wide world,

A gentle heart that thinks this night, me! Some one to turn away from scenes of mirth To muse in solitude and reverie.

On scenes in which we mingled in the past, On hopes in which we joined, long since gone by;

Is my face forgotten as they saw it last? And am I wished for with a yearning sigh These longing faces doth some loved one share?

Somewhere! Somewhere!

I draw aside the curtain for a view Of starry worlds in Heaven's broad, moonlit dome,

And as these ardent eyes their ranks pursue, The question rises: In some far-off home Do other eyes than mine now sorrow steal— Eyes that I love, yet never more may see?

"I'll see," said papa, "But how could they have got here? I'll root them out!"

He hunted about at the foot of the tress, behind a thick sweet-brier bush. "This seems to be the root of the matter," he said, bringing out a pure muddy mass from which the bean-vines were growing.

"It's my bean-bag!" cried Bettie.

Daisy's Present.

Daisy is a little girl who lives in Providence, R. I., and I suppose some of the children who read this story will laugh, and say: "Oh! How funny! We knew all about this in the time of it. It was little Daisy Vineron, you know!"

Long before Christmas Daisy had been saying, very wisely: "I speak to have a sled. I wish I had one, though I don't know how to get one."

And she called one day on her sister Lou, who was just married, and told her she "spected the doll would have a pink dress, and she confided to her brother Tom, Lou's husband, that she "spected the sled to be a green one."

So, of course, it happened that, among the many things that the Vineron Christmas, Daisy found the expected sled and doll. She was delighted, and danced about like a fairy; but as she loaded her sled with her presents, she said with a little sigh of regret: "Here's my doll and oranges and candy and pop-corn and a book, but I spected something else."

It was in vain that all coaxed, Daisy kept her own counsel in her own curly head. She often said, however, "It is strange, because it is something I need so much."

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THE WOMAN IN RED.

A Thrilling Italian Story of the Last Century.

BY GEORGE W. M. BARNOLD.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CONTENTS OF THE GLOVE—A No greater train was ever yet promulgated than the time when adage that "love is blind." Francesca, the beautiful, was near the verge of being in love, but Francesca, though not exactly blind, was now very near-sighted in this particular. Notwithstanding this, she had discovered what the old Count never had dreamed of, though his opportunity had never been fully equal to wit, that the magician and the mysterious visitor at Donati's mansion but a few days previously were one and the same individual. So, of a truth, Love is not always so blind as he is described to be.

Upon reaching his boudoir, Francesca, dressed with the usual reserve of her countess, she was for her curiosity had reached its culminating point, and she was in a state of feverish excitement to know what were the contents of the glove. Securing herself from interruption by dropping the latch, she unlocked the door, and, with a quick step, she drew from its hiding-place the treasured missive.

"What was it? Did the packet contain her missing ring? Most certainly it ought to, and no jewel was there. It was a very queer envelope, with gilded edges and deep embossings of letters, and she was for her curiosity had reached its culminating point, and she was in a state of feverish excitement to know what were the contents of the glove. Securing herself from interruption by dropping the latch, she unlocked the door, and, with a quick step, she drew from its hiding-place the treasured missive.

Such a reputation and such inducements for display, naturally stirred up the sluggish spirits of the inhabitant for the time being, and all went to wit, the magical wonder of the ages, who had dropped in upon them in a moment when there was nothing astir in the town to compete with him. The nobility turned out en masse to witness the strange performances which had been so loudly talked of. When the curtain was drawn up at the Opera house, the noblest and most distinguished of the aristocracy, a most aristocratic and select auditory greeted the debut of the accomplished magician of Genoa.

When the talented juggler made his appearance in the midst of the "sumptuous and costly surroundings, a deafening burst of enthusiasm and astonishment greeted him. He was superbly attired in the showy costume of an Eastern sultan, and his performance proved of the most wonderful and startling character. He was master of the "black-art," evidently, and even in that superstitious and wizard belief, won the admiration and admiration of all his professors in every species and grade of ecclesiastic, sleight-of-hand and legerdemain, to the utter astonishment and gratification of all who were fortunate enough to obtain an entrance to the theater.

As he left the stage was one of elegant and costly trappings, peculiarly adapted to the use of the great performer, from the magnificent, polished-silver "mirror of fate," upon which the magician read the passing thoughts of any of his audience who dared to submit to the trial, down to the tiny golden thimbles which he worked with his fingers, out of which he showered scores of bouquets and bon-bons, and the rarest of ripened fruit among the ladies present.

Directly in front of the dress-circle, a dias or platform had been arranged, on a level with the stage, extending across the whole width of the parterre, to enable the performer to communicate directly with the aristocratic portion of the house, in order to extend the amusements and deceit of his tricks.

Among the foremost of the audience could be seen Count Donati, and his charming ward, Francesca, who had come to the opera-house to enjoy the treat afforded by the arrival of this extraordinary man, in common with the rest of the wonder-loving citizens of the town and vicinity.

The shrewd and watchful eye of Naomi was fixed at an early moment upon the magician, and she watched him with an ardent and determined gaze during the whole evening; yet she saw nothing, or very little, of his performances. She saw the man, however, and her thoughts were very busy meantime; for they had met before.

The selfish old Count knew nothing of this, however, nor did he suspect anything. The philosophy of the diversion was Greek to him; the slightest of hand appeared to his vision to be the science of art; the choicest efforts of the juggler were astounding truths in his estimation; and he had no leisure, except to be dazed and amused by the performance.

More than once, however, the magician approached the little circle of eyes surrounded the fair Francesca, and drawn from one or another of the ladies, she was a magnificent Flemish mare, with a dash of Normandy blood in her veins, and she was a magnificent Flemish mare, with a dash of Normandy blood in her veins, and she was a magnificent Flemish mare, with a dash of Normandy blood in her veins.

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