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The school examiners of Hocking County, O will meet at the UNION SCHOOL HOUSE, on the FIRST and THIRD Saturdays of each month, at 8 o'clock A. M., except January, July and August.

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Old Farmer Strawn lived at Lynn;
He had a daughter fair;
The gold of ripest wheat was in
The ripples of her hair;
Her smile was like the sunshine when
No clouds are in the sky,
And she could melt the hearts of men
With one glance of her eye!
And this is how it came about,
One frosty autumn morn,
She put my bachelor wits to rout
While we were husking corn.

I was a very bashful youth,
And, though no clown or churl,
I did not dare to say, in truth,
"Boo" to a pretty girl!
But when we came upon an ear
As red as currant wine,
Somehow I seemed to lose my fear,
And looked at Angeline.
She blushed, and gave me *such* a smile,
All rosy as the morn;
I straightway popped the question while
We two were husking corn.
—Robert B. Browne, in N. Y. Ledger.

DOMESTIC FELICITY.

A Chapter from the Book of Every-Day Life.

Mr. Smith missed the train by just one-half minute, and he was in a furious temper over the matter. He lived in a pretty, country-like suburban village, about forty-five minutes' ride from the large city in which he had his place of business, and he was accustomed to take this particular train every morning. Not once in three months did such a thing happen as his being late for the train; but on this occasion he felt like declaring that half the time he had to rush himself clear out of breath to reach it, or else miss it. He was in that exasperated state of mind where he wanted to blame somebody, abuse somebody; a state of mind which, in a condition of development is a little nearer the savage, would impel to acts of cruelty toward any thing or any person on whom anger could be wreaked. The person on whom, in this instance, he could most quickly and with the least impunity cast blame was his wife. It was all her fault. Why could not she manage household affairs so that he could get his breakfast earlier? He worked like a slave at his business ten hours a day; he gave her full control of the house, and furnished money to run it; she had a servant, and it was pure and utter shiftlessness in her that breakfast could not be ready in proper time. Thus, with flashing eyes, soliloquized Mr. Smith, as, with anger-flushed face, he watched the train disappearing in the distance.

It was a full hour and a half till the next train; it was nearly half a mile back to Mr. Smith's house. He paced back and forth nervously for a few minutes on the station platform, debating in his mind whether he should wait for the next train or go back home. As he mused, his anger grew. He would go home and give his wife such a piece of his mind as she would remember for months. She should be made to feel that it was no light matter to have breakfast five minutes late. He turned his face homeward, and stamped heavily along, with the air of a man determined to do a desperate deed. His face flushed with anger, and his eye gleamed fiercely.

But, as he hastened along, somehow or other his attention was diverted by the song of a bird among the trees that lined his path. He looked up involuntarily. How brightly the sun was shining; how blue the sky was; how balmy and fragrant the air; how peaceful every thing appeared as he looked off through the green spaces on either side of the village street! The trees were putting forth their tenderest green; so was the grass. He noticed the fragrance of the crab-apple and wild plum blossoms; he distinguished the peculiar strain of a bird he used to hear in boyhood. It was the wood-thrush. He had listened to that bird when, years ago, he had walked in the meadows and lanes with the pretty, shy young girl whom his heart was then bent on winning for his wife. She was his wife now. She was the mother of three rosy, active children; they were his and hers. She was not as pretty now as she was then; she was thin and careworn. The plump rosiness and merry smile were, for the most part, gone. But what a good, true wife she had been to him! How her economy and faithfulness had helped him in getting the start he now had in the world! How little she saw of the outside world, or of diverting pleasures! How self-denying and uncomplaining she had been, and what a devoted mother to their children! And on that bright, sunshiny morning he had been thinking hard thoughts of her, and meditating what sharp, cutting words he could say to her—and all for a trivial little loss of an hour from business! Mr. Smith's pace slackened; his countenance relaxed; his heart melted. On such a morning he could not, would not, by harsh words mar the harmony and beauty of the sunshine and birds and the green things growing. No; if he could not speak kindly he would hold his peace.

As Mr. Smith neared his home he felt a certain shrinking from meeting his wife directly. He almost feared he might betray on his countenance some of the harsh thoughts he had been thinking. So he went around the side of the house and entered the kitchen door. Bridget was standing with a perplexed and exasperated expression on her face looking into the kitchen stove, in which smoldered a dark, dying fire.

"What is the matter, Bridget?"

"Faith, sur, it's the stove that breaks me heart intirely. The grate is broken and the stovepipe smokes, and whin I sthrive to make a quick fire here's the way it serves me."

"Well, Bridget, I believe it is all my fault. Your mistress has asked me many times to bring a new grate from the city and also to send a man to clean out the stovepipe and chimney. I will put this down in my note-book and bring the new grate this evening, and Pat McFlynn, the tinner, shall be sent right up this morning to clean and fix the pipe."

"Oh, thank ye, sur!" said Bridget, with a brightening countenance. "And could Pat fix the cisthern, too? The pump has been broken a long toime and keeps me back in my work and breaks me back drawing water wid a rope."

Again Mr. Smith's conscience smote him. How often had his wife asked him to send a man to fix the cistern!

"Yes, Bridget, the cistern shall be fixed this very day."

"Well, sur, thin I think I'll stay. I was just tellin' the mistress that I wouldn't work any longer wid sich inconvaniences; but if the stove and cisthern are fixed, a poor girl can get along."

Mr. Smith made another memorandum in his book, and passed on through the dining-room towards his wife's room. He noticed that her plate indicated an untasted breakfast. Softly he opened the door of their room. His wife started up hastily, with an expression of alarmed inquiry on her face. Her eyes were wet with tears. The baby, still in its night-clothes, was fretting in the cradle, while a little two-year old, partly dressed, tugged at her skirts.

"And so you missed the train—breakfast was late—well, I can't help it—Bridget is going to leave, too," and the poor little woman covered her face with her hands and burst into sobs and tears. She fully expected angry complaints from her husband, and, in some vague way, she felt she was to blame. She could not compass every thing, and the babies were so troublesome. Oh, did every young mother have such a hard time as she did?

"Why, darling, what is the matter?" said Mr. Smith, putting his arms around his wife, and drawing her to him. "Come! don't mind. I think it is really mostly my own fault. I have come through the kitchen, and I find Bridget has so much trouble with the stove being broken and the chimney smoking that I wonder she can get breakfast at all."

"I ought to get up in time to see that you have breakfast early," sobbed the poor little woman; "but Bridget is so cross this morning and I—I am so tired."

"No wonder, darling, that you are tired, with the care of these big babies wearing on you all the time. You have no business to have any care of breakfast at all and you shall not have after this. You need your good morning nap and you shall have it. Bridget is all right. I'm going to get that broken stove and cistern fixed to-day and then if Bridget can't get breakfast in time we'll find some other way to do. Come, now, cheer up and I'll help you dress these rogues; I have plenty of time before the next train."

How wonderful is the effect upon the physical nature of a spiritual impulse! How quickly can an uplifted and strengthened spirit energize and strengthen the body! Every thing seemed instantly changed for poor, dejected little Mrs. Smith. She laid her cheek on her husband's breast, feeling what a haven of strength and peace it was. How dear and precious was his love and protection! Her eyes brightened and her cheeks glowed. Her weariness and depression, which had been utter misery, gave way to a delightful feeling of repose and loving happiness. In the midst of the most prosaic surroundings her heart was full of the finest and most inspiring emotion.

"Dear, dear love, how good you are!" she said. "How you have changed the aspect of every thing for me this morning! Had you reproached me, as many husbands would have done, I should have sunk in the deepest anguish. Now I feel strong—strong and happy."

Releasing his wife with a tender kiss, Mr. Smith took the baby from the cradle, and merrily drew its stockings and shoes on its little, plump, kicking, rosy feet. Then he brushed out the other little fellow's curls and buttoned his shoes. Willie, the oldest, had slipped out of the house, and Mr. Smith went to look for him, and found that he had taken advantage of an insecure lock on the gate to run off up street. Bringing him back, Mr. Smith got the hatchet, and in a few minutes had the gate fixed so that Master Willie could not open it. His wife smilingly opened the front door, and, seeing what had been done, exclaimed: "Oh, I am so relieved to find that Willie can not get out of the yard! It has been such a trouble that he could open the gate!"

And now it was time to start for the next train, if he stopped to order the stove and pump man to do the promised work. So, gaily kissing his wife and children, once more Mr. Smith started for the station. As he walked along with a light and cheerful heart he mused:

"How cheap a thing is happiness, after all, and yet how easy to turn it into misery! If I had given way to my temper this morning, I should have gratified a momentary impulse of unreasonable anger, and left behind me aching and discouraged hearts. Thank heaven for the influence of the song of bird and scent of flowers; and thank heaven, too, for all the gentle influences and sweet affections that can make the most uneventful life a blessing! Dear, good wife! and dear, precious little children! Thank God, I have left them happy this morning, if I did miss the train."—Helen E. Starrett, in Interior.

An Absent-Minded Woman.

A certain Lewiston (Me.) woman recently sat counting some bills to the amount of $80, which she had just taken out of her pocket-book. Near at hand was a flower stand, and, noticing some dead leaves on her plants, she picked them off and mechanically crumpling them and the bills in her hand, thrust the whole into the stove, laid in the kindling, turned on kerosene, lighted the whole and went into another room. Suddenly searching for her bills to replace them in her wallet she thought of what she had done, and seizing a dipper of cold water turned it upon the fire in about as quick time as she ever did any thing. And she actually rescued the whole amount undamaged except one bill, the edges of which were slightly scorched.

He Gave His Full Name.

Teacher (to the new scholar)—"What is your name, sonny?" Boy—"Gunn." "Give me your full name." "John G. Gunn." "What is the G. for?" "Getyer." "What do you mean by that?" "Well, all the boys call me 'Johnny Getyer Gunn,' any how."

NOBLE SIX HUNDRED.

Personal Reminiscences of Colonel John Shakespeare.

A Survivor Gives Some New Points About the Famous Charge of the Light Brigade—How Brave Men Walked Into the Jaws of Death.

Colonel John Shakespeare, a retired officer of the British army, writes as follows to the London Standard:

The charge of "The Light Brigade," called "The Six Hundred," took place October 25, 1854, and is still a household memory with us, though many years have slipped by, and I have been asked by many to place on record some occurrences other than mere galloping, cutting, thrusting and strong language, all of which are very similar on like occasions, and are often told in prose and verse. Short and to the point is best suited to what is required of me. So to begin my story:

Maude's horse artillery, with me second in command, opened fire at daylight and kept in action until its ammunition was exhausted, when it retired a few yards down hill and remained there for awhile, screened from the Russian shot and shell, with the hope of giving confidence to some wavering Turks. Maude was seriously wounded by a shell bursting in his horse, and there were also several casualties among officers, men, horses and gun-wheels. Some of our field batteries soon arrived and continued the cannonade.

In the course of an hour or so our two brigades of cavalry and horse artillery formed columns near the heights of the plateau of Sebastopol, when suddenly a line of cavalry, with supports in column, probably 5,000, poured down the grass slopes toward Balaklava, and were gloriously defeated by our heavy brigade of cavalry under General Scarlett.

In the pause that followed I deemed it desirable to learn what the Russians were doing, and as the horse I had ridden was wounded by a splinter of a shell, I mounted a baggage pony and rode up the grass slope to near the crest of the now-famed valley, where I tethered him to a tent peg, and crept on through the long grass until my telescope cautioned: Beware! The brushwood on the hills opposite was full of guns, and down the valley were troops by thousands. Captain Charteris, one of Lord Lucan's aides-de-camp, now rode by, but as he did not see me I hailed him with the information, when he replied: "The Light Brigade is ordered to attack," and while we were speaking I hove in sight, advancing and deploying at the trot and canter. There was not time for warning, so I ran to my pony, and getting back to the guns as fast as he could carry me, brought them up at full speed and placed them over the ridge, where best able to aid the remains of the Six Hundred in their inevitable retreat.

At this time Lord Cardigan reined up and told me what had happened, at the same time pointing to a long rent in his cherry overalls made by a Cossack Lancer who had otherwise missed his aim. Others rode or ran up to the guns. Among the last was Captain Godfrey Morgan, Seventeenth Lancers, now Lord Tredegar, whose horse had been killed and his helmet lost. However, he came to me, sword in hand, and, speaking as cool as he would on parade, said: "Is not this an awful business, Shakespeare! What shall I do?" My reply was: "Quick; jump on a gun limber, and go to the rear with us, or to the front if we go into action, when you may help fight a gun."

We must not forget the volley from the Ninety-third Highlanders, which emptied many Russians saddles near the entrance to the village of Balaklava; nor the attack on the Russian artillery in the brushwood by the French cavalry on white horses. I can see them now, so conspicuous were they on the hill. So keen is memory formed on the battlefield that even now I fancy I see Nolan and his horse lying dead, like many others whose names I did not know.

Of my friend Charteris I have a remarkable foreshadowing of fate to relate. On the previous evening he and I, while taking a quiet ride, saw signs of a fight on the morrow, when he spoke very gloomily of it being his last. My saying: "Well, we have been under fire together pretty often, and yet here we are again," did not cheer him. "No, it would be his last." A round shot killed him directly we parted on the ridge before named. As the spot was debatable ground my gunners buried him then and there.

HUMOR OF THE SCOTS.

It Does Not Seem to Be of a Very Lively Character.

In order to disprove the frequent assertion that the Scotch are not humorous, says the New York Sun, the editor of a Scottish paper recently declared his columns open, and invited all the jokes of the people which his constituents would send to him. These are fair samples of what were handed in:

"Two boys having met a man in white 'spats,' one of them said he wore 'white penter's breeks below his ither anes.'"

"This is but the forefront of the battle—'tis rare, what this boy said 'in a waggery.'"

"A woman, having foresworn whisky in a glass, drank it out of a cup."

"A man took the hat worn by a scarecrow."

"Whisky having been ordered for an outward application, the patient drank it."

"A boy, being asked if he had 'passed the doctor'—in a medical examination—said: 'Yes, I passed him up at Cochrane's corner.'"

"A woman in a shop, wishing to ask for a dolman, asked for a donkey."

"A horse falling down dead, a man asked: 'Did it ever do that before?'"

"Heaven was defined as a place where 'whisky is plentiful and policemen are scarce.'"

"Have you seen Tom since he left?' 'No; but I'm gaun tae write tae him tae speir his address?'"

Intellectually the Scotch are one of the very greatest people in the world, but they don't seem to be very funny.

HOW MEN MAKE LOVE.

Your Frenchman Is the Most Delicate and Persistent of Suitors.

"A Frenchman is the most delicate and persistent of suitors," said Marie Halton, the Franco-American opera bouffe singer, in a recent interview to a New York World reporter. "Repel his advances and he redoubles his attentions. If you treat him coolly, his bouquets generally increase in size and beauty. Not all at once, mind you. He does nothing to create surprise and put the object of his sentimental attack on the qui vive. Your true Frenchman is an artist in love as in every thing else. The bouquet increases in size almost imperceptibly day by day, and delicate attentions of all kinds which serve to soften the perverse heart of a woman are multiplied after the same careful and mathematical fashion. The amount of time a Frenchman will give to the besieging of a citadel is, in itself, the most delicate compliment he can pay to the object of his devotion. And it is for this reason that Frenchmen are usually successful in their love affairs. Men who at first acquaintance are positively distasteful succeed in mingling their personality after a time so thoroughly with a multitude of pleasing attentions that the first unfavorable impressions are altogether obliterated.

"The American, on the other hand, carries into his love-making the ideas which have proved successful in his business. His chief object seems to be to save time. He measures his success in love not so much by what he captures as the time he has expended in winning a victory. He is in the habit of taking every thing for granted, and, what is worse, plainly shows in his manner that he does so. No woman wants a man to think that she is easily won, and no mode of proceeding could be more impolitic. The American is introduced to a lady, and in half an hour expects to be treated like a life-long friend. I believe that in your American game of poker what you call 'bluffing' is a very ordinary mode of procedure. As I understand it, 'bluffing' is an attempt to convince your opponent that you have a mortgage on all the cards in the pack worth having, and you really have nothing. That illustrates my point perfectly. An American carries the game of bluff into his wooing. He practically says: 'I hold all the winning cards, and when I get ready I will simply lean over and collar the pot.' And he says this with a confident air highly exasperating to his opponent, who, of course, in this case, happens to be the lady.

"In the matter of presents the American is also very different from the Frenchman. He is more lavish than the Frenchman is, and often generous to extravagance. But he shows little or no discretion. A Frenchman is introduced to a lady upon whom he is desirous of making a good impression. The next day he sends her a bouquet of choice flowers and the next a box of bonbons. It may be weeks after the introduction before he will make a call, and the diamond stage is reached only after months of acquaintanceship. When an American meets a lady he desires to win he will call the following day and bring a diamond brooch or bracelet. The day following he will send a grand piano or any thing else which happens to strike his fancy. Should he receive no encouragement from the lady of his choice, he does not, as in the case of the Frenchman, continue sending presents until his persistence compels recognition. He simply transfers his attentions to some other quarter.

"The difference between a Frenchman and an Englishman may be seen by the way each looks at a woman on horseback. A Frenchman looks first of all at the woman; an Englishman first of all at the horse. The American looks at both together."

THEY HAD MUCH MONEY.

And They Carried a Brick in a Sachel for a Blind.

Two men walked rapidly down Wall street yesterday afternoon and entered one of the prominent banking institutions, says the Philadelphia Press. They were sturdy, heavy-set men. One carried a small black sachel. Both kept their eyes roaming from side to side. I followed them into the bank. The man with the sachel sat down, dropping the bag carelessly on the floor. The other went into the receiving teller's inclosure, reached down in his breast pocket and extracted a package of bills. These were hastily counted, and the two strangers left. The teller jammed the bills into an envelope, sealed it and pitched it into a safe, afterward closing the door in a perfunctory manner. The entire transaction occupied less than two minutes. Then the teller turned to me and said:

"How much do you think was in that package?"

"Why, about $500."

"Yes, and a little more. It contained one million four hundred and forty-odd thousand."

"You don't mean it!"

"Yes," he said, showing his memoranda. "You see, it's nearly all in $10,000 bills. There is not great danger in carrying notes of that denomination, because, except here in New York, they are so seldom used that suspicion would at once be directed toward any one who attempted to negotiate them."

One th ing still puzzled me.

"What did the messenger have in his sachel?"

"Nothing but a half brick. The sachel is carried as a blind, to throw any possible thief off the track."

Mary Anne Under Tuition.

An exhaustless supply of patience is the most important requisite in the training of "green help." "There's a beau of yours in the drawing-room," was the style in which a housemaid announced a caller to the eldest daughter of the house a few days ago. Afterwards her mistress said to Mary Anne: "When a person calls to see any member of the family you should say: 'A gentleman to see you, ma'am or sir.'" Mary Anne acquiesced quietly, but the next day when a lady called to see her mistress she came upstairs and said: "Please 'm, there's a gentleman to see you, but it's a lady." The course of tuition is still on.

COURTSHIP IN GREECE.

Queer Marriage Customs Among the Modern Hellenes.

Courting by Proxy—Most of the Private Arrangements Made by Old Women—Stolen Kisses and Hugs—Picturesque Rites and Feasts

When a young Greek determines to take a wife to himself he does not go a-courting, but, according to a London Standard correspondent, he takes his oldest female relatives into his confidence, and they at once go hunting for a suitable mate for him. Marriageable maidens are visited and silently appraised. They receive old dames courteously, answer all their questions and never venture to ask the nature of their errand. The visitors never mention the young man's name, and never drop a hint that they are wife hunting. From their demeanor one would suppose that they were simply paying a friendly visit. As soon as the visitors have made a choice the wooer dispatches them again to the maiden's home with instructions to ask her hand in marriage. They go to her parents' house and, standing on the threshold, say: "We come to you your daughter in marriage seeking. To us be not disappointing." The Syrian Greeks chant this in Arabic, thus:

Inincoum Khaatbeen
Lab-binteoum Tahibeen
Lah terrouddoous khaibeen.

If the maiden's parents do not object to the proposed match they invite the visitors to enter the house and partake of their hospitality. The evening is spent in feasting and making arrangements for the wedding. The girl's parents announce the amount of her dowry and the young man's relatives give an inventory of his worldly possessions. The wooer himself visits the girl on the following day and is formally betrothed to her, the ceremony being performed by a priest, who simply hands to the girl a small present from her wooer. Thenceforward, until the wedding takes place, he may visit her every day, but he will have no chance to be alone with her. When he enters the house her mother has her eye on him, and she is supposed to keep her eye on him until he leaves. That she dozes occasionally, however, is proved by the fact that there are few amorous Greeks who do not manage to get a taste of their sweethearts' lips long before they are married to them. A few stolen kisses, however, are all the luxuries they can hope to obtain during the ante-nuptial period, for the girls are guarded most carefully, not because the parents distrust the suitors, but because they consider it their duty to protect their daughters' honor as long as they are under their roofs.

Their guardianship does not last long after a suitor declares himself. To get married is his object, and he easily persuades his betrothed to have the ceremony performed during the next religious festival. When the wedding day at last arrives he gathers his friends in his own house at noon and spreads a marriage feast before them. His betrothed gathers her friends likewise and entertains them in her parents' home. So in the two homes the day is spent in feasting and merrymaking. Friends flock from all directions, and those who enter the man's house say in greeting: "May good luck like this soon befall all bachelors," while those who enter the girl's house say: "May happiness like this soon be the lot of all young maidens."

Not till midnight, however, does the ceremony itself begin. Then all the young man's friends light their torches and go with him to the house of his betrothed. The maiden and her friends await them, and without delay all form a long procession and march back to the young man's house. Professional singers lead the way, filling the air with music, and blazing torches cast their ruddy light on the glad faces of the revelers and the beautiful faces and attire of the stately Greek maidens.

When they reach the house they find a priest ready to perform the marriage ceremony. To the young couple standing before him he reads the ritual of the Greek church, and then, after placing his hands on their heads first simply and afterwards crosswise, he joins their hands and pronounces them man and wife.

The guests now offer congratulations and gifts, and the bridegroom in return offers them beakers of wine and other lavish hospitality. So during the night and long after dawn the feast is continued, and not until the sun is high in heaven has the bridegroom a chance to be alone with the bride. By that time the last guest has departed, and the only persons in the house are the married couple, the bride's mother and the bridegroom's parents. The two mothers conduct the married couple to their apartment, close the door on them, return to an adjoining room, and lying on couches remain there until the bride and groom come out to break their fast.

If they are satisfied that all is well the parents go off to sleep and the bridegroom fills his pocket with cakes and sweetmeats and goes for a promenade. At every step he meets a friend, who congratulates him warmly, and gets in return a handful of sweetmeats.

A week later there is a regular "house warming," to which all of the friends of the bride and bridegrooom are invited. This is succeeded by feasts and soirees in the houses of the wedding guests. At these entertainments, which last for several days, the newly-married couple are the principal attraction. Not until these enjoyable days are over is a Greek honeymoon considered at an end.

An American Prima Donna.

Miss Emma Eames, of Boston, who is the bright, particular star at the Grand opera, Paris, says that all her real study was done in America. Miss Eames acknowledges great obligation to a Boston professor, who kept her "digging away at ancient music—ever so old," and as for dramatic action and the use of the voice, she adds: "I acquired very little that was new to me over here." Miss Clara Louise Kellogg received all her musical education in this country, too. Miss Eames is said to be unaffected and unspoiled by her remarkable success.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MYSTERY.

An English Artist's Strange Experience in a Dead Room.

A well-known English photographer will vouch for the following facts: He was called in one day to take a photograph of a young girl of about twenty, who had died a few days before. The corpse was laid out upon a bed with the hands clasped over the breast. Death had come very gently to her, and, except for the stillness, she lay there as if in sleep. Some flowers had been strewn over the body, and on the floor by the side of the bed and standing out in black relief against it was the coffin. The photographer silently adjusted his lens and took the photograph. During the ten minutes needed for the exposure the photographer paced up and down in the long corridor outside the room where the dead girl lay. When he returned he saw that on the lid of the coffin was a flower, which was not so before. How did that flower come there? No one had entered the room, the windows were closed and there was not a breath of air stirring. Why was the flower now lying on the coffin, when a few minutes before it was on the bed between the hands of the corpse? The photographer listened, but he could hear no sound except the beating of his own heart. In a few moments, however, he determined to dismiss the question from his mind, and busied himself with packing up his instruments. Then he paused—possibly the falling flower had left a trace on the negative, or, as the day was gloomy, the photograph might not be quite successful. He would try again. A second photograph was taken and the artist returned home. That night, sitting up late in his studio, he developed the two negatives. The position of the corpse was not the same in the two negatives. The photographer strained his eyes, half disbelieving the evidence of his own senses, but there were the two negatives before him, telling him in their silent, unmistakable truthfulness that between the taking of the two photographs the arm of the dead girl had distinctly moved. The mystery of the flower on the coffin was solved, but it was succeeded by a mystery more terrible still.

VICTOR HUGO'S FAITH.

The Great French Writer's Ideas Concerning Immortality.

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is over my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilies, the violets and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which unite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history.

For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others: "I have finished my day's work," but I can not say "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn.

I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only a beginning. My work is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity.

HOUSEHOLD WORK.

It Is the Fault of Men That Much of It Is So Wearing.

The San Francisco Call suggests a society for lightening the burdens of women who have houses to keep in order, and says:

Does the shoemaker try to lighten woman's work by sewing the buttons on honestly or "tipping" the footwear with honest leather? Does the tailor who makes the pants with his boasted benevolence of "double knees" ever put them on the right place or large enough? Does the carpenter ever put the nails and hooks where a medium-sized woman, let alone a child, can reach them?

Is there ever but the fewest possible shelves that a woman can reach without standing on a chair at the risk of breaking her back?

It is a very little thing to have no water-back to a stove—so a man thinks; but to a wife-of-all-work it is—well there is no word strong enough to express the trouble it causes. A sink on a level, with cold water, is not an easy thing to keep clean. Why not make a little decline? Also bring the zinc over the edges somewhat. The continual settling of grease in the fine cracks on interstices is very trying to a delicate-stomached woman.

The bureau drawers that never open or shut without a trial of temper, why can not they be made to run smoothly?

It should be declared a punishable offense to make a window that can not be brought in to clean.

Men invented all these awkward and inconvenient things and men made them, and they are responsible for the broken-down, haggard-looking women we see on the streets, or rather in the houses.

Preserving Fruit in Sand.

The Italians have a method of preserving fruit in sand, alternate layers in fruit and sand being put down. Oranges are frequently kept for months by this process. The fruit is cut, not torn, from the tree. A similar method has been adopted by a grower of oranges in South Africa, and the fruit comes out of the "silo" in fine condition at a time when oranges are scarce and yield good prices. Sweet potatoes may be preserved in the same manner.