ROMANCE AND REALITY

Mr. and Mrs. Billiger McSwat's Ill-Fated Wedding Journey.

The sun never shone upon a lovelier morning than that which ushered in the wedding day of Billiger McSwat and Lobelia Grubb.

Far away in the dreamy distance stretched a landscape that seemed to vibrate in the mellow haze of the golden October day as if the unseen spirits that inhabit the air were beating it with fairy wings in the irrepressible exuberance of overflowing life and joy.

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Billiger and Lobelia McSwat had just started on their wedding journey.

Animated by the sincere and laudable purpose of affording no indication in their manner, apparel, or behavior that they were taking such a trip Billiger wore a suit of new black broadcloth, with a lavender necktie, and Lobelia was attired in a silk dress of a delicate lilac tint, with no conspicuous ornaments except a large solitaire ring on one of the fingers of her left hand and a few orange blossoms modestly and becomingly arranged in her Parisian traveling hat. They sat on the luxurious cushion of a palace car, Billiger's arm resting carelessly on the back of the seat occupied by his lovely bride, and Lobelia leaning toward Billiger in the easy, tender, confiding manner of a mother in Israel going with her aged companion to an Old Settlers' meeting, or the Secretary of a Young Lady Society for the Dissemination of Useful Knowledge accompanying an elder brother on a shopping expedition.

"Billiger," faltered the bride, turning her beautiful eyes trustingly to his, "nobody would suspect that we are—that we have just been—that we are on our—do you think?"

"Certainly not, Lobelia," affirmed Billiger, with great positiveness, as he smiled fondly and reassuringly upon her.

"They think we are brother and sister, Billiger, or at least that we are old married."

"Chestnuts!" exclaimed a voice.

The young husband turned fiercely around to see who had spoken.

It was the train-boy, an innocent lad of seventeen summers, on whose face was a look of such child-like simplicity that Billiger's hasty suspicions were at once allayed.

"Lobelia, my love," he said, tenderly, "would you like some chestnuts?"

"If you like, dear,," she replied, trustingly.

Billiger put his hand into his pocket.

Then he put his other hand into his other pocket, and his face turned an ashen gray.

"Lobelia!" he said, hoarsely. "I—I have left my pocket-book, with my money and tickets, in my other pa—in my other trousers! Have you any money with you? Quick! Here comes the conductor!"

"I think I have, Billiger," said Lobelia.

She put her hand in her pocket and turned pale.

"Billiger," she exclaimed nitously, "I have left my pocket-book in my other dress!"

The station at which the train stopped was only seven miles from home. Billiger and Lobelia McSwat got out, the ecstatic bridegroom persuaded a grasping, sordid monopolist who kept a livery stable to accept his gold watch as security for the hire of a carriage and driver, and Mr. and Mrs. McSwat drove home in pensive silence through the balmy autumnal landscape, which the mellow rays of the golden October sun bathed in a sea of molten glory.

If the story of the first day of Billiger and Lobelia's wedding journey shall serve as a warning to others it will not have been written by the sorrowing historian in vain. — *Chicago Tribune.*

APOET'S RESTING PLACE.

The Spot Selected by William Cullen Bryant for His Tomb.

Nestling amid the trees on the gentle slope of a neighboring hill is the village cemetery of Roslyn, L. I. In this home of the departed are two graves, side by side, which resting places contain the dust of one of the world's greatest poets, William Cullen Bryant, and of his faithful companion in life. The site of this last resting place of the dead was selected by the poet-editor who now sleeps within its confines, and who at the time uttered a wish—granted a half century later—in the following words:

"I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountain round,
And thought that, when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich green mountain turf should break."

It was Bryant that also gave the name to the picturesque village which for so many years was his home. In 1846, when he went there, he learned that when the British left Long Island they marched out of Hempstead to the tune of "Roslyn Castle," and accordingly gave the name of Roslyn to the place which was then only a hamlet. The estate which he purchased there he named Cedarmere—the old Quaker homestead with its odd gables and corners, from the porch of which the poet many times turned his gaze to the hills and green fields in the north and the bright waters of Hempstead harbor and the sails of passing vessels.

—A village in Waldo County, Me., was all stirred up the other night over the disappearance of a young man. He had attended a lodge meeting the evening and failed to come home. The inhabitants of the place turned out to hunt for him, and after an extended search he was found at the house of a young lady in the suburbs.

—A lady of Kingston, Luzerne County, Pa., killed two snakes which she found in her front yard, and carrying out an old idea, burnt the remains "so that no more could come." Subsequently her laundress, having hung out a wash, thrust her hand into a bag of clothespins that lay upon the ground and clutched a clammy object that squirmed. A yell brought help and the snakes.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—In answer to the question, "What becomes of all the cracked and used-up billiard balls?" a New York contemporary says that those of real ivory are bought up and cut into dice and other small articles.

—The experience of the Electric Light Committee in Leeds, England, has been that incandescent lamps become useless after a life of 850 to 900 hours, though the filaments have a nominal life of 1,000 hours.

—There are one hundred millions of dollars invested in the farms, cows, factories, buildings and machinery, that it takes to produce $20,000,000 per annum in dairy products in this country.

—In M. Meriten's new process for varnishing steel, the metal is placed in a bath of water at about 170° F., and is connected to a source of electricity just strong enough to decompose the water; under these conditions the plate becomes coated with a layer of magnetic oxide, which is firmly adherent and will take a high polish.

—The size of an atom of oxygen or nitrogen is said to have a diameter of one-ten-millionth part of a centimeter; they are supposed to be in a state of constant motion at the rate of seventy miles a minute, and to make them visible the present highest known magnifying power of the microscope would have to be increased nearly a thousand fold.

—Another unbreakable substitute for glass, a French invention, consists in immersing wire in a heated state in a thin paste formed of soluble glass, gelatine and glycerine, or glucose, in proportions varying according to the use for which the material is designed. When nearly dry, the sheets are dipped in a concentrated solution of chrome alum or bichromate of potash. Any desired coloring matter may be incorporated with the gelatine, and copal or other protective varnish applied to the surface.

—A paper on "The Origin of Bronze," by M. Berthelot, was read at a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences. The author has analyzed specimens from a statuette from Tello, in Mesopotamia, and from the scepter of the Egyptian king, Pepi I.—sixth dynasty—both dating back to about 4000 B. C., and both consisting of pure copper. From this he argues that, as was the case in the New World, the stone age was followed by a copper age in the Eastern hemisphere, and that the bronze period can not be more than some fifty or sixty centuries old.

—All colors have two kinds of harmony—that of analogy or contrast; and they are important factors, both as regards the outward appearance of our bodies and the inward tranquility of our minds. A scientific journal has recently called attention to the influence of color on the sick and insane; experiments in Italy have shown that mental and physical suffering can be relieved, if not cured, by the use of certain tones. At a hospital in Alexandria special rooms are assigned to insane patients. The red room has been found of great value in cases of the commonest forms of dementia, such as melancholia, accompanied by refusal to take food.

—Some twenty years ago, Herr Falb, an Austrian scientist, first suggested the possibility that the moon may act upon the great ocean of molten matter beneath the earth's crust exactly as it acts in producing the tides of the external ocean of water. He now considers that the reality of such action is proven, and that the earth's crust is severely strained, and more or less warped and broken, at the times the theory would indicate. It is during the periods of greatest strain resulting from the moon's attraction that earthquakes appear to be most likely to occur, and that gases seem to be forced into coal mines to such an extent as greatly to increase the explosions.

—Fog and its causes have been the subject of much discussion. By one writer the celebrated London fog is attributed to the cooling of the air by radiation from hillsides near the city, which air, flowing down, envelopes the city. It has also been suggested that a cool northerly wind on the west side of a storm flows into the saturated air on the south side and condenses fog. In Newfoundland it is thought that fog is produced by the flowing of a saturated current southward to cooling waters, which often have ice floating in them. In none of these cases, however, does it seem that the theories advanced have been substantiated, and the subject offers an interesting field of investigation to the scientist.

Pretty Girls of New Orleans.

On a first visit to New Orleans one is impressed by the peculiar appearance of the women. One can see in New Orleans more delicious-looking young girls and more prematurely old-looking women than in any city in the country. The girls, up to the age of eighteen or twenty, are lovely. They have rich complexions, bright eyes, the mingled langour and vivacity that render the Southern girl so fascinating. Then, too, in summer time most of them wear white dresses with lace or open-work sleeves and yoke, through which a creamy, satiny skin glints with aggravating attractiveness. There is but one word that fully describes them to the masculine mind. They are delicious-looking. But they fade very quickly, and this accounts for the number of old-looking women of twenty-five years or thereabouts one sees on the streets, in the cars or in their carriages. And when they get old-looking they lose all their attractiveness. They are any thing but delicious-looking.—Cor. Chicago Times.

—Robert Goss, who lives near Wheeling, W. Va., has a process of compressing bran which he thinks will make him rich. He claims that a block a trifle smaller than an ordinary brick will last a cow or horse for two days when soaked.

—A negro farmer, who works on a farm three miles from Rome, Ga., on the Alabama road, has always been accustomed to having his shoes made to order. His feet is larger than [illegible] to fit shoes to [illegible] and a No. 14 to [illegible]

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

What a Girl Did Who Could Neither See, Hear Nor Speak.

Many ladies learned the finger alphabet simply to be able to talk with her, and she wrote and received many letters. Her room had a window facing south, and she often headed her letters "Sunny Home." She took pleasure in arranging her room and read a great deal. You know that quite a number of books have been printed in raised letters for the blind. The letters must be large and are printed on one side of the page only. It takes sixteen large volumes to print the Bible in this way. Most blind persons cultivate one finger for reading until it is very sensitive and can feel the letters very rapidly, but, of course, not so rapidly as we can read with our eyes.

Miss Bridgman became quite an author, too. Almost from the time she learned to write she began to keep daily journals. Those she wrote during her first five years in Boston form quite a large pack, and are full of many interesting things. She recorded all her little daily doings, and in going through them from the earliest to the latest entries you can see how she gradually used more and more words, and began to use capitals, and wrote more clearly. She had also written a few poems. These have no rhyme, of course, because that depends on the sound. What she says in her poems is in great part taken or imitated from the Bible.

Her spare time was devoted to knitting, sewing, crocheting lace and mats, and talking. I have a very pretty crocheted mat which she made in one evening.

Though her life was generally a peaceful and happy one, it had also its severe trials. Several of her teachers, to whom she was much attached, died; her closest tie with the world was always her constant teacher and companion, who was eyes, ears and tongue for her. Her teachers naturally learned to sympathize with her condition more than others could, and the loss of one of these dear friends was a great affliction. She even had to endure the loss of her benefactor, Dr. Howe. He had lived to see her grow up into what he had hoped she might become when he took her from her home in Hanover. His death occurred in 1876, and affected Miss Bridgman so seriously that she was very ill and weak for a long time afrerward.

So she lived her quiet life, so the days grew into months, and the months into years—and so, also, quietly and peacefully she passed away on the 24th of May, 1889.

Laura Bridgman's days of darkness are over. Many, many persons will for a long time to come think of her, and will often speak of the patience she showed in her affliction and the earnestness with which she labored to make the most of her life.—Joseph Jastrow, Ph. D., in St. Nicholas

A QUERIES COLUMN.

It Was a Howling Success—Funeral.

We (or I should say I, as I am not at this moment writing editorially) recently started a small paper, which would some day, I hoped, be a mighty power in National politics. On the second day of publication it became painfully evident that something must be done to interest the people. The public didn't appear to catch on with the vim which I had expected. I had all the news, plenty of editorial, and a full complement of reading matter. I also had personal references to half the people in the town, but the half who were not mentioned got mad because I left them out, and the half who were mentioned felt insulted because I did not say more about them. After a week of deep thought, during which the circulation was largely confined to the families of reporters and compositors, I had an inspiration.

"A 'Queries Column' is the thing!" I cried, and straightway I put the idea into practice by writing a lot of questions on history, literature, the tariff, etc., and duly answering them. The "Queries Column" took. Next day I found in my mail the following:

"When did the moon dry up?"

"Sharpe Bargan and Co advertise calicoes at three cents. Will they wash?"

"If A bets C that D flukes on the royal flush, and E loses first base on hot grounder from 1-4 mile pale with F nose to nose at the gh—fl. b. g. under King game hit, which takes th epot?"

"What is the color of the paper on Sullivan's bed-room?"

"Who invented the eclusematicus, and why?"

"How many papers will a town the size of this support?"

"What is the best arrangement of 'White Wings,' and what key is it in?"

"What relation is Pete Perkins, the new postmaster at Podunk, to President Harrison?"

"If a baby's back teeth come before the front teeth, what is it a sign of?"

"How many years is it since the eruption of the Yung Ling Volcano in China, said to be alluded to in the writings of Confucius as co-existent with the Flood?"

"What is the easiest, quickest and cheapest way to get a drink in a Prohibition town where there are no drug stores, hotels or restaurants?"

"Did Moses ever have the chicken-pox?"

"What books would you recommend to a young man who wants to be an editor?"

A brand-new plant of a defunct newspaper in a flourishing town is for sale cheap. Good reasons for selling.—N. Y. Weekly.

—All plants and trees consume water in large quantities. Sir John Laws discovered that an acre of barley will take up 1094 tons of water in two days. Trees and plants are composed more largely of water than any other substance. The branch of a tree will lose nine-tenths of its weight by drying.

—Since cloudbursts have become popular we hear little or nothing of cyclones. They're unfashionable, and so refrain from appearing in good society.—Troy Press.

—A negro boy saw a man hanged at Bainbridge, Ga., the other day and was much impressed by the happiness of the murderer on the gallows, who declared he was going straight to glory. The boy thought it was a fine thing, so he erected a private gallows and took the same road to glory.

—A homeless dog in Stamford, Conn., has a habit of following baby carriages about town, as if to protect the innocent little occupants. The brute is of a yellowish brown color, will not let man or boy [illegible] and seems to want is a baby to [illegible]

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS

—"None but the brave deserve the fair,"—and none but the brave can live with some of them.

—The office that is seeking the man can't find him, owing to the scrambling crowd of office-seekers. — St. Paul Pioneer Press.

—"I hear your son is a fighter?" "No; he's a pugilist." "O, I'm so glad! Fighting is so ungentlemanly." —Harper's Bazar.

—"It is a great deal easier to write a vivid love letter of sixteen pages than it is to hear it read two years afterwards in court.—Sommerville Journal.

—They have flannel bathing-suits at the sea-side resorts that do not shrink. They are ashamed to, probably.—Binghamton Republican.

—"Are you fond of fiction?" asked Alpha. "O, yes," responded Omega; "the first thing I read when I get the daily paper is the weather prediction." —Norristown Herald.

—Blobbins—"So you are still a bachelor, Maulstick?" Maulstick—"Yes; I shall never marry. I am wedded to my art." Blobbins—"Quite so. Marriage is a failure, that's a fact."—Grip.

—Mr. Hobbs—"I see that a Newport, (Pa.) farmer has a hairless calf on exhibition. What a remarkable freak that is." Mrs. Hobbs—"Remarkable? Why, you're bald-headed yourself, John."—Minneapolis Tribune.

—Funny man—"A penny for your thoughts." Fair maiden—"They are not worth it." Funny man—"What are you thinking of?" Fair maiden—"Your last column of jokes."—Boston Courier.

—Visitor—"So your sister is off on a visit, Willie? I suppose you feel very lonesome without her?" Five-year-old Willie, (dubiously)—"Ye-es, I feel lonesome, but—I'm a good deal more comfortable."—Chicago Journal.

—Doctor — "What your husband needs, madam, is a change of scene." Mrs. De Temper—"Do you think he should go off for his health?" "Well, it doesn't matter which goes—you or he."—Philadelpaia Record.

—Miss Pyrte—"What makes you such a confirmed woman-hater, Mr. Olebach?" Mr. Olebach—"Well, when I was a young man a woman made a fool of me" Miss Pyrte—"And you never got over it.?"—Terre Haute Express.

—The average literary person is a tedious nuisance. He invariably has a grievance, and he is constantly seeking to air it. He is a self-confessed failure, and he insists upon advertising the fact.—Chicago News.

—Hardcheek—"I had a queer experience down-stairs, Hardhead. A moment after I alighted from the cab my old cabman fell over dead." Hardhead—"Ah! Paid your bill without wrangling, I suppose."—Philadelphia Enquirer.

—"My dear," remarked Mrs. Caudle severely, to her better half, "we have lived together now for more than forty years, and I notice that your manners grow worse instead of better. What's the reason?" Mr. Caudle, meekly—"Example is contagious."

—Mr. Dumpsey—"Don't shirk your Greek, Johnny. A Kansas clergyman has discovered that it will be the language spoken in Heaven." Johnny Dumpsey (sighing)—"Then I'm afraid, pa, you and I haven't any use for it." —Burlington Free Press.

—Addlepate—"Aw! You have insulted me, sir. Aw! my fwiend will call upon you Your card, sir, please. Aw!" Bohemian—"Give you my card? I should say not. You would stick it into your looking glass to delude your landlady into thinking you were acquainted with a gentleman."—Epoch.

HONEST ICELANDERS.

Education is Universal Among Them and Crime Practically Unknown.

To the average reader Iceland is as little known as the interior of Africa. Yet Iceland is a famous country; famous for the achievements of its heroes, for the poetry and press it has given to the word, and, above all, for the education which pervades all classes.

The love of learning is almost a mania in Iceland and it is the rarest thing in the word to meet a native who can not read and write.

Another admirable trait is the remarkable honesty which prevails in Iceland. Crime is almost unknown; the people never lock their doors, and but two cases of thieving are known to have taken place in many years.

One was an Icelander, who had broken his arm and whose family in winter were suffering for food. He stole several sheep and was finally detected. He was at once put under medical care for his injury, provisions were furnished for his family, and in time he was given work. This was his punishment.

The other case was a German who stole seventeen sheep. He was in comfortable circumstances, and the theft was malicious. His punishment was to sell all his property, restore the value of his theft, and leave the country or be executed. He left at once, well knowing the result if he lingered. —Sabbath Visitor.

Their Relative Sizes.

Committeeman (ordering badges for the graduating class of Columbia College)—The design is to include a graduate in uniform and a representation of the world in relief.

Jeweler—How large would you like the figures?

Committeeman—O, make the graduate about two inches high and the world about half an inch in diameter. —Jewelers' Weekly.

—Hunters say that both the Sacramento and the Guadalupe mountains are fuller of large game, such as elk and bear, than ever before in the history of the West, and from the latter range, which lies partly in New Mexico and partly in El Paso County, Tex., there are well authenticated accounts of a herd of buffalo roaming through its hidden and almost inaccessible fastnesses. The section is a veritable incognito, and will remain so until the railroad from El Paso to White Oaks

DISCOVERED.

On the slope of a hill in the edge of a wood
Bloomed and nodded a sisterhood
Of pale-tinted Blossoms that nobody knew,
Saving the Wind and the Sun and the Dew.

The Wind blew back the curtains of dawn,
And the Sun looked out when the Wind was gone,
And the flowers with the tears of the Dew were wet,
When the Wind was blown, and the Sun was set.

The Wind brought a wild bee out of the west,
To dream for an hour on a Blossom's breast,
And the Sun left a Butterfly hovering there
With wide wings poised on the golden air.

And the Dew brought a Firefly to whirl and dance,
In his own bewildering radiance,
Round the slender green pillars that rocked as he flew,
And shook off the tremulous globes of the Dew;

The creatures of air gave the secret to me.
I followed the hum of the heavy-winged Bee,
I followed the Butterfly's wavering flight,
I followed the Firefly's bewildering light.

I found the pale Blossoms, that nobody knew;
They trusted the Sun, and the Wind, and the Dew;
The Dew and the Wind trusted Firefly and Bee,
I give you the secret they gave unto me.

—Helen Thayer Hutcheson, in St. Nicholas

THE DUKE'S WATERLOO.

He Met an Autograph Hunter and Was Ignobly Vanquished.

On one occasion the Duke of Wellington received a letter in the following terms. I correct the spelling: "Mr. Tomkins ventured to address the Duke of Wellington. Mr. Tomkins' mother is a washerwoman; Mr. Tomkins regrets to say that, having washed for the Marquis of Douro for many years, his mother has been unable to obtain payment for the last three years. Mrs. Tomkins is very poor; and can not afford to lose the money. She hopes the Duke will kindly pay it. Mrs. Tomkins' address is ——." After carefully reading and considering the letter, the Duke sent the following reply: "Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington has received a letter from Mr. Tomkins, stating that the Marquis of Douro is in debt to his mother, Mrs Tomkins. The Duke of Wellington is not the Marquis of Douro. The Duke regrets to find that his eldest son has not paid his washerwoman's bill. Mrs. Tomkins has no claim upon the Duke of Wellington. The Duke recommends her, failing another application, to place the matter in the hands of a respectable solicitor." Some six weeks later the Duke had a dinner party at Apsley House. One of the guests asked the Duke if he was not tormented by applications for his autograph. The Duke replied: "O, yes; constantly." The friend then said: "A few days ago I was examining a most interesting collection, with your Grace's in the place of honor in the book." "What was that?" said the Duke. "Well, the collector's plan is to write to every person of eminence and to accuse his eldest son of bilking his washerwoman. He pastes his own letter and the reply face to face." I should like to have seen the Duke's face when he heard the first Prussian cannon at Waterloo; I should also like to have seen it on this occasion.—Pall Mall Gazette.

She Lived to Spite Him.

A certain maiden lady was twice in [illegible] married and each time some unforseen event interposed to destroy her hopes of matrimonial bliss. Hers was a sad case. Time began to wrinkle her fair brow, and no new suitors appeared. To add to her distress she became sick nigh unto death. The assistant clergyman of the parish—a bashful youth—was sent for. The sick room was well filled with sympathizing neighbors when the young divine made his appearance and, after some remarks, proceeded to read a portion of the Scriptures. He fell upon the chapter in which the woman of Samaria is introduced. When he read the words, "Go, call thy husband," the sick woman groaned a little, but when he uttered the words, "The woman answered and said 'I have no husband.'" the old lady rose upright in her bed, and with flashing eyes squeaked out, "I'm no' gaun to staun sic impidence frae onybody, preacher or no. I winner yer no ashamed o' yersel', ye rascal. I've had two chances for a man, an' I'll ieeve to see anither—see if I don't." And she did.—Liverpool Courier.

Transparent Leather.

This leather is made by a patent process. The skins are depilated, cleansed and stretched over frames, and the following mixture is rubbed into them: 1,000 parts of glycerine at twenty-six degrees, two parts of salicylic acid, two parts of picric acid, and twenty-five parts of boracic acid. Before the skins are perfectly dry, they are introduced into a chamber sheltered from the light of the sun, and they are made to absorb a solution of bichromate of potash; and after they are thoroughly dried, they are then covered with an alcoholic solution of shellac, and transparent leather is formed. It is very tough, and makes excellent straps.—Shoe and Leather Review.

Bishops with Large Incomes.

Somebody has remarked that a Bishop is the most enviable of all human beings, seeing that he has every thing the soul can desire in this world, and ought to be secure for the next. But on the whole, an Austrian Archbishop is probably more to be envied than any English Bishop. The Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna has only about £6,000 a year, it is true, but the Cardinal Archbishop of Olmut has £40,000, the Cardinal Archbishop of Prague has £35,000, and the Archbishop of Erlau has £60,000. Luckier than all is the happy Primate of Hungary, the Cardinal Archbishop of Grau, who has £80,000 a year. Why are so many Austrians so foolish as to be born village priests with £20 a year?—Pall Mall Gazette.

—An interesting experiment is reported from one of the Leipsic hospitals. Pieces of skin from the bodies of several white persons were some time since grafted upon a negro under treatment. These transplanted fragments gradually became darker and darker, finally assuming the same color as the rest of the patient's skin. This circumstance induced the further experiment of grafting black skin on a white body. After a few weeks the transplanted piece began to whiten, and it became impossible to mark any difference of color between it and the rest of the body.

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