A DIFFERENT VIEW.

[illegible] mirrages who would pray
[illegible] and silence, far apart
[illegible] fierce beating of the vast world's heart.
[illegible] would rid sight their burdens lay away,
[illegible] govern's dim and ghostly shade
[illegible] to unless their wounds and count the battle [illegible]
[illegible] only received in many hard fought wars,
[illegible] agony the sword thrust made.

[illegible] life, nor 'll this longing meet,
[illegible] those blasted lives again may bud.
[illegible] ah, this would seem to me most sweet—
[illegible] breast high within the seething flood,
[illegible] to the noonday's fiercest heat,
Or truth and right bestowed my heart's best blood.
—Alice M. Scheff.

THE AMERICA'S VICTORY.

Description of a Famous Race—Yacht Building in England.

[illegible] D. went on to describe some of the [illegible] attending that great victory which he witnessed from the Isle of Wight.

"The America beat the Englishmen twice in that race," he said; "she just simply sauntered away from them from the start without the slightest apparent effort, and by the time she had reached the point where the course turns around the Isle they were all out of sight. Just at that point, however, the tide runs like a mill race and it was going out. The yacht stood off and on, and made every effort to continue, and bothered about there till the rest of the racing fleet overtook her; by that time she got more leeway and managed to slip through, and in five minutes was simply vanishing off the horizon of the other fellows. She beat them just as hard to the finish, and the lookout from land, who was shouting down points to the other fellows, who stood below, cried out that the yacht was in sight.

"'Who's ahead?' an American called out.

"'The America,' answered the lookout. 'And who's next?' bellowed an Englishman. 'Nobody is next,' was the reply, and at that word a fellow from the states began to swear from pure joy, and catching his neighbor's coat tails enthusiastically tore the garment in two, to the great satisfaction of both of them. The London papers next day were corkers. They abused their own people in choicest journalistic billingsgate. 'The America,' they said, 'has shown us that our boats are turned around wrong side before, that our stern post is where our bow ought to be, and these Yankees have proved very conclusively that we, a marine people, don't know the first principles of boat building.' The whole country cut crow, I can tell you, and that one day revolutionized the whole business of yacht building in England."

The apparently inexplicable mistakes of the English in the matter of building boats is attributed to their tonnage and navigation laws. Their whole effort was directed toward getting as much storage room as possible while evading as far as practicable the peculiar system of import. The result was that all their craft were affected by this tendency, and their yachts had the full round bows and narrow keel that you find in their fishing boats today. As the papers said, their boats were turned hind side before.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Duval Restaurant System.

Butcher Duval created the type of eating house which bears his name. His central idea is that in fairness people with large appetites should be obliged to pay for them, and not be allowed to satisfy them at other people's expense. It is easy enough to understand that if the regulation steak of the restaurant "à la carte" just contents the hungry Mr. X., while the more bistemous Mr. Y. cannot possibly eat more than half of it, that Mr. Y. is really paying for one-quarter of Mr. X.'s dinner. Obviously the equitable solution would be to reduce the size of the steak (and its price) to the measure affected by the moderate and average citizen. Then if Mr. X. is unusually hungry, or if his appetite is regularly above the normal, he simply pays the price of being thus distinguished—precisely as he would have paid a double reckoning to his shoemaker in the unfortunate event of his being born with four legs. In other words, in the Duval restaurants the regulation portion is a little less than the ordinary man would care to eat, and and not a great deal more than he can possibly want. That the portion is a little less than the average man would want only illustrates more clearly the perfection of the system, for the feminine contingent of its patrons makes the balance hang exactly, it being admitted that the average woman eats less than the average man.

But the Duval system is carried out still further. If one wishes wine he is not obliged to order a pint, but may ask for a carafon, holding about half a pint. Then, again, bread, which in ordinary restaurants is furnished at libitum, has in the Duval restaurants a definite price, as well as any other article of food. It is the same with the butter, the pickles and similar relishes. The economical man may even save a cent by not ordering a napkin, but retrenchment to this extent is not usual.

As one enters the restaurant he receives a card from the "controleur" at the door, on which his waitress notes his orders as each dish is brought. When ready to go the diner leaves two or three cents on the table for attendance, and then takes the card to the cashier, who calculates the amount and receipts for it. The card is finally surrendered to the "controleur" at the door as the diner passes out.

The merits of all the Duval restaurants are their absolute cleanliness, their cheapness and the really good quality of their viands. The portions, as said before, are small, but good, especially in the case of the meats and fish, and always well cooked. Lastly, if one desires a plate of roast beef he can get it without the usual garnishment of bread and butter, potatoes and other extras, which he neither desires to eat nor to pay for. Theoretically, the Duval system is the perfect restaurant, and its practical workings justify the claim.—Paris Cor. New York World.

A LITTLE BOY JOCKEY.

Too Late at the Starting Pole—Pluck, Energy and Skill Win at Last.

One of the most interesting features of the day was the conduct of a pretty little boy who appeared as a jockey. He was gaudily dressed and his suit was evidently new. His name, as scrawled on the judge's slate, looked like Ossber. He had a mount in the second race, and did little figuring in trying to secure a start. Nevertheless he looked "up to snuff," and many bet on his horse, believing that the little fellow knew all about riding. More than a dozen false starts were made. Finally, with his horse at the pole, the starter dropped the red flag and away went all but little Ossber. He was evidently confused. The starter rapped the pole with his flagstaff and yelled "Go!" frantically in the jockey's ears, but the horse moved not. It was too late and the little fellow rode slowly to the paddock entrance, where he dismounted and burst into a storm of sobs.

Not a spectator laughed. Those who had bet on him swore a little, but the child's grief was too genuine to excite anything but pity. He had another mount in the fourth race, and many were the expressions of sympathy as he cantered by the grand stand in a warming up heat before the call to the post. The time for the start came, and the little fellow's lips were shut close together as he held his horse with a stiff rein and furtively watched the rival jockeys. There were four starters. After several trials they got away all in a bunch. So closely were they bunched that when they came to the first turn, which was almost immediately, the four horses were wedged against each other, their sides and flanks steaming with the sudden and hot friction. The outside jockey was nearly thrown in the confusion. Ossber had his horse next but one to the pole, and was badly squeezed by his rivals. With energy and skill that were really admirable, he pressed the spurs into his horse, and, leaning away forward, seemed to be helping her out of the way by main strength.

Stride by stride the animal pushed her nose to the fore, and when they were all past the turn, Ossber was ahead at the much desired pole. But he was hot pressed, and as he went flying past the grand stand on the first round his teeth were still shut closely together, and his face had an anxious look. The next time around he had opened the distance between him and the second horse, and was sure of victory. His lips opened wide as he spurred his horse to further endeavor, and underneath his long visor the spectator could see the happiest expression that ever lit up a boy's eyes. Not satisfied with winning, he made his horse distance all the others, an exceedingly error under the circumstances. The crowd cheered heartily, and the losers in this event could not restrain a smile of sympathy as the boy's proud sires as he carried the bride at the side of the full grown stable boy who bore the heavier burden of the saddle from the paddock.—"Uncle Bill" in Chicago Herald.

Oracle Wisdom in Society.

These or four years spent in the convent, and nothing is Oracle's free. Perhaps [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]