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GOLDEN NEEDLES.

They Were Used When Gallants In France Did Fancy Work.

During the old regime in France, about which so much glamour remains to us, the very men who were living and making the history of the empire of Louis passed their leisure time in a way that seems to us of today utterly ridiculous. In all the fancy work on which ladies employed themselves the men seem to have taken part.

Poinsinet in one of his comedies represents a young marquis entering a room where two fair damsels are embroidering. One is working a piece of dress trimming, the other a Marly flounce. The beau examines the embroidery with the eye of a connoisseur, points out here and there the specially good touches and is too polite to notice any defects. He takes a little gold tube out of the pocket of his richly decorated waistcoat and selects a dainty gold needle. He goes to the frame at which Cidalise is working and finishes the flower which she had begun. From her he moves to the sofa and, seizing one end of the flounce, assists Ismene, to whom he pays special attention, to complete her task.

At this time it was the custom of the ladies invariably to carry their workbags with them to the evening receptions, in which they had not only their embroidery materials, but the last novel, the popular songs, their patch boxes and rouge pots. Gentlemen also carried deftly embroidered little bags into company, which held "a whole arsenal of cutlery and fancy articles, such as boxes of different shapes filled with lozenges, bonbons, snuff and scent."

At another period the fashion of the day was to cut out drawings from books and pamphlets and to paste them on screens, lamp shades, boxes and vases. The skill in this was to so arrange the drawings or parts of different drawings as to produce a curious or amusing effect. Then there came a season when all the rage was for charades and riddles, which gave a peculiarly good opportunity to exercise the light and rapid wit so conspicuous in the French. Every evening the drawing rooms were converted into impromptu charades. Some lady would suggest a word or phrase, and forthwith it would be converted into the subject of a sprightly little play. Many of the word games now current with us in America had their origin in the necessity the French salons were under in the last century to divert themselves. In some of the salons the fashion of keeping a daily chronicle of news, which was too often a mere chronicle of scandal, was adopted. Mme. Doublet de Persan issued bulletins which she called "nouvelles a la main." In her apartments two registers were kept, one of the authentic news received here and there by her guests, the other of floating rumors and on dits, and from these the budget of her chronicle was made up and circulated throughout France.—Appleton's Magazine.

Outlate (returning to his hotel at 2 a. m. and mistaking his room)—Good gracious, I must be in bed already! Here are my feet.—Pele Mele.

Mag—Billy, i regrets ter say dat our engagement has got ter be broke off.

Billy—Wot's de trouble now?

Mag—Me ma won't leave me wear yer ring no more, 'cos it makes me finger black.—Leslie's Weekly.

Sarcasm.

"Shorry I'm sho late, m'dear," began Dingle apologetically, "but shome fresh jokers stopped me an wouldn't lemme go"—

"Indeed!" interrupted his wife. "Why didn't you take the brick out of your hat and hit them with it?" —Catholic Standard and Times.

The Confessions of a West Baden Gambler.

"Come easy, go easy." The Old weather-beaten phrase is still the rule among the easy money getters and will be as long as there are "chumps" for the gamblers to get their money from.

The gambler who saves much money is seldom found. Some few have done this, but they are in the minority. I have gambled in nearly all the larger cities in the United States, and have gambled in this valley for a number of years, and I think I know something of the "tricks of the trade," and how some of the "easy marks" are caused to loosen from their "cash." The game in this valley is not as strong as it was some years ago, and I am tired of the great amount of work it now requires to get "by."

When you have to scheme with the officials and the courts and at the same time expend large sums of money in order to run, then it is that the game does not pay. Wherever and whenever gambling is going on to any extent you can safely say that the officers are on the pay-roll, for gambling can no more exist where you have officers who are on the square than a man can argue with a stump on fire.

It requires much more money to satisfy grafting officers than the fellow on the out-side knows any thing about. Contrary to the general opinion, the men on the opposite side of the table, who deal the gambling games to the "chumps," are not happy with their winnings, and as a class are the most dissatisfied people in the world.

The care and worry they have to put forth in a game to win makes them naturally suspicious of every one, and disgrunted, narrow-minded and pessimistic. All novelty of the game has passed, and the work of winning is the hardest part of the play. All the thrills common to the novice and all the excitement is gone, there being no chance of losing, and when they sit in a game they know they will win. It is only a question of how long the money of the innocent one will last, and the time it takes to play the game. All the pleasant features of the game are lost with the absolute knowledge of winning. There is no relaxation, no social pleasure and no uncertainity of chance. The professional gambler enters into the game with the same enthusiasm as he would in digging a ditch. I have made a considerable fortune in gambling, but have made up my mind to quit while I have enough in store for rainy day, for its only a matter of time when some honest men will slip into office in Orange County, and then you can make up your mind that the gambler will have to go and the game here will be on the blink. The net results of gambling are not worth the profits.

To sum up the gambler's assets and liabilities, he forfeits the respect and companionship of all decent people and gradually loses his own self-respect, he is always in search of prey, he must stifle the finer senses of man-hood in order to smile at people and rob them at the same time, his ill-gotten money does not as a rule stick.

Many happy homes and many promising young men have gone wrong as a result of the gambling table. The desire to replace the first money they have taken from their employer, with their winnings is so strong that before long they are in so bad there is no chance for them, and then this crowd of dishonest officials who have been fostering gambling get painfully busy right quick and cry aloud and spare not the fellow who lost the money of his employer at the gambling tables which has been receiving their hand.

My experience has taught me that few gamblers are on the square, the desire to win being so strong and human nature so weak, consequently, there is always some one willing to take advantage of the other players. I am free to say that at least once in the life of every gambler, there is a desire to cheat, and if he does not yield it is for the sufficient reason that he does not know how. Persons who gamble will bear me out when I say every gambler has passed a time when he would give anything in the world to be able to tell the cards in his opponent's hands.

Gambling is a crime breeder and it inoculates the community in which it is carried on just as a contagious disease communictes from one person to another. The shooting affray at West Baden some time ago was the culmination of a gambling row. The officer who permits gambling to run and "Blind Tigers" to flourish in his bailiwick is a farce, and an accessory to crime. It is a misnomer to refer to gambling as a game of chance. It should be referred to as a game of cinch, as the sucker has no chance with the professional in the game, and the boob will lose and the cheater win. "Gambling is stealing." But we have men in all gambling communities who occupy High and Holy places, mix and mingle with the gamblers and by their actions invite the continuation of the crime.

(To be Continued.)

THE OBJECTION TO JOHN.

It Was Easily Removed When the Situation Was Explained.

The Gaylords and Nelsons have always been neighbors and intimate friends. So, when John Gaylord at twenty-four, as fine a fellow as ever was, began to see what an altogether charming girl Molly Nelson was there was naturally no opposition. Indeed, as the "affair" became serious it was evident to all, including John and Molly themselves, that the parents concerned were delighted. As yet there was no formal announcement, but every one knew that it was "understood," and evening after evening John talked to Molly on the front porch, often lingering after the other Nelsons had retired.

The surprise of the two was consequently great when one evening a shuffling step was heard in the hall, and presently Mr. Nelson appeared in slippers and dressing gown, candle in hand. Quite evidently he had gone to bed and then got up—for some purpose.

"Why, father, what is the matter?"

Molly's cheeks were burning, as her father stood there hesitating and eying John closely. John, leaning against the doorpost, where he had stood for the last fifteen minutes saying good night to Molly, felt decidedly uncomfortable under Mr. Nelson's gaze.

In fact, it was embarrassing all around. But John is a young man who goes straight to the point.

"Is anything wrong, Mr. Nelson?" he began. "Am I to infer that you object to my being here?"

"Well, no, not exactly, John." Mr. Nelson coughed slightly, hesitating. "It's only that mother and I would like to get a little sleep."

"Father," cried Molly, quite indignant, "we couldn't have been disturbing any one! John has been talking very low"—

"I don't doubt that, my dear." Mr. Nelson was beginning to enjoy the situation. "It's not that, nor have I any objection to John's talking to you. In fact, I haven't an objection in the world to John nor to his conduct, except"—

Mr. Nelson is open to suspicion of having prolonged the matter unnecessarily at this point.

—"except in one thing. Mrs. Nelson and I do object seriously, my dear John, to the habit you seem to have formed this evening of leaning against the bell push. Our bedroom is next to the kitchen, and this continuous bell ringing is not conducive to repose."

"There is one thing I never realized until I began to cast my bread upon the water."

"And that is?"

"How many people are out for the dough."—Philadelphia Press.

What's In a Name?

The Social Reformer—Is your mother at home, little girl?

The Little Girl—N-o-ow. Muvver's gone ter fight amuver lidy.—Tatler.

Reasons For Being Indignant.

There was something in the atmosphere which told him that things were not exactly the same. Silence followed soon after the usual greetings, but at length she spoke. "Are you aware, sir," she began, "that one hand of the Bartholdi statue measures sixteen feet five inches?"

"So I have heard," he nodded, happy to be addressed again.

"The thickness of the head from ear to ear," she pursued icily, "is ten feet."

"Yes."

"The nose is four feet six inches long."

"That's right."

"The mouth is three feet across."

"I believe so. Just imagine it."

"The waist thirty-five feet around."

"Y-yes. Why?"

"Then will you kindly explain, sir," she continued, "why you stated in the poem which you addressed to me that I reminded you of the Goddess of Liberty?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Street Lighting.

The streets of New York were first lighted in 1697, the lighting being done by a lantern suspended from a pole stretched out from the window of every seventh house.

The lighting of streets with gas was first tried in 1816 in Baltimore. At Philadelphia a theater was thus lighted on Nov. 25, 1816, the first place of amusement in America illuminated in that manner.

Gas was first used for lighting houses in Boston in 1822. It had been used thirty years before at Cornwall, England.—Scrap Book.

Unjustly Blamed.

Speaking of the unreliability of circumstantial evidence, a lawyer said:

"Sanders McDowell, a coal heaver of Peebles, said angrily to his wife one night:

"'Havers, Lispeth, hoo many times am I to tell ye I winna hae the children bringin' up coal in my top hat?'

"'Hoot, Sanders, mon, be reasonable,' said Lispeth. 'Ye've spoilt the shape o' the top hat wi' yer funny head a'ready, an', since ye're heavin' coal all day, wot can a little extra coal dust in the headpiece matter?'

"'Woman, ye dinna grasp ma argyment,' said Sanders. 'I only wear that top hat in the evenin', an' if I'm oot an' I tak' it off it leaves a black band around ma forehead. What's the result? Why, I'm accused on all sides o' [illegible] wi' ma hat on!'"—[illegible] Democrat.

Strenuous Fatalism.

Old Abe Crager lived in New England in the days of Indian warfare. He was a fatalist of a pronounced type. Nevertheless he would not venture forth without his blunderbuss. One day he had an important errand, but the blunderbuss, when he came to get it, was missing from the rack made of antlers where it always hung. Some one of his family had taken it. Abe sat down to wait till it was brought back.

"But, Abe, I thought you were a fatalist?" said a friend.

"So I am," the old man answered.

"Then why bother about your blunderbuss?" taunted the friend. "You are in no danger from the Indians, since you can't possibly die till your time comes."

"Yes," said the old man, "but suppose I was to meet an Indian and his time had come. It wouldn't do for me not to have my blunderbuss, would it?"

Disenchanted.

"Yes," she admitted, with a sad little sigh, "there was a time when I thought him the grandest man in the world and believed that nothing could ever make me cease to love him."

"Well," her friend replied, "I suppose we are all doomed to these disenchanting experiences. We have only to become acquainted with a man to discover that he is not the god we had supposed him to be."

"But it wasn't becoming acquainted with him that destroyed my ideal. I am sure that I could still think him splendid if I had never seen him in riding breeches."—Chicago Record-Herald.

DISTANCE OF THE STARS.

How Astronomers Set About the Task of Measuring It.

With the exception of a hundred stars at most, we know nothing of the distances of the individual stars.

What is the cause of this state of things? It is owing to the fact that we have two eyes that we are enabled not only to perceive the direction in which external objects are situated, but to get an idea of their distance, to localize them in space. But this power is rather limited. For distances exceeding some hundreds of yards it utterly fails. The reason is that the distance between the eyes as compared with the distance to be evaluated becomes too small. Instruments have been devised by which the distance between the eyes is, as it were, artificially increased. With a good instrument of this sort distances of several miles may be evaluated. For still greater distances we may imagine each eye replaced by a photographic plate. Even this would be quite sufficient for one of the heavenly bodies—viz, for the moon.

At one and the same moment let a photograph of the moon and the surrounding stars be taken both at the Cape observatory and at the Royal observatory at Greenwich. Placing the two photographs side by side in the stereoscope, we shall clearly see the moon "hanging in space" and may evaluate its distance.

But for the sun and the nearest planets, our next neighbors in the universe after the moon, the difficulty recommences.

The reason is that any available distance on the earth, taken as eye distance, is rather small for the purpose. However, owing to incredible perseverance and skill of several observers and by substituting the most refined measurement for stereoscopic examination, astronomers have succeeded in overcoming the difficulty for the sun. I think we may say that at present we know its distance to within a thousandth part of its amount. Knowing the sun's distance, we get that of all the planets by a well known relation existing between the planetary distances.

But now for the fixed stars, which must be hundreds of thousands of times farther removed than the sun. There evidently can be no question of any sufficient eye distance on our earth. Meanwhile our success with the sun has provided us with a new one distance, 24,000 times greater than any possible eye distance on the earth, for now that we know the distance at which the earth travels in its orbit around the sun we can take the diameter of its orbit as our eye distance. Photographs taken at periods six months apart will represent the stellar world as seen from points the distance between which is already best expressed in the time it would take light to traverse it. The time would be about sixteen minutes.

However, even this distance, immense as it is, is on the whole, inadequate for obtaining a stereoscopic view of the stars. It is only in quite exceptional cases that photographs on a large scale—that is, obtained by the aid of big telescopes—show any stereoscopic effect for fixed stars. By accurate measurement of the photos we may perhaps get somewhat beyond what we can attain by simple stereoscopic inspection; but, as we said a moment ago, astronomers have not succeeded in this way in determining the distance of more than a hundred stars in all.—Scientific American.

An Indefinite Number.

[illegible] Andrew was in a rather petulant mood, and in order to restore his customary good humor his mother promised him some preserved strawberries if he would be a good boy. Calling a servant, she said:

"Jennie, please give Andrew about four strawberries."

Jennie proceeded to fulfill the wish of her mistress and counted out the berries, "One, two, three, four."

"I want five," protested the child.

"But your mother said four," said Jennie.

"Mamma said 'about four,'" replied Andrew.

And he got the fifth.—New York Times.