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AFTER THE BLOOMING.

Oh, little rosebud with petals red,
As you nod by the garden wa'd
And dewdrops drink,
Do you ever think
That some day your petals will fall?
Some day your fragrance will all be gone,
Your sweetness a thing of the past?
For it matters not how
Much prized you are now,
Little rosebuds cannot always last.

And, oh, little maiden, with eyes so blue,
As you sing, and laugh, and are gay,
Does it come to you
That some day, too,
Your roses will pass away?

But the little rosebud nods on by the wall,
Caressed by the winds so free;
And the blue-eyed girl
Swings in the mad whirl
Unheeding the song and me.
Oh, wise little rosebud and wise little girl,
Why turn to the dark ere you must?
Nod on and laugh on
Till your pleasures are gone.
Live to-day! For the morrow—trust!
—Johnstone Murray, in Womankind.

A QUEER ADVENTURE.

It happened about seven years ago. I had been transacting some business in London, and was returning by the afternoon mail to my home in the country. Being the only occupant of the carriage in which I rode, I broke the tedium of the journey by reading, in the dim light of the chill December day, some of the several periodicals with which I had furnished myself at the bookstall previous to my departure from the station.

The papers at that time were full of accounts respecting some startling outrages committed just previously by a band of desperate nihilists, who, in their own particular manner, were levying war upon civilization in a well-known European capital. The reports were alarmingly graphic, and an air of insecurity was engendered by reading them, for rumor had it that the ramifications were well-nigh limitless, extending into other lands besides their own, and it was plainly hinted that England was shortly to receive a special share of their attentions.

I read on until the growing darkness rendered the operation too difficult to be longer indulged in, and then mused upon what I had read until, half my journey being accomplished, it became necessary for me to change my train. With a quarter of an hour to spare, I entered the buffet attached to the station at which I had stopped, with the object of obtaining some needed refreshment. Having eaten nothing since breakfast, I was hungry, and looked round for something substantial where with to appease my appetite.

The only available thing beside the usual sandwich was a German sausage, which I began to tackle without the least compunction. Although not an edible that I usually indulged in—to be correct, I had never before tasted it—the inelegant polony seemed to my sharpened palate quite toothsome food, and I ate vigorously, and felt, as I believed, all the better for it when the time came to resume my journey.

I had a companion this time, a man who, like myself, was closely wrapped, and who occupied the seat directly opposite to the corner one in which I placed myself. In his hand I noticed that he carried a small, oblong parcel, incased in brown paper and tied with a strip of thin string, so arranged as to form a loop for the fingers that held it.

On starting, my fellow-traveler made a few commonplace remarks about the weather, and later on, with an air of decided sociability, offered me his flask. I am aware that it is not ordinarily advisable to accept hospitality in this way from a stranger, and it is a thing I always set my face against, but, in this instance, I broke through my custom and took the proffered drink, and then, drawing my wraps closely around me, snuggled into my corner, and tried to make myself comfortable for the rest of the ride.

I had not been long thus ensconced when a kind of drowsy stupor began to creep over me, which steadily increased, despite repeated efforts on my part to shake it off. As I sat in this semi-conscious state, my thoughts reverted to the nihilistic literature I had been reading, and instantly it occurred to me that the brandy I had been drinking was drugged. The thought was not a pleasant one, and somewhat alarmed by it I made a farther attempt to rouse myself from the lethargy into which I was falling, but without success. Suddenly I lost consciousness entirely, and everything became a blank.

It was only for a few moments, however, for my senses returned as quickly as they had left me, although my power of action was quite gone. I seemed like a person under the influence of some mesmeric spell, from which there is no escape. In this condition my gaze instinctively turned to my companion, and I noticed, as I thought, a mysterious change in his appearance. His complexion had assumed a malignant air, his eyes wore a wild look, and round his mouth there curled a cunning smile.

As I sat watching him, he began to undo the parcel in his hands, and drawing away the paper in which it was inclosed, exposed to view a box apparently made of tin. A little hinged door on one of its sides, which he presently opened, showed that the interior was filled with a species of clockwork arrangement, and instinctively I guessed that the thing I beheld was one of those diabolical inventions which have come to be known by the term of infernal machines.

On beholding this horrible engine of destruction, which, for aught I knew, might be fused ready for its dreadful work, my first thought was to stretch out my hand for the communication cord, and, by stopping the train, let the authorities know the manner of man they were carrying; but, on attempting to rise, I found that my limbs utterly refused their office, and I was as helpless as though I had been bound hand and foot. My companion, evidently divining my intention, spoke.

"You are powerless to move," he said, addressing me. "The potion imbibed from my flask is a special decoction which will prevent action on your part for some time to come. So sit still and listen! You know, doubtless, what this is," he continued, pointing to the box, which he had placed on the seat beside him, "and most likely you guess what I am at the same time. In case you do not, I will tell you at once that I am one of that noble band who have for their object in life the emancipation of mankind from the tyranny of authority!"

"In other words, you are a nihilist—a dynamitard?" I suggested.

"Use those terms if you like," he replied. "There is nothing in a name. Acts are the things whereby men are judged. Hear what I have to say! The society to which I belong has decreed the immediate doom of an authoritative rule, and with that object has dispatched emissaries far and wide to carry out its behests. A big blow is shortly to be struck, and there is not a country in the whole of Europe which will escape it. Russia, Germany, Austria, France, all are condemned, and even England, the vaunted home of the free, is not to be exempt. At the present moment, there are 99 picked men, armed with the most deadly bombs, in London itself, awaiting the signal to commence. One more worker is required, and I am commissioned to find some one to supply the want. I have done so, and my choice falls upon you!"

I started in my seat at these words, uttered in a fiercely earnest tone. He concluded:

"You, yes, you must become one of us; must enroll yourself under the banner of emancipation, and strike a blow for liberty!"

"And what if I refuse?" I inquired, as quietly as my excitement would allow. He leaned forward, and hissed rather then spoke in my ear:

"If you will not do this, then you yourself are doomed! Mark me, unless you join our ranks you will never leave this train alive!"

"Who will prevent me?" I asked, again making a vain endeavor to rise.

"I will!" he shouted, fiercely.

"I defy you!" I exclaimed, with a firmnes I did not really feel, thinking that a determined attitude might possibly overawe him, for assassins are invariably cowards. I was mistaken in my man, however, for on hearing my words he put his hand under the cloak that enveloped him and drew forth a poniard, the sharp-pointed edge of which he felt critically with the tip of his finger.

"I will give you one minute in which to consider your decision," he said, "and if at the end of that time you remain obdurate, then this blade goes straightway through your heart!"

In order, I suppose, to amuse himself during the interval he pricked several holes with the point of the instrument in his arm just above the wrist, from each of which the blood squirted in small, purple jets, showing how sharp was the weapon's edge. In a little while he said:

"The time is up. What say you now?"

"What I said before," I replied. "Do your worst!"

Instantly he sprang to his feet and clutched me by the throat.

"Coward!" I cried, half choking, as I was, and struggling in his iron grasp.

The epithet seemed to madden him, for his face became livid with sudden rage, his eyes glared wildly and his breath came in thick and hurried gasps.

"You shall never say that again!" he shouted, tightening his hold until the blood swelled up in my face and my eyes seemed ready to burst from their sockets.

With the energy of despair I made one final attempt to recover my power of action, and felt that I was succeeding. The effect of the potion was evidently working off, and with use returning to my limbs I realized that now was my time. Concentrating all the strength I had into one tremendous effort, I managed to free myself from his grip and immediately closed with him. We struggled violently together for a few seconds, neither gaining the mastery, and then I stumbled and we both fell to the ground, he uppermost. It seemed that my hour was come, for in his hand he held the deadly weapon. As I saw the gleaming blade descend in one swift stroke I raised my voice and shouted—

"Tickets, please! All tickets ready!"

It was the summons of the collector. I rubbed my eyes and looked around. There was my fellow traveler sitting quietly on the seat opposite, regarding me with an amused expression on his face.

"Been sleeping?" he queried, as my gaze caught his.

"I suppose I have," was my hazy reply.

"And dreaming, too," he added, with a smile; "unpleasantly, I should guess, by your manner."

It was so. The substantial repast of which I had partaken had been the means of bringing on a heavy slumber which lasted right on to my journey's end, and the fearful adventure through which I had been passing was not, as I had imagined it, a thing of reality, but only a horrid nightmare, engendered by the reception of a mass of indigestible food into a constitutionally dyspeptic stomach.

My companion, of course, was no more a nihilist than I was. The only fusible article inside his brown-paper parcel was a box containing a hundred choice cigars; and his flask, he assured me, held nothing more injurious to the system than a quantity of fine old Cognac.

As I related to him the experience through which I had gone he indulged in a hearty laugh, and, while I could not refrain from joining him, even at my own expense, I inwardly registered a vow to give German sausage a very wide berth for the future.—Tit-Bits.

—If thou hast a loitering servant, send him of thy errand just before his dinner.—Fuller.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—A student 54 years old is a member of the freshman class of the Maine medical school.

—Bishop Hall (Episcopal), of Vermont, has been doing temporary duty for the venerable Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, who is enfeebled by old age.

—The Church of England is supported by income from investments, endowments, and by voluntary contributions. The total revenue of the church is about $35,000,000.

—Rev. Sir John Warren Hayes, Bart., who has just died in his 97th year, was the oldest clergyman of the Church of England, the oldest free mason, and the oldest baronet in Great Britain.

—There is a good deal of soreness in Talmage's church in Washington, and among the Presbyterians there generally—at least, so it is said—over his success in freezing out one of his co-pastors in order that he could have the pulpit all to himself.

—The Christian Intelligencer remarks that "age is at a premium in all the professions, except the clerical. In the sick chamber and in the court-room experience counts for something; in the pulpit it counts for nothing. To treat sin-sick souls requires more skill than to treat diseased bodies, and skill is the ripe fruit of experience."

—The Pallium will be formally conferred upon Archbishop Kain, of St. Louis, on March 10 by Cardinal Gibbons. There is a rumor in Catholic circles of St. Louis that Cardinal Satolli will not make his contemplated visit to that city, owing to the fact that certain priests of the archdiocese recently criticised his alleged harsh treatment of Archbishop Kendrick.

PIRATE'S BURIED GOLD.

Treasure Worth $800,000 Believed to Be Hidden Away in Louisiana.

Not long ago a Mr. Palmer, of Lake Charles, La., purchased a tract of land situated on the south bank of English bayou, at its junction with the Calcasieu. This property is commonly known as the "English Bayou Bluffs."

To all intents this gentleman made the deal simply for purposes of speculation. So it may be imagined that Mr. Palmer was overwhelmed by the legend which was told him a few days ago.

He was one morning in his office when an old creole came in and introduced himself. After a few minor remarks he suddenly inquired if Mr. Palmer had not made the deal for the land about the mouth of the bayou. On being answered in the affirmative, he told this story:

"Along in the first part of this century things were rocky in these parts. There was no town here then, and, with the exception of a few scattered ranches, the country was held by the Quelquesho and Choctaw Indians.

"The Calcasieu river, however, and its tributaries were in the possession of the pirate, Lafitte. For years he made this section one of his hiding places, and a secure one it was, for, once across the bar with his chopper-built schooners, he was beyond the reach of the average deep-water cruiser.

"But it is said that on one occasion his pursuers crossed the bar and chased him up the river, for he sailed as far as the English bayou, and there on these high banks, in the angle formed by the two streams, he buried $800,000 in gold.

"Then about 200 yards further up the Calcasieu, he sunk his vessel, and with his men took to the dense swamps, leaving his pursuers no clew as to his whereabouts, and they probably never knew what became of the vessel or its crew."

Whether this man spoke the truth or not I am unable to say, but in all probability there is some ground for the legend. At all events the story leaked out, and one morning before a week had passed freshly dug holes on the bluffs showed that some one had been prospecting for the lost gold.

Up the Calcasieu, about a mile from this spot, there is a locality which has always borne a special charm for the fortune hunter, as well as for those in search of ancient legends.

As with the other place, Lafitte is the hero of the tale, but the treasure reposes at the bottom of the river. It seems that the pirate suddenly found himself in a tight place with one of his vessels. On board were heaps of costly jewelry—diamonds, rubies and pearls—which he had taken from merchantmen on the high seas.

Either from a notion of his own, or because he did not have time to do otherwise, Lafitte filled one of his cannon with this fabulous wealth, and, sealing it up, threw it overboard in a bend of the river.—N. Y. Times.

Found His Place.

In one of the frontier counties of Texas a few residents were fixing up a political slate, so that all would have a place at the public crib.

"There," said one, "I reckon about everbody has something but old Tom Jones."

"Might make him constable."

"No; he can't read—couldn't serve a warrant."

"Justice of the peace," suggested another.

"That won't do, because he can't write either. Reckon the old fellow will have to go hungry."

"That would never work," said another "he would throw his influence against us. I should think the school board was the place for Tom."

"Didn't think of that. Put him down for the best place on the board."—Texas Sifter.

Nothing of Consequence.

Mistress (just returned from a long visit in the country)—Well, Jane, how have you been getting on while I have been away?

Jane—Pretty fair, mum. The kitchen drain's all stopped up, the chimbly has been on fire, burglars broke in one night and the brokers is in for taxes; but everything else is all right.—London Tit-Bits.

AMERICANS' GREAT COURAGE.

Possibilities in Long-Distance Electric Power Transmission.

The feasibility of power transmission by means of electricity over distances of limited extent has been clearly demonstrated in the long years of experience with the direct current, but transmission by means of the direct current speedily reached a limit, beyond which for economical reasons it became inadvisable to go. Yet it was transmitted over very long distances. How best to effect this became the urgent question of the hour.

The direct current was, perforce, discarded, and the alternating current called into requisition. Attainment of an economical solution was by no means easy. Difficulty after difficulty arose, requiring countless experiments to elucidate; and alteration after alteration in machinery was made, involving the expenditure of vast sums. By successive and painful stages a solution was finally reached, and today the long-distance transmission of power by electricity is an established economic fact of a potentiality which seems limited in its comprehensiveness only by the exhaustion of the available natural forces of the earth.

Indeed, everything points to a corner in water powers, speculative enterprises keeping steady step with honest industrial initiative, and generally a little in advance. Waterfall and cataract have suddenly assumed a greater interest to their owners than that imparted by their merely scenic features. Hitherto unutilized water powers have become, in sanguine imagination, possible gold mines in futuro, and the elimination of the domestic coal heap and relegation of the steam engine to the oblivion which awaits the discarded have become articles of faith with water power proprietors.

By far the greatest number of the long-distance transmission installations of the world are situated in the United States. The American seems endowed with the courage of temerity, and is willing to adopt a new thing with promise only, where other nationalities demand assurance or proof. A possibility has a special attraction for the American mind, and the risk of its realization is willingly run. It is this spirit that has covered the United States with electric lighting stations, spread a nework of electric car lines over every city of any importance in its boundaries, and initiated the supersession of the steam locomotive itself from its main line railways.—John McGhie, in Cassier's Magaine.

"GOOD-BY, MATE, GOOD-BY."

Telegraph Lineman Drops Forty Feet to Save a Comrade's Life.

The life of the telegraph lineman is full of peril. As a rule, the workman has served an apprenticeship to his arduous occupation, or has previously qualified as a sailor. It is no easy matter to climb hand over hand the huge telegraph poles, the sight of which is so familiar all over the country.

In stormy weather the workman carries his life in his hand. A few years ago a shocking accident drew attention to the dangerous nature of the work. Two men were engaged on a telegraph pole standing many feet above a well-known line of railway. A wire had broken and they were busy repairing the damage.

The wind blew fiercely from the east, and the pole rocked to and fro in the blast. Suddenly a strong gust caused one of the men to turn in his position. In doing so he somehow pushed his companion, who, taken unawares, fell backwards. He clutched at his mate, and both tumbled over amongst the wires.

For a moment the two men hung without speaking a word. Then one of them said:

"Bill, I can't reach the post, and I'm afraid if I move the wires will break." And as he spoke a wire broke.

"Well, mate, it's a big drop down into the grass," replied the other man; "but as you're married and have three kids, I don't see why I should stay here."

"No, don't do that, Bill; you'll get killed, surely. Let's hang a little longer."

But another wire broke, and Bill made up his mind.

"Good-by, mate," he said to the other, who had tears in his eyes; "good-by."

Then he dropped—a fall of 40 feet. He fell among some bushes and rolled down the embankment. When he rose (for he was not dead) he crawled up to where his companion hung.

"I'm all right, mate; I'm going for help."

The station was half a mile distant. When the poor fellow who had risked his life for his mate told his tale he fainted away. The doctor said he had broken his arms and a couple of ribs; but his noble action saved his friend's life and his own.—Pearson's Weekly.

Scotch Cakes.

Only three ingredients are required—a cupful of butter, half a cupful of sugar and 1¾ pints of flour. Mix the flour and sugar. Beat the butter to a cream, and gradually beat it into the dry mixture. The new mixture will be stiff and brittle, and must be worked thoroughly with the hands until it becomes pliable. Sprinkle a board lightly with flour, and laying half of the mixture upon it, roll it down to the thickness of about half an inch. Cut into four parts, and pinch the edges with the fingers to make little scallops. Bake in a modern oven. Be sure that the measurements are exact, and take great care in mixing and baking. The cakes are nice to serve with preserves, marmalade and fruit jellies.—Boston Herald.

Died from a Natural Cause.

Insurance Superintendent (suspiciously)—How did your husband happen to die so soon after getting insured for a large amount?

Widow—He worked himself to death trying to pay the premiums.—Weekly Telegraph.

LONDON TENEMENT HOUSES.

Laws That Govern Construction in That City.

First of all should be mentioned the provisions for the two great requisites of light and air. The buildings will be four and five stories high, and each building must be separated in all directions from any opposing building by an open space at least equal to its own height. It was with the greatest difficulty that the New York commission secured the passage of an act limiting the ground area to be covered to 75 per cent. These official London tenements will not cover more than 55 per cent. of the building lots.

Habitable rooms must not be less than eight feet six inches in height. Rooms must have efficient ventilation, "the principle on which 'back-to-back' houses are built being carefully avoided." This precludes the construction of a building more than two rooms deep. If such a rule were enforced in New York, the city would be revolutionized. The aim of tenement house architecture in America is to get at least two, and perhaps four, families on each floor of 25 feet width. The London houses, as a matter of fact, will be only one room deep. Living-rooms in them must be of not less than 144 feet superficial floor area. Bedrooms must be of not less than 96 feet superficial floor area nor less than seven feet nine inches wide. Staircases must have horizontal ventilation direct to the open air; corridors must be ventilated on the open air; staircases and halls must be lighted day and night. The last-named regulation is with a view to prevent the immorality and frequent accidents which lack of light in such places is known to produce in tenement houses. A proposed statute calling for light after eight a. m. until ten p. m. aroused much opposition in Albany.

After light and air, safety from fire may be regarded as the next essential of model tenement house construction. The London law provides that all walls shall be of "fire-resisting" material, and that all staircases must be fireproof, and so separated from apartments that they will not afford a flue for the conduct of fire from one floor to another, as so often occurred in the tenements of New York. But the county council has learned that it will pay to go beyond the law, and to make the buildings absolutely fireproof. The first cost will be very little greater, and will be far more than offset by the decreased cost of repairs and the greater permanence of the buildings. Without going into technical details of construction, it may be said the stairways are of iron, stone and cement; that floors are built with iron girders and brick arches; that the wooden surface is laid on solid cement; that as little woodwork is used in the rooms as possible; and that the plaster, even of the partitions between rooms of the same apartment, is laid on iron or wire instead of on wooden lathing. Of the buildings completed it is no idle boast for the architect to say that a fire might be started in any room without endangering any other room. The cost of repairs is thus reduced to a minimum, and the life of the buildings is increased until it is estimated at 450 years, simply because it seems absurd to name a longer period. As a matter of fact, the buildings, if undisturbed, will practically last forever.—Edward Marshall, in Century.

PHILADELPHIA IS A DEADFALL.

Traveling Men Give the City of Brotherly Love a Bad Name.

"Say, I've just asked the house to strike Philadelphia off my route," said the traveling man. "That city is the biggest municipal hypocrite on the map of the world. People always associate it with William Penn, Quaker meetings, and pretty, soft-eyed girls, with their hair laundried as smooth as a shirt front. It is all rot. I want to tell you that Philadelphia is a deadfall. It has the worst political ring that ever picked the pockets of the bleeding taxpayer. It turns out more prize fighters than Boston does. All its confidence men look like preachers, and if you show me a block there where I can't get up a flirtation I'll present it to any charitable institution you name. There's a place I give the cold shake. On my last trip I met some Philadelphia 'boys.' They looked too smooth and innocent to be out late. One of them gave a little supper, and I'll bet it stood him $20 a plate. When things got pretty gay the host ordered his plug hat, set a champagne bottle in it, filled it with chopped ice, called a messenger boy and sent the layout to a 'friend.' The boy had no overcoat and the generous host said to give the lad his. When he came to break away, what do you think? It was my plug hat and my overcoat that were gone. The best kick I could make only brought a laugh, and at four a. m. I sprinted to my hotel in a lowcut vest and a little dinkey Scotch cap. It would take requisition papers and a whole squad of police to get me into Philadelphia again."—Detroit Free Press.

How to Remove a Fixed Ring.

When a ring is fixed on the finger from the swelling of the skin or joint, rub the finger with soap and cold water, and it will then generally admit of its removal. If this fails, take a strong thread or piece of fine twine, and, beginning at the end of the finger, wind it regularly around and around it, with the coils close together, till the ring is reached; then slip the end through the ring from the side next to the end of the finger, and begin to unwind the string, which, as it progresses, carries the ring with it. Sometimes, however, when the finger is very much swollen, and when the ring is deeply imbedded, even this plan will not succeed, and the only resource is to cut through the ring with a pair of cutting pliers, first slipping under it a thin piece of metal or cardboard to protect the skin from injury.—Atlanta Constitution.

LOCKETS ARE IN STYLE.

Craze for Uncut Jewels Dying Out—Polished Ones in Vogue.

Whether or not we are becoming more sentimental, lockets are in vogue once more. The latest, and one which will have the merit of not arousing inconvenient curiosity, always a drawback to the ordinary locket, is to all intents and purposes a coin—sovereign, half-sovereign, dollar, Napoleon, anything. This dangles as a harmless, innocent charm, but the proprietor or proprietress knows there is a spring, and that inside is a miniature about which, thus protected, no questions are likely to be asked. Ladies wear them on bangles, one of which may bear a whole portrait gallery of "pasts and presents;" the difference in the constancy of man is that he changes the contents, and is thus off with the old before he is on with the new, since the greatest victor could not well sling a dozen or so of scalps encased in coins across his waistcoat on his watchchain. Very neat are the new gold and jeweled tie-clips, and these are worn now by women riding either noble animals or mere machines, to keep their ties in place. A new pin is in the form of a nine or a six, crossed either in pearls or gold or diamonds, signifying the year of grace. A new design for a yachtswoman is a pretty miniature white enamel boat sailing on a green enamel sea, the mainsail, topsail and a jib of diamonds, and a little pennon flying from the peak of colored enamel. This is in the form of a brooch. The craze for cabochon or uncut jewels is dying out. It lingers longer with the emerald than with any other, and, indeed, with cause, for there is a soft depth in the cabochon emerald that is not in the cut and polished stone unless it is one of remarkable beauty.—London Telegraph.

FOR HOME ADORNMENT.

Convert an Old Mantelpiece and Fireplace Into Things of Beauty.

How to modernize an old-fashioned mantel-piece and looking-glass is the puzzle to many a housekeeper. Most old-fashioned mantel-pieces are so narrow, therefore it is advisable to have a board made at least 12 inches in width and several inches longer than the original shelf; have this fixed by screws to the shelf, and have a curtain rod fixed beneath the board; cover the top of the board with plush or fine cloth, fixed by tacks; the front drapery may be of embroidered satin or plush, or of the pretty tapestry now sold in so many soft colors. The curtains may be of Indian silk, Roman satin or plush; they are edged with fringe; the drapery of the looking-glass is of the same material as the curtains, the center being embroidered with a garland of roses and foliage; the drape is 14 inches deep, and is cut one-half yard wider than that on the curtains; it is plaited once and slightly looped up midway between the center and the sides, which gives it a festooned appearance; the center is slightly raised at the top under a rosette, and the ends are ornamented with loops of silk and chenille cord and tassels; the sides of the glass may be covered with the same material as the drape in small, straight folds; this may, however, be omitted if the sides of the glass are pretty and in good condition. An ornamental banner screen, with brass mount, is placed in front of the fireplace in the center; the curtains may either be opened slightly or may be drawn to, according to inclination. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

He Blew Off the Froth.

He sipped his brandy and soda in a dejected sort of way and gazed wearily out of the club window. "No," he said to the young man with the high collar, "I'm not going to be married. That is, unless I will sign the temperance pledge, and I won't do that for any woman. It would have been all right if the girl's mother hadn't learned that I drank." "Who told her?" asked the tall-collared person. "I did." replied the sad young man. "Met the girl and her ma on the street the other day, and invited them to come and have a glass of soda. Idiotic, wasn't it? Ah, yes, I was saying to her ma, I never drank anything intoxicating. A mild drink like this is sufficient for any young man. And then I lifted a glass of soda to my lips, blew off the froth, said: 'Here's how!' and gulped it down. Well, the old lady looked horrified and Ella said: 'Why, Jack!' Then there was a long talk with her ma and pa next day, and here I am. Inconvenient to be absent-minded, isn't it?"—N. Y. Herald.

The Ingenious Japs.

An interesting indication of Japanese progress is to be found in the reported intention of the government to establish a dockyard and gun factory through an arrangement with a well-known English firm. There is nothing improbable in such a rumor. On the contrary, it is characteristic of the spirit which has animated Japan since the forces of civilization overtook it, and especially during the recent past, that it should desire to be in a position to build its own ships of war complete. It is a shrewd plan to procure the help of a foreign firm, with the privilege of purchasing the works after a period sufficient to enable the Japanese workmen to acquire the necessary skill. The Japs are ready learners and have a knack of outdoing their instructors that is surprising.—N. Y. Tribune.

Candied Fruit.

One pound sugar, one-half gill water, fruit. Make a sirup of the sugar and water; when boiling put in the fruits, and stir until they become crystallized; then take them out, and dry them in an oven or before the fire, but do not let them get brown; oranges must be divided into quarters; pineapples cut in slices or small squares; cherries, greengages, small pears and apricots may be used whole, but should be allowed to remain longer in the sirup than the smaller fruits.—Boston Globe.

HUMOROUS.

—"Er man dat am allus lookin' fob trouble," said Uncle Eben, "ain' likely ter git disp'inted, no matter how near-sighted he is."—Washington Star.

—Out of Practice.—She—"Why don't you talk to me as if you loved me?" He (absent-minded)—"I'm so horribly out of practice!"—Detroit Free Press.

—Employer—"You say you would like to go to your grandmother's funeral this afternoon, James?" James—"Yes, sir, if it doesn't rain."—Tit-Bits.

—"Oi saay, Moike." "Yis?" "Phot's dthis worrud? C-o-n—con—v-e-r—ver—s-a—sa—t-i-o-n — shun — conversation. Phot's conversation?" "Oi don't t'ink Oi'm shure, Dinnis, but Oi t'ink dthot's dude fer gab."—Harper's Bazar.

—"I would be mighty willin' to work," Mr. Dismal Dawson explained, "if I was only able." "You look able-bodied enough," said the sharp-nosed lady; "what is there to prevent you working?" "Me pride."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Mrs. Grimble (to her offspring)—"There you go, tracking the floor all over with mud. Didn't I tell you to wipe your feet before you came in?" Johnny—"Oh, nobody's blaming you, ma; you did all you could."—Boston Transcript.

—Little Lord Charles—"Oh, I'm going to be an omnibus conductor when I grow up." Fair American—"But your brother's going to be a duke, isn't he?" Little Lord Charles—"Ah, yes; but that's about all he's fit for, you know." —Punch.

—One View of It.—"Say, what is this social settlement idea?" "It's like this—you're a good fellow, you know." "Yes." "Well, you go and live in a tough neighborhood and you'll seem a darn sight better than you really are!"—Chicago Record.

—"I was very much disappointed today," said Mrs. Northside, when her husband came home from the office. "What about?" "It was a fine afternoon, and I thought I'd return Mrs. Tawk's call." "And she was out, was she? That was too bad." "No; she was in."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

ANCIENT ROMAN CROWNS.

Seven Kinds Were Distributed as Rewards of Valor.

The Romans had various kinds of crowns which they distributed as rewards for martial exploits and extraordinary services on behalf of the republic.

1. The oval crown, made of myrtle, and bestowed on generals who were entitled to the honors of the "lesser triumph," called ovation.

2. The naval or rostral crown, composed of a circle of gold with ornaments representing "beaks" of ships, and given to the captain who first grappled or to soldiers who first boarded an enemy's ship.

3. The crown known in Latin as "Vallaris Castrensis," a circle of gold raised with jewels or palisades, the reward of the general who first forced the enemy's intrenchments.

4. The mural crown, a circle of gold indented and embattled, given to the warrior who first mounted the wall of a besieged place and successfully lodged a standard or flag thereon.

5. The civic crown, (made of the branch of a green oak), a garland of oak leaves, bestowed upon the Roman soldier who had saved the life of a citizen.

6. The triumphal crown, consisting at first of wreaths of laurel, but afterward made of gold—the reward of such generals as had the good fortune to be successful in battle.

7. The crown called "Obsidionalis," or "Graminea," made of the "common grass" found growing on the scene of action, and bestowed only for the deliverance of an army when reduced to the last extremity. This was esteemed the highest military reward among the Roman soldiery.

Athletic crowns and crowns of laurel, destined as rewards at public games, and many other Roman sports, are frequently found mentioned in the annals of Roman history. — Chambers' Journal.

Chapped Lips.

Of the many minor ills to which the small child is subjected in cold weather there is none much more disagreeable than the chapped lips which so often torment him. And when the "chap" becomes a deep crack in the middle of the lip it is even more trying. Then cold cream or vaseline often fails to produce any effect, and the split grows broader until the lower lip looks as if it were cut in half. The one quick and efficient remedy for this is a tiny phial of flexible collodion and a camel's-hair brush. The mother must hold the two sides of the lip together with one hand, while with the other she dips the brush in the collodion and quickly paints over the crack with the liquid. It dries almost instantly, and in drying forms a skin over the wound. Whenever this skin breaks it must be renewed. The small child who does not wince and to whose eyes the tears do not come under this treatment must be heroic indeed, for the first application of the collodion smarts keenly for just a moment. But in two or three days the treatment will have entirely cured the offending member.—Harper's Bazar.

Effects Somewhat Similar.

"Hello, Swiggles! I congratulate you, old boy, on your appointment to that consulship. It's a good position, and you deserve it."

"Thanks, Ruggles. I'm sorry to see you're not looking well this morning. Been sick?"

"No. I was out on a toot last night. That's all."

"Well, good-by! I've got an engagement."

"So have I. So long!"

Ten minutes later they happened to meet at a hatter's where they had gone to have their hats stretched.—Chicago Tribune.