

CRAWFORD'S NOTES OF A TRIP ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

Know and Cook Instead of Balmey Sun... Crawford's Government Railroad... In Italy—An interesting sight.

Before leaving England I had been given the most extravagant descriptions of the beautiful spring to be found in sunny Italy. I have now been away from London a week and have found no place where the climate was as mild and even as in the city of London itself.

It was not until the Alpine country was reached that I really saw snow. Every thing before that was a mere play in comparison. In the neighborhood of the Mont Cenis tunnel the snow fell in great white feathery masses, piling up in the most fantastic way.

The Italian government controls the railroads of this country. Slower and more maddening trains it would be hard to find in any country in the world. I took a local train from Turin to Milan in order to make a connection for Venice.

The starting of a train in Italy is a very interesting sight to a stranger. The guards wear military uniforms. Their caps are red and with a low visor. Red bands encircle these caps.

An interesting problem has been propounded by a young man aged 10, who wishes to know whether if coming events cast their shadows before, going events cast their shadows behind.—Harper's Weekly.

MY SUMMER WALK. The shadow on the meadow's breast is not more calm than my repose. As step by step, I am the guest of every living thing that grows.—Horatio Nelson Pomeroy.

BARREN HONORS.

My mother was left early a widow, with five children, all girls. We inherited nothing from our well born ancestors save well formed noses, white hands, and low, cultivated voices.

When I was 17 I was invited to spend a few months with our father's cousin, a Mrs. Beaumont, who lived in great style in London. She was that most selfish of beings, a hypochondriac.

A scene was troublesome, therefore my hostess contented herself with declaring herself worse, and ordering her doctor to prescribe sea air. Jack Beaumont was requested to accompany her to the Isle of Wight, and I was packed off home.

The wedding day came, and I had seen my bridegroom but twice. On these occasions his father had been in the room. Lady Silurian I had never seen at all, her husband brought me a magnificent diamond necklace and bracelets of diamonds.

I have small recollection of the ceremony; but I remember that my father-in-law bent over and guided his son's hand when he signed the registry, laughing and calling him a nervous fellow.

There I made a hasty dinner alone in one of the magnificent rooms which had been set apart for me, and slipping on a gorgeous wrapper I tried to forget my woes in the pages of some of my favorite books.

A Complaint Against Editors. A gentleman of my acquaintance who writes for the magazines has been complaining to me that the wicked editors would not leave manuscripts alone.

Mollie's ready answer. "Waiting to be taken out the minute I reach Elsie's room tomorrow afternoon."

Consequently Helen launched into one of those lengthy and comprehensive descriptions so delightful to girlish ears. And as she felt quite in her native element, and so interesting details had escaped her observant eyes, it did not fail to please the story without end.

The months glided rapidly by, and, almost before she knew it, Mollie found herself on the threshold of another year. She was playing over some of her old pieces, with a happy sense of her recovered power.

"Have pity on me!" pleaded Mollie, in mock despair. "Is it to be by the ordeal of fire, or thunders, or what?"

"No," said Mollie, gravely. "We are not quite educated up to that yet. But I want to see if your practicing this past year has amounted to anything, and so I have brought over this sonata for you to play as a kind of examination, you know."

Bessie's look of severity vanished, and she sprang from her chair and gave her friend a most undignified hug. "You've done beautifully," she cried. "I knew you would all the while. But it's in me to be nervous when I thought it might inspire you to have an unbecoming creature like me around."

That night, when Mollie retired to her room, she noticed on her bureau two small drawings that bore the marks of Helen's pencil. One was the picture of a little girl perched on a high piano stool and practicing, with marvellously long fingers, and an expression that was evidently intended for fierce determination.

A Novelist's Wasted Youth. Ople Riel, editor of The Arkansas Traveler and author of the forthcoming novel, "Len Gansett," tells me an interesting story about Thomas Nelson Page, who was made famous by the charming little story, "Meh Lady," published two years ago in The Century.

placate occasionally, I shall keep my hand in, as people say, and not lose anything, if I don't get much."

"Don't be alarmed, they never will," said Bessie. Helen sighed. "I know it," she answered, in a mock melancholy tone.

"So she is, and I should love to enjoy her selfish company longer, but I suppose I must go to my old painting lesson," sighed Helen.

"I thought you liked it," said Mollie. "So I should, if I could paint flowers and people and things, but as for sitting and looking at an old vase for two hours, gazing along a pencil to get the proportions, I think it's stupid," growled Helen.

"When you converse upon topics beyond your comprehension, Miss Starr, you do not create an impression of your knowledge, but only expose your profound ignorance," prosed Mollie, in a grandiose manner.

"Well, I shan't stay here to be laughed at," said Helen. "It's time I was there, this very minute,"—glancing at the clock. "Good by, Mollie." And giving her a hasty kiss she took Bessie's arm, and the three girls hurried from the room.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Helen. "It does not seem any time since winter, and now 's summer again, and I shall miss you so dreadfully."

A New Musical Instrument. A new musical instrument, the clar-harp, the invention of M. Dejean de Bussis, has just been introduced.

OURS. Who vary stare are ours; those seas of gloom in wide expansion are but the stars that lead from room to room in the same confusion.—Charles Lawrence Ford.

MODERATION.

Beet not a furnace for your foe so hot that it do singe yourself. We may outrun, but we cannot outburn the sun.—Shakespeare.

TEN MINUTES A DAY.

Mollie had given up her music. Every one regretted it. Mamma missed the light touch of her daughter's fingers on the piano, which sometimes stood silent for weeks, and rejoiced when Mollie declared herself to be in a musical mood.

"I don't know whether to take that as a compliment or not," she said. "He might have thought I made too much fuss over little things."

"So it does," said another voice. "And now that Mollie's out of school she ought to have time to practice three hours a day, if she wanted to."

"All owing to a lack of system," said Bessie, with the tone and manner of one who had been through varied experiences and acquired vast stores of wisdom therefrom. The girls laughed.

"I suppose it's so," said Amy, "but Mollie is systematic; rather, at least, she means to be," she added, not feeling quite sure of her ground. "And she is busy almost all the time."

And the months rolled on, until one day in December she awoke with a start to the fact that the last day of the year had arrived, and that she was utterly unable to play a single piece correctly.

That I, Mollie Winthrop, aged 18, on this 31st day of December, will, on each day of the year, commencing to-morrow, devote ten minutes to the practice of five finger exercises and scales.

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