

THE OLDEST CHEF.

Old Father Time—they've given him, In jest and song recital, A host of curious legends and Many a name and title; But I have never heard him named— And faith! I am not dead— I never heard the people call Old Father Time a chef.

Who bakes the tuber in its hill, The pippin in the sun? Who drops the cherry and its wine, When sweet and ripe and done? Who gathers up the heat and light, And rain and summer breeze, And mixes in the sugar sip Of flowers and fruiting trees?

A Pardonable Deception.

"Bella, you can't possibly be thinking of giving up Paul because of this misfortune? You don't really mean to break your engagement? I can't believe it of you; it is too heartless."

Nora Clavening spoke indignantly, her cheeks flushed, and her dark eyes turned angrily on her sister.

They were wonderfully alike as far as height, build and features went, but their coloring was different. Bella was fair, with light, golden hair, and forget-me-not blue eyes, while Nora's eyes were blue, too, but almost violet in hue, and her hair was the shade of ripe chestnuts, and her skin less dazzlingly fair than her sister's.

Bella stood moodily by the fire shifting the little ornaments on the mantelpiece with restless fingers.

Her sister continued: "You wrote me such glowing letters of Paul, giving me to understand he was everything that was perfect, and now—" "Now he is not so; that's all," interrupted Bella, flippantly.

"What are you to say?" passionately, "Why, that you will marry him as soon as possible; that you will be eyes to him now, and by your love and care will try to compensate to him for the terrible loss of his sight," answered Nora.

"What a pity it wasn't you instead of me to whom he was engaged. It's no use, Nora, the thing must be at an end, and what I want you to do is to go and break it to him. If you won't, I suppose I must write, for it's no use my seeing him; I can't do that, it would only mean a painful scene, which may as well be avoided, and Bella gave an impatient kick with her daintily-shod foot to a coal that had fallen from the bars.

"I break it to him? But he does not know me; you forget I've not been home a week," remonstrated Nora. "That doesn't matter; he knows you from your letters, which he was always interested in, and said he thought you must be charming. You must do it, Nora; you have tact and can soften the blow, for he'll feel it pretty badly, I'm afraid; still, how can he expect any girl to marry him now? Fancy being tied to a blind man! Oh, I couldn't face such a future."

"You are cruel as well as heartless, and I'm sorry for the man who marries you. Yes, I will go, and I'll do my best for him. I must ask for his sister, I suppose; she lives with him, doesn't she?" demanded Nora.

"Yes, she is faded and forty, and capricious, but not a bad sort, although she never took to me, but was only civil for her brother's sake, whom she adores. What are you going to say?" "Heaven knows!" ejaculated Nora, fastening her sailor hat on with a jet pin.

"Well, do it gently," called her sister, as the other girl opened the glass door leading into the garden and started on her thankless errand.

"She might have shut the door," muttered Bella, with a shiver. "How cold it is for May," she said, as she closed the glass door and turned back to the fire. She drew a low chair close up to the fender, and, stretching out her hand for a new magazine, was soon immersed in the contents of an interesting article on coming fashions.

"Will you go in and see him at once? The news you bring is only what I expected; your sister never really cared for Paul; she thought she did, and admired him, and was flattered by his attentions, but there was no real love. You have a painful task before you; do your best to comfort him, if that be possible."

And Miss Beresford turned away, motioning Nora to enter the room where Paul Beresford was seated. He was quite alone, sitting by the fire. It looked odd to see no papers on the table beside him. He heard the soft rustle of the woman's gown, and turned his sightless eyes in her direction. He was an extremely handsome man; his features almost perfect, and his dark-brown eyes had not yet become vacant and expressionless. Nora faltered out some words of sympathy and compassion, and his face lit up at the sound of her voice; he rose and felt his way to meet her. "So you have come, and so quickly; how good

of you Bella! Come here, dear, and let me feel your hands in mine. Oh, my darling, if I have you I can bear this terrible blow. Your love and sympathy and sweet faithfulness are more than sight to me," he said, in a voice that shook a little with emotion, and then, before Nora could answer him, she felt his arms round her and his lips pressed against her own.

Sometimes love steals into a woman's heart step by step; sometimes it comes with a sudden leap. With that kiss and passionate embrace Nora's heart gave a great throb, and her pulses beat with a strange, overwhelming passion. When she drew away from the shelter of his arms her face was crimson, her eyes full of tears, and she was trembling violently. He had mistaken her for Bella—how was she to tell him?

Miss Beresford sat in her drawing-room waiting, and wondering greatly when half an hour went by and Nora had not returned. She went into the hall and listened for a moment, thinking, perhaps, the girl had left without seeing her again, but she heard voices, and, stranger still, the sound of a laugh fell on her ear. Paul was actually laughing, and it was a natural laugh of pure gladness.

Marcia Beresford went back to her room greatly puzzled. Another half hour passed and then she heard the library door open, and the voice, so much like Bella's, saying, "Yes, I will come to-morrow, quite early, by ten o'clock, and will read to you as long as you like. Now, you are not to get downcast while I'm gone. Oh! do you really want me to say good-by again, but I shall never go!" Then there was the sound of her skirts fluttering across the room again, and a few minutes afterwards she reappeared in the drawing-room with flushed cheeks, eyes bright with tears, and trembling lips.

"My dear, I don't understand," exclaimed Miss Beresford. The girl closed the door, and then flung herself on her knees beside the elder woman's chair.

"Oh, what have I done! What have I done!" she sobbed. "What! What have you done?" cried Miss Beresford, more and more mystified by her visitor's manner.

"I could not tell him; it was so sudden; he thought— he thought I was Bella!"

"Bella! Oh, I see; I understand!" "And I comforted him. I made him forget his misery, because he thought I was Bella. Oh, Miss Beresford, what am I to do?"

A flash of hope came into Marcia Beresford's worn face.

"Could you go on with it?" she asked, in a low voice.

"What do you mean?" and Nora looked up, bewildered.

"Go on being Bella," was the reply. "But he must know sooner or later."

"Yes, but if it be later he will have grown to love you so much that he will never regret the real Bella, but will love the false one better. Think of how dreary his life will be without you, and the difference your love and care will make to him. A wife is so different from a sister. It is true, I am urging you to choose a life of self-sacrifice—"

"Self-sacrifice! Oh, no! It wouldn't be that," murmured Nora.

"Then, you will come again to-morrow?"

"Yes, I will come!" was the answer. And so the days slipped by, and Nora became everything to Paul Beresford, and no one but his sister knew of the strange deception that was being practiced. The real Bella was glad to get her freedom, and chafed her sister about her daily visits as reader to the blind man.

"Who knows? You might console him after all, Nora," she said, one day, jokingly.

"More unlikely things might happen, certainly," was the reply.

Nora was cutting some roses to take to Paul. "Don't take all the best," said her sister.

"You surely don't grudge him the pleasure of your flowers," exclaimed Nora, hotly.

"Well, give him one from me. I've half a mind to go and see him myself to-day. There's no reason why we shouldn't be friends. Nora, I'll take him the roses. Here, give them to me," said Bella, holding out her hands for the flowers.

Nora's face turned pale.

"What's the matter? Why shouldn't I? Marcia is gone down to the village, so I shan't run across her, thank goodness. I saw her go by a few minutes ago. Come, Nora, I'll go. A month has passed. It is time we shook hands and he forgave me. Who knows when once I see him again old feelings may be roused once more. I feel as if I want to see him again."

a pretty house, with a garden sloping to the river. Nora knew that Paul would be seated under the big beech there, waiting for her. It was a sheltered corner at the bottom of the garden, where they spent many hours now that the days were warm and sunny. What was she to do? She had never thought of this. She had let things drift, and had shut out of her mind all thought of the future. But he must know now; the truth must be told; and the full sense of her deception stood out clearly before her. He would never forgive her. She had done a terrible, an unwomanly thing, and she loved him—she loved him with her whole heart and soul.

Nora quickly overtook her sister and accompanied her. They went across the smooth, turfed lawn with soft steps, but the blind man's ear was quick to hear, and he was listening for Nora. It was she who spoke.

"My sister has come to see you," she said. "I have brought you some roses," said Bella.

Paul looked from one to the other. "Your voices are exactly alike. How am I to tell one from the other?" "By touch," said Bella. "See, we will each give you a rose; touch the hand that gives it, and you will know then."

"But why? Our hands are the same size," said Nora, beginning to tremble.

"The touch of the woman I love will thrill me; the other will give me no sense of rapture," said Paul, with confidence.

The two girls advanced, each offering a rose. In Bella's hand was one of deepest crimson; in Nora's one of purest white. Her heart was throbbing painfully. Would his love for Bella be awakened by her touch? She glanced at her sister; her lips were parted expectantly, and there was an eager look in her eyes.

The blind man clasped the hands of each. Then, taking the rose from Bella's fingers, he gently dropped her hand; but Nora's he held close in his. "This is the hand of the woman I love," he said, softly, and touched the white rose with his lips.

Bella flashed a look of uncomprehending astonishment at both faces; then the color fled from her cheeks. She understood. Her voice was slightly husky when she next spoke.

"Yes, Paul, that is the woman you love, and the woman who loves you. Nora, I think I will leave you now," and she went across the sunny lawn into the shadow of the house.

"Why did she call you Nora?" exclaimed Paul.

And she told him. It was a long time that they lingered beneath the dark branches of the copper beech, and when they moved from beneath its shadows and stood in the broad sunshine the day of their marriage was fixed.

They had not been married six months when the skill of Professor Pratt, the famous oculist, began to attract the attention of the press. His cures were wonderful—some of them were really considered miraculous. Paul Beresford was induced to put himself under his care. The result was favorable, although for a long time the efforts of the physician seemed useless. At the end of three months Paul Beresford's vision was restored. So, after all, Nora had excellent reasons for congratulating herself on the part she had enacted in a pardonable deception.—New York Weekly.

England's Elderly King. With one exception, never since Egbert—the first King of England—came to the throne has a successor ascended it who exceeded, or even approached, the present king in years. The Saxon and Danish sovereigns had short reigns, and for the most part died young. Even Alfred the Great, who made England and ruled for thirty years, was only fifty-two at his death. The very first of our monarchs to attain the age of three score and ten was our first great queen, Elizabeth, and she was twenty-six when she came to the throne. All the house of Hanover, of whom the present king is the seventh, have been long-lived. George I, who died at sixty-seven, being the youngest. William IV, did not succeed his brother until he was sixty-five, and he was older than the king by six years. George IV, was a trifle younger when he came to the throne.—London Chronicle.

A Haughty Barber. It was a barber who had long served on the decks of an Atlantic liner whose saloon was visited by one of the owners. The indications of the general notion trade done by this tonorial artists were much in evidence, and were set out with a skill that would have put an Oxford street window dresser to the blush. "I don't quite like this," said the owner. "This is a ship, not a store," and then jokingly added, "I think I shall have to make a change." "I wouldn't do that if I were you," retorted the barber. "I've been with you now fifteen years, and if you dismiss me I'll start an opposition line right away."—Marine Journal.

One on the Old Man. "Do you know what my father would have done if I had been caught doing such a thing?" asked an irate Memphis father of his little son. The latter did not consider the situation at all alarming, and said in a rather jocular manner: "You must have had a pretty bad daddy." This cool, sarcastic manner nettled the old gentleman all the more, and in his loss of temper he exclaimed: "Well, sir, I want you to distinctly understand that I had a better daddy than you'll ever see the day to have."—Memphis Scimitar.

American shoe stores are to be started in Germany. Nothing like getting a foothold.

To speak properly, Andrew Carnegie gives library buildings and the cities and towns are supposed to do the rest.

A lecturer on sociology wants to hear a reasonable explanation of why a man has twenty pockets and a woman none at all.

In Arkansas the Legislature has approved a constitutional amendment providing that three-fourths of a jury may return a verdict in civil cases.

The common people of Spain are described as very abstemious and good-natured. They have to be in order to support the kind of government they have had.

A doctor has certified that a woman and worry. Perhaps we shall hear an's death was caused by "dyspepsia of somebody succumbing to a broken heart and the grip."

The Swedish Navy, for the size of it, is possibly the most effective of any among those of all the nations, not only because the vessels are substantial, but because the sailors of Sweden are known to be the best in the world.

Tycho Brahe was the founder of modern practical astronomy, who died three centuries ago. The Royal Academy of Sciences of Sweden is preparing to celebrate the third centenary anniversary of his death on the 24th of October next.

The lot of the Prefect of Police in St. Petersburg, Russia, can hardly be happy, and is certainly unsafe. According to the tragic record of the past forty years, since Alexander emancipated the 23,000,000 serfs, assassination has left the position open for a new Prefect upon the average once in about six years.

Some idea of the coach horse business is suggested by these high priced roadsters indulged in by wealthy owners of coaches. The sensational price of \$33,000 to \$41,000 paid by Robert Bonner for Dexter and Maud S, respectively, have not been duplicated in the past decade, yet the Abbot sold recently for \$26,500—quite a fortune to invest in a single animal.

In ordinary apple years the waste of skin and cores amounts to 500 to 600 car loads, and during years of abundant yields it runs as high as 1200 and 1500 car loads. All this waste now goes to the factories, which make cheap jellies. There are upwards of 140 of these factories in the United States and they have an annual capacity of 200,000,000 pounds.

There are more teachers who hold fine theories of education than there are who consistently follow these theories out in daily practice. This common failing is well hit off in the bit of satire which represents a little boy as describing the "moral suasion" which prevailed at his school in these words: "We get kep' in, and stood up in corners, and locked out, and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at, and jawed at, and that's all." At the same time a "moral suasion" that is both moral and persuasive to right is worthy of being put into common practice.

Physicians who have declaimed against the banefulness of kissing are likely to indulge in many an "I told you so!" over a recent occurrence at Friendship, Me. Three young women visited a sick friend, and all kissed her when they parted. Next day the invalid died, and a few days later all three of her visitors come down with diphtheria. The anti-kissing moral seems to be clear enough here, but the incident conveys another also, that when one can do no good by coming in contact with them, suspicious cases of "sore throat" are things to avoid.

Where irrigation is really necessary to fertility the Government may well foster it. There are not a few people in various sections of the country, not directly interested in the work of irrigation, who recognize that every reclaimed acre of land means a stimulus to business, and an eventual benefit to the country—means more crops, increased population, advanced civilization, new needs, and consequently a greater volume of business. What Congress has to guard against is schemes to benefit mere private enterprises at public expense. A project so guarded will be beneficial, and the people of every section of the country can consistently approve it. There ought not to be a dog-in-the-manger feeling on the part of people who do not live in an arid country.



CHILDREN'S LEISURE HOUR

The Land of Bye. The great round sun has hidden his head And gone to sleep in a golden bed, And the silver moon's climbed up in the sky To show you the way to the Land of Bye.

The mother-bird calls to her children, "Peep, peep," And says, "Little birdies, 'tis time to sleep!" So she cuddles them up in the nest so high And they all start off for the Land of Bye.

The little gray nest is round and warm, And she covers them safe from the cold and storm, And says, "Peep, peep, you must shut every eye, Or you never will get to the Land of Bye."

The little gold stars twinkle down from above To see if you, too, are not sleepy, my love, For even they blink in the dark blue sky, When the birdies go off to the Land of Bye.

The breezes blow gently from out of the west And rock the wee birdies to sleep in their nest, The same way that mother, when sleepy-time's nigh, Will rock you, dear heart, to the fair Land of Bye. —Dixie Wolcott, in Detroit Free Press.

Highest and Lowest States.

Every schoolboy knows which is the smallest and which is the largest State in the Union, but how many know which is the highest?

According to the recently announced results of measurements and calculations made by the United States Geological Survey, Delaware is the lowest State, its elevation above the sea level averaging only sixty feet. Colorado is the highest, averaging 6800 feet above the sea, while Wyoming is a close second, only 100 feet lower than Colorado.

In minimum elevation Florida and Louisiana dispute for second place after Delaware, the average elevation being for each, 100 feet. Taking the United States as a whole, our country lies slightly above the average elevation of the land of the globe.

How Nig Saved the Train.

Station Master Davis's dog Nig has been the talk of Fork Creek, Col., for years, but one day when he flagged a train on the Colorado & Southern railway he saved the lives of the train's crew and passengers and became a topic for the whole State.

Nig is of mixed breed, largely spaniel, Forks Creek has only two houses and a water tank, so the dog, always at his master's heels, learned how to throw a switch and to wave a flag almost as well as his master. So expert was he at switch-throwing that his master grew to depend on him for the work.

But a few days ago when Nig bounded up the track to throw the switch for a train that had signaled he found that snow had made it impossible to move. He did his best, then turned and dashed back to the station, seizing a red flag and flying up the track toward the train rounding the curve.

By that time the station master saw trouble and ran for the switch, but he could not move it, owing to the ice. But far up the track Nig sat upright, holding the flag in his mouth and with a sense of relief Davis saw the train slow up. The ice was cut away, the switch turned, and the train pulled in, with Nig riding modestly in the cab. Superintendent T. H. Sears was in the one special car, making a tour of the line, and one of these days Nig may be pensioned.

Dust and Daylight.

What a strange thought it is that the splendid sun depends on so apparently insignificant a medium as the dust particles of the air for diffusing its rays so as to give us daylight! Yet it is absolutely true that, if it were not for these particles, we should have no daylight. When a beam of light from the sun enters our atmosphere its rays are scattered laterally in all directions by the myriads of fine dust particles, and as these particles more easily scatter the blue rays than the red an appearance of blue is given to the sky.

The finer particles are in the upper air, the lower air containing the coarser ones. The latter, however, help to make daylight, for they reflect white light, which, added to the blue, increases the illumination. When the air is hazy there is an excess of the coarser particles, and the light reflected by them gives the sky a whitish glare, not because the finer particles no longer scatter the blue rays, but because the excess of the coarser particles adds so much white light as to overcome the blue. When the air is very clear the sky is very blue, because less white light is added.

The sky always appears of a deeper, purer blue when looked at from a high mountain, because, at such an elevation, there are comparatively few of the coarser particles in the air and less white light is added. Those that have seen it from an elevation of 15,000 to 20,000 feet say that it is almost as dark as indigo, quite different from the sky to which we are accustomed.

What a strange world this would be if we had no atmosphere and the dust particles that are suspended in it! Darkness would cover the face of the earth and the sun would appear like a glowing fireball in a sky as black as blackness itself. That is the way things are on the moon, for the moon has no atmosphere, and therefore no dust particles to scatter the sun's rays and diffuse them into daylight.—Philadelphia Record.

A PLEA FOR THE PRETTY GIRL.

The homeliest girl can't always cook the best. Sometimes a pretty girl can make a hang-up pie. A girl, in short, is not to be condemned because her face is pleasing to the eye.

The best is always plenty good enough. And beauty should by no means be despised.

Philosophers may praise the homely girl, But pretty girls should equally be prized.

It's true that "handsome is as handsome does,"

But one can handsome be and handsome do. So when a young man falls in love, he ought To choose a girl that's smart and pretty, too. —Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"No, Maude, dear, the financial news is not all written in money syllables."—Philadelphia Record.

Hoax—"How did Sapphead come to get brain fever?" Joax—"I believe an idea suddenly struck him."

Teacher—"Name a nation that is very much talked about just now." Bright Pupil—"Carrie."—Chicago Journal.

She—"I wonder why they hung that picture?" He—"Perhaps they could not catch the artist."—San Francisco News Letter.

A man can work from sun to sun, But woman's work is never done. Because when begged to stop and rest, She toils right on with martyred zest. —Detroit Free Press.

A fool and his money are soon parted, and there are lots of men who would like to be fools if they had the money to part with.—Kansas City Star.

"I suppose you sometimes find it a trifle lonely out in your suburb?" "Lonely? Why, we all run to the window when a dog goes by."—Chicago Record.

Magistrate—"You are charged with assault and battery. What have you to say?" Prisoner—"Not a word, yer honor. It was saying foo much got me into this scrape."—Tit-Bits.

He talks like a book, his admirers all say. What a pity he doesn't Shut up the same way. —Baltimore American.

There was a fearful dispute on in the chicken coop about precedence and particular sets. "There's no incubator blood in me," cried a specially vehement hen. "I came of the best stock."—Philadelphia Times.

Brown—"So you lost your lawsuit with Smith?" Jones—"Yes; but it's a satisfaction to know that Smith did not win anything." "But didn't you have to pay him \$1000 damages?" "Yes; but his lawyer got that."

It was after he had been rejected the third time. "What first attracted you to her?" asked the sympathetic friend. "Her eyes," he replied. "And that, I suppose, led to her noes," chortled the sympathetic friend.

Aunt Hannah—"Oh, you fool of a girl! Just because a man tells you you are the prettiest woman in the world, and the wisest and sweetest, you believe him!" Arabella—"And why shouldn't I? Do you know, aunty, I kind o' think so myself."—Boston Transcript.

Waste, Rest and Exercise.

The late William M. Everts was a marvel of intellectual vitality to an advanced age, and he used to explain it by saying that he slept late in the morning and never took any exercise. There is no advantage in getting up early in the morning if you need the sleep. Many a man is burning the candle at both ends by getting up at an early hour simply because his housekeeping is adjusted to that programme. As to physical exercise, Mr. Everts had discovered for himself what our physiologists are now beginning to teach, namely, that if a man consumes tissue in hard intellectual work, the way to repair the loss is by resting, and not by consuming more tissue in physical exercise. To the majority of brain workers oxygenation of the blood is far more important than physical exercise, and there are two very good ways to secure that: Sleep with your bedroom window wide open in winter and summer, and, if you can afford it, keep a horse and drive in the open air.—Boston Watchman.

Revolving Platforms.

It is considered that the time occupied in taking on passengers at railway stations is a waste, and a well-known engineer has devised a revolving platform by means of which passengers can enter the train while it is running at full speed. A spiral staircase is erected in the centre of a huge turn table, which, of course, moves very slowly. By this the passenger reaches the main floor. He then walks towards the circumference. The speed at which is being carried along gradually increases, until at the edge he is travelling at the rate of the moving train, which he here finds seemingly at rest, and with the doors open. He enters, and as the moving platform is left behind the doors are automatically closed until the next station is reached, when they are automatically opened again.—Waverley Magazine.

Scrooge.

In connection with the Dickens celebration of yesterday it may be remarked that the local habitation of Scrooge has been lately identified in an old jeweler's shop at Ludgate Hill, a little way from St. Paul's on the left-hand side. Here lived a curious miserly old man, much such as Dickens described, and the most extraordinary entries were found in his book (when the accounts were gone over after his death). The shop answered exactly to the description of Scrooge's office, and it is probable that Dickens saw it in one of his many walks about London.—London Chronicle.