His Waterbury watch and chain With pride he did display, "My little lad" (said I), "I fain Would know the time of day."

A smile lit up his merry face As though 'twas born of Heaven, "I played," he cried, "on second base, And it is ten to seven."

"Thy watch is wrong, my little man, It is but half past two, And since my time is right, how can It be so late with you!"

Then did the little lad reply, We played the Reds of Devon, At twelve fifteen the game was called It closed at ten to seven.'

"Thou little ass," in haste I said, "Thy wandering wits replevin; Tell me the time, thou renegade." He answered "Ten to seven."

I smote him with my rattan cane, This liar of eleven, "The time?" I said. He bowled with pain And answered, "Ten to seven."

Then I swept up the ground with him, "Tell me the truth, by heaven!"
With feeble breath and eyes so dim, He gassupped "Ten to seven." -Robt. J. Burdette.

### ADAM AND EVE.

Satan having anxiously watched Eve for some time, was one day rewarded by finding her alone and in a place fit for his machinations But, in order to avoid frightening her, he determined to present himself in the shape of some timid animal. So Eve, who was slowly gathering fruit, was startled at sight of a little mouse creeping cautiously to ward her. One glimpse of the animal was sufficient; she dropped her fruit, emitted a terrific shriek and made a frantic spring for the limb above her, to which she clung, kicking convulsively at the quaking animal. The mouse, astonished at the reception, darted behind a tree and was quickly transformed into Satan. Amazed but not discouraged, the schemer determined to try the semblance of some domestic fowl. Eve had scarcely recovered from her fright when a cackling hen came bursting from the brush close by, ruffling its feathers and scurrying wildly about. "Eggs!" cried the woman, making a dive for the place whence the hen had emerged, and searching eagerly for the prize. "Hah!" she ejaculated, finally abandoning the vain search, "it's about of making another woman?" nothing. Get out, you screechy thing!" and she shied a stone at the clamorous fowl. But the hen, intent upon securing her favorable notice, and gradually disclosing itself, persistently kept up serpent, upon consideration. "You had or looked. And then his grateful short consultation we agreed that the ing establishments of all sorts from the clatter. "Sho!" screamed Eve, better not eat any of these apples. wildly waving her arms, "cant you be They may be good for the man but not coach to sleep off the effects, while she quiet? Y.! get out," and before Satan for the woman, you know. I never returned and, eagerly gathering up her which were battened down. The crew, could discover himself, Eve, vexed beyond all bounds, made a rush and aimed a frantic blow at him with a branch. With a terrified cackle the hen disappeared in the underbrush, and Eve, con-

siderably flurried, returned to her fruit. "Pandemonium!" cried Satan in vexation, having assumed his proper shape. "What kind of creatures are these humans, anyway? This is deeidedly a worse job than I anticipated. The folks at home will never cease twitting me about it. Perhaps it would have been better after all to have tried the man first. The woman is decidedly peculiar. I don't seem to understand her. Here I've tried her with the most timorous animal and the most domestic of fowls. Um! what next? Yes, I'll assume the form of a reptile. If that

doesn't succeed, I'll try the man." And as Eve was again leisurely plucking fruit and innocently humming to herself she was startled by the anpearance of a great serpent in the tree next her intently eyeing her and swaying its body slowly in time to her tune.

"Pretty creature. don't scream," quickly interrupted the serpent. "Hey!" cried Eve, in amazement. "Don't scream, pretty one."

"Sakes alive!" cried Eve, arranging her hair with a deft movement, "I d dn't know snakes could talk."

Only a few can," replied the serpent, "but such beauty would inspire any tongue." "Oh, nonsense," cried Eve, blushing

and looking down, as she gently prodded a hole in the earth with her

"At last, I'm solid," hemmed the wily serpent in a relieved voice aside, as he rewound his coils into a more comfortable position and settled down to his purpose. "Where's Adam?" he questioned.

"He's down by the river bank naming fishes.' ·Sure?"

"Oh, quite, chirruped the confident "Gracious!" exclaimed the serpent, vivaciously, "what pretty hair you have."

"Is it?" assented Eve, flurriedly. "Yes, it's so long and soft and of such a beautiful color."

"It's not as lovely as it used to be when I wore it banged. I'm glad you like it, though," murmured Eve, coyly exasperated woman, picking up a tossing her tresses.

"How can I help it?" airily returned the serpent, as he cogitated by what it, slid discreetly down the tree and discourse he could turn the subject into appeared in the underbrush. apples. After a pause he continued: "I should think flowers and buds would them? Peach buds are handsome; mine is going to make another woman.

apple buds are very pretty."
"So they are," nodded Eve in delight. "I must try them." At this reply the crafty serpent bumped his head against the tree to

suppress his excitement. By the way, speaking of blossoms, have you tasted any of these apples yet?" asked the serpent in a casual tone, pointing to the forbidden fruit brute! but I'll because him; I'll fling

fied look. "I dare not."

"Adam say I must not." "Why does Adam say you must not?" persisted the inflex ble interrogator. "Oh, because."

"Because what?"

"Why, because; because, of course;

that's all I know. "Shall I tell you why Adam says you must not? ' demanded the serpent insidiously. "Oh, do!" cried Eve, her face glow-

"It was because-"Of course," interrupted Eve, in a flutter, "that's what I said."

ing with pleasure.

"Because," went on the serpent, not heeding, "if you ate of those apples you would know more than Adam. Why," went on the tempter, impetuously, "those apples are a panacea for all ills, a tonic for all disorders; they and color of the hair, give the teeth a brilliant polish, vivify the complexion, quicken the wit, fire the imagination, strengthen the understanding, stereotype the memory, discover great secrets

in gossip, fashion and wisdom.' "Just smell them," cried the tempter enthusiastically, as with a neat sweep of his tail he landed an apple at Eve? feet. "Moreover they are very excelthat you hear a serpent discoursing. though as if I shouldn't mention it, besides all this, they do say-" leered the

serpent in a tantalizing tone. "What?" ejaculated Eve, vigorously inhaling the odor of the fruit, her face radiant with expectancy.

"Why, a woman who eats one of curiosity she has ever experienced grat-

"My!" gasped Eve, agape, sniffing the apple with ardor. "I like you very much," went on the adroit serpent in the plentitude of his feelings, "and I don't mind telling you a secret-that is, if you promise never

to tell anyone.' "I - I promise," gurgled Eve, with soul-stirring attention. "Do you know, then," whispered the

serpent, glancing cautiously around, "that they say-mind, though, I won't tell who says this," broke off the betraver of secrets. "Yes, of course, I know," gasped

"Well, then, it is said Adam is eating these same apples on the sly, and not saying anything about it."

Eve. "Do please go on; what do they

"The wretch!" cried Eve, sniffing the apple, and under cover slyly indenting the pippin with her teeth. "Yes," condolingly assented the ser-

pent, "of course he is. And of course you know the eating of this fruit brings with it great creative intelligence. Adam has an idea through its power, Adam, as he gulped it with a grimace. He almost instantly agreed with me.

"He does, does he?" muttered Eve, her eyes emitting a cold gleam. "Yes," so it is reported among the

animals. "Why-ah-um," suddenly cried th thought of that. Because, Adam says precious apples, she now secreted them numbering twenty men before the you must not, because—" and the with the greatest pains. snake sighed pityingly.

"Pooh!" sniffed Eve. "Yes, and, as I was saying, he wanders about mumbling over his plans. He seems to think you're jealous of monopolizing him.

"Does he?" sputtered Eve, taking a vicious bite from the apple. "O. yes." glibly went on the relieved tempter. "He thinks you haven't much style, and that he could make a better woman than you at any mo-

"What a smart young man that Adam is getting to be!" Eve scornfully remarked, abstractly plucking another apple and eating vehemently.

'Very," asserted the serpent. "Bat I'll fix him," she went on. "I'll-I'll make another man; see if I don't," and she gulped a mouthful. "If Adam dreams he's going to sneak about cutting up such didoes he's much mistaken.

"Of course he is," chimed in the consoling serpent, in cestacies at his

"Nice woman he'd make," sneered Eve. "Anyone would think I was nobody." "So they would," chuckled the re-

sponsive snake. "What's that?" snapped eve, glaring at the tempter, with seintillating

"Why-hem-ah-I beg your parstammered the serpent, "but don," you just said-ah-that you were, he, he, a-a-nobody—oh—and 1 mildly con-curred, he! he! But, ah—not meaning von know-"

"Well," interrupted Eve, hotly, "I'll just thank you not to concur in what I say. If I'm nobody, I don't need in the country to tell me so. Who are you, anyhow, to put your tongue so freely in another person's business? Let me tell you, Mr. Snake, that I can take care of myself, and don't you forget it. I'll give you a piece of my mind that'll-'

"B-b-but-" hastily interposed the serpent, glancing hurriedly around at

his retreat. "Now, don't but till you're wanted to but. Come, you get out of this you've been hanging around here long enough with your sauce." And the branch, made a vicious cut at the ser pent; but that reptile, adroitly dodging

"So!" ejaculated Eve, holding ? mouthful of apple, but oblivious to flais he? I ain't stylish enough for this paragon of animals, hey?" jabbing the fruit into her mouth. "I don't fully appreciate and sympathize with this new, highfalutin', ethereal intellect don't I? He's galavanting round eat ing apples on the sly, is he? Ya! And telling me not to eat them-because-O, the sweet, tender, careful man of : each sentence. "I'm nobody, hey paid for them. nobody, ugh!" she snorted. "We'l

one of these and keep them for my own private eating, and so, Mr. Slyboots, you'll miss your tid-bits, and when you want to make your woman von'll just have to call on-nobody. I'll just have a little, a very, very little to say about things henceforth." And, seizing a huge palm leaf, she set about gathering all the apples. Carrying a part of them to the hut, she dug a hole and laid them in it and return-

ed for the rest. Now. Adam having finished naming the batch of fishes, arrived at the bower earlier than Eve expected. His eyes at once espied the fruit his wife was so sedulously gathering. "Apples," he maintain the form in the strength of cried, "and I am hungry. How kind its maturity; they preserve the beauty and thoughtful of Eve. Oh, that blessed, blessed woman. Shall I ever love her enough?" And seating himself inside the cache he commenced munching the fruit. And as he peacefully ate divine light of intelligence began to permeate his being. "Them's mighty fine apples. I wonder where Eve found them, he remarked, digging deeper into the lot. The delicacy of the flavor, the pleasant sensations attending each lent eating. I've eaten them myself bite were so novel that he devoured ap- ole to the deck of his vessel, no matter tical information. Charleston is a and ought to know. It isn't every day ple after apple rapidly, losing himself in an accumulation of bliss. The last Besides—ah, well — um — but — I feel apple finally disappeared and Adam started about gorged with intelligence. His faculties were clogged with very Masses of enlightenment which rendered him incapable of thought or action, but acutely sensible of a peculiar full-

In this condition-Eve found him on those apples will have every iota of returning with a palm leaf filled with the last of the apples. Alarmed at the ight of Adam she started on a run, dropping her precious fruit along the way. When she saw the awful crime that had been committed she shrieked: "Monster! my apples!"

"Oh!" groaned Adam, rolling his eyes appealingly. "Where are tney, glutton? persisted Eve, fercibly shaking her spouse by the

"Here!" groaned Adam. "Heaven!" cried Eve, aghast, "all

"All," moaned Adam, dismally. At length the subtle influence of the fruit Eve had eaten prevailed over the excitement, and she coaxingly said: "Come, honey, you're unwell; let me fix you something nice; that's a dearie, dear." And the crafty acumen that followed a temperate eating of the fruit began its long combat against the gorged intelligence of the man.

"There, sweetie," she cooed cajolingly, "swallow this," and she handed him a shell of crunched mustard-seeds in a little water.

"Any change is a relief," thought She manifested the most tender solici- Knowing full well the a sposition of tude for him, nor did she desist in her Jack, should a panic ensu. I went to endeavors till Adam most strenuously my room, and after seeing that my declared that there was not a suspicion rifle was in perfect condition, I buckled when the laborers are so fully aware of of the fruit about him, and that he on my pistols and again went on deck. the heavy losses of their employers. could not remember even how it tasted I summoned my officers, and after a spouse tucked him away in his leafy

### Morbid Unselfishness,

There is an impression that it is the highest imaginable type of character to merge all one's own wishes and powers and aims in the absorbing cares of other persons. Such is not, I am sorry to say, my own observation. Self-sacrifice, like many other forms of diet, is a food or poison, according as we use did with alacrity. There was but little it. There are those who really carry it to a morbid extent, and can no more be trusted to measure out their own most favorable position to keep her share of it than an opium-eater towr te steady by means of Ler sails. The his own prescription. Their are families where paster and family physician fire was. I remembered that when have to bestir themselves all the time to leading there were twenty-one bales of defeat the plausible excuses under oil-cotton waste stowed away about which the devotees of unselfishness twenty feet from the main midship veil their excesses. They need watch- hatch in the wing on the starboard side. ing with unceasing vigilance, these peo- I also remembered that in close proxple who stoutly maintain that they pro- imity was stored a quanty of kerosene fer drumsticks at dianer and sleep best oil, whisky and fixed ammunition. It on a straw bed. One evidence of their was a critical time. Mr. Willett sprang growing demoralization is the utter into the hold, followed by a portion of nat. disintegration in their characters of the line sailors, the remaining being kept virtue of truthfulness. No immoderate- at the force-pumps. The smoke was ly unselfish person can be fruthful at dense and stifling, but the men worked the same time; they are soon ready to with a will, breaking up the eargo to deny that they are ever cold or hot, or get at the fire. One by one they came hungry or thirsty or tired-and this un- on deek exhausted and nearly sufblushingly, in the face of overwhelm- focated, but Mr. Willett stayed ing evidence. Nothing is too indigestible for them to eat, in order to save the feelings of the cook; and they will have waste that was on fire. Then he came the teething baby sleep with them for a dozen nights in succession because dear Maria, his mother, really needs will bear, the marks for left. The burn- of the piazzas, enter one of the churchrepose, and it is a peculiarity of theirs | ing bale was lifted out c. the hold and to be able to do without it. Truth is considered by the moralist to be a vir- water. The other bales were then two hunchbacks. It is, in fact, a vertue, as well as unselfishness, but these broken out and placed in such a man- itible city of Quasimodos. Add to these every nasty, creeping, slimy, dirty snake people simply lay it down, during their insatiate pursuit of unselfishness, as rich people lay down their carriage occasionally-when they go into bankruptey .- T. W. Higginson, in Harper's

# Look Out for Cholera.

the time when cholera "breaks out" in fire was passing out of the hatch. A where the rudest clodhopper has a soul but it won't break out if it can't get in; and put alongside the wheel house. The swer was brief and to the point and it can't get in if you keep it out; crew then turned their attention to "These deformities are traditional. and you can keep it out by taking making a thorough examination of the Lombardians are well known to be so while their neighbors' fowls died off like | when it was discovered that the origin- | Register. sixty or seventy. And the lucky ones al bale was at its old tricks again, and look well in it. Why don't you try vor and effect. "So that husband or did not "keep their fowls well" by was burning fiercely, the flames rolling dosing with "cholera pills" and "pow- up around and scorehing the wheelders," they saved them simply by tak- house. From that time until we arrived ing of them. Strict cleanliness about in this port those bales were watched the houses, yards, coops, will do more day and night. toward keeping the cholera away than They were hot all the time, and all the cholera medicines ever invented. | there is no doubt but that the fire was Nine-tenth of the "sure cures" adver- occasioned by spontaneous combustion. tised to cure and prevent cholera are It was four hours from the time the fire worthless, or nearly so; and yet some was discovered until it was subdued, of them do good, because in the accompanying "directions" there is good. There was no telling at what moment that confounded answer in his teeti advice about cleaning and disinfecting, the crew would take it into their heads made a few thousand dollars in a little "Oh, no!" replied Eve, with a horri- every time he questions me," and she and the people who buy the remedies to desert the ship and try to reach Rio, speculation. He is vain and is ashamground her heels into the ground a follow the directions because they have five hundred miles distant. But they

### A FIRE AT SEA.

Bales of Oil-Cotton Waste Ablaze in the Hold of the Ship Abner Coburn.

The erv of fire is at all times a starting alarm to those in whose vicinity the fire may be, says The San Fransisco Alla, but when it is heard from the deck of a vessel in mid-ocean, a dangerous experiment." when darkness covers the deep, and when neither the extent nor the locaion of the fire is known, the situation becomes thrilling in the extreme, and t is no wonder that the boldest heart quails in anticipation of the danger. The sailor, while on the high seas, is in unreasoning creature, and, although he will exhibit bravery stoical n its nature while acting under the orlers of his superior officers, if left rust to the mercy of the waves rather than fight against a power to him as ret unseen. He allows his imaginaion to run riot, and a frail boat upon combustible nature of her cargo, and anticipates each moment a lofty flight into the air, or a plunge into a caldron of fire. It is at such a time that the nerve of the commanding officer exhibts itself, and no wonder if his face should blanch when he realizes the facts that he stands between the two langers of fire and mutiny. Such was the situation of Capt. G. A. Nichols, of the ship Abner Coburn, which arrived in this port on Wednesday last, who tells the following story with refcent voyage. "He said: "I am cap-tain of the full rigged ship Abner Co- The nu burn, of 1,798 tons burthen, belonging to Bath, Me., and consigned to Sutton & Beebe, of this city. The ship was dispatched by Sutton & Co., of New York, on March 26, and

had on board a general cargo, valued men, or employed in some similar caat between \$200,000 and \$300,000. On eaving New York we stood well over for the coast of Africa, having light, favorable winds until we reached the equator. At this point we went about, but when we should have met the southeast trades we had baffling, variable winds. On the evening of May 11, beween 5 and 6 o'clock, when we had been out forty-six days, I went on the something on board was wrong. I nate, and communicated to him my suspicion that the vessel was on fire. only thing to do was to burst open the hatches, fore, main, and mizzen, all of was something wrong, and were ordered to burst open the Latches simultaneously. This was cone, and im-

mediately a dense volume of black smoke rushed forth. "It was a critical moment, for we did not know what action the sailors would take when they saw the vessel was on fire. They were ordered to man the force-pumps and bring water in buckets and throw it on the cargo. This they wind blowing, but the sea rolled considerably, and the vessel was put in the next thing was to ascertain where the down forty-five minutes, until he had come to and broke est the bale of out nearly dead, and his hands and face secrebed in such a manner that he placed on the run and deluged with ner as to constitute alley ways, and all bewhiskered and chimney-pot-hatted of them were deluged. It was then dwarfs, some four feet high, brushing discovered that a whalebeat and a lot pompously past you, and diminutive scorched.

were faithful, and worked like men. | call him Coffin any more. Too much praise can not be given to my see who is going to rule this domain
Mr. Somebody, and I'll just begin asked. Them five-cent kind is," she replied right away. I'll hide every blessed with her nose in the air.—New York Sun.

"Are cigars offensive to you madam?" he officers, and particularly to Mr. Willet.
They showed they were men who could be relied on in an emergency.

"No. he is so high toned now that he insists upon being called Mr. Metalic Case."—Arkansaw Traveler.

"But little more remains to be to'd. The remainder of our voyage was without incident, but all hands slept with their weather eyes open and ready for action at any mement. I could not enter protest until arriving here, and can not even tell what amount of damage was done; but I never want to go to sea again on board of a vessel that has oilcotton waste stowed in her hold. It is

Statistics About Charleston. Even dry statistics have in them much of interest when they relate to a topic which is attracting much public attention, and just at present when the misfortunes of the people of Charleston excite the sympathetic interest of the entire country an array of figures concerning the population of the overaimself he would abandon his ship and thrown city, the social condition and occupations of its people has in it much to excite public interest. The New York Sun has gathered from the census the bounding waves is to him prefera- report of 1880 a large amount of statishow stanch, when he thinks of the thoroughly American city. In no other city of the Union, Richmond excepted, is the proportion of foreign born inhabitants so small, and it appears to be constantly on the decrease. Of 48,956 inhabitants in 1880 only 4,892 were foreign born, and of 49,984 people in 1883 there were but 3,950 who were born in countries other than this. To show how small this proportion really is, it may be mentioned that 40 per cent. of Chicago's population and 33 per cent. of Boston's are foreign born. Moreover, 85 per cent. of Charerence to his experience during his re- leston's inhabitants are natives of South

The number of people actively emploved in 1880 was 20,325, of whom 13,280 were males. Very few of the females were employed in manufacturing industries-only seventy-six. The othere were either domestics, saleswo-

Of the male workers 4,632 were engaged in what are described in the census reports as professional and personal service. That is to say they were professional men, servants and day laborers. Three thousand nine hundred and five were employed in manufacturing parsuits, 4.349 in trade and transportation, which includes not main deck. I had been there but a merely merchants and railroad men, moment, when I smelled a particular | but clerks, truck drivers and handlers. odor that gave rise to the suspicion that | There were 636 carpenters and joiners, and 322 masons. Unless this number called quietly to Mr. Willett, my first has largely increased there will be room in Charleston for thousands of carpenters, bricklayers and builders from abroad. In fact, it is reported that masons are now receiving \$6 per day for their work. This seems a rather extortionate price for labor

There were, in 1880, 194 manufactursoda water manufactories up. The total amount of capital invested was \$1,718,300; and the value of the manufactures for that year was nearly mast, were then informed that there \$3,000,000. Since 1880, however, these figures have been increased to four times the amounts named, for Charles ton had something of a boom in manufactures, the principal of which is the manufacture of fertilizers.

The property valuation of the city in 1883 was \$22,543,423, of which \$14. 500,000 was real estate. The tax rate was \$3.10 per \$100.

At the time the tenth census was taken, and, too, at the present time, the majority of the people of Charleston are colored. They are not, with but few exceptions, at all well to do, and it is upon the white population that the loss falls most heavily. When, too, it is taken into consideration that the business blocks and manufacturing establishments were oweld by a comparative few, it will be more readily comprehended how great are some of the individual losses.

The statistics given above will per haps enable those who read them to appreciate more fully the present condition of Charleston. - Kansas City Jour-

## Deformity in Milan.

All the monsters physical I have seen elsewhere throughout my whole life would not, if collected together, approach by even a few hundred all the people similarly afflicted whom I have met in the streets of Milan during the past three months. I could not go into one of the public gardens, traverse one es, sit in a tram-car, without finding myself confronted with at least one or of washboards and clot: s-pins and women, young and old, still lower of other domestic material had been badly statue, waddling along the pavements. eripples of regular and irregular sizes "While examining the location of the | and both sexes, and you might well ask fire, a second alarm was given, and it vourself in wonder, as I asked my artist Fanny Field says the latter part of was discovered that the spiered bale friend. How comes it that we find such August and forepart of September is had again broken out in flates and the an amount of deformity in a country stream of water was turned on it, and the and passion for beauty, whether it be in places where it can obtain a foot hold; stream of water water was drenched flesh or blood or on canvas? The anproper sanitary precautions. I know locality of the burned bale, with a view clannish in their habits (and have been poultry raisers who have kept fowls for to discovering the origin of the fire. so for many a generation) that they years without even having a single While thus engaged, the cries of the often intermarry within the forbidden case of cholera on their premises, man at the whel took all hands on deck, degrees of kindred."-Cor. American

## Ashamed of His Name.

"See that fellow standing over there?"Said a citizen of Little Rock, addressing a stranger. "Yes"

"Biggest fool I ever saw." "In what way?"

"I'll tell you. His name is Lige Coffin. He used to be an unassuming, hard working fellow, and people respected him, but a few weeks ago he

ed of his name, Don't wan't us to

"Don't ch?"

Pretty Women. Men generally are credited by the

other sex with earing for nothing but beauty in women, says a writer in The Louisville Courier-Journal. She is al ways affirming that a pretty face weighs more with them than intellect, culture, accomplishment, character, amiability of disposition, or gracefulness of manner. There is an ostensible basis for it, no doubt, as a little observation will show. Very few of us but are acquainted with men of mind, force, and taste who have made themselves ridiculous about and wholly lost their hearts, not to speak of their heads, to the simple owners of a certain amount of physical comliness. Man, it may be argued, is perpetually talking of pretty women, as if pret tiness were the sole quality in them worthy of consideration. The truth of this can not be gainsaid; pretty is his pet adjective; he applies it to all the daughters of earth—in the way of encomium. He says "She is very pretty," as though he had exhausted eulogy. He asks, "Is she pretty?" as if deem ing any other question superfluous. But does he mean pretty in the general acceptance of the term? Does he mean only a fair exterior? Does he wish to convey that he feels no interest in aught but certain winning material combination. Ask him, he will say, "Not in the least." Prettiness is vague sort of substantive, very loosely applied to womankind in a manner generally designed to be indefinitely complimentary. He employs it, though he may be unaware of it. The term is merely conventional. I have noticed that a man is likely to believe a woman handsome if he is fend of her, for beauty is associated with affection-that it might almost be defined as the thing we love. Beauty is a very important factor in human life, in the destiny of the human

race; but to be commanding, to be continuously influential, it must be sustained with something else. Apart from mind, manners, culture, character it is a poor possession, and only proclaims the lack of what, by a natural law, should be its adjuncts. A merely pretty, handsome, or beautiful woman is no match for one who is plain, even homely, in person, provided she has tact, delicacy of instinct, elegance, and eleverness; the beauty will make an impression at first, but the impression will be removed and a reaction will set in unless the pretty woman can prove by some other and higher means her right to physica favor. She will soon be regarded as : counterfeit, baying nothing internato answer to the external. Who are the interesting, the attractive, the charming women of society in this country? Are they uniformly beautiful? Is their enchantment in their faces and figures? Are their bodies more than their souls? Their bellehood springs from their manners, what they feel or think. Are they whom you de light to meet to talk to the ones of pink and white complexions, Greeian noses. cameo-cut, and perfect, superb forms! Would you choose for a companion, wife her whose chiefest charms rest it luxuriant hair, regular features. "I have heard men say they prefer a fine woman without personal charms to the fairest goddess radiant with insipidity. No healthful man can or does despise beauty in any shape, but between beauty and brains there is only one choice," says a famous author. Who are the real favorites with women as a rule? In your own circles are the splendid-looking fellows, the handsome ones, the dangerous ones? Give a man of fine person and presence, fervor, sensibility, and character to match, and you have equipped him with undue odds in his favor. Love idealizes, especially in the feminine heart. Love is born of unreason and continued in mystery. Externals have little to do with it. It has a lawless law of its own, and moves in courses se eccentric that their direction can never be traced. When vor hear a woman of any force speak of a man's mere handsomeness you may be sure he has only caught her eye, her heart is for somebody else. "In truth she is apt to be fondest of him about whom she is silent, the consciousness of her preference makes her sensitive about approval. What she would be glad to say she would not dare say a all." It is a gratifying sign of increasing progress that women (pretty we men, too) everywhere are awaking to : new sense of duty and responsibility. and are ready to act in new and respons ible ways when occasion calls for it.

## How Grant Learned Strategy.

Once while talking with Gen. Grant I asked him how he got his strategic

"I got it on the farm when I was a boy," said the general. "I learned it when, I was driving oxen, feeding calves, and breaking horses. One day when I was on the old farm in Ohio my father taught me a valuable lessor in strategy."

"How?" I asked. "Well, father took me into the stable one day where a row of cattle stood is their uncleaned stalls.

"Said he: 'Ulysses, the stable win dow is pretty high for a boy, but do you think you could take this shovel and clean out the stable?"

" 'I don't know, father,' says I; ! never have done it.' " Well, my boy, if you will do it this

mornig I'll give you this bright silve. dollar, said my father patting me or my head, while he held the silver dollar before my eyes. "Good,' says I; T'll try,' and then

went to work. I tugged and pullet and lifted and puffed, and finally it was done, and father gave me the brigh silver dollar, saying: " That's right, Ulysses, you did ?

splendidly, and now I find you can de it so nicely I shall nave you do it every morning all winter." —Eli Perkins, ii Washington Post.

## Self Confidence.

"I'm gwine ter the city," said a young Arkansaw man," an' get a job whar. won't have ter work so hard.' "What do you expect to do?"

"Well, I did sorter think I'd be preacher, but I bleeve I'll be a theatre actor. - Goodall's Sun