

WILL YOU BE JEALOUS?

ADLAIDE PROCTOR.
I love, too, to be loved; all loving praise
Seems like a crown upon my life, to make
It better worth the living, and to raise
Still nearer to your own the heart you take.

OUR ROBIN.

CHAPTER VII (CONCLUDED).

"Oh, my foot! I had forgotten."
"Let me ring for assistance," says Harry, approaching the bell.
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changed, and we step out once more into the brilliant moonlight.
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resolutely; and in my secret heart I am to the conclusion that he is afraid to trust Robin with the volumes lest womanly curiosity should lead her to peep between the forbidden leaves.
"Robin and Jack disappear through the trailing branches of my arbor, and a few moments later Harry enters from the opposite direction.
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AN ELECTRICAL DISCOURSE.
The Famous and World Renowned Promoklyte Enlightens the Masses.
The Rev. Talmage Used for a Subject, "The Lord Opened the Eyes of the Young Man and He Saw All."
BROOKLYN, April 28.—At the Tabernacle to-day, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached a sermon appropriate to the coming centennial. The vast congregation sang the hymn beginning:
Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy.

couraged more than I can tell you as I see the regiments wheeling down the sky, and the great armies of the East, and that which was the Good Friday of the nation's crucifixion becomes the Easter morn of its reconstruction.
Of course God works through the human instrument, and this national betterment is to come among other things through a scrutinized ballot box.
By the way, the great armies of the East, and that which was the Good Friday of the nation's crucifixion becomes the Easter morn of its reconstruction.

Called Grant A Fool.
Private soldiers have their own private opinions, even about the behavior of their commanding officers, and now and then they can not help expressing them.
The historian of the Ninety-sixth Ohio Regiment cites an instance, at the siege of Vicksburg.
At nine o'clock every morning, in full view of the forts, and always over the same course, General A. J. Smith could be seen riding the same black pacer at lightning speed.
At that hour, therefore, the Confederate artillerists stood to their pieces, knowing they should have a chance to shoot at the "old white hat" which the General always wore.

Some one informed the man who it was to whom he was administering such preemptory advice.
"Well, I don't care!" he retorted.
"Whatever the foolin' round here for, anyway? We're shot at enough, without takin' any chances with him.—YOUTH'S COMPANION.
A Tramp Killed to give Sardon a Lesson.
Boston Journal.
Long before the world knew of his existence Victorian Sardon was passing one winter's night along a street in the Latin quarter.
"I was asking myself," he says, "if life was really worth so much useless labor, and if far would always be implacable."
Sardon was a prey to one of those moods of bitter discouragement, which make any folly possible, more particularly suicide.
To escape the rain, which was falling in torrents, he stopped for shelter under a porte-cochere, which he left suddenly, instinctively, without knowing why, and a ragged tramp took his place.
Just then there was a terrible noise. Sardon, who was going on, turned and saw that an enormous block of stone had fallen from a passing dray upon the tramp, killing him instantly.
"Say, Sardon," made me quit the place which destiny had marked for some one's death. But it seemed to show me that I was not meant to die poor and unknown—that I must work, struggle and always hope. My star was shining behind a sombre sky!"
Paper from Wood.
The discovery of the value of wood in paper making is credited to Dr. H. H. Hill, of this city.
About forty years ago the doctor visited the paper mill at Vassalboro, and after looking over the machinery suggested the feasibility of using wood, and asking why the manufacturers did not get a few bales of excelsior from Augusta, where it was made, and try the experiment of making paper from wood.
"Is it not better to use the material than to burn it?" he asked. "Have not you as much gumption as the horns, whose nests are made of wood paper?" asked the doctor.
The result of the conversation was a letter, some time later, from the firm's wholesale agents in Boston, asking what they were putting in their paper to make it so much better than it had been.
It was the wood, then first used in this way.—KENNEBEC (Me.) JOURNAL.
Sustaining Strength of Bricks.
Professor Baker, of the Illinois University, writes of the sustaining strength of brick work.
"By actual experiments in a testing machine, the average strength, from fifteen experiments, of piers laid in ordinary brick and common lime mortar, using the same care as that with ordinary brick masonry is built, stood a few pounds (I am writing from memory) over 1,500 pounds per square inch; which is equal to 216,000 pounds per square foot, or the weight of a column of brick 2,000 feet high; with ordinary Portland cement mortar, the strength was, for a mean of eight experiments, 2,500 and some odd pounds per square inch, which is equal to 360,000 pounds per square foot, or the weight of a column of brick masonry 3,600 feet high."
When It Pinches Us.
"It is curious," remarks William Philpot, "to observe how much more enormous and outrageous we are apt to account a piece of dishonesty if we ourselves are pinched by it.
I thought it sad, and a heinous thing in the land, when, the other day, a man in my neighborhood was dishonest about an insurance business.
But when I discovered, afterwards, that this same man had taken a premium out of my own pocket and not paid it over, my indignation knew no bounds.
Then I felt that a crime dishonesty was!"—ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC.