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A MEXICAN NEW WOMAN.
She Is a Thoroughly Capable and Careful Railroad Station Agent.
There are many things of interest along the line of railroad between Puebla and Oaxaca, Mexico, but few attract the northern traveler more than the station agent at Etla. This is Concha Bianca, a young woman with honest brown eyes and a great mass of wavy black hair. Etla, her post of duty, is the place where the Indians flock from the mountains for 100 miles around for their annual feasts, and also the shipping point for the big haciendas in the fertile valleys among these same mountains. When the train stops at Etla in the dark, a young woman in white, for Senorita Concha dresses to match her surname, stands at the door of the express car, lantern in hand, checking the packages on the big receipt book. When the freight train stops, she fits in and out of the long line of cars, telling the brakemen what to take and what to leave. She goes from one end of the train to the other, seeing that no mistakes are made. The bareheaded girl in a white dress is full of business. She wastes no time on empty words. The trainmen respect her. She does everything about the station but handle the baggage. There are plenty of stout Mexicans of the other sex hanging about for that work.

Concha Bianca is so well esteemed by the management of the road that she has been twice promoted, until now she has one of the most important stations under her care. She does all the telegraphing, besides attending to the receiving and shipping of freight. It was her knowledge of telegraphing that got the young woman her first recognition. Her father and two brothers were operators. She learned to use the key. A station was given to her where there was not much to do besides the telegraphing. Her aptitude for railroad work attracted the attention of General Manager Morcom, and the promotion followed. Concha Bianca lives in the station. Her mother keeps house for her, and a younger sister sits at the telegraph table learning the vocation of the new woman in Mexico. The conductors have got in the way of pointing out to travelers Senorita Concha along with the ruins of the ancient city on the mountain top, the site where the battle of Tehuacan was fought, the hieroglyphs on the cliff at the entrance to Rio Salada canyon and other objects of interest.—Chicago Chronicle.

Chinese Royalty.
The present emperor of China is Huang Hsu, who succeeded to the throne Jan. 12, 1875. He was one of the youngest monarchs who ever ascended the throne, being at the date of accession only 3 years old. There have been 22 dynasties in China, the royal history of this country being better ascertained than that of any other which reaches back to ancient times. With some few breaks, the Chinese have had a regular succession of sovereigns since Fuhhi, who, the Chinese say, reigned from B. C. 2852 to 2737. According to Chinese tradition, Fuhhi was no less a personage than the Noah of the Scriptures, who, after leaving his ark on Mount Ararat, traveled east and founded the Chinese empire. Chinese history asserts that several of their early monarchs ruled for over a century each; one reigning over China for 115 years, another for 102, another for 100, and so on. It is considered probable by historians that these figures represent rather dynasties than the reigns of individual sovereigns. China has had in almost direct descent, with no more than two or three breaks in the history of the royal family, 33 sovereigns, 23 emperors, 2 Tartar rulers, 6 Mogul emperors and 3 empresses.

What Rules the World.
Many years ago John Brougham, Lester Wallace, Artemus Ward and others used to meet after the play at Windhurst, in Park row. One night the question, "What rules the world?" arose, and various opinions were expressed. William Ross Wallace, who was present, retired before long, and some time later called Thomas J. Leigh from the room and handed to him a poem which he had just written. Mr. Leigh read it aloud to the company, and Mr. Brougham made a happy little speech of acknowledgment. The thing was entitled "What Rules the World," and the first stanza ran:

They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty scepter
O'er lesser powers that be,
But a mightier power and stronger
Man from his throne has hurled,
And the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.
—Kate Louise Roberts in Critic.

The Old Man's Decision.
"I dunno what to do with him," said the old gentleman. "He won't work, he won't study, spends half the day fishin and the other half loafin, smashes the crockery ware if the breakfast don't suit him and walks and talks in his sleep. I've had seven doctors to examine him, and they're all at sea about him. So I've just arrived at the conclusion that he's one of these darned long haired geniuses that's built to write books and have monuments on the installment plan when they die of starvation!"—Atlanta Constitution.

She'd Go Through It.
"How I would love," said the oldest and much the heaviest of the Snigsby girls, "to sit on yonder snowy cloud and float across the azure empyrean! Wouldn't it be a daring experience to ride on a cloud?"
"Yes," said young Mr. Mallow as he looked at the cloud in question, "but I'm sure you'd go through it all right."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

More Eloquent.
"They say there is character shown in the way a man combs his hair."
"Well, I think that often there is more character shown in the way he doesn't comb it."
—Detroit Free Press.

MUSIC AND MICE.
A Suggestion of a Novel Trap—Effect of Piano Playing on Rodents.
Truth of London suggests that as mice like music there is an independent fortune awaiting the man who will invent a small music box which when wound will run all night, since such a contrivance would serve to call mice into traps and would be to the mice what a decoy is to a flock of ducks or a looking glass to a tiger. After this suggestion, which is not untrue to nature, Truth goes on to say that music that sounds out of kilter to a critic's ears would also drive mice from the house. If the Truth writer had even actually seen a mouse under the influence of music, he would never have made that mistake. Neither would he have said "an accordion would also make the agile rodent desert the house as he is said to desert the sinking ship." Whether music affects rats is a question not yet settled by students of natural history.

As to the actual doings of a mouse when listening to music, it has been observed that the playing of a piano, even the tum tum of a beginner learning his first tune, will cause mice of the common house variety to run up and down behind the plaster of a house, causing it to rattle in a way fit to disturb the most earnest student. One night half a dozen persons were gathered in the parlor of an Adirondack home listening to a skilled player, who, as a woodsman said, "could make a pianist talk," when it was observed that the mice were acting in an unusual manner. The ordinary conduct of mice when they hear piano music is to merely rattle the plaster, but on this night they squeaked and squealed and rattled the plaster as they had never done before. The rush of the rodents died away after the music stopped, but it was hours before the last squeak was heard.

One of the human listeners was a boy who had some little skill as a harmonicon player, and he went frequently to the woods, where, with the aid of the instrument, he succeeded in calling chipmunks, red squirrels, and on one occasion a woodchuck, besides wood mice, including the deer mouse, and the smaller birds. The mice chiefly ran about the player, with now and then a squeak, but sometimes a low strain with slight modulations would seem to drive them insane, and then, without hesitation, they would run over the player as if he had been a stump. The squirrels were less demonstrative.

He Walked Far Too Far.
In a hotel in Berlin there is a night watchman who did not take kindly to the system adopted a few years ago requiring him to go through the hotel at certain hours and touch an electric button fixed up in various places. After much thought he fixed up an automatic arrangement on several of the buttons so that they would report at certain hours. Soon the button system got so out of order that the management abolished it.

It was found necessary to keep watch in some way on the gentleman, however, and finally a pedometer was given him to carry on his rounds which would register every step he took. All went well the first two nights thereafter, but on the morning following the third night the old man was missing. On search being made he was found sound asleep in the engine room, and the pedometer so attached to the piston rod of the engine that with every stroke it registered a step. It had been traveling all night, and when taken off it registered 212 miles.—Berlin Gazette.

Du Maurier Liked the Fashions.
It was inevitable, as the principle exponent of topical art by pictorial satire, that Du Maurier should hold pretty strong opinions about women's dress and fashions generally, and it is a fact that he was by no means a decrier of the productions of the modern modiste. On the contrary, he admitted a very warm admiration for his feminine contemporaries—small waists, pointed shoes, big hats and all—and felt a constant pleasure in delineating them. And as for the children of this fortunate country, he would say he could think of no painted or sculptured children of the past who were more charming—at least, to him. And this, from an artist who never forgot that he was French by birth, was praise indeed.—Lady's Pictorial.

Thousands of Tons of Dust.
According to the estimates of Mr. J. A. Udden, who has studied the remarkable phenomena of dust and sand storms in the arid regions of the west, every cubic mile of the lower air during an ordinary "dry storm" contains at least 225 tons of dust, while in severe storms of this kind as much as 126,000 tons of dust and sand may be contained in a cubic mile of air. Dust storms sometimes last for 20 or 30 hours.

To See Plainly.
The more I think of it I find this conclusion more impressed upon me, that the greatest thing a human sorcerer ever does in this world is to see something and tell what it saw in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy and religion—all in one.—Ruskin.

Belgium's Royalty.
The present king of Belgium is Leopold II, who ascended the throne Dec. 10, 1835. The kings of Belgium are successors of the princes of Orange, the first being Philipbert, who succeeded to the throne in 1502. For a long time they were known as stadholders.

The cloth of the old Egyptians was so good that, although it has been used for thousands of years as wrappings of the mummies, the Arabs of today can wear it. It is all of linen, the ancient Egyptians considering wool unclean.

The water pump of today is an improvement on an invention which first came into use in the year 283 B. C.

GARISH BOOK BINDINGS.
They Are In Bad Taste and Are Disliked by Bookworm and Scholar.

Books have a right to be, first of all, books, not purveyors of whimsies in color and design. As matters are at this moment three-quarters of the new books look more like some strange entries at a feast than like everyday edibles. You take up one, and it has the air of a curious ragout; there are unknown fragments of design floating in a sauce of queer elemental color. The next one has an air as honest as apple sauce at first glance; 'tis a pale greenish thing, but presently you see that the trail of a serpent is over all its border. And who can hope for content from a dish thus garbished?

Again a book, and this one burns bright red and yellow, like a pudding on fire with cognac, which is all very well for a pudding. Another has a cover which looks like a resisting beefsteak pounded by the stern hand of fate in a boarding house; another reminds you irresistibly of coffee wherein chickory has too much inserted its diluting aid and cream is missing. But, first and last, the new books are ever more prone to resemble small plots of deceptive stage verdure than honest, simple souled books. It is impossible to help doubting the value of the literary pasturage to be found in such inclosures. Fortunately one is sometimes most joyously deceived. Authors have little "say" concerning the garb of their volumes, and often—good luck to them—they rise superior to the mechanical makers of books and rejoice the souls of their readers in spite of the bindings.

And it must be repeated that in the present bizarre and excessive fancies in binding there is seed of abounding hope for the future. Publishers are groping for something; few of them know what. But they will learn, and the world will be made glad by a genuine revival in the lovely old half forgotten craft of bookbinding. In that happy coming day there will be great honor for the men who lead the taste of this country toward better things in bookbinding, simpler and surer and more sincere.—Boston Transcript.

QUESTION OF LUCK.
A Citation That Clinched the Other Side of the Argument.

"I hate to hear people say there's no such thing as luck," remarked the melancholy Mr. Dolittle.
"I don't see why," his wife rejoined.
"Because it isn't true," he returned with asperity. "A man can go on trying and trying and never get along, and some other person will go ahead and tumble into good things without making any effort whatever."
"Hiram, no great man has succeeded without hard work."
"That's the kind of talk you always hear. But nine times out of ten it is all owing to the opportunity that presented itself. Fortune just seems to lie in wait to kidnap some men. Look at Sir Isaac Newton. His name is handed down from generation to generation. And why? Simply because he was sitting under a tree, and an apple happened to drop on him. You can't pretend that a man is in a position to claim superior merit simply because, through no action or preference of his own, he gets hit in the head with an apple, can you?"
"No, Hiram."
"Then don't tell me about there not being any such thing as luck."
"It seems to me that you've chosen a poor example in support of your argument. The case of Isaac Newton goes to show that the difference is in the people. If it had been some men that they would have done after the apple fell would have been to go into the house and moan for the arnica bottle; then they would have spent two or three hours of precious time talking about their bad luck."—Washington Star.

Clocks With Nerves.
There is one disadvantage about very tall buildings which is being noticed by the occupants. It is perhaps a small disadvantage, but still it is worth considering, as it involves some annoyance to those who have not made provision for it.
The trouble referred to is the stopping of pendulum clocks by the vibration of the buildings. Many a pendulum clock that has kept accurate time for years in old fashioned low structures has refused to run at all when moved into some one of the new tall steel framed buildings in the lower part of the city. On the lower floors of the buildings the clocks run fairly well, but when higher up in the buildings they become more whimsical and on the top floors will not run at all.—New York Times.

He Responded.
The late archbishop of Canterbury had a favorite dog named Watch. Once, as he lay on the mat at the open door of the chapel, the archbishop read impressively this sentence of the Scripture lesson, "What I say unto you I say unto you all—watch." The dog sprang up, came forward and lay down before the reading desk at his master's feet. One hearer at least heeded the lesson and responded.—Congregationalist.

He Got the Place.
Great Editor—You have your theory, of course, as to how newspapers should be conducted?
Applicant (fresh from college)—Not the slightest, sir.
Great Editor (amazed)—Is it possible? My dear sir, you can have your pick of any department in this office—that is, if you have not already arranged with a museum.—Buffalo Times.

A Sprinting Match.
Governor—You've been running ahead of your allowance, Jack.
Jack—I know it, dad. I've been hoping for a long time that the allowance would strengthen up enough to overtake me.—Household Words.

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