Two Metropolitan Children.

It was on Third avenue the other day that the face of a boy not more than 6 years old, with a cigarette thrust between the little lips, attracted the attention of a woman who was passing. The child's puny, sickly appearance, for he looked as if nothing more than cigarettes was needed to break his slender hold on life, made the woman stop in the hope that here was an opportunity for a word in season.

"Don't you know," she began, "that you'll never grow up to be a big, strong man if you smoke those bad cigarettes? You'll die, and you don't want to do that, I know."

"Naw, I won't die nuther," said the young smoker without taking out his

"What would your mother say if she saw you?" was the next query. "Oh, she lets me."

A chubby little chap of 4, round cheeked, a mere baby, stood at the elder one's side during the talk. The woman turned to him.

"Your little brother doesn't smoke cigarettes. You are setting him a bad example.

The younger boy smiled, but said nothing.

"Naw, he don't smoke cigarettes," spoke up the other one; "he smokes a

And the woman fled, abashed before those two terrible infants.-New York

Violating Parlor Car Rules.

"I have violated the rules laid down by Mr. George M. Pullman every time I have ridden on a railroad train in the past two years," said Mrs. Robert Vernon of New York as she and her husband were preparing to leave the parlors of the Lindell for a walk the other day. "You know, I'd never think of traveling without my little dog Nellie-named after me, you know-she's such an affectionate little thing and worries so much when I leave her behind me. Now, when Bob goes on the road I frequently take trips with him, and of course Nellie comes too. The first trip we took her with us we had to leave her in the baggage car, and in the morning the poor thing was nearly dead with fright. Then I made up my mind I'd have her with

me or quit traveling.
"In Philadelphia I noticed women car rying dark green cloth bags on the street and found that they were called 'cabas, and they carried most everything in them. Well, I made one for Nellie, and she travels across the country now in a caba. Pullman conductors think it's a package of clothing or anything else they like, for Nellie never moves. She is perfectly content to know that I am close by her and would rather keep quiet than ride in the baggage car. Oh, don't tell me that dogs don't know anything. You do, don't you, Nell?"-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Wedding Cakes, New Style.

Who was the inventor of the new wedding cakes? Whoever he was he deserves immortalizing, for his was a brilliant idea, one I should have been "real proud of" myself had I thought of it. In the wedding cake of more ancient type there was always a thick layer of white sugar which nobody cared about, a manner, and as every nook and corner ceeding 100 tons. everybod ywished for and did not always sult the baronet at last told one of his use the French canals each year. The and "inlaying" these portraits, the bin get, and an immense quantity of cake of which many only ate a few crumbs. The latest specimen has a thin layer of sugar, only just enough to look pretty and underneath are alternate layers of cake and almond paste, one as thick as the other.

The consequence is that no one is defi: .ded of their lawful share of almond paste or "love," as it is usually called, yard. and for purposes of distribution it is far better, as the contents of the box do not crumble away nearly so much as they did when the principal portion was cake alone. If only some one would invent a box which could not be rifled and was bound to reach its lawful destination, we should have nothing left to desire.-London Gentlewoman.

When a young woman asks you to go with her to choose a pocketbook and tells the clerk she wants one "so long," measuring a space of six or eight inches with the first finger of each hand, it is just as well not to express your surprise that it isn't to be a dainty, silver mounted affair that accords with her costuming, and when she chooses an enormous seal leather affair with lots of compartments for bills and checks and numerous other such articles it is safe to decide that "Charley" still lives in her memory as she in his, and when she talks about the marking and takes the pencil in a determined way and answers the salesmen's remark about the letters with a savage "I'll write them." why, it's time to turn your back and be awfully intorested in something else.— Buffalo News.

Public Dinners a Bore.

"Public dinners are becoming more and more of a nuisance to professional men," said a distinguished lawyer of this town somewhat peevishly the other night. "Now, why should an extremely busy man like myself be asked to devote several hours of valuable time to the preparation of an address on some important topic for free delivery before an association in which I have no particular interest? Of course I have the privilege of declining, but when two or three warm personal friends urge me to comply on the ground of sociability, I have to accept or else appear surly. In consequence I give up time which I can hardly spare from my clients, am kept up late at night and go down to business in the morning with a headache or an attack of indigestion."-New York Times.

Not Bigamy.

De Smith—Is Ponsonby a bigamist? Travis—A bigamist! Well, I guess. not! What made you think so?

De Smith-Oh, I don't know. I thought I heard his wife telling somebody that Dr. Swindle'em's weed tonio had made another woman of her .-Texas Siftings.

Shot While Going For a Doctor. It was in Pittsburg some seven years ago that my wife woke me up one night and said that our little boy was very sick and would I go for a doctor. I said of course I would, and slipping into my clothes I grabbed my hat and started out. When I reached the first corner, I passed a stranger who was running the other way. I cut diagonally across the street and ran toward the center of town. Pretty soon I heard footsters some distance back, and then severa' shots were fired. I felt as though some one had thrown a stone and struck me on the leg, but I couldn't run any more worth a cent. I stumbled down and then drawing myself up put my hand where I felt the pain and found that my leg was moist with blood. I easily realized that I was shot. The possessor of the revolver drew up before me panting God. for breath and exclaimed, "You will rob people, will you?" It was a policeman. I began to upbraid him most thoroughly.

Explanations nor execrations did not help the matter any, and I was taken in a patrol to the station. I repeated my story and insisted that a doctor should be sent to my house. The desk sergeant finally did as I wished, and our family doctor called at the house, and later came by the station. It did not take me long to convince the station officers that I was not the party, and was set at liberty and removed to my home. When I was able to get around again, I sued the city for \$5,000, and I got it.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"There is a young man in Mobile," said Colonel Robert McEachin of Winchester, Va., "who has cause to remember Amelie Rives twice a year. When the now distinguished lady was a little girl and lived in that city, she became fondly attached to a newsboy who cried out his papers every morning in the neighborhood in which she lived. She met him one day and a friendship sprang up between them that has lasted to the present time, After the boy's stock of papers were sold in the morning he would call for the pretty little blue eyed miss, and they would take long strolls down Froscute road, plucking the orange blossoms and the magnolia blooms. They soon got to be familiar figures on Government street, as they would walk along that busy thoroughfare with the young girl's head garlanded with wreaths of beautiful flowers and the little boy's arms filled with vines and evergreens. Then Miss Rives moved far away into Virginia, but she never forgot her newsboy friend, for it was her custom almost daily to write him. The boy met with a country is 8,000 miles, of which 650 miles misfortune some years ago which crip pled him for life. He is poor, but hi purse is twice a year replenished by a postoffice order from Mrs. Chanler. One of these arrives in Mobile on his birthday, which is in June, and the other on free from tolls. This system of inland Christmas day."-St. Louis Republic.

Several years ago a Hampshire baronet was amazed to find that, although he went to bed clothed as is customary, yet he invariably awoke naked in the morning and could not find any trace of his tween 15,000 and 16,000. About 26 per missing garment. A great number of cent have a capacity of 300 tons or more, shirts disappeared in this inexplicable while more than half have a capacity exsit in the room all night and watch de- furnished by draft animals, although a velopments. This the friend did, and few steam tugs are used on the Seine, after the baronet had for some time given | the Oise and some other rivers, and audible evidence that he was asleep the watcher was surprised to observe him | Cable towing and tow locomotives are get out of bed, open the door and proceed with a quick pace along a corridor, descend the stairs and emerge into an open

Suddenly the baronet, divesting himself of his only garment, seized a pitch-fork and buried the linen in a dunghill. Afterward he proceeded leisurely back to his bed. In the morning the baronet, incredulous at what his friend related. repaired to the dunghill, and after digging for some time found several shirts stowed away in this anything but pleasant receptacle.—Boston Globe

When Traveling Was Dangerous.

Hounslow heath, Finchley common and Gadshill, in the neighborhood of London, were celebrated haunts of the highwayman, and the secluded roads of Epping forest, on the route to Cambridge, were often the scenes of plunder in broad daylight. These desperate robbers at last became so dangerous, and the peril of their attacks so serious to travelers of all kinds, as well as to the postmen, that the government passed a law making highway robbery an offense punishable by the death of the criminal and the confiscation of all his property. But robberies still occurred.

In 1783 mail coaches, protected by armed guards, took the place of postboys. The coaches carried passengers also, and as these generally carried arms the mails were better protected, but attacks were made upon them.-St. Nicholas.

The Glass Industry.

The progress of the glass industry in America has been far from constant. It has suffered severe and violent fluctuations, amounting almost to annihilation. Several times it has needed to be born again. But the sum total of these successes and vicissitudes has been the establishment of an industry which, while it is the oldest, is also at the present time one of the most promising and most highly developed of all our industries.-Professor C. H. Henderson in Popular Science Monthly.

A London Idea.

In certain London restaurants each customer is allowed to make his or her tea. The waitress lights the gas burner, which is affixed to each table, and sets thereon a silver kettle. Then she presents to the teamaker a silver caddy divided into compartments and offering a choice of Souchong, Ceylon or green tea. Any one who is compelled to drink the lukewarm stuff called tea at restaurants will appreciate the new idea .-London Letter.

THE IMMORTAL SOUL.

Victor Hugo's Memorable Impromptu Reply to the Atheists.

At a dinner given to Victor Rugo in Paris some years ago he delivered an impromptu address, in which he gave expression to his faith in the infinite and in the soul's immortality. His friend, Houssaye, who was present, says:

"Hugo at that time was a man of steel, with no sign of old age about him, but with all the agility, the suppleness, the ease and grace of his best years." He was contradicting the atheists, and his friend says "his face was bright with the heavenly halo, and his eyes shone like burning coals.'

"There are no occult forces," he said; "there are only luminous forces. Occult force is chaos; the luminous force is Man is an infinite little copy of This is glory enough for man. I am a man, an invisible atom, a drop in the ocean, a grain of sand on the shore. Little as I am, I feel the God in me, because I can also bring forth out of my chaos. I make books, which are creations. I feel in myself that future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever.

"I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the result of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, and eternal spring is in my heart. There I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses as at 20 years ago. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me.

"It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is historic. For half a century I have been-writing my thoughts in prose and verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song. I have tried all, but I feel I have not said a thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave, I can say, like many others, I have finished my day's work, but I cannot say I have finished my life. My days will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open on the dawn."-L'Univers.

France's Great Canal System.

Interior navigation has long held a prominent place in the traffic of France, and it is not surprising to learn that the length of navigable waterways in that are returned as tidal, 2,100 miles navigable without works, 2,250 miles canalized rivers and 3,000 miles canals. The state looks out for all but 7 per cent of this network, which is therefore practically navigation has cost about \$300,000,000 for construction and purchase and \$25,-000,000 for concessions. The annual cost of maintenance is about \$2,600,000, or \$325 a mile, which covers all expenditures whatsoever. The number of vessels employed on the waterways is be-

steam cargo boats are occasionally met. also used in a few places. The average cost of moving a ton of freight one mile is stated to be 064 cents on the rivers and 25 per cent less on the canals.—Paris

The Pale White Light of Death.

Those who have admired the phosphorescent glow of certain species of crustace will be interested to learn that a startling discovery respecting it has been made. Formerly it was supposed that such creatures emitted the light of their own accord, and that they used it in a variety of ways. It is now known that the light is a disease as deadly to the infected individuals as cobra poisoning is to the human species. M. Girard has traced phosphorescent light in tatitrus and other crustaceans to exceedingly minute bacteria in the muscles. On inoculating healthy specimens with glowing bacteria, the same luminous ap pearance was transmitted. He also notes that the disease runs a regular course, and that those infected die within four days, the phosphorescence lasting but a short while after death.-St. Louis Re-

Worries of Letter Writing.

Of course you never had important letters ready to mail and went down town without them? Or did you take with you at night? Did you ever post a anything to recall after it had passed out chairs."—Albany Journal. of your reach? You never delayed to seal your letter until you were outside the house and then found that the envelope wouldn't stick or needed a stamp beyond anything, when there was none to be had?—Boston Commonwealth.

The Effect of Early Training.

ination that she was required to pass, she was told to name some of the principal English authors. She did so, omitting Shakespeare for the reason, as she stated to a friend, "that she might ofof a man who had written plays for the-

A Persistent Dog. Mother-Horrors! Where did you get that dog?

Young Hopeful-He followed me home. "Hum! Why did you coax him?" "I didn't coax him. I threw things at him, but he would come anyhow."

"That's strange. What did you throw?" "A lot of hard, ugly old bones the butcher gave me."—Good News.

for yourself that the weather is not fit to turn a dog out of doors?"—Evenement.

SHE TURNED THE ABLES.

How a Little Henely Knowledge Saved a Young Lady Much Discomfort.

A young lady through her knowled e of housewifery rather turned the talks upon a would be jester one day and let that individual, who was of the male persuasion, into a little secret of considerable importance to those who have occasion to work in the kitchen as ama-

The two were members of a party veiting an Adirondack camp in the Saranac lake region. Every one was well acquainted, and the days passed merally away until a heavy rainstorm drove the ladies and the less enthusiastic fishermen indoors and compelled them to seek other forms of amusement. The rain continued to fall almost without intermission for several days, and as a means to relieve the monotony the gentleman already referred to proposed that the various members of the party try their hand at cooking the next meal

Permission was obtained from the host the members of the party laughingly agreed to the proposition, and the guide, whose duty it was to act as cook, was for the time sent about other business. The gentleman acted as chef, and with a knowledge obtained from serving on the house committee of a prominent New York club proceeded to assign various work to his aids and appointed the young lady first vegetable cook for the express purpose of making her peel onions, the odor of which she loathed.

When the party adjourned to the kitchen to begin preparations, a large supply of strong odored red onions was brought to the lady, and she was requested to remove the outer cuticle. The acting chef and the others who had been let into the secret made merry over the supp sed discomfiture of the first vegetable cook, but the latter smiled sweetly and uttered no protest.

"Bring me a deep pan," she said to her helper, and when this was produced sh filled it to the brim with water. Then she tucked up her sleeves to the elbow showing just the prettiest pair of arms in the world, and removing her rings set to work poor ig the onions under water with a deft. s that showed how familiar she was with the work and depriving it of all its offensiveness

It was a revelation to the man, who had looked either for a vigorous protest or had expected to see the eyes of the vegetable cook water from the effects of the onion juice. The amateur dinner was in every way a success, but none of the cooks achieved a greater triumph than the one whose practical experience showed to the others the common sense method of peeling onions.-New York

A Life Work.

Mr. Sutherland got hold of a prodigious Clarendon and Burnet and made it the richest and most extensive pictorial history in existence or ever likely to be in existence. He found nearly 19,000 prints and drawings for it and no less than 731 portraits of Charles I, 518 of Charles II, 352 of Cromwell, 273 of James II and 420 of William III. If, remarks Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, we only think how few are the portaits of Charles I. and these mostly copies after Vandyke, we shall have an idea of the labor and exploration necessary to gather up the 731. Think also of the pains and cost in medium layer of almond paste which in the room was searched without re- Moreover, about 2,000 foreign boats cleaning, "laying down," "insetting," intimate friends, and requested him to motive power is now almost entirely ing, arranging, etc., and we shall not be surprised to learn that this folly occupied the fanatical Sutherland such a lengthy portion of his life.

When finished, it filled 67 huge volumes and had cost £12,000! We may conceive all the visitings of print shops, the turning over boxes of prints, the groveling among winds and lanes, the correspondence and the endless paying of money! To give a finish to his labors a catalogue was prepared of all the engravings. This filled two great quartos. At Sutherland's death the work was carried on by his widow, who is reported to have given as much as £80 for a single plate!-Temple Bar.

Peculiarities About Tramps. "A fact about your professional vagrant or tramp is that they never want to go back to the place from where they were sent," says a penitentiary superintendent. "For instance, if one is sent in from along the Susquehanna road, on his discharge he usually requests to be sent north, east or south, or any direction that will take him away from that in which he was apprehended

"Only the other day a tramp sent from Otsego begged to be sent to Hudson. He begged so hard that I gave him a ticket to Hudson. The next day he was back again. 'They pulled me as soon as I stepped from the train,' he said. County officers, you see, are always on the lookout for tramps because of the mileage received for bringing them here. Work? No, they wouldn't show any inclination or desire for work if the letters and carry them around they had to lay in the penitentiary for all day and bear them safely home months. But we compel them to earn their keep, very much to their disgust. still daring and oftentimes successful letter that you would have given almost Usually I set them to work cane seating

> Mrs. Mossman Was Petrified. In June, 1884, Mrs. Abigail Mossman was interred at the Hazelwood cemetery in Poweshiek county, Ia. Not long since relatives determined to remove the remains to another cemetery. The workmen engaged to perform the job found Recently a young woman came to this | the coffin filled to overflowing with red city from a town about two hour's ride | colored mineral water. This was drained from New York to study. In the exam- off, whereupon it was found that the corpse, with the exception of the fingers and toes, was perfectly petrified. The hair was perfectly natural, as was also a bouquet of roses that lay on her breast. After a thorough examination by relafend the teachers by putting in the name tives and friends the coffin was again closed and covered in.-St. Louis Republic.

> > A Kind Mistress. It was raining in torrents.

"Julie!" said madam to her maid, "be quick and run across to the milliners and tell her not to forget my hat." "Can I take Azor out with me, madam?"

"Are you mad, Julie? Can't you see



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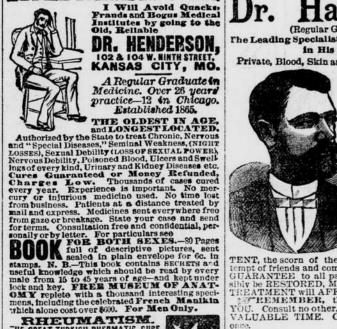
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