

Beauty's Failure.

Of the beautiful women I have known, but few have attained superiority of any kind, says a writer in Ladies' Home Journal. In marriage they have frequently made failures; why, I do not know, unless the possession of great loveliness is incompatible with the possession of an equal amount of good judgment. So much is expected by the woman accustomed to admiration, that she plays and palters with her fate till the crooked stick is all that is left her. This we see exemplified again and again. While the earnest, lofty, sweet-smiling woman of the pale hair and doubtful line of nose, has, perhaps, one true lover whose worth she has time to recognize, an acknowledged beauty will find herself surrounded by a crowd of showy egotists whose admiration so dazes and bewilders her that she is sometimes tempted to bestow herself upon the most impertinent one in order to end the unseemly struggle.

Then the incentive to education, and to the cultivation of one's special powers is lacking. Forgetting that the triumphs which have made a holiday of youth must lessen with the years, many a fair one neglects that training of the mind which gives to her all else an endless storehouse of wealth from which she can hope to produce treasures for her own delectation and that of those about her, long after the fitful bloom upon her handsome sister's cheek has faded with the roses of departed summer.

Though the world can show instances here and there of women in whose dazzling glances genius and beauty struggle for equal recognition, and they are not the exception proving the rule? To win without effort, and yet to ignore these victories for the sake of the more lasting and honorable ones which follow the attainment of excellency in any one thing, means character. To loveliness gives us those rare specimens of womanly perfection which assure us that poetry and art are not solely in the minds of men, but exist here and there in an embodied form for the encouragement and delight of struggling human nature.

The Revenue Service Bear.

"Bears make good pets," said Lieut. Clark. "When I was in the revenue service at Alaska we had one on the boat and he made things hum. We named him Wineska. He used to climb to the cross trees, going up hand over hand by the rattles. One day he ventured out on the pard-arr and there he stayed. We had to get a rope and haul him down. When we were in the cabin he would back down the companion way and come to us for his mess of grog. He dearly loved rum and molasses. Once he vaulted over the head of our Chinese cook, and went into the lockers, where he helped himself to sugar and butter. We had a tackling made for him, much the same as a harness of a pet pug, and we would drop him overboard, with a rope attached, to take his bath. Once he landed in a native boat, and nearly frightened the occupants out of their wits. He was as playful as a kitten, and, although he sometimes disobeyed, he was never treacherous or unkind. When he was lost or hid himself, as he often did, we would look in the dark, till we saw two little balls of fire. These were his eyes, and gave him away every time."

A New Race Forming.

There is forming in America at present a new race, distinct from all others on the earth. It is being made up of a motley of every race and nation in existence. We note the disappearance of the blondes. It is true, they are going for the race is going to be a dark, hared race, as pigmented people always gain the ascendancy where they mingle equally with non-pigmented, not because non-pigmented people are less able to withstand disease than the others, but for the same reason that if you mix white and black the white cannot preserve its purity. The new one is to be the largest race of the earth, and will contain all that is good and some that is bad, of all other races. It is to be a grand medley and the American of the future will be the representative of the world. But we are as yet just beginning to develop into this race, which may not be a distinctive one before 1,000 years. To sum it all up in a single statement, I would say that man is positively increasing in size, longevity and intelligence.

Cast-Off Clothing for Negroes.

Thousands of southern negroes wear the cast-off clothing of New Yorkers. Such clothing is bought for little or nothing by peddlers, who sell it to wholesalers in the central European quarter. The wholesalers clean, patch, and press the garments, arrange them according to sizes in dozens, and await the southern merchants. The latter come from Washington, Richmond, Charleston, Mobile, and half a dozen other convenient cities and buy as best they may. The wholesalers sell on ninety days' credit, and if one merchant does not offer fair prices they wait the coming of others. Nobody's profits are extravagantly large, but those of the southern retailer are probably the best.

Truth and a soul that is ready for such work like the best and the best.

Funny About Oysters.

"The oyster is certainly a most interesting animal," says a Washington Star reporter. "To begin with, it is ever so much older than man, and deserving of that ground of respect and even veneration. Fossil shells of ancestors of the oysters of to day are found scattered throughout the world wherever ancient oceans had their shores millions of years ago. Curiously enough, where most other creatures on the earth have progressed in the scale of development, the oyster is now just about what it was in shape and appearance in the most remote geological epoch, though it has taken the horse but a fraction of the time from then to the present to develop from a comparatively small five-footed beast to the noble animal we find it."

"The notion so generally entertained, that the oyster has no sex, is a mistake. At the breeding season, in summer, the male and female oysters secrete and expel into the water a milky fluid with germs or eggs. The egg, once adrift, must perish unless it encounters a male germ, in which case a young oyster comes into being and swims about with its little feelers quite actively until it comes in contact with a rock or any clean and hard object. To such an object it attaches itself. A single female oyster often produces as many as 60 million eggs in a season. Fortunately these eggs form the principle food of innumerable other creatures, else the oysters would very soon fill up the ocean and thus flood the continents. There seems to be always in nature a provision of this sort to prevent any animal from becoming too numerous. Even the slow-breeding elephant, as Darwin remarked, would, if left unchecked to multiply, soon people the earth to the exclusion of all other animals."

"No sooner is the indolent oyster fixed upon the stone than it begins to form its shell, which is made of lime chiefly, and starts in to grow. An oyster lives thirty years and maybe longer it is a very nervous animal and dies from a sudden jar, so that a loud thunder clap will instantly kill a whole boat load. Among the oyster's foes are sea worms and mollusks that make a business of boring through oyster shells. The large spiral mollusks known by the names of 'winkle' and 'couch' prey upon the oyster and crush its shell by sheer muscular power of the large 'foot,' by which they grasp it. Most destructive of all the oyster's enemies, however, is the star fish, which swallows the young oyster, shell and all, and after the soft parts are absorbed, the shell is cast out of the stomach. With a big oyster the star fish cannot apply this method, so it grasps the unhappy bivalve in its five arms and, little by little, breaks off the edges of the shell by the muscles at the entrance of the star fish's stomach; when a sufficient opening has been effected, the star fish intrudes its mouth into the shell and eats the oyster."

Fight with a Rattlesnake.

Thomas Jenkins, a hard working negro who is fond of hunting, and who owns a small farm near Opelika, Ala., had a terrible adventure with a large rattlesnake, which he succeeded in killing only after it had bitten him twice, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Jenkins was at work removing the debris of an old outbuilding, when the snake sounded its rattle almost under his feet. He sprang back just in time to escape the dart of the reptile, and struck at it with the small hand ax he carried, but was so unfortunate as to miss it entirely, when the snake with incredible rapidity coiled itself about his leg. He endeavored to throw it off, when it buried its fangs in the fleshy part of his limb. Before it could withdraw them he seized it back of the head and choked it, as he thought, to be able to fling it from him; but, upon reaching the ground, the reptile revived and turned again to the attack. Jenkins endeavored to kill it by a stroke of his ax, but only succeeded in severing the extreme tip of the tail, and the next instant the writhing creature had struck him on the ankle, when he brought the blade down upon it, cutting it entirely in two. Calling his wife to assist him Jenkins managed to reach a physician living near him, and whose immediate attention to his two wounds probably saved his life. The snake was much swollen and of a livid blue, but no danger is anticipated. The wounds were in both instances deprived of their full deadliness by Jenkins heavy trousers and stockings, which absorbed much of the poison and thus prevented its entrance into the body. The snake was an old one and carried the extraordinary number of thirty-seven rattles. These reptiles are unusually numerous in this vicinity this year, the one killed by Jenkins being the 100th killed in one week.

The First Raid.

The first organized Oklahoma raid, it is said, was made at night on April 13, 1890 by thirteen men, two of whom acted as guards marked the trail by placing old buffalo skulls at prominent ridges, so that the route is known to this day as the Hog's Back Trail. A location was selected on April 22. A party six miles square in area was surveyed and three houses built, and then on May 18 some Lieutenant Pardee with twelve soldiers and twelve Indian scouts from Fort Reno and arrested the whole party.

Working Hours Abroad.

A Turkish laboring day lasts from sunrise to sunset with certain intervals for refreshments and repose, says Chambers' Journal. In Montenegro the day laborer begins work between 5 and 6 in the morning, knocks off at 8 for half an hour, works on till noon, rests until 2, and then labors on until sunset. This is in summer. In winter he commences work at 7:30 or 8, rests from 12 to 2, and works 'ninter' rapidly from that time to sunset. The rules respecting skilled labor are theoretically the same, but considerable laxity prevails in practice. In Serbia the principle of individual convenience rules in every case. In Portugal from sunrise to sunset is the usual length of the working day. With field laborers and workmen in the building trade the summer working day begins at 4:30 or 5 in the morning and ends at 7 in the evening, two or three hours rest being taken in the middle of the day. In winter the hours are from 7:30 to 5, with a shorter interval of repose. In manufacturing the rule is twelve hours in summer and ten in winter, with an hour and a half allowed for meals.

Eleven hours is the average day's labor in Belgium, but brewers' men work from ten to seventeen hours; brick-makers, sixteen; the cabinet-makers of Brussels and Ghent are often at work seventeen hours, with an hour and a half off at noon; railway guards sometimes know what it is to work nineteen and a half hours at a stretch, and in the mining districts women are often kept at tuck loading and similar heavy labor for thirteen hours.

The normal workday throughout Saxony is thirteen hours, with two hours allowance for meal-taking. In Baden the medium duration of labor is from ten to twelve hours, but in some cases it far exceeds this, often rising to fifteen hours in storeware and china works and cotton mills; in saw-mills to seventeen hours; while the workers in the sugar refineries, where the shift system is in vogue, work for twenty-four hours and then have twenty-four hours free, and in many of the Baden factories Sunday work is the rule. In Russian industrial establishments the difference in the working hours is something extraordinary, varying from six to twenty. It is remarkable that these great divergencies occur in the same branches of industry within the same inspector's district and among establishments whose produce realizes the same market price.

Washington's Prayer Book.

Among the relics of Washington stands paramount a book of the greatest value, composed of 24 small duodecimo pages, all in the handwriting of Washington when about 20 years of age. It is Washington's MSS. prayer book entitled the "Daily Sacrifice," and intended for use "Sunday morning, Sunday evening, Monday morning, Monday evening, Tuesday morning, Tuesday evening, Wednesday morning, Wednesday evening and Thursday morning." This little book may be considered the most hallowed of all the writings in existence attributed to Washington. It shows the fervent religious nature of the great man and cannot but be of the greatest interest to all church people. I quote the prayer for Sunday morning:

Almighty God, and most merciful Father, thou didst command the children of Israel to offer a daily sacrifice to Thee that thereby they might glorify and praise Thee for Thy protection both night and day, receive, O Lord, my morning sacrifice which I now offer to Thee. I yield Thee humble and hearty thanks that Thou hast preserved me from the dangers of the night passed, and brought me the light of this day, and the comforts thereof, a day which is consecrated to Thine own service and for Thine honor. Let my heart, therefore, gracious God, be so affected with the glory and majesty of it, that I may not do mine own works, but wait on Thee, and discharge those weighty duties Thou requirest of me; and since Thou art a God of pure eyes, and wilt be sanctified in all who draw near unto Thee, who dost not regard the sacrifice of fools, nor hear sinners who tread in Thy courts, pardon, I beseech Thee, my sins, remove them from Thy presence, as far as the east is from the west, and accept of me for the Merits of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, that when I come into Thy temple and compass Thine altar my prayer may come before Thee as an incense, and as I desire Thou wouldst hear me calling upon Thee in my prayers, so give me grace to hear Thee calling on me in Thy word, that it may be wisdom, righteousness, reconciliation and peace for the saving of my soul on the day of the Lord Jesus. Grant that I may hear it with reverence, receive it with meekness, mingle it with faith, and that it may accomplish in me Gracious Lord, the good work for which Thou hast sent it. Bless my family, kindred, friends and country. Be our Lord and guide this day and forever, for His sake who laid down in the grave and rose again for us, Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

The Youngest Whaler.

The whaling schooner William A. Grozier, of Provincetown, carries one of the youngest sailors afloat—the captain's son, aged thirteen years, who is now making his seventh voyage whaling. He goes as assistant mate and navigator. He is regarded as a mascot both by owners and crew, as good luck has followed every trip.

Mr. Greeley's old Home.

The recent destruction by fire of the old Greeley homestead at Chappaqua brings to mind the first homestead of the Greeley family in Westchester county, which was located in Purdy's Station, some miles beyond Chappaqua.

When a very young man Horace Greeley rented the little house paying a rent of \$5 a month therefor. The house was at that time smaller by several feet than at present. It had three rooms, a sitting room and kitchen on the first floor and a bedroom on the second. It is about a mile and a half from the depot at Purdy's and sets back about twelve feet from the road. An old fashion stone wall surrounded the house, and an old swinging gate on which the Greeley children used to swing, gives entrance to the grounds.

Mr. Greeley occupied the house, so tradition says, for about two years and then moved to New York with his family. The new tenants of the house built an addition, but of materials so like the older part that the improvement in the space makes but little difference in the appearance of the house. The house is very old, so old, in fact, that the oldest inhabitant of Purdy's Station cannot tell when it was built, and it is at present occupied by a poor family, the head of which ekes out an existence from the little garden which he tends on the place and from work on neighboring farms. While the old homestead has gone to ashes the older house of the Greeley family still stands a curiosity to visitors to the little town of Purdy's Station.

Charity of the Persian.

A Persian of rank always keeps open house. In addition to the frequent and sumptuous entertainments of such an establishment a traveler of distinction may always find a comfortable lodging in the chief houses of a town or village. More than this, the poor can generally obtain a meal there. It may be merely a meal of bread and rice or a ragout; but when the poor man at the gate asks for it it is not refused. While naturally many would hesitate to beg even when needy, yet in every place there are some who are dependent on charity and they are not likely to suffer in Persia as sometimes with us. The reason for this custom is partly because the Mahometan religion inculcates charity to the faithful as a means of promoting a sure entrance to the realms of bliss; it may also be in part because the position and reputation of a grandee are enhanced by the ostentatious charity. But in many cases the custom is undoubtedly practiced because of the genuine kindness of heart of the giver, for there is such a thing as true benevolence in Persia, and a man who might be cruel, selfish, or treacherous toward a rival may be found to show unfeigned kindness toward those from whom he has nothing to fear.

Woes of Gum Chewers.

The girls in the central telephone exchange of Detroit are in a frame of mind over the new rules of the company which prohibit the chewing of gum during working hours, interdict flirtatious conversations over the wires, and require them to say "number" instead of "hello." The day girls, who get \$16 per month are willing to strike, but they are not organized and fear their chances of success would be very small. The night girls, who get \$20 per month, have more time to themselves, but owing to the nature of their work cannot talk up the matter of striking during working hours, and neither set will trust the other to organize a union. The girls are mad, however, and have been muttering over the new rules ever since they went into effect last Friday. Life without the soul satisfying chewing gum is a bore.

Musical Gas Machine.

The musical gas machine, called the pyrophone, seems to have attracted much attention abroad. Its compass is three octaves, and it has a keyboard, being played in the same manner as an organ. There are thirty-seven glass tubes, in which a like set of gas jets burn, and these jets, placed in a circle, contract and expand. When the small burners separate the sound is produced; when they close together the sound ceases. The tone depends on the number of burners and the size of the tubes in which they burn; so that by a careful arrangement and selection all the notes of the musical scale may be produced in several octaves. Some of the glass tubes in which the jets burn are nearly eleven feet long.

A current item states that as some curiosity has been expressed as to the quantity of paints and oils used in the construction of the Forth bridge, the officials of the company requested Messrs. Craig & Rose, of London and Glasgow, who held the contract throughout to make up a statement of the amount actually supplied, and these were found as follows: Machinery and illuminating oils, 980,072 gallons; paint oils, 35,527 gallons; paint, 250 tons. It is computed that the quantity of oil used would have been sufficient to float one of her majesty's first-class cruisers, and sufficient paint to cover 1,100 acres, or nearly two square miles of surface.

The day after the last of the whaling feet had departed from San Francisco a large school of whales appeared in the bay and "cavorted" audaciously.

ONLY A FACTORY GIRL.

Hortense May glanced up, at the noise made by the opening of the great door of the "weave-room," and saw the ever-seer Dr. Hart, bringing in a party of ladies and gentlemen, three of each sex, well dressed, jewelled, and performed, as fashionable people are liable to be.

Hortense smiled a little bitterly, for she had not been in the mill long enough to get to take these things easily, and she could not help feeling always when there were visitors, that not only the mill, but every one in it was on exhibition. The Carter Mills were new, and contained some recently introduced improvements in the way of machinery which were considered very curious; as a great many people came there, ostensibly to look at the machinery. Of course the ladies did come for that purpose—they have a special talent for such things but the gentlemen came to look at the pretty factory girls, and Hortense knew it, and chafed under the knowledge.

Hortense had been brought up a rich man's daughter, and educated for another sphere than the Carter Mills; but her father had failed, her mother had died, she had neither brother nor sister to help her, and for two years she had managed to support herself and her father by coloring photographs. At the end of that time business failed her, and her father grew feeble every day. He must have the comforts of life or he would fall into a decline said the physician, and his opinion induced Hortense to enter the mill.

Three months after she did so, her only relative died, and she was left all alone in the world. She thought she might as well work in the mills as anywhere. The pay was liberal, and the work no harder than any other work. So she remained.

She had a little sitting-room and a bed-room in the house of Mrs. Curtis, and the girls were in the habit of calling her "that stuck-up Miss May," in consequence of her holding herself aloof from all their merry-makings.

She had the loveliest dark eyes and hair you ever saw, and her complexion was the envy of every girl in the mill.

Mr. Hart moved slowly on before his company of visitors—explaining and pointing out the working of the different parts of the machinery, and the gentlemen were pretending to listen attentively, while they ran their eyes over the great room in search of pretty faces, and the ladies exclaimed that it was wonderful! and they did not see how any one ever knew enough to invent such a remarkable affair as a loom; it really must have been the work of as great a genius as ever the world produced!

And Mr. Hart smiled, and bowed, and felt as flattered as men always do when the peculiar genius of a man is complimented.

They passed before the loom where Hortense was at work. Mr. Hart spoke to the girl, and she looked up. In doing so she recognized two of the visitors. The one, tall, handsome, and to a certain degree, rather haughty looking, was Granger Sterne, the wealthiest man in village; the proprietor of the great house on Cataline Hill, which was the admiration of the whole vicinity.

The other was Miss Eugene Doncaster—a fair, pure-faced, unimpressible-looking blonde—to whom Mrs. Grundy had given Mr. Sterne long ago.

Miss Doncaster's cold blue eyes ran indifferently over the loom and the fair weaver, and then she moved a little away to look out of the window near.

Er. Sterne drew a little closer to Hortense, talking idly with Mr. Hart at the same time, and carelessly enough he leaned his arm on a portion of the machinery. Quick as lightning a swift revolving band caught the sleeve of his loose duster, and in a second his arm was likely to be crushed and mangled and half torn from the body.

Mr. Hart leaped forward but could do nothing, and the next revolution of the drum over which the belt passed would have crippled Granger Sterne for life, had not Hortense, with admirable presence of mind, sprang to the rescue, and with one dexterous blow of the sharp cloth knife, which lay always on her loom, severed the belt in two.

Released from danger, Mr. Sterne turned to thank the girl, but she met his warm expression of gratitude coldly, and he said very little on the subject. But his eyes expressed a great deal. Even haughty, self-possessed Miss Doncaster noticed the admiration with which he regarded the factory girl, and was roused to something like jealousy by it.

"She was delighted by the courage of that person," she said, "really she must do something for this girl. She wondered if she could not do plain sewing, or get up muslin—or something of that kind?" She looked like one of that sort of people.

Sterne frowned on the fair speaker, and Hortense's face grew scarlet as she listened, but she gave no other evidence of having heard the supercilious speech.

Then the party went away—Mr. Sterne to the doctor to have his slight wound dressed, and Miss Doncaster to her stately home to wonder whenever Granger Sterne would come to the point. She had been waiting for him

for over a year, and if he should bite, why didn't he? Yet Mr. Doncaster put the matter in a vulgar string of words as he was to the same effect.

Hortense worked on, though her head ached, and seemed to blaze in at the window hotter than ever. She went wrong. The thread broke—the selvage would run—Hortense broke the little mill, had been her mother's, in tribute the feed—and so the day full of accidents.

She returned home sadly. Life had never looked so dark to her before.

She opened the door of her sitting-room and was greeted with a sweet fragrance of heliotropes, her like a welcome—the water friend old and valued. The plant in a little gilded pot on the window ledge, and the saucer of golden-hearted pansies a cry of delight she sprang touching her lips to the petals and going back in thought to the past, when she brought dear mother who was dead—who always called her "Little Hortense."

And by it occurred to her ask where the flowers came she went down and spoke to the attendant the door, and gave ingress to the people who Mrs. Curtis' house.

"Lor' ma'am! where did you from, did you say? Why Mr. Sterne's coachmen fetched his master's compliments, mighty nice looking boy men is, too! Lor' such a man as he's got! Full as handsome as Barr's. And he's polite, like you said he was, and a few moments with a bit of 'he said he would kiss me if nobody wouldn't be looking, ny went off again more than before."

Hortense went slowly up the stairs, put the flowers away in a room. Their fragrance was to her, remembering that Granger Sterne's betrothed was dead.

Days passed into weeks. Sterne met Hortense very often, then accidents occurred frequently—and at last almost he would overtake her at a up Delany street. Hortense help wondering how he could be there, anyway, for she took always to make herself agreeable.

Hortense was very content she reasoned she had no rival with another woman; she tried hard to defeat him for what she considered business in showing attention than the lady of his love—try ever so hard, she could even a decent sort of a lady. But she avoided him and answered his kindest speech a way that he was half proud her at times, and if he had love he would have dropped together, for he was a proud not used to being snubbed.

One evening late, Granger overtook Miss May just as she was coming from being serious upon her just as she was coming; there was nothing left but to submit to being snubbed.

He drew her arm and walked home with her. She tried to say some words but he stopped her.

"No," said he, "I want you of that kind. I am now. Once you saved my life I have saved yours. And in with you for a little while. The man was audacious and audacity made Hortense all she could do was to follow her into the little room. It was a very neat room, saw a vine of ivy he had days before, trained carefully window.

The sight encouraged her a seat on the lounge by the window. "Where is the use of the cross purposes any longer, taking her hands. I am Hortense, you know what to tell you. I love you, you a long time. Tell me, whole story in a very few words."

"Release my hands," she said, "and go to the window with the same story!" He laughed.

"No. I do not think I told this story to me; it is Hortense. My darling, it is nothing to me; it has been. What sin have I people should be continuing me to that piece of Hortense, I want a living, hearted woman for a going to have her mind to that."

And Hortense, finding earnest, was obliged to the mill immediately, and she became his wife in two days. This program was out, to Miss Doncaster's great, and to this day she never ceased wondering Granger Sterne could see in win his love.