In a little white, a month or two, The buttercups and violets blue Will bloom and flourish on the hill, The birds their sweet notes loudly The roses sweet will bloom and die, And summer breezes gently sigh, And sods fountain soon will boom, And lovers crowd the lee-cream room, The overcoat will go in pawn, The girl will wear the dress of lawn, The dust will lie thick on the road The boy will kill the harmless toad, The bullfrog sing his doleful lay, The crickets chirp at close of day, The lovers stroll in lonely lanes, The organ grinder give you pains, The bycicle man will show his leg. The busy hen will lay her egg. In every pond and lake and bay Boats will be seen each plrasant day. All balls and parties will be o'er, And tolks will seek the cool seashore The boy each day his path will take In every puddle, creek and lake, The base-ball man will wield the bat, The farmer wear the big straw hat The peddler on the street will shout, sun will knock fat people out, The baby-carriage will soon appear, There'll be a boom in lager beer, And picnic will be all the go, It will all be in a month or so.

THE OLD MAID CAPTAIN.

The Little Romance Which the Stewardess Told.

From N.

"I have been going to seathese 25 years," said the stewardess of an American coastwise steamer, one afternoon recently, as she sat sewing in the cozy ladies' cabin of the vessel to which she belonged, "and yet I was never wrecked, nor has a ship I have been on lost so much as a spar while I was aboard. Yes, my life has been a very commonplace one. There has been no romance in any way connected with it; stop though, I did not play a very small part in a romance once. That happened fully 20 years ago, and now it seems like a dream; I sometimes wonder if it wasn't after of times, but received no answer. He all a dream. It seems stranger to me now than it did even then." The worthy stewardess paused and a faraway look in her eyes showed that she was indulging in retrospection.

"When I was young I went on sailing vessels instead of steamers," continued the stewardess. "About 20 years ago-that was when I was young-I visited some friends in the country after a voyage, and then I came to New York to find a ship. The agent I went to told me that I could go as stewardess on a ship bound to Australia. 'The skipper,' said he, 'is a good man, but he's a regular old maid.' I said that I didn't mind old maids, and so it was settled that I was to go with the 'old maid captain.' The next day I went aboard and reported to my new captain who was called Harris. The captain was short | They were finally taken off by a manand rather slight built, with mildgray ayes, but with a full, heavy black beard. He seemed about 35 years visited by Mr. Bradley. The latter, old. His hands were small and deli- who had once been befriended by the sate, and his voice was high and just triffe shrill, and he walked up and down the deck with a mincing sort of gait. Thinks I, Captain Harris, if you wasn't a skipper you'd have now the poor boy was again on his made a first rate single woman.' I regularly despised him until the first storm came on. Then he went on deck and handled the ship in such a way that I could not but admit that he was the best navigator I had ever sailed under. Then I began to think better of the old maid captain. I never saw a captain so considerate of his men. If one of them was the least bit sick the captain would go into the orecastle and attend to him as tenderly as any nurse. And when the weather was bad he would not allow the mates to make the men do any work that wasn't really necessary. The mates used to make fun of the captain behind his back for being so considerate of his men, but somehow thought it was a good trait in him. I began to watch the captain closely and I soon made up my mind that there was a mystery about that man. Once on a pleasant evening I came on deck and saw the captain looking at the red sunset with tears in his eyes. At another time, when I thought he was on deck, I went into the after-cabin for something. I found him there. What do you think he was doing? Why, he was sewing and crying into the bargain. They are right in calling you the old maid captain,' thinks I. "The mate, Mr. Wood, was a tall,

years old. The captain seemed to like him, but I thought how much he The captain seemed to must envy his size and strength. The captain, though, was much the smarter man of the two. The mate, somehow, seemed to take a tancy to me-tor, as I said, I was young in those days. He was always running into the cabin on some pretext to see me. But I never encouraged him. You see I was engaged to be the mate of another mate; and that mate, poor fellow, was lost at sea a few years afterward. Although the captain didn't seem to care much about me, he didn't fancy the mate's taking a liking to me. That used to puzzle me. One pleasant evening when went on deck I saw the captain, who stood aft, looking admiringly at the mate, who was sitting at the starboard gangway. When the captain saw me come on deck he gave me a sort of suspicious look, and when the mate came up to me and began to make himself agreeable, although as I said before I had not given him any encouragement, I glanced again at the captain and there was an angry snap in his eyes. He did not like to see the mate and me together. That was plain. But why should he object to it so long as he didn't seem to care for me himself. I tried to hit on some reason for this, but soon gave the whole thing up as a mystery too

fine looking down-easter about 35

deep for me to attempt to solve. One morning when we were in the Bouth Pacific some one cried out that

there was a small boat with several people in it in sight on the lee bow. We bore away for the boat, which in a short time was alongside the ship. Five men and a little boy climbed up from the boat to our deck, and we gave them a warm welcome. The little boy couldn't have been a day over eight years old. He wass bright-look-ing little fellow, with long curly hair. Capt. Harris took to him at once. He carried the little fellow into the after cabin and put him in his own berth, and took him something to eat, while the rescued men were telling us how they came to be in the open boat. They belonged to a barque which was bound to New York, but had sprung aleak and had foundered the day before. The crew left the vessel in two boats just before the vessel went down, but when she did go under she swamped one of the boats, and the captain and seven men were thrown into the water and drowned. The other boat, with the mate in charge, managed to keep affoat until we came up with it.
"The mate of the wrecked vessel,

Mr. Bradley, was a gray-haired, roughlooking man, but he seemed to have a kind heart. Early in the evening, when he was sitting in the forward cabin with the second mate and myself, he told us that the little boy, who was still in the after cabin with Capt. Harris, had been ship-wrecked twice before. The little fellow was the son of a sea captain, and had been going to sea with his father and mother ever since he was born. About four years before, when the ship on which this sea-going family were, was nearing the English Channel, a heavy tog ing her hand to them. set in. The second mate was in charge of the deck and the captain, with his wife and boy and the mate, were at the dinner table. The captain's wife happened to think of something in the forward for it. Just then a big steamer loomed up suddenly in the fog, and, without any warning, struck the ship only imprisoned by the broken timthe steamer for about half an hour. Finally he made a struggle and succeeded in tearing away enough broken timber to liberate himself. He took that it was all settled." the little boy with him, and going on the deck found that the wreck was sinking. The vessel had been deserted by the others, who had probably climbed on board the steamer. The wreck was now nearly even with the water, and the mate made a little raft and launched it. He took the boy and sprang on to the raft, where lashed himself and the little fellow. Soon afterward the wreck sunk. Next morning it was clear, and the mate and the boy were picked up by a small iron bark bound to Japan. The bark, however, got out of her course, and was driven ashore on a small island, not far from the Philippines. The island was inhabited by friendly natives, who took careof the stranded

way to the other side of the world. account of how he came by the boy, should firmly refuse to hurry. Captain Harris came in from the after cabin and said that the little fellow was sleeping nicely. Mr. Bradley began to tell the captain about how the boy was wrecked the first time. Then the captain rose up pale and trembling and asked thename of the ship. When ing food, is almost as dangerous. All Mr. Bradley gave thename of the ship the appetites need to be kept under that was run down, and said that the boy's father was Captain Wilson, the skipper staggered back and then rushed into the after cabin as if he had gone mad. We couldn't make out what was the matter with him. An

crew, but nearly three years elapsed

before any vessel came to the island.

of-war, which landed them at Bombay.

Here the mate was taken sick and

sent to the hospital, where he was

boy's father, said that the bark he

was on was about to sail for New

York, and he undertook to deliver

the little fellow to his friends But

omething, and I saw the captain ng over the boy, who was fast asleep. The captain looked up and I noticed that his eyes were red, as if he had been crying hard. Thinks I, Well, well, you are an old maid of a captain, indeed.

"The next morning we were becalmed. Near by us lay a big clipper ship, which, toward noon, sent a boat to us. The officer in charge of the clipper's boat said that they were bound for New York, but were shorthanded, and told Mr. Bradley that he and the other men from the lost bark were welcome to come on board and work their passage to the United States. Mr. Bradley jumped at the chance, and his men being already to leave our ship, he looked around for the boy. We found the little fellow in the cabin, where he was being petted by Capt. Harris. The captain made a great outery when Mr. Bradley said that the boy would have to go with him. Our skipper begged hard for the youngster, but Mr. Bradley said that he would have to take him to his friends. Mr. Bradley was about to lead the youngster out of the cabin, when Capt. Harris fell on his knees and put his arms around the boy. Then he looked up to Mr. Bradley and said:

"You must not take him. I am his

"'His father!" replied Mr. Bradley. What do you mean? Why, I knew Capt. Wilson myself. He was at least ten years older than you, and was a large man into the bargain. Come, let me have the boy!"

" 'No, no,' cried Capt. Harris, pressing the little fellow still closer to him. I may not be his father, but I am

"'Don't say you're his mother, specred Mr. Bradley. "Yes, I am his mother!' was the re-

Ply. And with that Capt. Harris pulled aside the heavy black beard I mentioned. There was no doubt about it. The captain had a woman's face, and not a bad looking one either. Mr.

Bradley started back in astonishment

"'You don't mean to say you are

Capt. Wilson's widow? 'That's exactly what I am,' said our skipper, rising to her feet and putting her beard back into place. 'After my husband's ship had been struck by the steamer I was litted on board of the latter by two of the men. My husband and child were given up for lost, although I begged the people to return and search the wreck for them. They would have done this but the steamer could not find the wreck in the fog, and it was supposed that she had foundered immediately after we left her. I went home to my friends. My husband had left very little money. and I found that I would have to work for a living. I didn't care to hire out as a housekeeper or do any other drudgery of that kind. I had learned navigation thoroughly from my husband and was well fitted to take charge of a ship. I went to a ship owner who was an old friend of my husband, and told him just how things stood. He thought that under the circumstances I couldn't do better than dress up as a man and go to sea as a captain. He found me a ship, and I've been a skipper ever since. And now no one is going to take my boy away from me.'

"That they ain't, said good hearted Mr. Bradley, who then kissed the boy and shook hands with us all. In five minutes he and his men were on their way to the big clipper, and our skipper, with her arm around her boy, was leaning against the taffrail wav-

'Now, I understood the captain's liking for Mr. Wood, our mate. She was in love with him, and of course she was a little jealous of me. The whole mystery about Capt. Harris, as galley that she wanted, and she went she called herself, was accounted for.

"One evening some weeks afterward when we were in the Indian Ocean 1 glanced through the after cabin door, aft and smashed in the cabin. The | and what do you think I saw! There poor captain was crushed to death, sat our mate, Mr. Wood, by the side but the mate and the little boy were of our skipper. She had her beard off, and I noticed then that she had let bers. The mate cried out a number her hair grow. In Mr. Wood's lap sat of times, but received no answer. He the little boy. She was looking tentalking to the boy as if he had made up his mind to be very good to him-for his mother's sake. Then I knew

Cautions for the Aged.

Age works great physical changes, many of which are generally recognized. Some of them involve dangerous liabilities, and impose the need of constant

One is to guard against undue exertion. The tough, elastic coat of the arteries is apt to become, on the one hand, chalk-like and brittle, or, on the other, fatty and weak. Nature seeks to guard against the consequent danger by rendering old persons less in-clined to effort. But a little extra exertion put forth suddenly, may cause the weakened vessels to give way, from the increased force with which the heart throws the blood into them. Hence may result apoplexy or fatal aneurism-the latter being a sudden bulging out of arteries.

So, too, the heart itself (orits aorta -the great curved trunk which first be in a similar condition, and suddenly fail because of undue exection, when it might have been equal to the ordinary work of years. Such no doubt was the late case, where an elderly gentleman hurried to reach a railroad train, "While Mr. Bradley was finishing his and fell dead on entering it. The aged

A like caution applies to whatever quickens the action of the heart. Every one knows the power of violent emotions in this respect. No one wishes to fall dead in a fit of anger. Undue eating, especially of stimulat control

A special caution is needed in descending stairs. In our normal voluntary movements there are certain nice adjustments effected by unconscious mental acts. But age affects such a hour later I went into the after cabin change in the brain substance that mental activity is lessened. An old man can no more think as quickly as a young man than he can run as fast, or jump as high. Hence the missteps of the aged in descending stairs. Aged persons, therefore, should form the habit of taking their bearing, so to speak, at the top of the stairs, and keep their mind on each step down by a conscious voluntary effort.

The aged should also most carefully guard against a chill. It is more dan gerous for an old man to eatch cold than for a young man to catch a fever-Youth's Companion.

Barnum and the Boomerang.

"Do we everget fooled?" exclaimed Barnum, when I asked him if he was often led into wild goose chases after things that turned out to be ordinary. Well, I should say so. There's no dependence to be placed on thereports of travelers as to the alleged wonders they've seen. For instance, we've just wasted \$500 on boomerang throwers. You've heard of Austra lian bushmen who have a weapon made of a bent stick with a sharp point, that they throw with wonder ful skill, hitting the prey unerringly, and then returning of itself to fall at the feet of the marksman. Well, i struck me that half a dozen of them would be a fine attraction, and I has an agent go from London to the wilds of New South Wales, but he writes me that the accounts are two-thirds lie and the remaining third isn't worth bringing away. The boomarang is a fact, and the native Australian savages fling it at game-missing about as often as hitting; and it will return, if it strikes nothing, to somewhere near the starting point, but with no sort of certainty. My man searched thoroughly, and witnessed the feats of the best experts to be found, but they amounted to nothing in particular The famous boomerang is practically a myth."

Gov. Hill of New York has informed his riends that he is not, and never has been a candidate for president.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

I know I am not rich," said a young man in the prime of his powers, and his eyes blazed indignantly as he made the statement. "I know I am not rich; but what of that? Does man makes wealth. I shall be rich."

"I know all that, Ernest; and you know that I care nothing about your poverty. I love you all the more because you are poor and have your own way to make in the world. But papa objects to my marrying you on that account. He says that you are not in our circle; you are too young, and that he doesn't like you anyway.

The speaker was a young woman just turned 20. She was small in stature, but as symmetrically proportioned as the finest product of an artist's chisel. She had a lovely face and large eyes that were irresistible in man bank. The wreck of Orm n's the depth and sweetness of their ex- business was complete; everything or cold, hard or soft? Physiologists pression. She spoke in a soft, sweet voice, and the tears bedewed her peach-blown cheeks as she looked upon the handsome, resolute man at her side who had fallen into a deep study and seemed not to hear what Celestine Orman said. After a moment he looked toward her and said with deep feeling:

"What is wealth compared to the love I bear for you Celestine?"

"Oh, I know that it is nothing, but papa doesn't think so. He gauges every man by his bank account and his social rank."

"But wealth and social rank are in | call to attend his invalid wife. the reach of every honest man who will labor to obtain them. It is the

"I know. But papa insists that I should marry Spencer Drake, who not come. has plenty of money and social position, and-"

"No brains, no character!" exclaimed Ernest Vance." "An elegant nobody."

"I know all that." "And would you marry such a

thing, Celestine?" "Not while I am in possession of

my senses and Ernest Vance in the land of the living." Ernest grasped the hands of the young girl and looked into her clear,

intellectual eyes, and felt that they mirrored all that his soul craved tor, So they did. Celestine Orman was a gem of a woman. As rich as cream, with masterful will and strong intellect, which had been thoroughly cultivated, she was the idol of her home and the admired and courted of the highest social circles of New York.

"What shall I do?" asked Celestine-"I do not wish to offend my father. I never will marry Spencer Drake, and I could wait an age for you to come and claim me. I have plenty of wealth and perplexed head upon the desk, of my own, but father is old, and he upon it; more than I think for, and that if I were to marry a poor man like you are now it would be simply suicidal. What shall I do?"

Earnest Vance looked at her a moment and then turned his eyes to another point in the richly furnished room, and relapsed into a state of reflection. He always did this when he had a knotty problem to solve. The young woman watched him with admiring eyes. She adored him-his intellect, his tearless independence of character, his self-reliance and assurance. After a while he said:

"Celestine. I will tell you what you shall do-you shall wait for me. I shall go away, go west and make name and fortune, and then come and claim you. I never cared to live in New York. There are too many lawyers here any way. A man has to rise by slow and painful stages. The west is a new country. A man of energy, push, and talent is recognized immediately; and he has no drawbacks such as he has here. I will go away.'

"O Ernest, that will be dreadful," glistened in her eyes. "It is best to do so," said Ernest.

"I will go away. I shall not see you or write to you in six years from tonight. If I succeed I will come and claim you six years from this hour. If I fail I will not return to you.

There was a silence as if in the presence of death. And they sat side by side for many minutes without uttering a word. Then Ernest Vance arose and so did Celestine. He took her hands in his and said in a voice that after many years all she hoped for

"It is best as you say. I will wait for you." And they parted.

* * * * Five years had passed away. Celos tine had not heard a word from Ernest Vance. But she remembered: she was true, she had faith that he would come to redeem his pledge. Spencer Drake had been devoted in his attentions to her, and her father had coaxed and commanded and threatened her time and again, but in vain; she would not marry Spencer

She sat at one of the large windows and looked out upon the noble 5th avenue. It was the fifth anniversary of the departure of Ernest Vance.

"One year more!" she sighed. "My dear," said a voice at her el-

"Oh! How you startled me, father." "My dear, I have sad news for you." "Pray what sad news can you have tion house. for me, father?'

you if you will not marry Spencer Drake. 'Father, ask me to do anything than that. I cannot marry that horrid, idle, brainless man."

Her father sighed, and the paleness

"Before I tell you I shall again ask

of his cheeks was visibly deepened. "If you will not marry Spencer Drake we are ruined.

What do you mean, father?" "I mean simply that for five years all my investments have turned out badly, that I am up to my ears in debt, and that unless you marry Spencer Drake within the next ninety wealth make a man? Not much. A days I shall be a bankrupt in purse and in character.

"But what has Spencer Drake got to do with your debts?" asked the young woman with fearful calmness. Why, his father is my beaviest indorser. He holds \$800,000 worth of my paper. It will mature in the next four months, and I can't redeem it. That's what I mean, Celestine."

Celestine was visibly shocked at this disclosure, but her answer was calm and decisive 'I love you; I hate Spencer Drake.

And I would not marry him to save yours and my fortune from the whirlpool of disaster. I hate the man!" The crash came. It was a great surprise to everybody, and several small firms went down with the Or-

was swept away. blow and Celestine was compelled to rable, and that the ways by which longed to go out in the cruel world The subject is by no means new, but and help by her feeble efforts to as- fresh light has lately been thrown on leave her mother. Her father never reproached her by any word, but Celestine knew that she had pained him deeply and that he blamed her largely for the disaster which had borne him to the earth.

family suffered the direct poverty, The old man had the hardest possible time of it to keep his wife and daughter in food and clothing and pay the expensive doctor he was compelled to

Vance had promised to return to her Celestine's spirits rose to the highest pitch. She had not told her father and mother about it, because he might

When the night arrived the three members of the family sat in a spare room in which there was scarcely any furniture. A dim light threw weird shadows on the wall. Mrs. Orman sat in an armchair, with her eyes closed, and her hands crossed on her lap. Mr. Orman leaned his head upon a writing desk, for his heart was heavy with multiplied misfortunes and disappointment. He was discouraged. Celestine was intensely nervous. There was no color in her cheeks, but her eyes shone with terrible earnestness and expectancy. This had been true of her all the day. She sat by the window that looked upon the street, and it was 10 o'clock before the window was shut and the curtain drawn. Her heart began to fail; hope, sweet hope, which had given her courage through six long years, began to vanish.

"If he should not come, all will be lost indeed," she sighed, and she could not restrain the tears which welled from her full heart.

As the clock struck 11 Mrs. Orman began to gather her things about her to retire. Celestine came to assist her. The father still rested his tired Celestine had given up the watch and has set his heart on my marrying banished the hope and longed to Drake. He says a great deal depends reach her own little room where she might weep herself into fore-tfulness of her pent-up grief and crushing disappointment.

And then the little bell rang. Mr. Orman started up and exclaim-i: "What's that?" but without waiting for an answer, went to the door. In a few moments he returned. A tall, clean-shaven man followed

"Mr. Vance," said he.

Celestine uttered a wild shriek, and as she fell upon the bosom of her returned loved one she lost consciousness for a moment. Her joy was too great. The anxiety had told upon her, and when the meeting came she was not strong enough to sustain it. When she regained consciousness ex-

planations were in order. These were given in a frank, manly manner, and then Mr. Orman joined their hands together and said:

"My childern, receive my blessing. I confess I have wronged Mr. Vance.'

Mr. Orman began business as a banker again in the growing western city where Ernest Vance had grown exclaimed Celestine, and the tears and prospered as a lawyer beyond his expectations. He had been two years the district attorney of his county, and was sure of being elected to congress. As the silent partner in the Orman bank he directed the investments with shrewdness and with the knowledge of real estate values which his long residence at W--- had

And Celestine, she is the pride and the idol of Ernest Vance's heart, All things come to those who wait, and

4.0.4 Born on the Canal.

"What is the booking to New York?" inquired a young man with a queer shaped hat on his head and a drawl in his voice, as he stood before the ticket window of an Eastern railroad. "Seventeen dollars," said the ticket

"You, mean-aw-three poun' ten, eh?" "No. I mean \$17. I don't know

anything about your three poun' ten. "Y-a-a-a, you may book me. But

three poun' ten is too denced much,

doncher know; too awfully much. Does that include me luggage?" He was informed that his luggage would be carried, and started off to look after it with his one eyeglass elevated toward the roof of the sta-

"That chap must be an Englishman," remarked the ticket agent.

"Englishman, the devil!" replied a brakeman, who chanced to be standing by. "I know that young codfish. He was born on a canal boat down here near Joliet, and his dad got rich buying hogs .- Chicago Herald.

SENSE OF TOUCH.

The Most Complex and Least Understood of All the Senses.

Of all the senses we possess, the sense of touch is at once the most complex and the least understood, says the Pall Mall Gazette. Blindness and deafness are too common, and we can all more or less appreciate the nature and extent of these dire afflictions. But who ever thinks how he would be aflected by deprivation of the capacity to feel, inability to distinguish by touch between smoothness and roughness, heat and cold, or by an impaired power to receive the various sensations of pain and pleasure which reach us through the surface of the body? How isit that the same finger which tells us that a substance is hard or soft, tells us also that it is hot or cold? Have we, as some physiologists aver, a sixth sense, that of temperature? If not, how comes it that a single touch of the finger conveys to the brain, in the same instant, two distinct impressions, perhaps three, for the substance in question may be wet, as well as hot cannot tell us; they only know that Mrs. Orman was prostrated by the the sensations so conveyed are separemain with her all the time. She they reach the brain are not the same. sist her lather, but she could not it by the researches of two Swiss savants, M. A. Herzen and Professor Soret. The observations of these two gentlemen, besides being highly intersting, psychologically as well as physiologically, are of considerable practical importance in their relation to During that long year the Orman the training of the blind. Pressure on a limb-as, for instance, when we tall asleep lying on one of our

arms-if continued for some time, makes it more or less numb. It gradually loses the power of transmitting sensations to the brain. According to As the day drew near when Ernest the observations of M. Herzen, the first sense lost is that of touch, the second that of cold, the third that of pain, the last that of heat. He says that when one of his arms is so torpid that he has to feel for it with the other, and it is impervious to a pinch or a prick, it is sensible to the warmth of the other hand. If the pressure be prolonged, the limb ceases to be affected even by heat. There are people, otherwise healthy, whose capacity of feeling is so far incomplete that they never know what it is to be cold so far as sensations conveyed to the skin are concerned. Winter is the same to them as summer. This probably arises from an abnormal condition of the spinal cord. M. Herzen mentions the case of an old woman whose legs, partially paralyzed, could feel only pain and cold. At her autopsy it was found that the spinal cord in the neighborhood of the nervous centres of the back was shriveled and otherwise in an unhealthy state. But M. Herzen has not rested content with observations of his own species; he has made experiments on the lower animals, classified several of the sensations of the touch, and discovered their localizations in the organism; and Professor Soret, taking up the psychological branch of the subject, has tried to find outhowfar the sense of touch may be made to convey to the sightless an idea of the beautiful. For as a deaf musician may enjoy music, despite his deafness, so may blind man find pleasure in beauty of form, notwithstanding his blindness. In the one case the pleasure comes from the rhythm, or rather from sonorous vibrations of the air, produced by the playing, in the other from the symmetry and regularity of the object handled. "When music is going on I feel something here," said to M. Soret a deaf mute who enjoyed operas, putting his hand on his stomach. The blind, even those born blind, as Professor Soret has ascertained by inquiries among the inmates of the blind asylum of Lausanne, have the same love of symmetry as the deaf. The girlembro derers attach much importance to the perfect regularity of the designs which they are required to re-peat in the work. The basket-makers insist on the willow withes they use being all straight and of the same length. Solutions of continuity in the things they handle are, to the blind, indications of ugliness. They like evenness of surface, regularity of shape; a cracked pot, a rough table, or a broken chair causes them positive discomfort. But to create in the mind of a person born blind an artistic idea involves a measure of pyschological development which it is very difficult to impart and requires from both teacher and scholar great patience and long sustained effort.

He Got the Job.

When Amos Cummings arrived in New York, after the war, he had a most excellent opportunity to be a tramp. All he possessed beside a job lot of ragged clothes on his back was twenty cents' worth of postage stamps badly glued together. He wore a pair of battered cavalry boots and about three-quarters of a pair of trousers. The place where the missing parts of the latter should have been was concealed by a sunburned army overcoat. In this garb he climbed up to Horace Greeley's editorial den and asked Mr. Greely for a job. He did not ask to be appointed to either the position of managing editor or fore. man. He was willing to do anything. "No place for you," squeaked Mr.

Greeley, without turning from his desk to look at the applicant, "don't you see I'm busy? G'way! Scat! damit!"

"But I tell you I must have a job." Mr. Greeley turned around his revoling chair, and glaring at Cummings, said: "Must? For what reason,

young man, do you say must?"
"For this reason," replied Amos,
turning his back on Mr. Greeley, lifting the drapery of his old blue overcoat and exhibiting the vacant places where wild winds had whistled

through his trousers. He got the job .- J. Amory Knox.