

SINCE THE TROLLEYS COME TO TOWN.

Ring out the loud buzzes and do the job up brown. For at least we have a trolley running through the town.

AN EERIE EPISODE.

It was at a masquerade at Galinber (I's studio in one of the old Roman palaces. There were music, the tripping sound of dancing feet, laughter and the unintelligible hum of conversation mingled in a gay medley.

Carson, an American, a new arrival in the city and a stranger to that colony of sculptors and painters, had been accidentally separated from the friend who brought him in the crowd shortly after his entrance to the ballroom.

He was wandering listlessly among the merry maskers, quite regardless of their gibes and laughter at his expense. Tired at length of his aimless perambulations, he turned aside from the glaring lights and heat to the shade and coolness of the balcony.

The wide colonnade at the end of the room were open and gave an unobstructed view of the kaleidoscopic scene within. A divan near the balustrade offered a place for repose, but it was not until he was seated that he was aware of the presence of a lady. She occupied the farther end of the divan and was partially concealed by the drooping tree ferns and palms with which the balcony was decorated.

Carson picked it up and gave it to her with a courteous bow. She thanked him, speaking in English, with just the slightest Italian accent. "I fear that I am intruding, signora," he said.

"Not so. The balcony is free to all who come. There can be no intrusion." She reached up her hand as she spoke and pushed aside the feathery fringes that swung between them. Then he saw that she was young and very fair to look upon.

Her face was decidedly English. She wore an indescribable swathing garment of soft texture that was gathered up closely about her neck and fell to her feet in long, clinging folds—strongly suggestive of a Bernhardt costume. Two beautifully shaped arms were bare to the shoulder, and the small hands that lay in her lap looked as though they had been modelled in wax.

AN INDIAN CRADLE SONG.

Spring (the low in thy cradle soft, Deep in the dusky wood! Spring (the low and swing soft— Sleep on a poplar's bough!

THE DERELICT.

BY CHARLES E. LEWIS.

I was second mate of the American brig Ruby, bound from Java to New York, and all had gone well with us for a fortnight, when accident brought about a curious adventure. Just as night was closing down, with the brig sailing along on an even keel and the breeze steady, I swung myself upon the tail to get a look at what seemed to be a raft floating past us. I may have been overcaresse or a rope may have given way, but of a sudden I found myself in the water.

On the third landing he felt her slipping. "Signora," he faltered. He sought to renew his hold, but the burden, now a dead weight, slid from his arms, and she fell with a heavy thud to the floor.

"What noise is this?" called a masculine voice in Italian. Carson began a hasty explanation to the man, whose head protruded from a partially open door.

"Can you identify her?" asked Carson. "Yes," returned the man. "She is the woman who was found murdered on the Corso night before last. How came she here?"—M. M. Halin in Argonaut.

Hebrew Texts of the Old Testament. The most ancient Hebrew manuscript of any part of the Bible is in St. Petersburg and dates no earlier than the tenth century. More than 2,000 copies of the Hebrew Old Testament have been compared, and very few variations have been found. This is accounted for by the fact that from the time when the Hebrew canon was formed, and even before that time, very strict rules were laid down for the scribes who copied the Bible.

According to a reliable computation, a single tree is able through its leaves to purify the air from the carbonic acid arising from the respiration of a considerable number of men—as many as a dozen or a score. The volume of carbonic acid exhaled by a human being in his ordinary life is estimated at 100 gallons, and a single square yard of surface, counting both the upper and under sides of the leaves, can decompose about a gallon of carbonic acid.

Government and the Citizen. To what extent the government touches the private life of a citizen of the United States is shown in a very striking way by Professor Rogers Wambough of the Harvard Law school in an article in The Atlantic Monthly. From the time that a man rises, all through his business and social activity of the day until he goes to bed again, the government touches him at every step, providing for him, regulating him, telling him what he may and what he may not do, until there seems hardly the necessity to discuss increasing the scope of government, so rapidly is it becoming wider and wider under the natural tendency of the times.

George Eliot. Much surprise has been expressed at the keen sense for business shown in the letters of George Eliot quoted in Mrs. Oliphant's book about the Blackwoods. But it turns out that the letters were really dictated by George Henry Lewes, who was an able business man and looked after her affairs so closely that, in spite of the comparatively small bulk of her work, she left a large fortune behind her, all of it earned by her pen during a career of 31 years.

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MEMORIES.

Once more, once more, my Mary, dear, I sit by that lone arched window. Where first within thy timid eye I breathed love's morning dream. The birds we loved will tell their tale Of music on each spray. And still the wild rose decks the vale. But thou art far away.

THE COTTON GIN.

How a Woman Helped Whitney to Perfect His Great Invention. "Recollections of Washington and His Friends" is contributed to The Century by Martha Littlefield Phillips. They were taken down from the lips of the author's grandmother, who was the youngest daughter of General Nathaniel Greene. The following is one of the stories:

"During my life at Dungeness a circumstance occurred there of some historic and scientific interest and in regard to which much erroneous statement has been made. I refer to the invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney and my mother's connection with it. The facts, briefly stated, were about as follows: While spending the previous summer at Newport, R. I., my mother became acquainted with Mr. Whitney and grew much interested in the outcome of the experiments he was then making in the interest of his projected gin. To assist in his enterprise, my mother invited him to spend the following winter at Dungeness, where an abundance of cotton and quiet could be assured. Mr. Whitney accordingly came to Dungeness, and diligently pursued his experiments, a room in the fifth story having been specially fitted for his use as an inventor. One morning he descended headlong into the drawing room, where a number of guests were assembled and excitedly exclaimed, 'The victory is mine!'

I kept an accurate reckoning, and I had been on the wreck just 49 days when I caught sight of my first sail. No doubt ships had passed and repassed me by day and night, but I could see no signal by day and from the first I slept all through the night. This sail was discovered early one morning, coming up from the south, and her course was such that she must see me. I had put the money into my legs and the logs into the pockets of clothing in view of a rescue, and therefore had nothing to do but wait. The stranger, which proved to be an English merchantman bound for India, but considerably off her course, was within four miles of me and had set a signal to gladden my heart when a big whale suddenly broke water close to the wreck. He was followed half a minute later by a second, which attacked him with great fury. The monsters put up a terrific battle, lashing and biting each other and kicking up a sea like a gale of wind. They at first drew away from me, but after a few minutes made a circle which brought them back. What I had feared from the first came to pass after a quarter of an hour. Half blinded by pain and fury, or feeling myself overmatched and desirous of getting away, one of the whales suddenly whirled about and came for the wreck head on. He was fully 80 feet long and he came like a moving mountain. I made sure of my hold as I saw him coming, but he struck the wreck on her port side with such force that I was thrown across the deck and into the sea beyond. I heard the crash of planks and timbers, was tossed about by the waves, rubbed against the whale as he sounded and reached the surface to find the wreck a hull no longer. It was simply a heap of floating debris. The strange ship drew nearer, lowered a boat, and I was picked up as I clung to a plank. The money was gone, all else but the timbers which composed the cargo had disappeared, and my adventure, surprising as it had begun, had ended in a manner strange enough to satisfy even the most imaginative novelist. I was carried to India by the French consul at Calcutta set inquiries on foot regarding the fate of the crew of the Marie. What they amounted to I never learned, but have always felt satisfied that all perished when their craft was dimmed. But for the fight between the whales I believe the brig could have been pumped out and sailed into port, but fortune is a jade who robs Jack Tar far oftener than she smiles upon him.

A Friendly Pointer. Jinks—What! You don't mean to say you are engaged to the beautiful Miss de Pink? Blinks—Yes, I do. Got engaged to her last night. This afternoon I am to bring her into town. She wants to go to an optician's, I believe. New pair of glasses or something. She is nearsighted, you know. Jinks—I say, old fellow, just slip round to that optician and bring him round to give her any better glasses than the ones—London Tit-Bits.

Thoughts Best Kept Unaid. "John," said Mrs. Younglove, "de you always tell me all your thoughts?" "Well, nearly always," John replied. She drew back frightened and exclaimed: "Nearly always! Oh, John, then you have some thoughts that you don't tell me?" "Yes, dear," said he, attempting to put an arm round her, "there are some that I think it best not to tell you." "Oh, and I thought you were so honorable!" "But, love," the fond husband cried, "you would not care to hear the thoughts I allude to." "Then what are they?" she tragically demanded. "They are those," he meekly said, "that come to me when I am shaving."—Pearson's Weekly.

The Man For the Place. Mr. Beaumonde—How do you like the new coachman, my dear? Mrs. Beaumonde—Oh, he's splendid! His hair just matches our pair of chestnut carriage horses.—London Fun.

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