

OUR WAYS.
 Though my way lead through the lone
 And thy way lead o'er the hills,
 I feel and I know
 That we both but go
 To the trust which a long love wills.
 For after the gloom of the forest
 And after the gleam on the crest,
 It cannot but be
 That for thee and for me
 Comes the land which we both love best.

I strive not to reason or reckon—
 To parallel paths that divide,
 But threading the maze
 Of the tortuous ways
 We shall yet journey side by side.
 "Good night," let it be, till "Good mor-
 row!"
 In love and in faith I shall wait,
 The veil on thy brow
 And the syllabled vow
 Cannot alter the purpose of Fate.
 —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

MRS. MOLLISON MEETS HER MATCH

"It is impossible, utterly impossible!" said Mrs. Sidney Mollison. "The idea of that young second-rate bookkeeper sending a silver hand mirror as a Christmas present to my daughter! Mr. Mollison, do you hear me?"

Mr. Mollison's eyes were in the evening paper, but he said he was not deaf. "I should think you would have a higher opinion of Beryl's worth than to sanction such a match."

"My dear Dora, I have not sanctioned the match."

"Yes, you have. You give the young man employment in your office, and only last month you raised his wages to \$18 a week. That was giving him encouragement."

"How?"

"You know perfectly well. When he was earning only \$15 he had all he could do to pay for his board and clothes."

"Well, it was Tom's doing."

Mr. Mollison was never brave nor generous, so he sought refuge behind his bachelor brother who was associated with him in the firm of Sidney Mollison & Bro. It was a retreat skilfully executed, however, for if Mrs. Mollison had one purpose in life beside marrying her daughter to wealth and position it was to coddle Brother Tom so he would remain a bachelor and leave his share of the estate to her children. Up to this time she had been successful. Brother Tom was forty and prematurely old. He was persuaded that he had every ailment known to medical science or patent-medicine advertisements. He sometimes reached his office by 11 o'clock in the morning, but it was with an effort and after Mrs. Mollison had served his toast and coffee in his room. He said to her often when she brought his breakfast: "Dear Sister Dora, I don't know how I should live a day without you." There was a streak of laziness in him. "Sometimes I wonder," he would add, "if there is another woman in the world who would be so good to me."

And Dora would answer: "You wicked man! Have you been thinking again of getting married? You know you could not live a month with a wife whom you would have to wait on."

"That's so." He always conceded the point when she made him comfortable. "But you know, there's no danger, because I'll never find another woman like you."

All this passed through Mrs. Mollison's mind when her husband shifted the blame from himself to Tom for the undesirable attention young Mr. Blythe was bestowing upon their daughter. To offend Brother Tom by asking for the youth's dismissal or by abruptly forbidding him the house was not to be thought of. She remained in a silent study long enough for Mr. Mollison to turn his paper inside out.

"Sid," Mrs. Mollison resumed in a softer tone that hinted at a crafty purpose, "I've decided what to do. It is a case requiring the exercise of diplomacy."

"You've got plenty of it."

"Beryl must give back the hand mirror; but to soften the boy's disappointment I shall write him about it first and invite him to come here for dinner next Sunday. Then when Beryl has offended him by returning his gift I shall have a girl at hand to console him—Janet Craig. She is that blue-eyed thing whom Beryl went about so much with last summer. She's rather old, I imagine, and will jump at the chance of healing a broken heart if it will bring her a husband. Then we shall be rid of the bookkeeper and Beryl will be cured of her infatuation. What do you think of the plan?"

"Looks well on paper."

"And it will be successful," Mrs. Mollison was supremely confident.

"I wonder—" Mr. Mollison paused to remove his spectacles and regard his wife cautiously before finishing the remark.

"Well?" She smiled patronizingly.

"I wonder what will happen when you meet a woman whose wits are equal to your own. There'll be a pretty how-d' do, I'll wager."

"My dear, I have always been able to take care of myself," said Mrs. Mollison.

The Sunday dinner that was to be the funeral feast of the bookkeeper's untimely romance was planned with perfect exactness. But for some reason the plans began to go wrong before the "blue-eyed thing" was in the house ten minutes.

Janet on entering ran into Mrs. Mollison's arms and kissed her. Then, seeing Beryl looking sad, she ran away with her on the pretext of removing her wraps, but really to learn what the trouble was.

"Oh!" Her blue eyes opened with horror and amazement when she heard the story. "The poor fellow is invited here to be slaughtered!"

Her merriment was limitless and irresistible. It bubbled over, enveloping the invalid at her side, and even reaching the embarrassed pair of young lovers opposite them. Brother Tom insisted upon being served to every course.

"See how happy Arthur and Beryl are," Janet remarked with artless simplicity.

"I never saw Blythe looking so well," Tom agreed.

"And what do you think? He gave Beryl the prettiest silver hand mirror you ever saw for Christmas."

"He did?" The invalid began to laugh.

Mrs. Mollison could hold it no longer. "I have told Beryl she must return the present," she began. But Brother Tom interrupted.

"Beryl won't return it. That would be cruel, wouldn't it, Miss Janet?"

"I quite agree with you."

"That settles it. Beryl must keep the mirror."

"How did she do it?" Mr. Mollison asked his wife when the dinner was over.

But Mrs. Mollison was too angry to explain.—Chicago Record.

LONGEVITY IN THE 19TH CENTURY.

Profession Compared—Philosophers and Farmers in the Lead.

"Has the past century contributed toward the increase or the diminution of human longevity? That was the question discussed the other day by a group of French scientists. In comparing the statistics of mortality in the nineteenth century with those brought out by DuVillard at the close of the previous century it appears that the average longevity since 1789 increased by five or six years. Therefore the question put by our medical celebrity would seem to be answered, the answer pointing to an increase of the average length of life. But the present report is to reveal the mirage, if mirage there is, in the figures before us, and that is a thorny problem.

Dr. Vacher and M. Bertillon fix the average longevity in the nineteenth century at seventy-three years. All things being equal, the number of people who reached the age of seventy-three was greater in the generations of the nineteenth century than it was in those of the eighteenth. Vacher only arrives at approximations. He tried to find out if professions possessed any influence over the chances of life, and he was unable to come to a conclusion, because he found centenarians in all professions, even the most unremunerative. For all that, he thinks that he can give the palm to agriculture, because it was in the families of farmers that he found the greatest number of persons who had reached an advanced age. Here statistics are in accord with the most rational provisions.

The profession which presents a happy medium in the matter of longevity is that of the scientist. Among the savants one finds as many men who die young as the number who die very old. We know that Fontenelle lived 100 years, and that Chevreul was 103. Among those who reached ages quite respectable, although their years were fewer in number, are Humboldt, who died at ninety; Newton, at eighty-three; Franklin at eighty-four, and Buffon at eighty-one.

The list of those who died very young, like Bichat and Pascal, is just as long. But it includes, unfortunately, the martyrs of science, those who fell upon the field of honor in the effort to harvest some new truth—Jaquemont and Comerson in France, Solokoff in Russia and many others. Such deaths are beyond the reach of the massive rules of statistics. It is noteworthy, however, that the celebrated Cassini family is about the only one in which the dual inheritance of longevity and scientific genius lasted through four generations.—Courier des Etats Unis.

Plotting on the Mississippi.
 "A grown man can't learn the river," said an old-time pilot, chatting over his experiences the other day. "He's got to begin when he's a boy and get it soaked into his brain until all the tricks and turns of the water become as familiar to him as A, B, C to a schoolmaster. Memorizing a lot of soundings don't do him any good, because the shoals are changing all the time. It's like this: When a man has been married long enough he gets to know the disposition of his wife and learns to steer clear of things that would rile her, taking his bearings by a hundred and one little signs that an outsider would never notice. That's the way with river piloting. A pilot gets so well acquainted with the disposition and peculiarities and temper of the old Mississippi that he learns to keep away from shoals, even if he hasn't been over the course for months, and all sorts of changes have taken place since he was gone. They can't tell exactly how they do it themselves, because it has come with them, and to say that a man can pick up such things from books and charts or any experience short of the experience of a lifetime is all nonsense."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Wild Flowers.
 A correspondent of the Westminster Gazette asserts that England is immensely poorer in flora than the United States. According to his figures the English flora comprises about 1200 species, excluding ferns, mosses and grasses, while many of our single States can furnish as many or more.

The Present Pope.
 The present Pope Leo XIII. is the sixth of the century, and the two hundred and sixty-seventh from the beginning.

IS DANCING A PAST FANCY?

A Chicago Master Who Thinks the Amusement is Reaching Its End.

One of the well-known ballet trainers of the city in discussing the subject one day last week said: "People will not dance at all within a very few years. You see, dancing is not meant to be distorted as it now is. To dance one must be graceful, but to dance after the prevailing ballroom fashion one must be very angular. In the first place, there is nothing to dance. People no longer waltz, and when they do waltz they do not waltz well; it is a kind of awkward whirling around, with no opportunity or design for a graceful movement. All that was graceful about the waltz of the past has been taken from it to please the hopper who would prefer to whirl around on one toe, with no thought of dancing. How can one expect that it would be any different with this two-step turning every one's head? No one can think to dance well when all the dances from one month's end to another is the two-step. There is nothing graceful about that. You can't get any kind of training out of it. It is no dance. Did you ever analyze it?"

The master began to dance, turning from the evolutions of the old-fashioned dances to the waltz and the two-step. With his hands on his hips he glided back and forth, all the while smiling cynically.

"Can't you see how very foolish it is?" he said. "Can't you see there is nothing to this wonderful two-step? One doesn't have to dance—just take so many glides, turn, glide again and again turn. Where is your opportunity for grace? Where is your opportunity for skill? Every man, woman and child in the country could do this if he wanted. Our only good fortune is that they do not want to."

"But what difference does it make that the two-step is, as you say, a dance any one can do? Does a thing need to be difficult in order to be popular?" some one asked him.

"That is the secret of the whole thing—it does have to be just that. No one wants to dance something every living creature can dance, and if they do they ought not to, for it is a bad thing for our profession. I can't see what the society masters live on with this kind of thing going on, and you know they do protest. They tried to find some way out of the difficulty last summer."—Chicago Chronicle.

Rare Presence of Mind.
 The ragman blew a mighty blast and then entered to see if there were any old clothes for sale. After he had purchased \$5 worth of goods for fifty cents he went to the front and there let out a yell that turned the lady of the house deathly pale and caused the hired girl to fall down the cellar stairs.

Explanation came later. The perambulating merchant is troubled with cold feet. To counteract this affliction he used an old iron kettle for a stove with paving blocks for fuel. He kept it in the front end of his wagon, and when he came out his whole cargo was afire.

After the yell he made a flying leap into the rickety wagon, thrashed the dejected-looking horse into a semblance of animation and went up the street creating a bigger sensation than Ben Hur's chariot race. Shouting boys and barking dogs were in the train and all the elder heads coincided in a belief that the man who was thrashing his horse, shouting in a foreign tongue, who fell through a broken seat as he made the corner, his head and heels being all of him in sight, was crazy.

But he was not. His presence of mind was to be envied by many a statesman, for he pulled up in front of a horse house and the laughing fire ladders soon conquered the conflagration. Black, scorched, half drowned, and gazing sadly upon what was left of his rig, the victim blazed between his teeth that he would sue the city.—Detroit Free Press.

Americanizing Bombay.
 Indian Engineering complains bitterly in a recent issue that American ideas are prevailing in Calcutta instead of those of old London. One cause of disapprobation is the introduction of lofty tenements, which appear to be rendered necessary by the lack of space for the buildings demanded by the rapidly increasing population. That part of Bombay usually known as Fort Hinge, and the area lying between the Apollo Bunder and the Grant's buildings, which was reclaimed by the Government at considerable expense, are now covered with these "lofty American tenement houses," which are considered quite ugly. In quite the same category is placed the skyscraper at the Apollo Reclamation, known as Mr. Tata's caravanserai, which is designed to be the finest equipped hotel in Asia, and which "will tower like a triton among minnows."

Another cause for grumbling appears to be the substitution of an electric "lift" or elevator, in the Bombay Government buildings for the "narrow, dark stairways." The trouble seems to be that this life "had to be imported from America."

Who Washington Was.
 At one of the public schools in Washington a portrait of George Washington was hung in the room of the infant class last week. On the morning of its appearance the teacher called attention to the gift and asked the children if they knew whom the picture represented.

"Washington," responded several.

"Who was Washington?"

A little hand was lifted from one of the front desks and the teacher asked: "Who was he, Tommy?"

"Our father from the country," was the reply.—Chicago Record.

By the time we have got horseless sleighs we'll probably have snowless winters.

It was an American who paid tribute to "Victoria's queenliness as a woman and her womanliness as a queen."

Late statistics show that Michigan now leads the world in the production of beans. New York State long held the first place.

It is announced that Alaska Indians have abolished totems. They have grown tired of setting them up for curio hunters to tote off.

England has started a magazine that will consist entirely of supposed poetry. It may seem uncharitable, but we cannot help seeing Alfred Austin's hand in this.

The decision of the West Point cadets to abolish hazing promises to put a happy end to the scandal. The evident truthfulness of the cadets on the stand gives assurance that their pledge, once made, will be kept.

America is becoming more and more the object of the attention of the foreign visitor. Last year 30,000 cable passengers in excess of the year before were landed in the United States. In time Europe will begin to pay back in this fashion a considerable part of the American cash spent abroad.

It is pointed out that the greatest social change of the nineteenth century was the "decay of the chaperon." An admirable result of the new order of things is the attendant strengthening of feminine character. The girl who is her own chaperon is slow to invite criticism by transgressing social laws.

Scientists have at last, as they believe, succeeded in actually measuring the earth. They claim that its diameter, through the equator, is 7924 miles, and that its height, from pole to pole, is 7800 miles. This demonstrates the truth of the belief that has long existed that the earth is flattened at the poles.

Safe for breakfast will soon be a tradition in England. A wall over the disappearance of fatfish proceeds from the London Daily Mail. The price of sole and plaice has doubled in five years and the outlook is that it will double again in another five. It is the steam trawlers and the destruction of young fish that are doing the mischief.

The all-British Pacific telegraph cable is to be completed from Vancouver, in Canada, to Australia by the end of 1902, at a cost of \$8,975,000. The cable is to extend from Vancouver by way of Fanning Island and Fiji Islands to Queensland and New Zealand, a branch line taking in the latter. It is a joint enterprise, Canada, Australia and Great Britain taking shares and dividing the costs and profits.

Galveston is recovering rapidly from its recent disaster. Over \$3,285,000 has already been spent there in rebuilding. The relief fund amounted to \$1,594,000. Foreign exports last year reached the value of \$93,049,304, against \$75,692,252 for 1899. The total exports of cotton during the past year amounted to \$1,535,232 bales, valued at \$73,333,364, against 1,528,232 bales in 1899, valued at \$52,786,731.

The tip-toe-waltzer agitation will not dip in New York City. The latest contribution to the discussion of the subject goes to show that a very large number of the best customers of the hotel restaurants have been driven away from the hotels and into clubs, and thousands more will go soon unless the hotel and restaurant managers shall make rules as to tips similar to those which prevail in the clubs.

If anybody wants to eat horseflesh in preference to other kinds of meat there is no constitutional provision to prevent him from so doing. Some people, it is understood, do like it. Others have found the woodchuck and the muskrat savory, and there are those who maintain the toothsome of the skunk. But to palm off horseflesh for beef or kittens for veal pie is an abomination calling for prohibition under the severe penalty of the law.

The cry is already heard from the lips of prognosticators that the twentieth century will bring no such wonderful list of poets, artists, philosophers, statesmen and heroes, as those who have made the Victorian age immortal. "Where," they ask, "are the coming Tennysons, Brownings, Dickens, Eliots, Ruskins, Macaulays, Carlyles, who glorified the passing age?" To each age its own. There is enough of splendid achievement in 1900 to lap over and illuminate another century by the halo of memory.

THE STEADY SUBSCRIBER.

How dear to my heart is the steady subscriber.
 Who pays in advance at the birth of each year,
 Who lays down his dollar and fifty cents gladly,
 And cast 'round the office a halo of cheer.
 He never says, "Stop it, I cannot afford it."
 Nor, "I'm getting more papers now than I can read."
 But always says, "Send it, the family likes it."
 In fact, we all think it a real household need.
 How welcome he is when he steps in the sanctum.
 How he makes my heart throb, how he makes my eyes dance!
 I outwardly thank him, I inwardly bless him,
 The steady subscriber who pays in advance.
 —Manson (Iowa) Democrat.

PITH AND POINT.

She—"Don't let people know we are on our honeymoon, dearest." He—"Very well. You carry the portmanteau."—Tit-Bits.

I often wonder why it is,
 But always find it so,
 That when I want to strike a match
 The wind is sure to blow.
 —The Philistine.

"Every barber, it seems to me, talks too much." "Oh, well, you couldn't expect a barber to shave a man unless he has a little chin."—Philadelphia Press.

"Might I inquire whose umbrella that is you are carrying?" asked Mr. Perryville of Mr. Westpark. "You might." "Then I won't."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Tribune.

Time is a scandal monger;
 Alas! we know it well,
 Though we may guard our secrets,
 Old Time will surely tell.
 —Zen.

"There goes a man with a very interesting history," said the clerk in the book store. "You don't say?" inquired the customer. "How do you know?" "I just sold it to him."—Philadelphia Press.

"I have compelled my wife to cease strumming on the piano," said Mr. Goldsborough to Mr. Bunting. "How did you manage it?" "I insisted upon singing every time she began to play."—Judge.

Clara—"I wonder how little Mattie came to marry Fred Smerly?" Berntha—"The most natural reason in the world. Fred had an overcoat that was a perfect match for Mattie's new gown."—Boston Transcript.

His Worship (to prisoner who has been up every month for years)—"Ebenzer Noakes, aren't you ashamed to be seen here so often?" "Bless yer Worship, this place is respectable some places where I'm seen."—Tit-Bits.

"I will let your life with sunshine," said he. "This while they sat under the languorous maps of the conservatory. The woman shuddered—concealedly, to be sure; for well she knew what a fright her complexion was in the garish light of noon."—Indianapolis Press.

"Yes," said the author, "when I get started writing a novel I do lose considerable sleep over it." "O! well," exclaimed the critic, who had a neat way of disguising a bitter dose of sarcasm under the sugar-coating of apparent flattery, "what's your loss is your readers' gain."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Preventing Pit Marks.
 In an article printed in the Toledo Medical Compend a physician has this to say: "Smallpox pitting can be prevented by applying to the face antiseptic remedies, and I think the most suitable is one that is made of ozone and glycerine. The glycerine has the body to hold the ozone, and also being such a very heavy liquid enables it to be worked into the pores of the skin and to check fermentative processes that make up a large part of the ulceration. If this fermentation, which is a part of the ulcerative process, can be stopped, then pitting can be prevented. The less the ulceration, the less the pitting. If the ulceration can be entirely prevented there will be only an exterior scab, which leaves no pit."

"The troubles with grease or ointments, which are sometimes applied to the face, is that they are not true antiseptics, and have no chemical influence to stop the ulceration. While they lessen the friction and, therefore, are soothing, they do not check the fermentation process of the ulcer. What is wanted is a true antiseptic that will control and stop the chemical ferment."

"The treatment I have indicated should be repeated daily. If that is done there will be no pitting. This pitting is the worst feature of smallpox. The deaths from the disease have never been so numerous as is popularly supposed, but the evil of pitting can hardly be overestimated. It is not only an embarrassment; it is a great injury."

Dancing in Russia.
 The modern society ball in America is little more than a dress promenade, but in a Russian ballroom the guests actually dance; they do not merely shamble to and fro in a crowd, crumpling their clothes and ruffling their tempers, and call it a set of quadrilles. They have ample space for the sweeping movements and complicated figures of all the orthodox ball dances, and are generally gifted with sufficient grace to carry them out in style. They carefully cultivate dances calling for a kind of grace which is almost beyond the reach of art. The mazurka is one of the finest of these, and it is quite a favorite at balls on the banks of the Neva. It needs a good deal of room, one or more spurred officers and grace.—Pittsburg Dispatch.