Gracing the courts of love As essence divine, supernal, With eagerness, aye eternal, And answering charm above.

Only a film o'er eyes That gleam while the clay shall fetter, Then flight to a purer, better Discerning beyond the skies.

-Inter-Ocean.

A MECHANICAL WONDER.

Spilkins was a progressive man. He didn't believe that we as a people are perpetually standing still; nothing of the sort. He thought that we are slowly but surely rising to better and nobler things, and Spilkins believed in keeping up with the times.

Some time ago a man was around taking orders for a new kind of chair called the Mechanical Wonder, and, of course, he called upon Mr. Spilkins. This was indeed the wonder of the world, the man said, and its invention indicated the approach of a golden millenium. He declared most positively that the chair was destined to revolutionize the whole domestic economy of the civilized world.

It was indeed a wonder in its way, for it was such a vast and complicated mass of springs, pulleys, clock-work and extensions, that it was almost the labor of a lifetime to learn to pperate it with any fair degree of success. The concern was so big and heavy that it had to be taken to pieces and carried through an ordinary doorway, a section at a time, and the price of it was the snug little sum of \$85; but this made not a particle of difference. Spilkins signed the order book.

A few weeks later the Mechanical Wonder arrived, and after a hard half day's work on the part of both agent and purchaser, the new machine was set up in the little back partor; then the saiesman took his departure. A proud and happy man was Mr. Spil-

The new chair took up about half of the available space in the tiny apartment, for it was a full-grown and able-bodied chair; not one of these diminutive affairs too small for anyone but a little child to sit down in. The centre-table was crowded back into a corner, the stove had to be set back, the bookcase was tipped over and pushed under the piano, and all the other chairs except one or two were banished to the attic. But all this signifies nothing. Wasn't the chair a Mechanical Wonder?

Accompanying it was a book of directions about as big as a double number library, and this the happy Mr. Spilkins began to study the moment tne door closed upon the man who set up the vast machine of manifold usefulness. At last he ventured to seat himself in the contrivance, and touched a spring.

Slowly and noiselessly the pulleys revolved, and the chair gently extended itself into a couch as soft and inviting as the downiest feather-bed. Pressing another spring arrested its motion, and yet another caused it to cume its former position and appearance. Spilkins was delighted. The

new chair was a wonder indeed. · Come and try it, my dear," said he to his wife with a good deal of satisfaction. "I never saw anything like it, and I shall never rest easy till have mastered all its many secrets. How did we ever keep house as long we have without a Mechanical Wonder?"

Of course Mrs. Spilkins was willing enough to try the new chair, so she seated herself in it without a particle of objection. She had all the curiosi-ty of Mother Eve located somewhere about her handsome yet ample proportions. Mrs. & could scarcely be called

a dwarf without some impropriety.
"See, Julia," Spilkins went on. "I just touch this spring and the chair slowly and tenderly adjusts itself into the best of beds." And the Mechani-cal Wonder did just as he said.

"Then I touch this other one and it becomes firm and rigid in a horizontal position," he continued; and the chair did so.

·Next I press this little button and it resumes its upright position," said Mr. Spilkins, and as he said, so he did-but the chair didn't.

He must have pressed the wrong button, for a most startling and unexpected event took place. The ottoman end of the wonder flew up and took Spilkins under the chin with a violence that nearly dislocated his jaw, and did knock him heels over head behind the stove, while the head end of the concern thumped the floor like a pile-driver. The whole house shook with the concussion, for the chair itself weighed five hundred and forty pounds and Mrs. Spilkins was no

fairy.
When Spilkins arose with a sheepish face and an aching jaw a terrible sight met his eyes. The wife of his bosom was very nearly the opposite end up from what nature intended her to be; and she couldn't very well change her position because she had accidently fired off the book-rest arrangement, and snapped it hard and fast into position among her five and a half feet. She was about as firmly fastened as if she had been made in

Spilkins made another attempt to find the right button, but he only brought the lampstand down into his wife's stomach with a force that nearly smashed her whalebones and made her grunt like an overfed hog. Spil-

kins got rattled. He yanked and pulled and twisted, but he only made matters werse with every trial. First the lap-board flipped around and banged him with a resounding whack. Then the door to the chest of drawers flew open and peeled the skin off Mrs. Spilkins' nose for several inches.

She gave a desperate flourish of her !

one kickable foot that knocked the writing desk attachment to smithereens, while the ink from its broken bottle trickled serenely up the wiggling agent of its destruction. As she felt that small but industrious stream meandering her person, Mrs. S. grew excited and called Spilkins several decidedly uncomplimentary names. Then she besought him to get her out again; and Spilkins tried once more.

First he pulled on one end of her, and then the other, until he nearly tore his one big wife into two little ones, but it was all in vain; there she stuck; Spilkins desisted, mopped his glowing countenance and then called up the whole household.

They all tried, individually and collectively, to extricate Mrs. Spilkins from her somewhat embarassing position, but they only succeeded in giving themselves and her sundry severe whacks in the most unexpected places with different parts of the crazy gearing. Then they held a consultation of war while Mrs. S. sobbed and scolded by turns, and her face grew red with the lurid slush of a boiling lobster. Her position was far from being a comfortable one.

Then the book of directions was picked up and consulted, but the more they studied it the more confused they grew. At last, after they had made every possible effort to rescue the suffering woman, some one cried.

"Send for young Mr. Hook, the inventor, who lives opposite."

The thought was like an inspiration and in a few minutes young Mr. Hook was viewing the situation. He inspected the mangled mass of millinery and mechanism, and then advanced to the attack.

He twitched and twisted, and pressed buttons and pulled strings. He got hit on top of the head with the umbrella attachment for out of door use, and under the chin with Mrs. Spilkin's one available caterpillar crusher. About that time be desisted and called for the book of directions.

He consulted this so long that Spilkins thought he must be studying the context of his wife's somewhat ample stockings instead of the pamphlet before him, and so ordered him out of the house again with a bloodthirsty look in his eyes. Young Mr. Hook

gave one fearful glance and then fled. Then Mrs. S. grew fairly purple in the face and looked just as if she were going to have spavins-or maybe it was spasms that she was threatened with. It was something of that sort, anyway.

"Bring me a saw," said Spilkins in spair. "I must either sacrifice a despair. mechanical wonder or a mortal one. Bring me a saw."

And the saw was brought. Spilkins rolled up his sleeves, spit on his hands, grabbed the implement and went for the internal apparatus of the Wonder with a will.

He worked away for some ten minutes with desperation and the handsaw; and by that time he had sawed off about every piece of wood in the whole concern, to say nothing of this wife's fingers. But Mrs. Spilkins said right their still. The iron work held

Finally, as a last resort a machinist was sent for. In due season he appeared with tools enough to manufacture a locomotive. He grasped the situation at once, as well as a hammer and cold chisel, and then he also attacked the Wonder.

After about fifteen minutes hard pounding, Mrs. Spilkins was rescued from the ruins without further damage, except that the hammer glanced once and amputated one of her big toe-nails. Then the smith went home and Mrs. S. to bed.

Slowly and laboriously Mr. Spilkins and the chore boy carried out the battered fragments of the newly acquired Wonder and packed them sadly away in the loft of the carriage house. Then a solem silence as of death settled down upon the mournful scene. - Chi-

The Names of the Months.

January-The Roman Janus presided over the beginning of everything; hence the first month of the year was called after him.

February - The Roman festival Februs was held on the 15th day of this month in honor of Lupercus, the god of fertility.

March-Named from the Roman god of war, Mars.

April-Latin Aprilis, probably derived from aspeire, to open, because spring generally begins and the buds open in this month.

May-Latin Maius, probably derived from Maia, a feminine divinity worshipped at Rome on the first day of this month.

June-Juno, a Roman divinity worshipped as the queen of heaven. July (Julius)-Julius Casar was

born in this month. August-Named by the Emperor Augustus Gesar, B. C. 30, after himself, as he regarded it as a lucky month, being that in which he had gained several victories.

September (Septem, or 7)-September was the seventh month in the old Roman calendar.

the old Roman year. November (Novem, or 9)-November was the ninth month in the old

Roman year.

December (Decem, or 10)—December was the tenth month of the old Roman year. About the 21st of this month the sun enters the Tropic of Capricorn, and forms the winter sol-

A Conscientions Lawyer. '

Lawyer (examining hesitating witness)-Why don't you speak out and tell the whole truth?

Colored Witness-I'ze afeard to tell de whole truf, 'cause I might tell a lie. Judge-What would happen if you told a lie?

Witness-I spex our side would win.

LOVE'S STRATEGY.

Beauty doth challenge by her charms, And finds a warder in her pride; Her wit a warrior seems in arms, Her heart a city fortified. What valiant knight shall force the gates!

When others wounded quit the field, Comes Love, who ne'er to force resorts His weapons carefully concealed; For parley tempts her from her forts: He smiles and she capitulates.

—David William McCourt

LOVE IN AUSTRALIA.

My revenge was terrible. I had been cruelly wronged, however, and can scarcely be blamed for what I did. For the purposes of this narrative, I will call myself Luke Gilbert. I am a native of Coventry, in England, and went to Australia to improve my prospects in life. The other man, the reader must know, was Victor Lambert, a native of New York city. I had been an old and trusted employe in Gerald's large jewelry establishment at Staunton, Australia, and was greatly esteemed by my employer, a man well advanced in years. When Lambert came, he presented unim-peachable credentials. He was a tall, handsome fellow, with a captivating manner, and it was not long before he became a favorite with every one.

I never liked him from the first, and

I liked him less when he innocently won away from me the affections of Amy Gerald, a girl I had loved with passionate idolatry from early childhood. Often had she entwined her white arms about my neck, and, nestling her pretty face upon my breast, vowed that she held me dearer than any one on earth; and when he came she was wearing a ring I had given her as a pledge of betrothal. But, after Lambert had been with us a little over a year, her manner grew strangely cold to me; and one night when I called to see her, she told me, with great tears standing in her eyes, that she had been mistaken-she had never really loved me; and what she had felt for me was only esteem and friendship, and she added, as she handed me back my ring: "Luke, you will forgive me, won't

you, and still be my friend?" I made no reply—I could not. Every drop of blood in my body seemed to surge in fiery torrents to my face and head. I reeled like a drunken man, and went out into the open air. I think I should have killed myself there and then had not thoughts of revenge entered my mind. These thoughts kept me alive and enabled me to go about my duties as

One day Lambert came to me and, in his usual pleasant way, said: "Luke, old fellew, you must congratulate me, for I consider myself

the most fortunate as well as the happiest man on earth.' I know well enough to what he was alluding and, though a dreadful pain convulsed my heart I maintained a

steady countenance and replied: "Congratulate you! Why, what has befallen you?' "Why," he said, with a little laugh,

I am going to marry Amy Gerald in

the autumn and I want you to rejoice in my good fortune." "Ah!" was all I said, as I took his proffered hand. Oh, how I hated him then, and how I longed to deprive him of his boasted happiness; and, soon after that, the means was given to me

One night, during the summer, a jewelry store on a contiguous street was entered by burglars and a large amount of valuables taken therefrom. This alarmed old man Gerald and he requested that I and Lambert should lodge in the store for a period of two

or three weeks. Lambert talked in his sleep, and one night he babbled forth words that placed him in my power. How I gloated over the prospect of a speedy revenge! I felt easy in my conscience, too, for the means had been placed in my hands without any efforts of my

A direct interposition of Providence, I argued then-a fiendish scheme, I say now.

The weeks rolled by, and Victor Lambert was more popular than ever. His praises were rung daily into my ·Has the making of a fine man ears. in him," was the universal comment. I smiled, in a grim kind of way, when I heard him spoken of, but I never said yea or nay. I held to my secret —the secret that was to destroy the man who had come like a thief in the night, and stolen away my happiness.

The autumn came on, and the day that Amy Gerald was to become the bride of Victor Lambert arrived. The marriage took place that morning. and the couple were to leave early for an extended bridal tour.

The spacious mansion was crowded with guests. Everybody was happy except myself. I went round morose and heavy-hearted, feeling more like a condemned criminal than a guest at a merry wedding. I drew away from the gay assemblage, and sought a secluded corner, where I stood alone and communed with myself. Now, as the hour drew near. I dreaded to October (Octo)-Eighth month of strike the blow that was to ruin two

young lives forever. "Why do this?" a small voice whispered in my ear. "Better far, and more noble, to smother revenge and anger, and go forth into the world with ill-will towards no one.'

"But," interrupted another voice, "you have been very deeply wronged. You have been robbed of a happiness that was rightfully yours, by one who is totally unworthy. Strike-revenge yourself ere it is too late!"

I came to myself with a start, and all the old bitterness surged through "Strike-revenge yourself!" rang in my ears with fearful distinctness. Yes. I would strike-and strike deeply, too. I looked round me. The vast room had been emptied of all save Victor Lambert and myself. He standing leaning against the Press.

mantel piece, unaware of my presence. The time for my revenge had I advanced noiselessly and, come. laying my hand heavily upon his

shoulder, I hissed in his ear: "Henry Mervin, you are an impostor! I know your past life. I know of the forgery you committed in New York, for which crime you were sent to prison for a term of years. I know two years of your sentence. But for you I should have been a happy man to-night. You have blighted my life and robbed me of the only joy I ever had. The happiness you have deprived me of shall not be yours. The officers of the law shall be put upon

When I ceased speaking Lambert's face had assumed the hue of death, and he was trembling in every limb. Raising his hand in a supplicating manner, he said in a scarcely audible

"For heaven's sake, Luke, have mercy on me! You surely would not blight my life and hers. Give me a chance, Luke, only a chance."

"No," I said in a cold, hard voice.
"I will show you no mercy. It is too late to think of that." He looked at me with an expression of mute despair. Then he turned and strode from the room, muttering as he

"Heaven have pity on us-have pity on us!" A faintness came over me, and I stood, I know not how long, in a

dazed and helpless manner. Presently I was aroused by people entering and calling for Victor. He could not be found and the train in which the bridal party was to leave would start in twenty minutes. All was excitement and bustle, in the midst of which a servant entered, and advancing to Amy, handed her a note. She hastily tore it open and read it. Suddenly she swayed to and fro, and before assistance could reach, fell, with a low cry, to the floor. In a few moments she lay a corpse where she had so lately stood a happy bride. I picked up the note that had fallen from her hand and read:

"I am going—Heaven only knows where. My life is ruined. I shall never return. Do not seek me. Good-bye.

No one knew of the part I had played in the tragedy on that awful day. Terrible, indeed, was my revenge.

Years passed by. At the death of the old man Gerald, I became proprietor of the establishment. I left my place of business only long enough each day to visit Amy's grave.

One winter's morning I started out to make my accustomed visit. As I turned the corner of the little church the cemetery came in full view. I was greatly startled to see lying at full length upon the grave where Amy Gerald was sleeping the figure of a man. Slowly I approached. The man was either unconscious or asleep. His hat had fallen from his head and his hair, which was snowy white, fell over his shoulders. I bent over the prostrate form of the sleeper and called him to arise. He heeded me not. I placed my hand upon the body and turned the face upwards. I knew it instantly, despite the worn and haggard look, the long, white hair. It was Victor Lambert, and dead. He had found peace. A week afterward A. BOYD, I left Australia forever, to pass my life in aimless, unhappy wanderings. The revenge I took upon my enemy was terrible, but that which I wreaked upon myself was much more so. I am anxiously awaiting the end .-Arkansaw Traveler.

A STORY OF LYTTON. An Occasion When Owen Meredith Outvied the Snobocracy.

I sat at a banquet given in London by Wison Barrett to Lawrence Barrett. Lord Lytton presided-a curled, oiled, effeminate, supercilious for He had a Roman tragedy to sell to Wilson Barrett. That was why he came, says a writer in Truth.

He eulogized Wilson Barrett in a speech. "I believe," he said, "that Mr. Barrett won some success with a piece called [consulting his notes] The Lights of London.' I have no idea who wrote The Lights of London.' I suppose it was the work of some dramatic hack." George Sims sat facing him, and said never a

Then his lordship went drawling on. "I next find on the list of Mr. Barrett's successes something called 'The Silver King.' Here again I know nothing of the authorship. The names of those dramatic carpenters do not interest me." At which Henry Arthor Jones glared, and a flush came into the face of poor blind Henry Herman.

"Finally," said Lord Lytton, "Mr. Wilson Barrett has placed on his boards what he humorously calls a Roman tragedy. I refer to Claudian,' attributed to one W. G. Wills, of whom I never before heard." This was too much for the banqueters; all of them were personally acquainted with lrving's pet poet, the modest Wills. So they howled derisively. And Lord Lytton's tragedy, pro-duced a month later, was a dismal

failure.

Mrs. Rox (suspiciously)-John, you never told me you were a widower! Mr. Ro.: (astonished)-Why, bless me, I ain't! Mrs. Rox-But you know just how

to hold the baby. Mr. Rox-Maria, you have forgotten that there were fourteen children in my mother's family and that

we lived in the country. -- Wasp.

Thought Something of Himself. She-I wouldn't marry the best man living.

He-Then there is no hope for me. It was because I thought you would that I proposed to you. - New York

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