IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

My friends would look upon my quiet face,
Before they laid it in its resting place, And deem that death had left it almost fair, And laying snow white flowers against my hair. Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness. And fold my hands with lingering caress— Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to night My friends would call to mind with loving though Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought; Some gentle word the frozen lips had said; Errands on which the willing feet had sped. The memory of my selfishness and pride, My hasty words, would all be put aside, And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night Even hearts estranged would turn once mor

to me, Recalling other days remorsefully. The eyes that chill me with averted glance Would look upon me as of yore, perchance Would soften in the old familiar way; For who would war with damb, unco So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow; The way is lonely, let me feel them now. Think gently of me; I am travel worn; My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn. Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead! When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need The tenderness for which I long to-night. -Robert C. V. Myers

THE PRIVATE TUTOR.

Two men sat in conversation. The cooling wind played gently with the short brown curls of the younger, while his handsome eyes and face were lighted by a bright, animated expression. "I can searcely credit such good fortune. Are you sure there is no mistake?" he

"Perfectly; here are the documents. Prove your identity; prove to our satisfaction that you are Ralph Hamilton and you are a rich man. Can you prove it?"

"I can, immediately. But this is indeed a welcome change; to spring from deep poverty to such wealth in a moment by the death of an unknown relative, seems almost incredible. I am grateful to you, Metcalf, for your pains in so soon -eeking me, also your interest in my welfare. I have one favor only to ask in addition-that you remain silent about it. The fact of my changed circumstances need not be made known as yet. I shall not after my style of living for a while, but shall fuifill an engagement to become the private tutor of two small boys residing, strange to relate, in the same place where lies this new estate. In taking the property you say I am required to assume the name of its former owner. This I will do after a few months spent in the neighborhood as a poor teacher. I have met sad re-buffs during the days of my poverty, and I have no idea of being made a victim of some fortune hunter, so I will win some good woman for love's sake, then settle down and enjoy myself." In a beautiful residence sat two ladies,

Mrs. Corsair and her daughter Zoe, while a third, a niece of the elder lady, Blanche Gilmore, stood with a light hat in her hand, as though she was just returning from a walk. They were discussing the appearance of a new tutor who had undertaken for a time, on trial, the education of the two sons of the family. Charley, one of these boys, had just appeared, and, looking from the

w'udow, whispered: Now, girls, there he comes. Tell me if what I said was not true." 'Yes indeed!" exclaimed both young ladies, as they surveyed the fine figure and handsome face approaching; and when the oung man smiled pleasantly upon Charley, Blanche thought she had

Zoe whispered: 'If the young heir of the Belmont property prove one half as handsome I

never seen so handsome a man, while

will be content."

A splendid estate, with a residence of almost royal magnificence, lay within sight of their pretty home, and had just through the death of old Belmont, a childless widower, passed into the hands of a young relative, expected soon to visit the premises. Zoe Corsair and her prudent mother had decided to appropriate both owner and estate as soon as possible after his arrival. The new tutor, Mr. Hamilton, soon became a great favorite with his pupils. Living as he did in the family, he soon became well acquainted with all, while he evidently admired the beautiful Zoe, who treated him with cool politeness. Of Blanche he saw little. She was the only poor relation depending many her upple for relation, depending upon her uncle for support, therefore compelled to bear every imposition and caprice her worldly. selfish aunt and cousin saw fit to inflict. Only little enjoyment was hers; a solitary spot, a deep ravine wildly romantic and secluded, not far from her uncle's residence. Thither she went one beautiful afternoon about October 1, tripping ful afternoon about October I, tripping along down the small winding path that led to the depths below. But suddenly she pansed, a groan and a faint call for help arresting her steps. Hastening to the spot where she judged the sufferer to be, she saw a man lying at the foot of the racine motionless and now onits the ravine, motionless and now quite

in a few minutes she was beside him. and, on tifting his head from the ground, she found Mr. Hamilton, the tutor, un-

dipped in her handkerchief and bathed his brow Running to the stream of water, she

At last he opened his eyes and gazed long and vacantly upon her.

"Ah, yes, I remember. I did fall. I leaned over to plack a flower and lost my balance. But I feel better again. thanks to you for your care, and I will see if I cannot rise.

"Lean on me, Mr. Hamilton. I think I can get you up to the path, if it is too steep to the road, and from thence, after a rest, home."

Slowly, yet surely, leaning on the young girl for that support he was so accustomed to give to others, he crept along, often stopping to rest, until at last the level road was gained, and from there his own roam, to which a physician was soon summoned, and his limb set and bruises attended to.

Lying thus helpless upon his bed, the door partly open to allow a circulation of air, the young man lay half dozing, when he accidentally heard the following conversation, not, of course, intended for

"A pretty piece of work, this," said Mrs. Corsair, who was an intensely self-ish woman. "Who is to play nurse, I would like to know?"

"And to a miserable tutor," inter-rupted the equally selfish Zoe.
"I should be very glad to take charge of the poor young man, alone among strangers and sick," said Blanche, "and

if aunt is willing I will devote my time

"And neglect the sewing? There is my wrapper not finished yet."
"Do not fear, aunt," returned the same sweet voice; "I will finish that also. I can take my sewing to his room and attend to both; if not able to sew when he is a make I will do it at night when he is awake, I will do it at night when he

sleeps."

"Very well, do as you please; but remember that wrapper must be finished."

"Come, mother, don't bother about him any longer. The carriage waits to take us to the concert. Come on."

So saying, the unfeeling Zoe swept down stairs, followed by her mother, while a soft voice murmured by the invalid's side:

valid's side:

"You are not sleeping, I see. What shall I do for your relief?" "I feel quite comfortable, thank you, except a headache, caused by the sudden

"Let me bathe it, then." How soft her fingers were; how gentle her touch, and what a depth of womanly pity beamed from those large, brown

About two weeks after the accident Blanche wandered once more to her favorite resort, and seating herself at the foot of the descent she was soon lost in a

deep reverie.
"This is a charming spot, Miss Blanche," said a well known voice behind her, "and I see is a favorite of yours. Now that I know how to avoid its dangers, I also am charmed with its deep repose and picturesque beauty."
"I am glad you like it," was the reply

of the young lady, as she blushed slightly when he seated himself by her side. "But yours is the only face I have ever seen when here, and I cannot but wonder how you discovered the spot."

"One of my little pupils told me of it, and that day when I fell was my first visit. Thankful am I that you were in the habit of coming here, else I might have died alone and unmissed." "Alone, I grant, but not unmissed, for

your pupils love you.' "I would like to tell you, dear Miss Blanche, how strongly attached I have become to my tender nurse and how much I long for her to return my de-voted affection. Dearest, can you love a person occupying so humble a position as tutor to your uncle's children? If you can, and if you will allow me to present my deep love and consent to be my wife, it will be the delight of my life to try to make you happy." Then he drew her up toward him and their lips met. No opposition was offered when Mr.

Hamilton asked the hand of Blanche Gilmore from her uncle, all thinking that their poor relative did well even in

marrying a tutor. In the meantime the news came that the Belmont owner was soon to take pos-session of his property. One of his oddities was that on the evening of his return a large party of friends and the select neighbors were to assemble to bid him welcome. This party, as it happened, was to take place the evening before the marriage of Blanche. Cards of invitation had been left at Mr. Corsair's, and, much to the surprise and chagrin of Miss Zoe, Blanche was also remembered.

"Just as if we wanted to introduce our poor relations," she said, scornfully. "I wonder that the tutor also was not in-

The evening came. The rooms were young owner had not as yet made his appearance. The guests were received by his most intimate friends, Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf, and the latter, as soon as Blanche had been introduced, managed to draw her to one side, and in another moment Zoe wondered, as she saw them leave the rooms together.

will be pleased to meet you and introduce to all assembled the beautiful young lady who to-morrow morning will become his

Scarcely had he finished speaking when the young man entered the room with Blanche hanging on his arm, her face radiant with happiness.
"Our late tutor!" cried Mrs, Corsair.
"Impossible!" cried Zoe, sinking into a

"It is quite true, madame," said the young man, "and now let me hope to see you all at our wedding to-morrow.' All were present except Zoe, whose disappointment was too great to permit her to form one of the wedding party.—

St. Paul News. Preferred Authors.

It is sometimes made a question of cu-rious inquiry in a social circle composed of persons of literary tastes, that, sup-posing one was banished to a desert is-land, there to pass his remaining days, with the privilege of taking with him the works of a single author to divert the tedium of his exile, what author would he choose? Whom would one select for his cole intellectual companion for the perminder of his life? Certain it is the author would be companied to the author would be a selected to the control of the perminder of his life? thor must be one who has written much, for the days to come would stretch out many and long. He must be a dweller in the kingdom of the imagination, and mu t sound every note in the gamut of human thought and word. Above all, he must have the power of saying what he has to say in a way to interest a drooping and dolorous spirit, depressed with thoughts of a home never more to be seen. Under such circumstances, what work would one choose?

A Frenchman would certainly choose the volumes of Voltaire, while no Gerthe volumes of Voltaire, while no German would hesitate over the fifty volumes of Goethe. The Italians would choose Dante, and the Spaniard, after some hesitancy over the 150 volumes of Lope de Vega, and the paltry dozen of Cervantes, would finally choose the latter. What an English speaking person would choose is susceptible of but little controversy. The axile would turn to controversy. The sxile would turn to Shakespeare as his only solace in such an emergency.—Chicago Herald.

Origin of the Suilletine, It is certain that neither Dr. J. T. Guillotin, who did not die by the instrument of death called, or supposed to be called, after him, nor Dr. J. B. V. Guil-lotine, who had such credit as was due lotine, who had such credit as was due to the invention, was the real inventor of the guillotine, though one or other of them may have recommended it, and perhaps perfected it. It was in use in Italy at least 200 years before their time, as is proved by a manuscript Neapolitan diary in my possession, of which the last entry is dated 1498. The book is full of colored drawings of processions, embassies, battles, fleets and various historical events. Among the drawings are two of veritable guillotines, standing in no need of being further perfected, at one of which a condemned person is kneeling, in expectation of the fall of the death dealing steel.—Notes and Queries.

Icalian Emigration Many writers, treating the subject of Italian emigration, assume that it presents quite abnormal proportions, There is nothing to justify this as-sumption. When the king lom of Italy was definitely constituted in 1861, without the territory around the city of Rome, the population amounted, according to The Almanach de Gotha, to 21,728,529. The same authority gives the number of persons then actually under the dominion of the pope as 690,000; so that the people of Italy numbered, in that year, all told, 22,418,529. The total area of the kingdom is 114,410 square miles. Emigration began to assume noticeable proportions about the year 1875, and the total number of emigrants registered in the thirteen years, 1875-1887, was 1,708,435. Of these, 800,000, or nearly half, passed into European countries, the rest going beyond sea. In 1871 the population of the kingdom was found to be 26,801,154. In 1881 it had increased to 28,459,628, and at the end of 1886 it amounted to 29,943,607. The average yearly emigration, therefore, was less than half of the natural increase in population, for it must be remembered that there is no immigration into Italy. How do these figures compare with those for Great Britain and Ireland? The population of the United Kingdom was, in 1878, 33,730,-572, and in 1887, 37,091,564. The area is 120,832 square miles. For the ten years, 1878-1887, the number of emi-grants from Great Britain and Ireland was 3,095,868, or only 355,000 less than the whole registered increase of population for the same period. This apparently stationary condition is partly explained by the fact that there is a steady reduction in Ireland, amount ing, in ten years, to more than 400, 000 persons: but the evidence is overwhelming that the emigration from the United Kingdom is not only actually, but relatively, vastly greater than that from Italy. The British population increased at the rate of 330,000 a year; the Italian, for the ten years, 1871-1881, at the rate of 165,-000, and for the five years, 1882-1886, at the rate of 296,000 a year. So far as a growing population implies national vitality, Italy is surely holding her ground.—Frank Leslie's News-

paper.

America as a Perfumer. America is going to the front so rapidly in every direction that it is hard to keep a line on her progress. A prominent dealer up town is authority for the statement that this country now leads the world in the manufacture of perfumes, an industry in which the French have long excelled. "American perfumes," he said, "can be bought in London, Paris, Hong Kong, Rio de Janeiro, Siam, Austra-lia, and even the Philippine and Sand-wich Islands. It is a great mistake to suppose that the use of perfumes is vulgar. Coarse, rank odors are, but they are not perfumery. There is magnetism in a fine perfume. From the most ancient times perfumes have been held in high esteem. Solomon says: 'Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart.' Hippocrates, Criton and other ancient physicians prescribed perfumes as medicines, and it is affirmed that when the cholera has raged in Paris and London those em-About half an hour later, after all the guests had assembled, Mr. Metcalf said:
"Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Belmont has just arrived and in a few minutes well have alreved to meet year and interesting the said:

"Boyed in perfumery factories escaped the disease. The Egyptians poured sweet scented oils on the heads of newly arrived guests. The Persians, Greeks and Romans used perfumes as offerings to the gods. The Greek athletes anointed their bodies with scented oils daily. The Athenians perfumed their wines with roses, violets and so forth. The Catholics used perfumed tapers and incense in their churches as early as the year 964. Charlemagne used perfumery, as also did Philip Augustus in 1190. Elizabeth, queen of Hungary, in 1370, patronized the perfumer, while Catherine de Medici when she visited France took with hera famous Florentine perfumer who taught the French nearly all that they know today about perfumery. In England the taste for perfumery was chronicled in Shake-speare's time."—New York Tribune.

How a Boy Began His Career,

Some five years ago many people who happened to pass a certain newspaper office might have noticed a bright faced lad of about 12 years of age, who kept his eye fixed on the entrance to the counting room. Whenever any one issued from the office, if a grown person, the boy would address him, with an eager glance: "Are you lookin' for a boy, sir?"

He came on duty every morning parly, fresh, bright, cheerful, and apparently undismayed by the unbroken current of "noes" that flowed by him. In a week he disappeared. Last week, while the writer was chatting with the manager of one of the lar-largest wholesale establishments in the west, a bright, active young fellow, with cheeks full of color and eyes shining with good nature and eager-ness, came up and handed the man-ager a paper. It was the lad who had stood before the newspaper office in search of a man who wanted a boy. "Who is that lad? He seems above

"I picked him off the sidewalk in front of a newspaper office. He is one of the brightest, quickest and most faithful of the boys in this establishment. Some day he will be at the head of some big business. He is of Irish parentage, and supports a widowed mother and a brother and sister."—(This age Clobe ter."-Chicago Globe.

To Keep the Feet Warm.

An exchange, in speaking of the cold winter in northern latitudes, says: "In extra cold nights the chief problem is the difficulty of keeping the feet warm; and the nursery rhyme objection to sonnie John going to bed with his stockings on can be compromised by the use of hot bricks or warming crocks. That master of many expertments, Dr. Pettenkofer, has ascertained that a stoneware bottle, half filled with molten pitch (or resin), and securely corked, will keep its heat longer than anything yet invented."—Boston True Flag.

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the same remedy. I gladly offer this testimony for the benefit of all similarly afflicted."—F. H. Hassler, Editor Argus, Table Rock, Nebr.

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