LAUGH ALWAY.

Away, away with all tears, my lads—
Hurrah for the boy that smiles,
Give me the heart that's all sunshine
E'en in the darkest whiles.

Give me the dear little maid that laughs
While tears fill her poor, soft heart,
For she is the maid that in after years
Will bear woman's noblest part.

So away and away with all tears, my lads—
Hurrah for the boy that smiles,
Give me the heart that's all sunshine
E'en in the darkest whiles.

A GIRL'S RANSOM.

No renowned star about to dash in splendor upon the boards of a theater in a large metropolis could have been waited for with more breathless impatience than was Edith Wayne by the congregation assembled in the old village church that bright September morning. Her black cloth sacque fitted her trim little form to a nicety, and the jaunty hat curved up behind, with the tall ribbon loops and feather sprays, with bits of jet dancing on their tips, surmounted a head of lightish, fluffy brown hair, and a fresh face of only twenty summers and winters. Pagetown had received a shock; and few things short of an earthquake could have so shaken up the little community as the sudden determination of Squire Page, for whose ancestor the town had been named, to make a change in the choir of the Congregational church.

Matilda Prescott had been the head soprano in the church for the past fifteen years, with a salary of $75 a year, which Squire Page paid out of his own pocket, as he did all of the expenses connected with the singing. Something in the nature of an electric shock passed through her, therefore, when he called one morning in the summer, and, asking to speak with her alone, tried to explain in as few words as possible his reasons for wishing to make a change in the choir arrangements. It was awkward business and he made an awkward job of it.

"The fact is, Matilda, the world moves, you know, and we've all got to move along with it. This young lady has a big voice, I can tell you."

"Who is she?" asked Matilda, faintly.

"She's a Miss Wayne—her folks live somewhere out West; she's studying at the conservatory. Her teacher says her voice is phenomenal, and I believe he's right. It goes along up the scale, you know, without any perceptible break, from low A to E in alt, two octaves and a half, don't you see?"

"Why don't they give her a position in the city if she can do so much?"

"Well, they will, by and by, but she's young yet and hasn't had experience in church music. I've made up my mind to engage her for a year, and I suppose at the end of that time they'll want her where they can pay her more than we can." He did not say that he had promised to give her $400. That was a secret between the young singer and himself.

Having delivered his message the squire left the house as soon as he could. His departure was not delayed, as poor Matilda was so taken aback by the news she had heard that she had no words at hand with which to make any fitting reply. She lost no time, however, in going into the kitchen, where her sister was at the wash tub giving vigorous rubs to the week's washing.

Jane Prescott was 20 years the senior of the two, and they had long kept house together, in a snug, thrifty way. Jane was the manager and the master spirit, and at 63 years of age retained the vigor of body and mind she had possessed at 30.

She had assumed the entire charge of her sister after the death of their parents, just thirty-one years ago this summer; and Matilda seemed to her now almost as much a child as when she used to harness up the old white mare, and take her to the little red brick schoolhouse, two miles from their home.

"Sister," said Matilda, in a voice broken by convulsive sobs, "I'm turned out of the singing seats."

"What?" snapped out Jane, in a tone that went stinging through the room like a rifle shot.

"Yes; that's what Squire Page came for just now. He says the folks want young voices in churches, and he's got a girl about 20, who's coming in a month or so."

Two fierce, red spots appeared on Jane Prescott's thin cheeks on hearing this concise statement, and her pale, gray eyes looked out with a menacing glare, as she took off her glasses and stood staring at her sister."

"Don't look like that Jane, for goodness' sake; it isn't worth it. Of course I feel badly and shall for some time; but I suppose it's all right, after all. You know I am getting old, comparatively speaking."

"Getting old, Matilda Prescott! You're a young woman yet."

"No, forty-three can't be called young. My voice isn't as strong as it was before the fever. I fairly tremble when we have a tune with a high G in it. I can't be steady. You know my voice never was cultivated, and they say that makes all the difference in the ability to manage it.

"Well, you can stand there and run yourself down if you want to, but I say it's a wicked shame,—the whole thing. That girl won't stay long in the choir, let me tell you, if she comes—I'll fix it.

"Why, Jane, what do you mean?"

"Just let me alone now, and don't you say a word to anybody. I've got to think it all over. I shall have something to say about this thing."

Edith Wayne, as I have said, had no conception of the feeling against her. She knew nothing of the choir's history and regarded the matter of her engagement in the light only of a business transaction. It had been arranged that she should come to Pagetown each Saturday—remaining at the house of Squire Page until the Monday following.

She was in splendid voice on this first Sunday of her appearance in the choir;—her full, round tones had a charmingly sympathetic quality,—and those even who could not say a word on the subject of music felt that such a voice had never before been heard in Pagetown.

The following Wednesday was the day for the monthly meeting of the sewing circle, which was to meet on this occasion at the house of Deacon Perkins. There was a much larger attendance than usual, for all felt that it would be an opportunity to get together, and talk over the affair which was in the mind of everyone in the parish. There was considerable curiosity as to whether the Prescott sisters would be present. It was soon satisfied. Jane entered alone. She took a piece of work and seated herself, saying but little to any one for awhile.

When asked why her sister did not come, she replied that she had gone away for a few weeks to pay a visit to a friend. "She has pretty well lost her interest in the church work, and reason enough, too."

"Now," said Mrs. Fairchild, plunging at once in medias res, "I don't think Matilda ought to feel just so, Jane. I don't like changes, myself, and I thought we were getting along well enough with the old choir,—but we can't all view things alike, you know."

"If they'd only a good, respectable girl, I wouldn't have said a word."

"Why, you don't know anything against Miss Wayne, do you? I thought she seemed a sweet, innocent little thing as ever was, myself."

"Well, if you call a shoplifter an innocent little thing, I've no more to say."

"A what!" shuddered Mrs. Fairchild, in a stifled, husky whisper, her very amazement deadening her power to articulate audibly.

"That's what she is," said Jane, clipping her lips together. "I saw her in a store in Boston, one day last spring, as plain as I see you now. She was standing right by me, at the ribbon counter, and she deliberately took up a roll of pink ribbon and put it under her cape. But the floor walker happened to be close by, and saw what she had done, and he took her by the arm and marched her off."

"Where to?" faltered Mrs. Fairchild, in another frightened whisper.

"I can't tell you that—I never saw her afterwards, until she walked into church last Sunday. But I wouldn't have her in my house, that's all."

Can it be as George Eliot asserts, with her terrible psychological analysis, that "there are moments when our passions speak and decide for us, and we seem to stand by and wonder?"

Certain it was that to Jane Prescott had come an "inspiration of crime." She had not premeditated this, but she had given the demon within her the heartiest welcome, and had bidden him crush this young interloper by any means in his power, and now she was hurried along to this definite charge in spite of herself. She was not cognizant of much that passed around her the rest of that afternoon. She was one of the first to leave, and reached her home dizzy and sick, and in a complete palsy of terror.

The poisoned arrow did its work. Before the evening of the next day the charge against Edith Wayne was known all over the village. Squire Page himself, enthusiastic as he had been in favor of the young singer began to feel that perhaps he had been too hasty in selecting a person of whom he knew absolutely nothing. The girl was charmingly modest in manner, it was true, and seemed honest and sincere—but it was so easy for impostors to assume such ways. He had known Jane Prescott all his life—so had many others of the townspeople—and the one thing that never once occurred to any of them was to doubt this woman's word.

Friday had come, the girl must be notified; it would never do to have her come again among them. It was a cloudy day and nearing dusk. Jane had been informed that the squire intended going up to town in the early evening, and for what purpose. He must pass her house on the way to the station. Already had Jane Prescott returned to her normal condition. Already was she repenting what she had done with a bitterness of misery and remorse she had never dreamed could exist in the soul of mortal.

Squire Page was hurrying to the station; for, as usual with him, he had given himself barely time to reach it before the train would arrive. So he did not see the white face at the parlor window of Jane Prescott's house, and that the front door stood wide open, and he did not know that a wild-looking figure had darted out of the door and was calling to him, but with a voice that could not raise itself enough to be heard, as we try in a dream to shout and are controlled by a power, arbitrary and unaccountable. Her limbs had not failed her, however, and she sped on after him, reaching the station as the train slowed up. As he was about to step upon the forward car she sprang and seized him tightly by the arm. He turned to see the moving lips, with no sound issuing, and the fulness of despair in the withered face, and at once the story was told.

Jane Prescott had received a paralytic shock, which deprived her of the power of articulate speech—but her written confession satisfied the little community so fully that the scandal died out at once, and the young singer never felt on her brow the faintest breath of the whirlwind that had well nigh swept her away. —American Cultivator.

THIS AND THAT.

Mlle. Lucia Faure is going to write a history of her father's presidency, working from papers her father gave her. She will continue as the head of the League of the Children of France, a charitable institution which she herself founded.

Princess Eugenia Paleologus, who for some years has been trying to prove her claim of being the direct descendant of Constantine, the last emperor of Byzantium, has at last been successful, the Russian synod acknowledging her rights, and the Russian government will pay her an annual pension. Her husband is an English officer.

German princesses are said to be as good cooks as housekeepers. The Empress Augusta was a skilled dressmaker. Some of the English princesses are trained in the profession of nursing. The Princess of Wales is an accomplished bookbinder. Queen Wilhelmina is said to be a good cook and laundress. For a total lack of interest in homely, old-fashioned pursuits, it remained for the American girl to show what really could be done in that line.

The Empress Frederick is said to be a most energetic woman. She delights in getting up at 6 o'clock in the morning, takes endless excursions, and has a mania for acquiring information of a detailed character. It is said that the Prince of Wales was once asked whom he considered the cleverest woman among his friends. He answered that if modesty did not forbid he would name his sister, the Empress Frederick. This was doubtless pleasing to the rest of his feminine relatives and acquaintances.

Not long ago the Princess Charles of Denmark was waiting at a railway station to receive a distinguished guest when she saw a reporter scribbling industriously in a notebook. The princess and the reporter caught each other's glance for a moment, then the royal lady began to make an entry in her own notebook. With a glance toward the reporter she tore out the leaf, dropped it on the platform, and walked away. Of course the excited journalist seized it. Opening it he read: "I wish I were a reporter." He is still wondering.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

A baker's oven on wheels has been patented by a Swedish woman the heat being imparted by a fireplace or oil burner suspended underneath, with flues extending into the body of the wagon to circulate the heat around the shelves.

Ladies' hair can be rapidly dried after washing by a new invention, in which a lamp is placed in a casing at the rear of the chair to heat the top plate set in such a manner that the hair can be spread out on it to receive the heat.

In a new method of cushioning a bicycle frame against sudden shocks vertical sockets are placed on the ends of the hubs, with an inflatable cushion in the bottom, on which projections from the frame rest to deaden the action of rough roads.

Tapers for lighting chandeliers are ignited without the aid of matches by a Wisconsin man's improvement, consisting of forming a match head on the end of the taper, so that a small amount of friction will light it and start the taper burning.

To spread the fingers and cause them to retain that position to fit the hand for piano playing a new stretcher has slings to engage the thumb and little finger, carried by nuts set on a screw-threaded rod, the latter being turned to spread the nuts apart.

The ends of the inner tube of a bicycle tire are joined to form a continuous passage for the air in a Massachusetts man's patent, each end of the tube being provided with an open nipple, with a collar to connect the two and form an air-tight joint.

Bags can be securely closed by a handy new fastener, which does away with the delay of tieing a string around the mouth, a piece of wire being formed with a spring at the center and a hook-eye at opposite ends which can be quickly connected around the bag.

SCRAPS.

Mrs. Annie Besant is said to have renounced England altogether and to have adopted eastern customs of living as well as thinking.

An Ohio man has sued for divorce from his wife on the ground that she "bossed" him and forced him to do the family washing and cooking.

The strongest sentiment of the Turk is his reverence for his mother. He always stands in her presence until invited to sit down—a compliment he pays to no one else.

The use of coffee as a beverage began in southern Arabia in the latter half of the fifteenth century. It was introduced into Constantinople in 1554 and into Venice in 1615.

Major Marchand was the son of a widow, and as such exempt from military duty. His mother was at first opposed to the army, and started him in life as a lawyer's clerk.

The four largest Protestant denominations are as follows: Methodist (all branches), 16,062,490; Baptist (all branches), 13,012,892; Presbyterians (all branches), 4,747,232; Lutherans (all branches), 4,308,752.

"Mrs. Highroller is going to have an 'Omar Khayyam' afternoon." "Who is this 'Omar Khayyam,' Mrs. Flimflam?" "I don't know; but we can rest assured he is all right if Mrs. Highroller has taken him up."—Puck.

Rudyard Kipling has seldom been known to write a long letter.

GARIBALDI'S NERVE.

The Daring and Dramatic Method of His Entry Into Naples.

A writer who reached Naples a few days after the event, heard from the lips of the people an account of the taking of that city by Garibaldi, says the San Francisco Argonaut. The king was still there, the Neapolitan police were sullen and inactive, what the action of the military would be was not known, and upon it depended the fortune of the hour. The people turned out in a body to witness the arrival of Garibaldi. Numbers of them climbed upon the engine and cars of the slowly approaching train which bore the general and his staff to the city. Entering a carriage with Cozens, Garibaldi started, followed by three other carriages containing his officers of staff. The fortress of St. Elmo bristled with guns and gunners, and they were ordered to fire and clear the streets with grapeshot as soon as the Garibaldians were within range.

On the carriages came slowly, amid a roar of "vivas." As it approached the guns of Castelle Nuovo the artillerymen, with lighted matches in their hands, pointed their guns. At that moment the voice of Garibaldi rose above the uproar, commanding: "Slower! Slower! Drive slower!" This he reiterated until the frightened coachman instinctively obeyed the man whom no one disobeyed. Then, under the very mouth of the guns, and before the gunners who were already under orders to fire, Garibaldi rose to his feet in the carriage, with one hand on breast, and looked fixedly at the artillerymen. A silence fell upon the tumultuous crowd. Those who were present declared it was as if Garibaldi magnetized them. Three times the order to fire was given, and, with his own fate and Italy's in the balance, the general stood looking upon the men. At the third order the gunners flung away their matches, threw their caps in the air and shouted: "Viva Garibaldi!" The city was taken.

ITS NAME IS NAMELESS.

How a Georgia Town Came to Get Its Queer Title.

J. R. Shepard, a prominent citizen of Nameless, Laurens county, Ga., was in the city recently and while here told how his town got its queer name, says the Macon Telegraph.

"After the postoffice authorities at Washington decided to give us a postoffice," said Mr. Shepard, "the question of naming it arose. I had interested myself in getting the office and therefore it was by common consent left me to suggest a name to the authorities. Accordingly I sent on a name that I thought was a beauty, and while awaiting a reply I pictured how some day that same name would be known all over the country and that the town would grow and blossom as a rose, for I believe that there is much in a name. Finally the answer came back that, while the name I had suggested was a good one, it was too similar to another postoffice in Georgia.

"Then I put my brain to work on another name. I just knew they would accept it, but the same answer came back as before. Still another and another name was sent and each time the authorities would write back that there was either another postoffice in the state by that name or that it was so much like some other name that if it was adopted there would be confusion in the mails. At last I sat down and wrote out a list of several hundred names and told them that if they could not find one in the list to suit them the office would remain nameless. For I had sugegsted every name I had ever heard of. In due time the answer came back. 'Let it remain Nameless,' and ever since then it has had that name, which, while a little odd, is not such a bad name after all."

Dog Tags in Vienna.

Vienna papers have been publishing some details of the dog registration system for the past year. The municipality of Vienna has some 36,000 of numbered medallions in store, and the total income accruing from the same amounts to $65,500. As each mark costs $2—32,750 dogs pay this tax in a year. The government takes its clippings and the residue goes to the poor. But law and fashion in Vienna allow the citizen to choose his own number, if that number is free, and of course some ciphers are the favorites—13 is avoided and No. 1 is in fierce demand. It is generally bespoken years before the death of the happy hound or his master. Other numbers coincide with houses, dates, regiments, the age of one's tailor bill, etc., and would fetch a fancy price from wealthy purchasers if the system so allowed, and it is suggested that the poor box should be enriched by this change. One popular Hofrath has two numbers, one for his own dog and one for his wife's. The first number he holds on lease, it remains fixed at 39, the other is considerably in advance and changes with the year. The first he gives as his own age, and the second as his wife's and, to the indignation of the lady, the latter is true.

A New Mineral.

A new mineral has been discovered at Alichar, in Macedonia, by Professor Krenner, who named it lorandite. It is found in short prismatic crystals, and more rarely in rhomboidal prisms. Its color varies between cochineal and cardinal red; the crystals are transparent and flexible, like those of gypsum.

A Drug in the Market.

Alice—I take his professions of attachment for just what they are worth.

Edith—They are so plentiful that I should think he would be glad to dispose of them at half price.—Bay City Chat.

THE "DUM-DUM" BULLET.

German Military Expert's Favorable View of Its Effects.

Dr. Von Bruns, professor of international law at Tubingen university, recently published a pamphlet, in which he pleaded, in the interests of humanity, for an international interdiction of the "dum-dum" bullet, says the London Mail. The professor acknowledged that the use of the bullet was justified in the colonial or Indian wars, where the fight is generally at close quarters, and often between man and man, and where it is a question of European totally disabling his opponent or being at once struck down himself. In wars between Europeans, however, where the combatants are generally far apart, the professor considers that the bullets in question are not only unnecessarily inhuman, but are less effective than ordinary bullets. Surgeon-General Dr. Korting, surgeon-in-chief of the 1st German army corps, who has been carefully studying the reports of the Italian hospital corps on its experiences in the late campaign against Abyssinia, now writes, says our Berlin correspondent, as follows: "The Italian projectile (soft lead, copper mantle, 6.5 mm. calibre), with great penetrating power, produced small inlet and outlet apertures, bone fractures, and altogether a smooth wound canal. On the other hand, the hard lead projectiles of the Abyssinians (Gras and Remington, eleven millimeters) exploded in the soft parts and shattered the bones. The effect was that Abyssinians, even when shot in several places, were able to continue fighting. Out of a hundred Abyssinians who applied for relief to the captured Italian doctors 8 per cent presented themselves without any support, in spite of the fact that some of them were shot through the breast. In reality only those men who had been wounded by artillery were brought on stretchers. Within three weeks thousands of Abyssinians were healed in spite of the primitive bandaging. The results on the Italian side were infinitely less favorable. The troops of the Negus had also soon discovered that the small caliber weapon used by the Italians was absolutely inadequate, and when they were given the muskets and ammunition captured from the Italians they filed through the copper-end covering of the bullets in order to increase their efficacy. The English troops did exactly the same thing and for the same reason during the Chitral campaign, whereupon a tremendous storm of indignation arose, which penetrated even to the congress hall of the Berlin surgeons. I am of an another opinion. The war experiences referred to above show rather that the minimum caliber has been reached, and that in a number of cases sufficient to influence the result of the battle the mantled bullet of muskets under 8.9 millimetres does not suffice to put the enemy 'hors de combat.' The filing through the point of a mantled bullet is, in my opinion, an act of self help against an enemy on whom the unimpaired bullet does not inflict sufficient injury."

BISMARCK'S BETROTHAL.

He Made Public Announcement of It Against Opposition.

A correspondent of the Chronicle, writing of Bismarck's engagement to Fraulein von Puttkamer, says: "The young lady's parents knew Bismarck's awful reputation as a viveur, and his nickname of "Mad Bismarck." They were very conservative and strait-laced. As such they were strongly averse to any union with the avowed representative of antagonistic opinions and forbade their daughter to accept the advances of her suitor. But they had to deal with a man who refused to be thwarted in any of his purposes, and they found that their opposition was useless and even dangerous. Finding himself unwelcome, Bismarck adopted a plan which, unconventional as it was, met with full success. Having been informed that he would not be received if he called, and knowing that the Puttkamers were to give a large evening party, to which he had naturally not been invited, he nevertheless made his appearance in the crowded drawing rooms on the appointed night, and offering his arm to Fraulein von Puttkamer, boldly passed with her from group to group, and audibly informed all the guests that he was betrothed to her. Startled and stunned by the audacity, the parents had not the presence of mind to deny the engagement on the spot. Subsequently prudence and common sense prevailed over wrath and prejudice and they decided to give their formal consent rather than brave what would have been a public scandal more compromising to their daughter than marriage. In July, 1847, Bismarck was married to the lady, who was nine years his junior, and she made him an ideal wife. "You little know what this woman has done for me," Bismarck once said when speaking of his wife to Signor Crispi.

One Steady.

Lipper—Met Bateman this morning. He said he was fishing yesterday and that he fished for eight steady hours without a bite. Do you believe it? Chipper—The hours may have been steady enough, but he wasn't. I saw him when he came home.—Richmond Dispatch.

Breaking It Quietly.

Man (hurriedly)—"Are you Miss Dawson, mum?" "Yes." "Well, I've been sent to tell you that your husband's head has been broken, mum, and I'm to break it to you, gently, mum."—Punch.

Indelicate.

Miss Basseo (giving a dinner)—This wine is over forty years old. Idiot thoughtlessly)—Bottle it yourself?

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