TWO WALK TOGETHER

Bear with me kindly, comrade, The way to you is bright; The path of duty stretching out, Inclear, straight lines of light. Your heart is young, your vision keep The goal you plainly see; Bear with me kindly, comrade It is not so with me

Too frail to walk beside thee. I tag some steps behind; And the narrow steps so plain to you I cannot always find. My eyes too dim to reach the goal, See but the nearer tomb; Thou hast the morning glory, But I—the nightshade's gloom.

Yet we may walk together; If we but "be agreed, To have one hope, one aith, one aim, One Helper in our need. His love can make strong souls like you And faulterers such as I-Walk peacefully together here, And rest together by-and-by.

THE DEATH TRAP.

BY LUCY M. HOOPER.

Few persons who were in Paris . n New Year's Day, 1885, but ret in a vivid recollection of its horress. The evening closed in mild and transquil, but the night was full of per 13 About 11 o'clock a fine drizzling rain set in that froze as it fell, and covered the whole of the vast city with a sheet of ice as smooth as a mirror, on which neither man or beast could stand erect nor walk with safety. The festivities of the season had called a great many persons from their homes on that evening, and the miseries of those who found themselves forced to traverse distances without the aid of a conveyance ann readily be imagined, for the called en all struck work and went Ladies in evening dress, white alippers and opera cloaks were to be seen clinging to railings and lamp-nests, and weeping in very helpless as of terror, unable to stir a step. Horses lay mouning with fractured limbs on the glassy roadway, and men slipped and tottered and fell, some receiving injuries from which they never recovered.

I had been dining with an old college friend. It had been a bachelor party, and a merry one; and it was past 12 o'clock when we broke up. Of course there was a shout of dismay from the whole party. some dozen in all, when we discovered the condition of the street; but there was no help for us. We could not all go back to quarter ourselves on our host in his small, bachelor lodgings, and so we set off on our different ways. To make matters worse our host lived on the left hand of the Seine, not far from the Luxembourg Gardens, so that most of us were at an interminable distance from home. I myself was stopping at the Hotel de France, on the Rue St. Honore, three miles off.

One other of the party had to go there also. He was a handsome young fellow from the provinces, named Gustav Veron e. who had, as I heard from another of the guests, lately inherited a good deal of money, and has come up to Paris to see life. I could hardly claim him even as an acquaintance, or we had met that evening for the first time. As we went out into the street, he asked to what quarter of Paris I was going; and on learning my destination, cried:

"Well, I'm going a stone's throw from there, so come, and we will walk

He was not only in full evening very elaborate one. His low, open vest showed a shirt front fabulous fineness, whereon glittered three diamond studs, stone of no inconsiderable size, and of the purest water. Four buttons, also of diamonds, closed his vest, and he wore on the little tager of his left hand a handsome solitaire. thought all this rather bad taste; but he seemed like a thoroughly good fellow, and his manners were certainly very interesting. We got along pretty well for about half an hour, slipping and sliding and stumbling about, and then tailing. At last my companion slipped and fell again, and when he strove to rise, sank back, uttering a stiffed groan.

"Have you hurt yourself?" I asked, anxiously, assisting him to He fell back with another groan.

"I fear that my knee is injured," he said. "I can hardly stand." With difficulty I got him at last on his feet. But every step he took gave him pain. Of course I could not go

off and leave him alone. Meantime, not a human being was in sight. "Where are we?" he asked,, faintly. I made my way to the nearest

corner, and read the name of the street. "The Rue de Rislay," I replied,

coming back. "I have not the least idea where we are," he said. "I never heard of

that street." By this time I was feeling pretty well exhausted. I began to be thoroughly discouraged.

"Our best plan," I said, "is to look for some hotel where we can pass the night. It is of no use trying to go any farther. There is not a vehicle of any sort to be had."

"You are right. But where can we find a hotel? As he spoke, a man in a blouse,

with a pipe in his mouth, swung himself under the shadow of an archway near by.

"If these gentlemen wish, I can show them a hotel close by," he said in a civil tone.

"Do so, and we will give you five francs for your pains," cried Veronge, impulsively. "We are strangers in Paris, you see, and I have not an idea which way to turn."

"Ah, monsieur is a stranger in Paris? Will monsieur lean on me? The hotel is not far off-not five steps distant, in fact."

It was very near. A little farther. n truth, than our officious friend had stated, but still just around the my amazement I found that the in rang my bell, ordered the usual nearest corner.

It was an ancient-looking, whitethe street, with a small garden in front of it. No name was painted across the front of the house, as is red lamp, with the word, "Hotel" on it in black letters, was set in an iron framework projecting above

the door. We paid our conductor, who shambled down the street, after casting a last glance at the glittering studs and vest buttons which Veronge displayed as he threw back his overcoat in order to get out the money.

A sleepy-looking old woman in a no "under the bed" at all. calico short gown and petticoat, and with a yellow silk handkerchief tied about her head answered our summons at the door of the little hotel.

"Oh, yes, you can have rooms certainly, though the house is very full. Monsieur has hurt his knee, has he? Then monsieur shall have the ground- get in how could Veronge have got bit of roll in my pocket, and prepared monsieur I must pray to mount to room, where was he? Could anyone the third floor.'

er? 'suggested Veronge. "Impossible! Quite impossible fact, the two rooms I have offered are the last that are left, for the

While talking she had lighted a couple of candles and preceded us along a narrow passageway at the end of which was a door, which she unlocked and threw open with a flour-

"You see, you could not be better lodged in the Grand Hotel."

The room looked comfortable. was long and narrow. There was one window at the left-hand side as we entered. The bed stood in an alcove draped with hangings of green moreen. The window was protected outside by a massive iron grating, such as is usually employed I advanced to this window, and, holding my candle aloft, peered out into the darkness. I could see that it ance and have plunged headforemost opened into a sort of narrow yard, into some horrible abyss. Yes, the terminated by a high bland wall. The old woman, troubling herself very little about my scrutiny of the friend's fate.

When our old conductress had got | self sufficiently to continue my exthe fire well under way she rose and amination of the hideous trap into testified her intention of accompany- which I had so nearly fallen. ing me at once to the room destined needed some minutes' repose to minded of the occurrence that gave for me. It was up three flights of enable me to proceed in my him his first start in life. Thirty stairs, but was snug and comfortable investigations. When I did so I was years ago he was a poor boy earning was killed," replied Hancock. enough, though rather small. The old woman lit my fire, as she had done that of Veronge, and then went

Tired as I was, I had no notion of going to sleep without paying a last | held up by some strong springs, such visit to Veronge, to see if he needed my as serve to close the doors of public help in undressing. So, merely waiting to pull offmy overcoat and rain- of pressure was necessary to force soaked boots, I went downstairs

I found Veronge sitting by the fire, and nursing his aching knee with a very dismal expression of countenance. He brightened up at once when he saw me enter, and became, in spite of his pain, quite chatty and | a division in the center. confidential. When I rose to retire, which I did in about half an hour, and peered down into the depth thus feeling wofully tired, he would not revealed. The same cold, damp air hear of my departure.

while; 'tis only 2 o'clock, and I have mouldness of the cellar. I listened such a story to tell you.'

Veronge plunged into some inter- tion. Who could tell what unseen minable history of college scrapes eyes might be watching my every and adventures. The arm-chair in which I sat was soft and comforta- | be alert to catch the slightest sound ble, the fire gave out a drowsy heat, that might suspicion or detection? | stopped in time and a purse was the story was stupid, and in fifteen At first I thought of tying a cord to minutes I was fast asleep.

It seemed to me that I had just lost consciousness, when I was suddenly awakened by a terrible shriek, a cry as if for help, with which it appeared to be my own name was mingled. I started bolt upright, wide-awake in an instant. All around was still. The candle was extinguished, but the room was lighted by the rnddy glow of the fire in the grate. So profound was the silence that the patter of the rain against the window-panes was distinctly audible. Veronge was nowhere to be seen.

per, not wishing to wake him were he sleeping, "have you gone to bed?" There was no answer. I stretched myself, yawned, and took a look at ing, I should find myself in a narrow | taneously.

have been dreaming. I had best get

to light it at the fire. As I did so it struck me that the room was strangely, unnaturally quiet; not a sound, at which I could quit the premises not even that of heavy breathing, betrayed the presence of the sleeper in the alcove. That horrid cry. too, deliberation. I extinguished my was still ringing in my ears, so I resolved that I would take one glance along the passage and up the stairs,

thought; and so it will be a charity unmolested, bolted myself in securely,

to arouse him," the curtain and looked in. There proach of morning. was no one there. The bed was in | Oh, the long, long hours! How indisorder, the covering tossed aside terminable they were, and how slowand the pillow pushed away, but it ly they were passed! How often the was untenanted. The alcove was squeak of a mouse in the wainscotsmall; there was barely room in it ing, or the snapping of a coal in the for the bed, a small washstand and grate clilled the blood in my veins a little night table, so that I saw the and paralized me with terror! Often whole extent of it at a glance. For too, I would drop asleep, only to the moment I did not expect that start awake the next moment with anything was wrong. I thought the death-shriek of Veronge ringing that Veronge, like the mere boy he in my ears. I thought that the was, had hidden away somewhere to | night would never end. At last the

"come out here. Where are you?" | and the friendly morning peered in

out to awaken me.

There was no reply; Repressing a growing feeling of anvestigate every corner of the room. was no where to be discovered. Yet edge nor inquietude.

be walking in his sleep.' With that idea I advanced to the tense at making a finished toilet, door and endeavored to open it. To and whistling a merry tune. Then I

side bolt was shut. It was evident washed building, standing back from that Veronge had quitted the room Yet, where was he? He could not have gotten out of the iron-grated window, and the room had but a sinusual with Parisian hotels. Only a gle door. Ah, the bed-under the

bed? I had not looked there. Doubtless he was lying there and chuckling over my perplexity. "Ah, the rascal!" I said to my-

self. I have him now!" I advanced to the bed, lifted the valance of green moreen, and found that the bedstead was a sort of solid box that continued to the floor, so that there was, technically speaking

I was now completely bewildered. Of course any species of foul play seemed out of the question. The bolted door and barred window seemed to settle that matter, so far as the entrance of any male actor was concerned. Yet, if no one could floor room, of course. The other out? And if he had not quitted the to go. have gotten in by a secret entrance "Could we not have rooms togeth- while we slept? With that idea I started to investigate the walls. | that I ventured to draw my breath Two sides of the wall were of course The old woman was wide awake by accounted for, as outside of one lay pavements, and I had no difficulty in -" this time, and very energetic. "In the passageway, and on the other the linding a cab. I hailed the first one open yard. I carefully examined the I saw passing, jumped in, and cried wall opposite the door. All solid and to the driver: house has a good name, though it is smooth there; no trace of an opening anywhere. Then I proceeded to the alcove. Here I found rather more were considerably in my way. But I faint. managed to satisfy myself that the wall at each end of the bed was all

> right. Next I turned my attention to the lean across the bed; so I knelt upon myself I leaned my weight on the cenon the bed it gave way suddenly benoisome air streamed upward to my should have inevitably lost my balbed opened downward in the middle. | From the Man About Town in the Star. I had solved the riddle of my poor

premises, was engaged meanwhile in | I staggered backward, heartsick lighting the fire, which was laid all with amazement and dismay. It was | Scotch accent, was chatting with ready for the match in the little grate. some moments before I recovered my- some friends in the Fifth Avenue lobamazed at the horrible simplicity of the whole contrivance. The bed itself, instead of being a solid mattress, was merely two enshioned doors, fitting close together in the center and buildings or stores. A certain amount open these divisions. Each side was covered smoothly with linen, and so closely did the two divisions fit that a glance would have revealed nothing unusual about the appearance of the bed. It merely looked like one of full speed, and half a hundred feet those mattresses which are made with

I carefully pressed the door open that I had noticed before rushed up "Sit down," he cried; "sit still for a into my face, redolent of the chill Not a sound was heard from below. So down I sat, and lit a cigar, while I dared make no farther examinamovement, what hidden ears might my candle and of lowering it down into the abyss, but I abandoned the project almost as soon as I conceiv-

Poor Veronge was dead! Of that there could be no doubt. The fiends who planned that murder trap were not likely to leave their work half finished. All that was left to me now was to avenge his fate; that is, if I did not share it.

I sat down to meditate over my course of action, and collect my scattered thoughts. My first impulse was "Veronge!" I called in a half whis- how was such a feat possible? The at the same time. Harris was on window of the room was securely closed with Iron bars. Moreover, I did succeed in forcing out the grat- Thus cross firing, both fired simulyard, enclosed on all sides by a high "Half past 3," I muttered. I must | wall. Any attempt to leave the house by the door would of course to bed as fast and as quietly as pos- arouse the suspicions of the inmates, sible. I had no idea that I had slept | who were doubtless on the alert. But one course remained to me, and I took up my candle and essayed that was to return as stealthily as possible to the room assigned to me. there to await the arrival of the hour without exciting suspicion.

I came to this resolve after much candle, crept softly and stealthy "He might have the nightmare," I that I took. But I gained my room and throwing myself on the bed with-So I advanced'to the alcove, lifted out undressing I awaited the ap-

give me a fright and had then cried | window slowly grew a glimmering square; the pale light of dawn showed "Veronge," I called impatiently, me the shape of things about me, upon me once more. Yet I did not dare to arise and go forth at once. I noyance, I set to work at once to in. must linger still until my hour of rising would be sufficiently late to be-My task was a short oue. Veronge tray neither compromising knowl-

there lay his clothes. How could he, At last, about 8 o'clock, I got undressed and lame, have quitted the up from my comfortless couch, room? A sudden thought strack me. adjusted the disorder of my "Poor fellow!" I thought; "he must dress, bustling as I did so about the room, with a great pre-

French early breakfast of a roll and a cup of coffee, and asked for my roll to be sent at the same time. The coffee was brought by the same old woman who had admitted Veronge and myself the night before.

"The friend of monsieur left about half an hour ago," she said as she set down the tray. "He left no message for monsieur.

"Friend! He was no friend of mine. met him accidentally in the street last night," was my reply, given in as gay and careless a tone as I could

well assume' "Indeed! Well, his knee hurt him and he could not sleep; so he sent Jean for a cab, and went off soon after daybreak this morning."

I made no answer, but continued to crumble my bread and stir my soon as the old hag had quitted the room I emptied the contents of the coffee-cup out of my window, put a

No one offered any opposition to my departure, but it was not till I found myself fairly in the open street freely. The ice was melted from the

"To the Prefecture of Police at once, as fast as you can drive!" Then, as the carriage started, I fell difficulty, as the heavy bed-curtains down in the bottom of it in a dead

An hour later the accursed den and its inmates were in the bands of the police. The latter comprised the old woman, a man who seemed to be the wall at the opposite side of the bed. proprietor (who was no other than To investigate that I was forced to the man who had accosted Veronge and myself the night before, and who the edge of the bed, and to steady | had guided us to the house), and two young and showy-looking females, ter of the bed. As I leaned my weight | who, as I afterward learned, were the decoy ducks of the establishment. neath my hands. A rush of cold, Guided by me, the able and intelligent chief-of-police made a thorough on ground-floor windows in France. | nostrils, and had I not clutched at | invesigation of the murderous apthe bedpost with my other hand I paratus of the ground floor, bedroom.

How He Got a Start.

A tall, portly man, with a homely but expressive face and a pronounced by. I recognized him as Hon. John H. Leeds of Connecticut, and was rea mere pittance. To-day he is rich, much to say in Connecticut affairs, and lives in a fine mansion at New Haven. When a lad he discovered some tramps endeavoring to wreck a train on the New York & New Haven road, in a spirit of revenge for having been thrown from a train. They had heaped up a number of railroad ties on the track, just before a fast express from Boston was due. At the point where the obstruction was placed the train would be going at ahead was the bank of a river. If the express struck the pile of ties it would certainly have been derailed, and, plowing ahead, would have gone

down into the river. Young Leeds knew the train was due in a very few minutes when he discovered the tramps at work. He could not attack them single-handed. neither had he time to remove the big ties if he succeeded by any divice in scaring them away. So he ran to meet the approaching express, waving his red shirt. The train was raised for young Leeds and the tramps were captured. Leeds was given employment in the railroad company's office and a life pass on the road. He rose rapidly by honest endeavor, has held many public offices of trust, and served in the

Assembly for several terms. Shot Off His Companion's Gun

I was hunting quail near Reidsville, N. C., six years ago, with S. S. Harris and James Play, of that town. Harris and myself were walking side to escape from the house at once. But | by side, when two birds were flushed my left and fired at the bird on my right, I ffring at the one on his left.

> Harris killed his bird, but I did not. Harris said my powder was not good. We walked on about thirty paces, when Harris lowered his gun to extract the empty shell. Suddenly he exclaimed: "Look! the end of my gun barrels

> have bursted off. We examined them and found they were not bursted, but I had shot them off as smothly as if they had

> been corn stalks when they fired. We walked back to the spot and found five inches of his gun barrels lying there. I have one of the pieces truth-nothing fishy about it. If you desire reference I refer you to Mr. George Cary Eggleston.—Cor. New York Evening World.

School Teachers.

If every new girl who is introduced as a school teachers should be "dropped" by the board when she proves to be a failure, we would soon have no teachers, or good ones at least. It is strange, but a fact, that, as usthree years, seem utterly hopeless, while on the other hand, those who start out most promising, too often becomes worthless. While the Normal school lays a good foundation, it does not finish a teacher-in fact, "making a teacher" only commences when she makes her debut in the school room. The superintendent's struct, and discipline her, for thorough, reliable teacher, and then -she goes off and marries, generally.

The surest way for a man to have greatness thrust on him is to get himself lost in Africa-

A BATTLE-FIELD JOKE.

A Man Must be Killed When He

Says He Is. Only this week I was reading Gen. Doubleday's story of Gettysburg, and the day before I had seen the old general on the street, says a writer in the New York Star. His presence in New York and his book combine to recall to my mind a very practical joke that was played upon him at Gettysburg by Capt. Joe Parker of Gen. Hancock's staff. Col. Billy Wilson and Joe Parker were Gen. Hancock's pets. They were both young, full of mischief, and only saw the ludicrous side of everything, no matter how serious.

In the very white heat of the battle coffee with pretended indifference. As on Cemetery hill, July 3, 1863, Gen. Hancock was severely wounded, and Capt. Parker immediately rode off to find Gen. Doubleday, who was the senior division commander, and put him in command of the second corps. He found Doubleday sitting under a big tree. He saluted him quickly, and said: in and the warfare they have to pass "Gen. Doubleday, Gen. Hancock has | through." been seriously wounded and you will

> Just at that moment, before he had time to finish the sentence, "assume command of the corps," a shell burst directly over the general. The shock half stunned him, and he fell over, ex-

claiming: "Oh, I am killed! I am killed!" Capt. Parker couldn't resist this opportunity for a joke, and he rode off rapidly in search of Gen. Gibbon. He found him and reported to him that Doubleday had been killed and Hancock had been wounded, and that he has to take command of the corps. The news spread rapidly that Doubleday was dead, and Capt. Parker so reported to Gen. Hancock. A few hours later a railroad train containing Hancock, his staff, and a number of wounded officers was moving toward Baltimore. Hancock was lying on a stretcher suffering intensely, but his mind and sympathy went out toward his division

were dead or wounded. "It's too bad about poor Doubleday's death," said he to a wounded officer sitting near him, who was shot in the

commanders and his other officers who

"Doubleday isn't dead," replied the officer. "I saw him in command of the corps after you were wounded and two hours before I left the field."

"Why, Joe Parker told me that he Parker, who was in the front car has cut a wide swath in politics, has with the boys having fun, was immedi-

ately summoned He appeared before Hancock, who said: "Capt. Parker, didn't you tell me that Gen. Doubleday was killed?" "Certainly I did," replied Joe. "He

Despise the suffering in the car there was a hearty laugh, and Parker went back to his companions. As he closed the car door he heard Hancock re-

"That boy will never see anything serious in the most serious things of

this life." Poor Joe Parker and his counterpart, Col. Wilson, are both dead, while the old general of whom Gen. Hancock told this amusing story walks along Broadway app rently as healthy and hearty as a man of 50.

Rosa Bonheur's Cross. Rosa Bonheur, the great animal painter, wears the cross of the Legion of Honor, and M. Rene Peyrol, her brother-in-law, now tells us how the distinction was gained. The empress asked for it for the artist, but the re quest could not be granted. The cross had never been given to a woman, and the ministers protested against a precedent. But the empress bided her time till the following year, when, during the absence of the emperor in Algeria, she acted as regent. One morning a servant hurriedly entered Rosa Bonheur's studio with the an nouncement that the empress was be low. In another minute she was in the studio borrowing a pin from one of her ladies. The empress then kirsed the artist, who, glancing down, saw the cross of the Legion of Honneur pinned on her breast.

Cat-Killers.

"Cat-killers" are not numerous, but the few who monopolize the trade make a great deal of money out of it. They walk through Paris about midnight, with a sack and a couple of terriers, and when they catch sight of a stray puss off go the dogs, who seldom return to their master without their prize. Their skins are sold to furriers and their flesh to the keepers of eating houses in the suburbs, where 'rabbit stew" is a favorite dish. But for stewat my friend to satisfy myself as to which seemed to my excited fancy to now and will mail it to Judge Gilder- ed rabbit one likes to be satisfied that strike?" "I'm just going to arbitrate," When this has been done they are corshake, quiver and creak at every step | sleeve if desired. This is an iron | a bunny had been sacrificed, so the | she said, as the shingle descended and | ered with an enamel made of paste of workmen who delight in this dainty require to see a rabbit's head as a proof of the bonna fides of the dish. This would puzzle an ordinary individual, but the "cat-killer" is a genius and a Frenchman, and is not so easily disposed cf. He also deals in rabbit skins, and has an arrangement with the cooks in the neighborhood to let deduct something from a bill for a him have the heads at the same time as the skins of the rabbits, for his penny or two. By this ingenious method ual, the girls who, for from two to he is enabled to send out to his customers two or three cat's bodies minus finally become the best in the staff, the tails, with each rabbit's head, and one more dainty dish is added to the Parisian menu and eight or ten shillings to the well-filled purse of the exterminator of the feline race. The French capital harbors the largest number of cats of any city in the world in proportion to its size. Whole colstaff and her principal watch, in- onies of them are to be found in the vicinity of the markets, where they three to four years, when she is a feed on broken victuals and make incessant war on the rats.

Success vs. Failure.

Being successful in business is a constant worry that those who owe will not pay you; failure in business is a demand payment. - Atchison Globe.

MILLIONS OF DEVILS

One Hundred Imps to Every Person, According to Mormon Doc-

If the children of Utah believe the teachings of Wilford Woodruff, the successor of Brigham Young and John Taylor in the presidency of the mormon church, life must present a gloomy outlook to their youthful eyes, with small hope of salvation at the end; for it is the deliberate calculation of this aged teacher that each person now upon the earth is individually beset by 100 devits, whose mission it is to betray him into torment. It is a matter of simple arithmetic: 100,000, 600,000 devils fell to the earth with Lucifer; there are 1,000,000,000 on the earth, which gives 100 imps to every man, woman and child. "Now, I want all our boys and girls,"

said President Woodruff recently to the mormon children, "to reflect upon this and to see what danger they are

President Woodruff has an abiding

belief that these agents of Satan have an actual form and can appear in the body before the eyes of men, for he had seen them and battled with them more than once during his eventful career. When in Liverpool in 1840, engaged in missionary work for the mormon church, he was called upon to labor over a woman who was in a terrible rage, tearing her clothes and requiring the strength of three men to hold her in bed. He laid hands upon her and commanded the devil to depart, which it did, and the woman fell into a sleep and awoke restored. But the confines of this American Mediterthe devil who had lost his lodging remained about in the neighborhood and | dare guess at. soon took up his quarters in the body of a little child. The missionary was again appealed to.

"I found it," he relates, "in great distress, writhing in its mother's arms, laid hands upon it and cast the devil out of it, and the evil spirits had no power over the household afterward."

Fooled the Physicians.

The Providence joke on the doctors is similar but much better than the There is a vessel in Puget Sound 122 Garfield one was, because it did not feet long, built of timbers running result fatally. In this case the man from stem to stern, and not one splice was shot in the abdomen, and the doctors, after cutting and probing as deep as they dared, declared that the ball could not be reached, and the best they could do would be to make the man as comfortable as possible until he died. He lingered along, trying hard to die according to instructions until the wife, who was the nurse, learned that the ball was still in him. Then she stammeringly announced that on the day after he was wounded she had found told me he was, and what the devil the ball in the bed where he lay, it else was I to do but to take his word having apparently been shaken out of | Washington. The substructure of the a superficial wound, and had thrown it into the stove. The melted metal was profitably worked in between lifteen rescued from the fire, and when the and twenty places. Some of the coal wounded man saw it he began to re- is so fine and hard as to be called cover at once, and the doctors say it is anthracite. Some of it is bituminous right that he should.—Waterbury American.

The Clothing of Babies.

Although I own that children are now more sensibly clothed than was the case thirty years ago, it is still common to see an infant, who can take no exercise to warm himself, wearing a low-necked, short-sleeved, short-coated dress in the coldest weather. The two parts of the body -viz, the upper portion of the chest and the lower portion of the abdomen -which it is nost important to keep from variation of temperature, are exposed, and the child is rendered liable to colds, coughs and lung diseases on the one hand, and the bowel complaint on the other. What little there is of the dress is chiefly composed of open work and embroidery, so that there is about as much warmth in it as in a wire sieve, and the socks accompany. ing such a dress are of cold white cotton, exposing a cruel length of blue and red leg. I cannot see the beauty of a pair of livid blue legs, and would much rather behold them comfortably clad in a pair of stockings. If the beauty lie in the shape of the leg, that shape will be displayed to as much advantage in a pair of stockings; if it lie in the coloring of the flesh, beautiful coloring will not be obtained by leaving the leg bare; and, from the artistic point of view, a blue or red stocking is indefinitely preferable to a blue and red leg.-Jessie O. Waller in Popular

Science Weekly.

She Arbitrated. "Are you going to strike, ma?" asked the little boy as he tremblingly gazed upon the uplifted shingle. "That's just what I'm going to do." to a furnace, where they are "cured "Can't we arbitrate, ma, before you raised a cloud of dust from the seat of a pair of pantaloons. "I am just going to arbitrate, my son, and this shingle is the board of arbitration."

Wanted a Rebate.

A teacher of a private school not far from New Haven was called upon to child's tuition. The parent asserted that the child had been absent a great deal on account of sickness, and for other reasons. Finally, as a clincher. the thrifty patron of the institution added: "Not only has Johnny been away many days, but he hasn't been ing the hay. The assistant asked on hand at 9 o'clock in the morning three days in the week, and you know it."-New Haven Palladium.

The Mikado.

described by an English traveler who saw him recently on the Shindbaya, a race course at Tokio: "He sat with a table in front of him, covered with a rich silk cloth. He is a dark complexioned man, with more stubbly black hair about his face than is generally worn by the Japanese. The Mikado does not generally show himself in constant worry that those you owe will public, but he is very fond of horse to the youngest baby, and not one of them died."

WASHINGTON.

The New State That Looks Across the Pacific for Asian Com-

The future of the new state of Washington lies in China, Japan and Corea, Its present is assured. The newest civilization in the world gazes across the Pacific into the face of the oldest and offers its trade for the riches of an empire. Toward the setting sun the people of Washington look for their future wealth. The Asiatic coast imports yearly \$300,000,000 of goods, and the greater part of this trade is now absorbed by England. But natural laws will make this traffic drift to our Pacific coast. The saving in distance is alone decisive in favor of America. Asiatics buy canned goods, cheap cotton, flour, meat, lumber, agricultural implements and other mechanical devices. These are the things in which America deties competition, and these are the things that Tacoma and Scattle. the two great ports of Washington. expect to send across the Pacific. It is a tremendous bid that this new state is making for a market which not only England but all Europe will struggle against losing. If Washington surceeds the gain will be that of the whole United States. New England and Pennsylvania are as much interested in her success as are the West and Northwest. The richness of the prize may involve unimagined complications not only with Europe, but with Asia in such ways as to alter materially our present diplomatic relations. In truth there seems more future history of international concern wrapped up in ranean Puget's Sound than anyone But it will be long before Western

Washington becomes a country of crops. The timber that covers it will give its people their chief means of support for at least a century. The trees are enormous. A Washington lumberman sent to San Francisco last year a beam 24 inches thick and 152 feet long. The beam was originally 190 feet long, but it had to be cut on account of trouble in transportation. ed. Spars for shipyards on the Clyde are cut here. Masts are sent to Eagland, France, North Africa and Spanish and Southern America. It is said that during the forest fires of the past summer enough timber has been breaed in Washington to pay off half the national debt. Yet this gigantic loss was not felt, even to increasing the value of what was left. Washington claims to have 20,000,000 acres of the

But lumber is not the sole wealth of country is a coal formation already and some is classed as lignite. Some of these coals will coke admirably, which means that it is almost worth its weight in gold in smelters. Large bodies of iron ore are found in the Cascade Mountains. In Eastern Washington it is claimed that the wheat and corn producing soil is rich and abundant. With natural resources such as these, the new state of Washington regards itself as rich in its own right. without regard to the future of its

The Name "America."

Amerigo Vespucci had no part in the bestowal of his name on the new world. It was the act of a body of learned men. Columbus always believed that the country he had discovered was a part of Asia; but the discerning and comprehensive mind of Vespucci thought differently; he believed it to be a separate continent. His written describtion of the country, its people, climate and productions convinced the learned men of Europe that his views were cor-

Artificial Teeth. The finest artificial teeth are made of the best ivory, but the great majority of false masticators now in use are simply pieces of specially prepared hard porcelain. The following is one of the processes adopted for their manufacture: Fine calcined or roasted quartz powder, well-ground flour-spar, china clay and a very little oxide of tin are very intimately mixed and ground together, and afterward made into a soft paste with water. This paste is poured into moulds of various kinds and sizes of teeth, and allowed to set. The plastic grinders are then transferred -that is, half-baked or hardened. spar and quartz, and finally subjected to an intense heat until they are sufficiently baked, when they are ready for

Absent-Minded.

the dentist. - Surgical Reporter.

There is a man in Weymouth, Mass. who is a little absent-minded. One day he was going to Hingham for a load of hav and intended to get a waron on Pleasant street. He carried his fork in one hand and led the horse with the other, passed by the wagon and walked to that town. He hitched his horse and spoke to a man about stowwhere the wagon was. The words he uttered were: "For heaven's sake, have I left that wagon at home?" He started back after it, and when he was on the top of Fort Hill he discovered that The real Mikado of Japan is thus he had left his horse hitched in Hingham. - Boston Globe.

Perfectly Healthy.

"Is this house healthy?" said a prospective tenant to the real-estate man-"Healthy? Well, I should say." "You speak very positively?"

"Yes, I have a right to. The family in it had the small-pox from the father