

LOVE'S REQUEST.

Parson: When the organ is silent... I will have them, though cracked and broken...

MAID AND MANUSCRIPT.

It was a November night. The city was ablaze with lights. The first snow had fallen, and the air itself seemed light-hearted.

In muffled silence a young man, cloakless and gloveless, hurried by the iron bars that fence in the little acre of the rich toward his lodging-place.

For five years Jack Fleming had lived alone. No one knew very much about him, except that he was a thrifless, indolent genius.

The children were inseparable until Jack was 15 and Dora 12. Then Jack went to college, but every holiday found him at home again, and often books went by the board and Jack came home on the sly to see his little sweetheart.

After three years at college Jack was hopelessly behind in his studies, and his father, still ignorant of the reason, called him a blockhead.

No pleading on the part of Jack could induce the turbulent old man to tell where the Goldthwaits had gone. "Never mind," thought Jack. "I will hear from her soon, and then—"

But no letter came. Weeks lengthened into months, and Jack grew tall and thin. One day he went up to his college town, and an inquiry at the postoffice elicited the fact that several letters had come, up to a month ago, but they had been forwarded to Gramercy park.

That night father and son faced each other for the last time. "Where are the letters Dora wrote to me?" demanded Jack, as he leaned over toward the old man, who stood smiling sarcastically in his face.

housed (as he doubted not it would be) he would send the others in rotation. The next day found Jack poorer and hungrier than he had ever been before in his life.

"One dollar to drive me up to Delmonico's," shouted the man. "But your driver?" asked Jack. "Drunk in a saloon," was the response.

When the once-familiar restaurant came into sight Jack thought, with moisture in his eyes, of the many times he and Dora had lunched in the great dining-room. As he reined up before it, haggard and mud-bespattered, totally different from his old self, he started with amazement.

It was dark before he went back to his little room and stationed himself once more at his window to gaze at the lights in the Goldthwait mansion. He was filled with a conflict of love and pride.

The windows of the great old dining-room were bright with light and their raised curtains gave him a clear view of the place. He saw her flitting about the table as of old, putting the finishing touches on an arrangement of fruits and flowers.

She read it. The old smile played about her lips. The gestures waved the graceful hands. It maddened Jack. He felt that he must be near her once more—must hear her voice again.

A wistaria vine ran down from his window. Clasp the strong dry stalk, Jack descended, until he stood on the fence so dear to his memory. Softly he crept along until he reached the little veranda at the rear of the Goldthwait mansion, and peering through the window he feasted his eyes on the face of the girl he loved.

Jack was overcome as he saw again all the details of the rooms which once had been so familiar to him. He bowed his head. He pushed against the glass of the swinging window. The window opened a trifle. Jack started back frightened, but the air was still outside, and the inmates of the room had not noticed. Now he could hear Dora's voice, it said: "Now, Mr. Langdon, let me read the climax to you before dinner is announced."

Langdon was the name of the English actor to whom Jack had sent his play, and as Dora's sweet voice read on, Jack realized that it was his own comedy she was reading. The climax was rendered with telling effect. The two men leaned forward with interest. "Capital! Capital!" cried Langdon. Jack was filled with intense excitement. His hands were clinched. "Do you accept it?" asked Dora, triumphantly, of the actor. "I do," was the reply. "It is the comedy that I have been waiting for."

recoiled, and that the old gentleman disinherited Jack when he died, and in the third place that Jack had been ever since barely making a living out of literary work and trying to get some one to produce his plays. "We finally got track of him this morning, and this morning, also, I saw the manuscript of this play lying on the table where you had left it when you brought it up from the theater, the words 'My John Fleming' caught my attention at once, and I picked it up and read it. It seemed to me so strange that I made up my mind that you shouldn't send it back without reading it, so I read it to you myself. And now, I shall send for Jack to-morrow, and when he comes I shall have good news for him. And—and good news for Jack is—good news for—for me, you see. So I am very happy."

There was a noise of an opening window, and Jack, wild-eyed and unkempt, but very joyful, stepped in. For a moment they did not recognize him, but when they did— "Well," said Mr. Langdon, "this climax beats anything in your play." —New York Press.

DYNAMITE IN THE GRATE.

Imminent Peril in 'Which Two New Yorkers Thought They Stood.

Two gentlemen who figure extensively in Wall street affairs occupy a small suite of offices in an upper floor of 24 Broad street, New York, says the Times. The wet, chilling atmosphere one day recently hampered them somewhat in their work, and after a brief conference they determined to have a fire built in the one grate, which does duty for two rooms.

The janitor's helper was summoned, and soon a fierce young fire was roaring behind the sheet-iron "blower." So vigorously did the fire roar that one of the gentlemen stepped to the grate and removed the "blower." He was about to remark that coal lasted longer in a slow-burning fire when an object in one corner of the grate caught his eye. He let the blower fall with a bang and retreated precipitately into the other room. "Tom," he cried excitedly, "there's a dynamite cartridge in our grate."

"The deuce there is," said Tom calmly, without looking up from his table of figures. "Yes, I mean it," exclaimed the other with a perceptible tremor in his voice. "Oh, Walter, what are you talking about," said Tom as he arose to take a look at the grate. In an instant, however, his indifferent demeanor left him and he emitted a prolonged whistle. "Sure enough, Walter, there is a cartridge and it's getting hot, too. Get a pail of water and put out the fire."

Half a gallon of water was dashed upon the fire without regard to consequences. There was an incipient explosion, a cloud of steam, and a grateful of sputtering embers. With a wet towel Tom heroically snatched the dangerous cartridge from his hot bed. He examined it carefully, and handing it to Walter, went back to his desk. Walter looked it over, threw it back into the grate and went out for a breath of fresh air. The "cartridge" was one of those round 5-cent savings banks which were so plentiful a year or so ago.

GENIUS AND GREASE.

The Comparative Earnings of Teachers and Cooks.

A year or two ago there was printed a list of questions concerning domestic service in the United States. They were prepared by Miss Lucy Salmon, the professor of history at Vassar college. Among other interesting facts gleaned from the answers to those questions which have lately been made public are these: By a comparison made between the wages received by teachers in the public schools of Cambridge and cooks in the neighboring city, Boston, it is found that 56 per cent of the teachers in the former city earn \$629 a year. If the very small sum of \$285 were deducted for board for one year, this would leave a balance of \$344 or clothing, travel, books, lectures, charity, pew rent and the inevitable rainy day.

The average wages of the Boston cook, are, according to 574 returns, \$1.45 weekly, or 231.40. As the cook has no outlay for food, fuel, light or laundry expenses, it is estimated that this added money value would amount to \$275 and bring her wages up to \$506.50. The difference in the amount of the teacher after paying necessary expenses, and that of the cook, who has no such outgo, would therefore be only \$103. The teacher must dress better, as becomes her position; she must attend lectures to keep in touch with improved methods; she is urged to subscribe from her pittance to journals of education, has street car fare to pay in stormy weather. By comparing two of the tables in the report it is seen that the Boston cook is probably in possession of more money at the end of the year than the average teacher in Albany, Atlanta, Baltimore, New Orleans, Patterson, Rochester and Syracuse.

Johnnie Brown Knew.

A boy about ten years old occupied one of the front seats in an oral examination in history at one of the grammar schools a little over a month ago. He was rather bright looking, and evidently had a very good opinion of his own learning. "Who can tell what slaves and servants of the king were called in England in old times?" asked the teacher. The ten-year-old raised his hand like a rocket. "Well, you, Johnnie Brown." "Serfs, vassals and vassalises," was the reply.—New York Times.

TUITION PAID IN TRADE.

DESCRIPTION OF A QUEER COLLEGE IN LOUISIANA.

It Comes Next to Finding Education in the Mouth of All Them Any Other School—A Bill That Paid on Account.

I spent Sunday in Evergreen. The town takes its name very properly, says a correspondent of the Times-Democrat, and possibly from the pretty fact that the great number of the magnolia grandiflora that gave all the surroundings the appearance of being ever-green.

The town is situated mainly on two streets, one following the trend of the Bayou Rouge, the business street, so that the stores may be accessible for loading on and unloading from the steamboats that come up and down the stream; the other, a street that departs at a right angle from the bayou and runs up the hill to the residential portion of the town. I said steamboats come up the bayou, but one could never believe it to look at it now. Between banks, forty or fifty feet apart, perhaps, and possibly thirty feet or more deep, is the Bayou Rouge, so narrow in most places that a boy can easily straddle it. It can hardly be said to flow. Trickle is a more descriptive word, so narrow is its threadlike water, and just now you would never call it a rouge, for it is clear, though insignificant. But, when the Atchafalaya roars back into it or the Red River roars through it, then its turbid current is red or yellow, and then the boats can come up.

Had nothing else tempted, I should have gone to Evergreen just to gauge the college there. I am now particularly glad I went, because, in its way, it was a revelation to me. I never saw anything aspiring to the name that could be said to come so near placing education within the reach of every one as this. Any one more shifty and adaptive than the president could not be imagined. He loves his vocation and compels success notwithstanding the most untoward circumstances.

By a series of adjustments, founded both on thrift and philanthropy, he so combines and arranges as to make it possible for almost anybody to educate himself, or any parent to educate his boy. Some boys are too poor, or their parents, to pay anything. Very well. That boy pays for his education in work; feeds the hogs, milks the cows, saws the wood, etc. Then parents cannot pay any money—too poor, or failure of crops. Very well. He will take corn, cows, pigs, chickens—what a country merchant would call trade, in pay. The other day he told me that he had taken a large, and no doubt venerable, billy goat in this way.

This may seem amazing, but it is really heroic, philanthropic, and shows remarkable administrative ability. It is heroic because few men could brave derision in making an educational institution move by educating boys through taking pay in wood, work, corn, hogs, butter, etc. But this president was the architect of his own education. He got his by management, honest, tough, and hard work, and without money, and is anxious to assist worthy and ambitious poverty struggling for that best of all earthly prizes—education. He boards his scholars, male and female, in separate buildings at \$10 per month. And he gives them good and abundant fare. And this pays for education, too. If this be not a benevolent institution in disguise, as well as a disguised educational one, I know not what it is.

There is not only cheap education here, but there is pretty solid, old-fashioned discipline. The boys are under the president's eyes. He cats and sleeps under the same roof with them, presides at the table, and meets them in the morning at the chapel in prayer. It is a sort of family circle. Then, when the boys have obtained twenty-five demerit marks, they have an option to either take a sound flogging or be expelled. As a stimulus, however, for a boy to retrieve himself, he can by superior conduct and lessons reduce his bad standing and restore himself.

I went into the home or boarding apartment and saw the boys. They evidently had both a respect and affection for their president, an easy freedom and familiarity of intercourse, with roystering enough to show there was nothing servile and degrading, yet with no touch of presumption or parade of temerity or an affectation of it. Undoubtedly this school is a blessing to the locality. It has an academic course, a partial one, and a business department. It is non-sectarian. Let us cherish all the educational institutions we have. Education is hard enough to secure at best.

Drew the Line at Sniggers.

"Sniggers has got religion and is to be taken into membership of the church next Sunday." "Then I leave." "Why so?" "Free salvation is all very well, even when it does bring every Tom, Dick and Harry into church, but I draw the line at Sniggers." "Why?" "He sold me a horse once."—New York Press.

Sweet Day of Rest.

Joblots—I begin to understand now why they term Rev. Thirly a doctor. Elder Berry—Why? Joblots—His preaching has cured me of insomnia. The mariner's compass was known to the Chinese as early as B. C. 1115.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

Captain and Crew, Cramped Up in a Captured Vessel.

No seaman ever knew a more terrible and unique experience than that which fell to the lot of Captain James Morse, of Philadelphia, an experience that thrilled the sea-going world at that time. Captain Morse had been overtaken by a terrible gale, and while "rigging" one of the tremendous waves which plunged along with high "tripped" the vessel and she was instantly turned bottom up. Captain Morse and a companion were in the cabin at the time, and as the deck was several feet below the surface of the sea they were imprisoned there. They were in absolute darkness, standing in water up to their waists, seemingly helpless and doomed.

But Captain Morse and his companion were not the kind of men to surrender to the seemingly inevitable until forced to do so. Grooping about they found a hatchet and decided to hew their way to the upper air. Knowing that as soon as an opening was made the air, which was then shut in by the arch of the inverted hull, would escape and the water take its place, they were obliged to work with the greatest caution lest they make a fatal leak before there was a hole large enough to permit of their escape, and so he drowned like rats imprisoned there. For days they worked, cutting away the ceiling and planks until they could catch the gleam of light through the thin wood in one place, then cutting again until another part was similarly cleared, and so on until the light, passing through the slight surface, marked the lines of a square place large enough to admit the free passage of a man's body. Then, when every possible preparation had been made, and there seemed to be nothing more that they could do to insure the success of the final move, they knocked out the obstructing square and crawled into the daylight as the water, freed from the opposition of the compressed air, followed them, and the vessel sank lower into the water until the natural buoyancy of the timber checked her.

There they were, perched on the curved surface of a capsize vessel, drifting at the mercy of the seas. But they had no idea of surrender. Having escaped to the light they at once set to work to build up a sort of signal station to attract the attention of any vessel that might chance to come that way, and upon the top they fixed a staff from which fluttered a signal—a shirt.

Fortunately, a brick-laden schooner passing that way sighted the signal of distress, bore down upon and rescued the men, who were almost exhausted by their days of suffering there, their torn hands showing how they had labored there in the terrible darkness, but they soon recovered, and any one talking with the captain today would never suspect that he once dug his way out of the sepulcher of the sea.

HE GOT THERE.

A Dry Goods Clerk Who Sold Things That Were Not Wanted.

"Have you black llama lace?" she inquired, stopping at the linen counter. "No'm, we don't keep lace at this counter, but I have some new damask linen—" "Sir, you are impertinent. I did not ask to see damask—" "Excuse me, ma'am. You should not have stopped to ask questions at the linen counter. I thought you looked like a lady of taste and elegance and would want to inspect our new royal damask imported linens. Mrs. Colonel Jones just ordered a dozen patterns." "H'm! it doesn't cost anything to look at them. Dear me, what a beautiful finish! You may duplicate Mrs. Jones' order. I'm not going (sotto voce) to let the old cat get ahead of me."

"That's what I call a clear case of bull-dozing," said a fellow clerk as the customer walked away. "Oh, that's all right," responded the other; "any fellow can sell a customer the goods that she wants, but it takes an all-fired smart salesman to sell her what she doesn't want."

A Queer Madman.

In the insane ward at Blockley almshouse is a man who, once a prominent figure in Philadelphia councils, is now stark, staring mad. Although a man weighing in the neighborhood of 250 pounds, he is afflicted with the insane idea that he is a baby. One of his favorite pastimes is to lie on the floor, kick his heels in the air and laugh or cry as the mood strikes him. One day last week, while indulging in his favorite occupation, a guard accompanied by several visitors passed through the ward. Immediately the quondam councilman began to raise an awful outcry. The visitors stopped. "What's the matter?" one of them asked in alarm. "Boo-hoo!" cried the 250 pound infant. "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. All you big men standing there and letting a little baby like me lie on the floor. Boo-hoo!"—Philadelphia Record.

American Progress.

Disgusted American, on a dusty road—Well, here we are riding behind a pair of horses and taking their dust, just because our grandfathers did. Friend—What's the matter now? "The horses ought to be hitched at the rear end of the carriage. Quick as I have ten minutes to spare, I'll invent some way."—New York Weekly. Why Satan Smiles. Thinkit!—The rich, the good book says, can't get into heaven. Knowit!—Yes, and the poor can't get into the churches.

IN VENICE.

Shows That Strips a Woman as Being Very Fashionable.

With the puffing of the great engine a shrieking of whistles, and a scurrying of wheels the train rushes into the station at Venice in quite the same manner that one is accustomed to at other places in this country or in Europe. But right there all similarity ceases, according to the Chicago Inter Ocean. You walk out through the great crowded building, and instead of the usual crowd of crying gesticulating cabbies, there greets you a no less noisy, but strangely unfamiliar group of picturesque gondoliers, each with his special craft, that he is at special pains to explain is the very best one in all Venice for the conveyance of yourself and luggage to your chosen hotel.

A great watery boulevard stretches before you, everywhere the sombre gondoliers are shooting out from side streets or keeping their course straight down the Grand canal, and as you step in you feel as though some fairy story of ancient time had become a true and living one of to-day. Your gondolier stands at the stern and propels with lightning speed, and by the use only of one oar, the picturesque boat, until with a skillful turn you find yourself before a flight of steps that mark the entrance to your hotel. Hitching posts for your water horse are on either side of the doorway, and should you care to go out again the concierge will but give a whistle and half a dozen gondolas will glide up swiftly in answer to the call.

In going to market, of course, the same mode of conveyance is employed, and on the Rialto is set forth fish but lately caught in the Adriatic, fruit from the Isle of Lido, other supplies that have been brought by boat from more distant lands, and many small attractive trifles to tempt the foreigner who finds in this strange city a rare charm that is almost a witchery.

Funerals pass by, the dead in the lead, with mourners following in gondolas hired for the occasion or private affairs, though in Venice the law that restricts the decoration to but one color—namely, black—prevents any marked difference being noticeable between the turn-out of a count or a concierge. Such lace to be bought in the prison school near the Bridge of Sighs, where women for a tiny pittance weave the most intricate patterns by a marvelous system of threads and pins. The most expert workers are paid but eight cents a day—imagine what a royal stipend comes to the apprentice. Then there are imitation pearls in their perfect colorings and imperfect shapes, the exact copies of gems so rare a single string would cost a king's ransom, yet rows and rows of their counterfeit may be bought with a five-dollar bill. Turquoise, wood carvings, and mosaics all appeal to woman's fancy and woman's purse, but beyond and above all the pretty pigeons whose indemnity from all harm makes them so friendly with strangers, stand out clearly and distinctly as one of the pleasantest features that is now but a memory of a woman's visit to the aquem—Venice.

THE SUN AND THE STARS.

Astronomy Claims That the Two Bodies Are About the Same.

The sun is a star and the stars are suns. This fact has been a familiar one to astronomers for many years. That the stars shine by their own inherent light, and not by lights reflected from another body, like the planets of the solar system, may be easily proved. That many of them at least are very similar to our own sun is clearly shown by several considerations. Three facts prove this conclusively. First, their great intrinsic brilliancy compared with their small apparent diameter, a diameter so small that the highest powers of the largest telescopes fail to show them as anything but mere points of light without measurable magnitude. Second, their vast distance from the earth, a distance so great that the diameter of the earth's orbit dwindles almost to a point in comparison. This accounts satisfactorily for the first fact. Third, the spectroscope—that unerring instrument of modern research—shows that the light emitted by many of them is very similar to that radiated by the sun.

Their chemical and physical constitution is, therefore, probably analogous to that of our central luminary. The red stars certainly show spectra differing considerably from the solar spectrum, but these objects are comparatively rare, and may, perhaps, be considered as forming exceptions to the general rule. Point to Matrimony. "I am almost certain that Ethel and Algernon will marry one of these days." "I thought they were only friends." "They are in love." "What makes you think so?" "They quarreled the other night and bade each other farewell forever."

Rev. Plink Plank on Education.

It's a good deal better not to know much, dear breddern, dan to know so much that it makes ya feel uncomfortable to talk to any one dat don't know as much as ya do yerself.—New York Herald. An Impossible Event. "They say Cholly has softening of the brain." "I cannot conceive it possible." "Why not?" "Because his brain can not become any softer than it has always been."