

LIVE A HERO AND DIE A MAN.

Bravely into the battle of life,
Bravely into the rattle of strife,
Enter ye hearts that are noble and true,
Doing the work you are fitted to do,
Danger waits those who their duty would shun,
He's safe who feels sure that the field shall be won.
So rest not in zero, rise high as you can;
Live like a hero and die like a man.

Never as now were heroes required,
Never as now the divinely inspired;
The world waits for leaders to lead it along,
In aid of the right and opposed to the wrong;
It welcomes the poet who soars as he sings.

And the word of the Lord which the true prophet brings,
So don't be a Nero, all evil to plan,
But live like a hero and die like a man.

The cross needs uplifting to point men above,
To tell them God lives full of mercy and love;
That no soul need perish, redemption is near,
Though yonder is heaven, the kingdom is here;
That the true life that I lived is the living for others.

For God is our Father and all men are brothers,
So rest not in zero, up, high as you can,
Live like a hero and die like a man.
—Rev. J. P. Hutchinson.

HAPLESS HEZEKIAH.



DON'T know any one for whom I am sorer than I am for Hezekiah Heston.

Hezekiah is a good fellow and always was, but he never seemed to have the luck a real good man should have, and very often does not.

But I have been particularly sorry for him since that Kitty Clone affair. Kitty was by all odds the prettiest girl in town, and Hezekiah, like most of the other courting men in that vicinity, fell in love with her. She was tawny haired, with snapping black eyes and a tongue that was as sharp as a two-edged razor, but she was as bright as a dollar in a basket of chips, and she had only to smile to have a retinue of men at her beck.

I stood closer to Hezekiah than any man in town, and practically knew his inmost thoughts. In fact, I was the only one he confided in after the Kitty Clone affair, Kitty, before that, being a little nearer to him, he thought, than I was.

He confided the whole sad story to me, and I cannot refrain from telling it now.

For some subtle purpose, not at the time apparent, Kitty had indicated very plainly her preference for Hezekiah, and a happier man no one ever saw in our town. But preference, merely, was not what Hezekiah sought, and he let her see that quite early.

It began to happen one moonlight night on her father's porch, where the honeysuckles clambered over the roof and the sweet wild rose vine entwined the corner. Through the trellised vines, the silver shafts of the moon shot that soft light in June and fell in slotted strands over Kitty and Hezekiah sitting in the mellow shadows. If the nightingale had been indigenous to that section, I am sure it would have added its liquid notes to the music in Hezekiah's heart, but there was no nightingale, and Hezekiah did not miss it. Kitty was enough for him, and Kitty sat close beside him, and every word she spoke was a bird song to him.

"Did you know, Miss Kitty," he said, tentatively, for Hezekiah was not a brash lover, and he had not mentioned the sacred subject of love to her, although he had thought up a thousand ways by which he might, and had thrown them all aside when the time came. "Did you know that I have something to say to you?"

"Well," she twinkled, "I should hope you had, Mr. Heston. I'm sure I don't want to do all the talking."

"I could listen to you if you did, I am sure," he replied, with a halting helplessness of manner that men have sometimes in the moonlight.

"That sounds so much like sweet-hearts talk," she twittered, as she shook the gold of her pretty hair out into the line of the silver light with its scent of honeysuckles and roses.

"Perhaps it is," he ventured, doubtfully.

"But I am sure you don't want to talk such nonsense to me," she protested.

"Why not?" he answered so promptly that he frightened himself.

But not Kitty; oh, no.

"Because," she answered, "we have known each other so long that it would sound silly for you to say such things to me."

"Must a man select a stranger if he wants to confide to a woman all that is in his heart?" he inquired with a gravity that made her laugh.

"Oh, I suppose not. Still it doesn't seem quite natural for you to make love to me."

with a shade of reflex action, for the flash of it had dazzled him when he was on the path to telling her what was in his heart.

"Isn't it just the same?" he asked, with a laugh, half of admiration and half of nervousness.

"Oh, of course, but what were you about to say? Excuse me for interrupting you."

"Do you want me to say it?" he asked, so eagerly that she laughed at him again.

"How do I know? It may be something dreadful."

"It is something about the sweetest thing in the world," he said, bravely to her.

"Frank Moore said I was that," she answered, with a demureness that was distracting. "Is it about me?"

Hezekiah got up and walked to the edge of the porch. He looked fiercely up at the moon as if he thought there ought to be blood on it, but there wasn't, and the sweet odors of the night were wafted to him on the silent stirring breeze, and he was soothed.

"Whatever is the matter?" she asked, in the querulous tone of young women under similar circumstances, and he turned to her again.

"Kitty," he said, dropping the polite title of young ladyhood, "it is you, and it is me, too. Both of us," he added, regardless of syntax.

"Who ever said you were the sweetest thing in the world, I'd like to know?" she laughed, and Hezekiah thought he could see the keen edge of her tongue flash in the moonlight.

"You never did," he replied, in the surliest manner.

"Oo," she crooned to him, softly, in the language of the cradle, "has de little toasty woosies pinched his blessed little fun?"

Hezekiah went to the edge of the porch again and was about to shake his fist at the moon, when he saw some one open the gate from the street and come up the walk toward the house. It was the hated Frank Moore, and Hezekiah had only a minute to make his peace with the sarcastic goddess.

"Kitty," he exclaimed, desperately, as he came back to her, "there comes Moore. It's only 9 o'clock and he will stay here all evening. I can't say all I want to say, but I can say this much—I love you, Kitty, and I want you to be my wife. Will you?"

In his excitement he had taken her hand and she had risen to his side.

"Come to-morrow night," she said, in the softest whisper, and the gentle pressure of her hand spoke a sweeter language to him than even the music of her lips.

"Ah, Frank," greeted Hezekiah, as his late rival came up, "I'm glad to see you, real glad"—and he was speaking the solemn truth, for there is no telling how much time he would have wasted if Moore hadn't come just as he did—

"I was about going, and it looks like a pity to leave Miss Kitty all alone amidst this bower of honeysuckles, moonshine, roses and June. Come and take my place. I'm sure she will welcome you with open arms, or words to that effect."

"Why, Mr. Heston," protested Miss Kitty, "you are really brilliant this evening. Who taught you how? It must be an acquired habit. I'm sure it isn't natural."

Moore laughed at this pleasant persiflage of Kitty's. Everybody laughed at Kitty's wit, except the victims of it, but on this occasion, even the victim laughed, for he could yet feel the ecstasy of Kitty's hand clasping his, and could yet hear the music of her words. "Come to-morrow night."

Of course, Mr. Moore apologized for disturbing their tete-a-tete, and said he had merely dropped in for a minute, but men are given to that kind of palliating prevarication, and he sat down in the most comfortable place he could find, before Hezekiah had left the porch.

Hezekiah did not tarry long after this, but Mr. Moore remained for two hours, chattering with Miss Kitty, and then they separated, leaving the moon, the honeysuckles and roses out in the June night all alone. The stars twinkled in the silver blue sky, the fragrance of the flowers filled the air, and, far down the quiet street, Hezekiah sat by his open window dreaming the night away, and there was a smile on his face as if an angel had come in the glory of the moonlight and touched him with the breath of June.

And the next night it rained. But there was sunshine, and moonlight and honeysuckles and roses and June in Hezekiah's heart, and he was promptly in piquant Kitty's pretty parlor early on the night of the morrow which had promised so much to him.

Alas! how easily things go wrong and so forth.

"Won't you?" he pleaded.

"And if I do?" she asked, with a coyness that charmed him.

"You will marry me," he said so firmly that she trembled.

"Then I'll forgive you," and her saucy face was buried in his coat front, and the gold of her tresses threw a soft

light into his face that gave it the look of a seraph.

And it came to pass according to the prophecy of Hezekiah.

That's why I'm so sorry for Hezekiah Heston. I'm Hezekiah Heston, and Kitty has been my wife for twenty years, and her hair is no less tawny, nor is her tongue less sharp, than when the honeysuckles, the roses, the moonlight and June threw their gentle glamour o'er the scene.—Utica Globe.

Effective.
Some beautiful effects in the ornamentation of glass are now produced by Gorlitz, of Zurich, his method in this kind of work being, it is claimed, a decided improvement in the art.

The design is first engraved on a printing plate of rubber, positively, that is, in the same way as that in which it will be afterward seen, and the plate is coated then with varnish color and pressed upon a glass plate; the latter is strewn with bronze powder, sheet aluminum, or other suitable material, the portions forming the design remaining empty, and being, therefore, transparent.

At this stage the glass plate is placed in a frame having a backing of strong paper board, on the front of which is mounted a brilliant sheet of tinfoil or tin plate, provided with prominent squares in suitable positions. The design is thus shown by a brilliant, reflected light through the transparent part of the glass, its other portion forming a backing stamped in relief. Hereafter, raised enameled writing and designs in relief on glass have been produced by means of a brush and thin enamel paint, but Gorlitz uses stencil plates of tinfoil or other flexible material and a glass-powder composition made up of the consistency of molasses, with turpentine and "glaze."

Science and Sorrow.
That sorrow and grief exert a bad influence on the functions of the body has long been known, but the nature of this effect is now receiving careful attention from physiologists. According to Dr. Louise Fiske, sorrow is a disease, and should be treated as such. The internal organs of dogs which have died of homesickness or other forms of depression, show a deterioration similar to that caused by starvation or infectious diseases. Dr. Louise Fiske considers that sorrow, as a disease, must run its course, and that all attempts to banish it and cheer the patient up are futile. As a disease it must be treated in a special way, and she recommends quiet drives in the country, or gentle walks with Nature, in the woods or by the seashore. The patient should not be tasked either in mind or body. The bright, sweet society of children is preferable to that of adults, and the presence of the familiar newspaper or magazine may be a comfort where the most tender and sympathetic friend is troublesome. Mourning wear is, in her opinion, useful for a time, a year at most, because it secures consideration for the sufferer; but if continued too long, it becomes a burden and a source of low spirits.

It Was the President's Sister.
Several years ago a lady entered one of the large dry goods stores in Washington, and the tired saleswoman, coming forward to wait on her, involuntarily said:

"Oh, the violets!"
The lady, who had forgotten she was wearing a bunch of the spring's beauties, as she took them off and handed them across the counter, said:

"Yes, did you not know they are in bloom in the park?"
The other woman's eyes filled with tears as she said:

"Oh, I never see the park now. I am too tired when Sunday comes to go out there."
"But you surely can go some half holiday."

"Perhaps, and I thank you so much for these."
As she was leaving, after making her purchases, the lady said:

"If I call for you Saturday afternoon, can you drive out to the park with me?" Then seeing the gladness in the other's eyes, without waiting for an answer, said: "I will be here at 1 o'clock for you," and handing her card, left the store.

As she passed through the door the saleswoman looked at the card in her hand—it was the President's sister's.

A Faithful Dog.
A coroner's jury at Elizabeth brought out a touching story of a beautiful dog here. Little George Martin was playing with a can of nitroglycerin, when it blew up, injuring him fatally. His large Newfoundland dog was with him. The dog wore a collar, and to this the boy clung tightly. Then the faithful dog started home with his precious burden. The little sufferer was dragged thus for a mile. After reaching home the dog refused to leave his young master's room and remained there until the lad died.—Philadelphia Record.

WOMAN AND HER WAYS.



THE rest cure is now practiced at home by many women who have come to a proper realization of its value. It used to be an expensive remedy, necessitating an absence of six or eight weeks in a private hospital, with trained nurse, massage and the rest, including a trunk full of pretty tea-gowns for the convalescence. Now the sensible woman has discovered she can take her cure in homeopathic doses without stopping her work or quitting her family.

A half hour daily of complete retirement, lying down in loose clothes and banishing all worry, all thought, indeed, if possible, works wonders if persevered in. Have the shades drawn and close the eyes. A tired brain strains restfully in darkened ways; even mechanical eye-impressions of which one does not seem to be thinking at all, consume a little force; blindness, physically and mentally, is what is sought, and it is this that rests and restores.

For the woman whose work is at home the half hour immediately preceding or following luncheon is apt to be one that could be spent in this way. When there are children old enough to go to school after the meal is better, for the little folks will have turned back to their lessons, no callers need be expected, and the afternoon's task or engagement can usually brook this little delay. For the mothers whose babies are still in arms the rest should be taken while their little charges sleep.

The business woman, whose work must be done at office or shop, must invent her chance for rest. It is a common habit of several young newspaper women, reporters, to step into one of the big shops or hotels, seek the parlor and conscientiously rest for fifteen or thirty minutes, as their time permits. In shops it must be taken with the stop for luncheon, as a rule; in offices it may also have to be, but often there is a lull in business that may be almost regularly depended upon.

The bod-carrier finishes the contents of his dinner pail, then lolls against a friendly fencer in sheer animal rest. Perhaps he lights a pipe—as often he does not—but he rests in every fiber of his being. A shop girl hurries over her bread and tea to try her eyes and tax her interest with a story paper, eagerly devoured till the last moment, or she spends her rest time in exciting gossip with her neighbors. Either is foolish expenditure of needed force. The closer the strain the greater the need for the complete and daily respite, however brief. Such workers should pursue the opportunity to take it relentlessly.

To Clean Silk Waists.
Both light and dark silk waists, when soiled, may be greatly improved in appearance by sponging them well with gasoline or naphtha. Take a clean piece of old bleached cloth, wet it in the gasoline, and rub quickly all over the waist, rubbing the silk lengthwise. Wipe the silk over with a clean dry cloth and hang in the open air for the odor of the cleaning-fluid to evaporate. If wrinkled, press the silk on the wrong side with a moderately warm iron, first laying a cloth over its surface. This kind of cleaning will remove all grease and much grime, though not all kinds of spots. Carpets and furniture coverings are often greatly improved by cleaning in the same way. Do not bring the gasoline or naphtha near a fire or light, and thoroughly air anything cleaned with it. When a carpet has been cleaned by it leave windows open for an entire day.

The Model Wife.
She rises every morning.
Just when the roosters crow;
She gently splits the kindling—
Makes the old stove puff and blow.

She puts the breakfast on to cook,
And sings as if at play;
And while the batter cakes are made,
Her husband snores away!

The children show her gentle care,
Their nightly slumbers o'er;
She dresses half a dozen,
And she whips a dozen more!

Then to the room she doth repair;
Her husband hears her say:
"I've almost worked myself to death!
Are you going to sleep all day?"
—Atlanta Constitution.

A Woman Is the Contractor.
A woman, Mrs. Henry D. Cram, of Boston, will furnish the Paris Exposition of 1900 with seventy-five derricks, to be used in the construction of all the buildings that are to be of durable stone. Mrs. Cram will personally superintend the placing of these derricks.

An Excellent Reason.
The sexes can never be truly equal.
No matter what's written and said and done,
While the stupidest man has fourteen pockets
And the cleverest woman has none.
—Life.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.
Hetty Green has \$90,000.00, but is said to live on \$7 a week.

Mrs. John J. Ingalls is a famous cook, and can serve a dinner to perfection.

The University of Aberdeen has conferred the degree of LL.D. on Miss Jane Harrison.

Miss Anna Shaw, D. D., says the best way to address an audience is to talk as if you were scolding your husband.

An authority on anthropology says that the ears of women are set further forward on the head than those of men.

John Hunter, the famous anatomist, once said that the feminine love of conversation was in consequence of a peculiarity in brain tissue.

The woman's club movement has penetrated even into the heart of the White Mountains, and there is a very flourishing club at North Conway.

The idea is being considered to unite all the women's clubs in Kentucky in a stock company for the erection of a handsome woman's building in Lexington.

The real and personal estate of the late Mrs. Cockran, wife of Congressman Cockran, of New York, is estimated at \$90,000 and is left absolutely to her husband.

There is now a craze paper craze, and flowers, photograph frames, lampshades and mats attest the possibilities of the dimmy fabric in the designing fingers of women.

clism. Whether this is a tribute to the superior sway of human nature or a tacit admission of the reserved right of woman, that "when she will she will, and when she won't she won't," opinions will differ. The probabilities are that the employment of the term "obey" is commonly treated in the spirit with which the diplomatic and venerated founder of the Pickwick Club was accustomed to confront a parliamentary condition. It is looked upon as a sort of poetic license warranted by the marriage license.

Girls Must Be Well-Bred.
The reign of the unconventional society young woman is over. She shocks now her own country women even more than foreigners.

There are thousands of daughters of well-to-do mothers in this country who are brought up on the old aristocratic theory that a woman should study moderately hard until she is eighteen, then look as pretty as she can, and devote herself until she is married to having what is called on this side of the Atlantic a good time.

To be sure, in France the good time does not come until after marriage, and there are other differences; but the well-bred lady of social graces is the well-bred lady, whether it be in London, Paris, Vienna or New York, and a ball-room in one capital is essentially the same as in all the others, unless it be that over here the very young people are allowed to crowd out everybody else.

There are thousands of mothers who are content that this should be the limit of their daughters' experience; a reasonably good education and perfect manners, four years of whirl and then a husband, or no husband and a conservative, afternoon tea-drinkingspinsterhood—and they are thankful on the whole when their girls put their necks meekly beneath the yoke of convention and do as past generations of women all over the civilized world have done.—Scribner's Magazine.

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Vests to be worn with tailor gowns are made of bengaline and various kinds of silk, both fancy and plain. They are closely fitted and buttoned down the front with horn buttons.

The daintiest underwear is made of nainsook or batiste in white or pale colors and handsomely trimmed with either narrow Valenciennes lace and insertion or Alencon and Venice laces, with much hand embroidery for variety.

SLEEPING CAR RIGHTS.

Conditions When the Company is Responsible for Losses.

Charles Peck rode from Oakland, Cal., to Los Angeles, on the night of June 5, in a Pullman sleeping car. Before he went to bed, about midnight, he went to the smoking-room, and there found the porter sound asleep. He occupied a lower berth, and put his coat and waistcoat in the unoccupied berth above him. When he got up in the morning they were gone. He sued the company, and a San Francisco justice gave him a verdict. The company contended that it was absolved from responsibility by its notice on the back of the berth check, which says: "Baggage, wearing apparel, money, jewelry or other valuables taken into the car will be entirely at the owner's risk."

The justice held that this notice was not sufficient, and that the company must be responsible for the clothes a passenger actually wore, otherwise the wholescheme of the sleeping car failed. The justice says:

"It is enough to say, upon the evidence in this case, that if this colored porter had done his duty the loss of this coat and vest could never have happened. It is uncontroverted evidence that this porter was dead asleep about midnight of the night in question, in the smoking-room of the car, out of sight of the aisle of the car, and everything which might go on in the various sections of the car opening upon the aisle.

"I am prepared to hold that the proof of the loss alone of the wearing apparel of a passenger in a sleeping car like this in the night time is enough to make the defendant liable, in the absence of any showing on the part of the defendant that its servants did their duty to the fullest extent. As a matter of law, there is no presumption that they did. All parts of the sleeping car—that is, all parts not occupied by other passengers—should be safe for the passengers to deposit any article of personal property in or on which he usually wears on his person, or carries with his person, such as a coat, a cane, an umbrella, or hat."

Punning Philosophers.
When some of the first thinkers of New England formed themselves into a community, to live and work together at Brook Farm, they did so to demonstrate great moral and economical truths; but they also, it becomes evident, managed to have a "good time" by the way. Mr. J. T. Colman, in his "Brook Farm Memories," says that these men and women kept up an interminable fire of small fun and joke, puns and bons mots, incessantly shooting them off right and left, in all times and places.

Some little children were chasing one another on a very warm day.

"Why are those children the native Africans?" one of the philosophers asked. And he answered his own question:

"Because they belong to the hot and hot race."

"Is Mr. ——— much of a carpenter?"

"Not a bit of one; that's plain."

"What sort of a man is that long-haired fellow opposite?"

"He's good, in the main (mane)."

"Mrs. ——— is a regular steamboat?"

"Yes, I know; she goes by steam, self-steem."

"Have you seen my umbrella?" asked one.

"What sort of an umbrella was it?"

"It had a hooked end."

"I have not seen it, but I had a nice one once, and the end was exactly like yours. It was hooked, too."

Passing a rosy but unkempt little boy, Miss ——— remarked to a friend:

"Isn't he a little honey?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Honey without the comb."

"Do you think Miss B. beautiful? She bows to perfection."

"Yes, but she hasn't bowed to me. Has she to you?"

"Who are the girls out in that boat, with the old man?"

The name of the boat was the Dart.

"Why, his darters, of course!"

An Iron Tree.
Mr. W. E. Armstrong, Waco, Texas, sends an account, from a well-known serial, of a tree discovered in Africa by a well-known professor, which only feeds on metal. The natives "worship it," and when they get any coins bury them as sacrifices beneath the ground around the tree, and which the tree feeds on. The trunk is like iron, the leaves like tin, and every part of it simulating some form of metal. The only surprise is that such intelligent magazines should be taken in by such transparent newspaper jokes. Every once in a while something like this is gotten up to the astonishment of the world, attributed, of course, to "the well-known German," Prof. Moen-sheln, or some other equally well-known myth. They are pretty to read, but hard to believe in.

Expense of Living Abroad.
A traveler who has tried to live abroad in "refinement and strict economy," epitomizes as follows: "In Italy, well, there are many families who take pensionaires, but comfort is not always great there. England, without a show of doubt, provides the best comfort all around, the best table with the most wholesome food, and the most refined style of living. After this comes Germany, with a beautiful table; France, with a more delicate one, perhaps, and Switzerland, with a combination of the two."

A Tidy Cat.
A cat in an Exchange street office has a unique way of disposing of any remains of food given to her on paper. After she is done she patiently and carefully folds the paper, inclosing the scraps, and will occasionally take the further precaution to remove the package she has formed to some out-of-the-way corner or nook.—Portland Transcript.