THE NEW MINISTER.

HAT do you think, Aunt Vioing to night."

Miriam Blake and her cousin, Effie Towers, burst into the quiet old-fashloned sitting-room like twin gales of wind so fresh and sudden and inspiriting were they.

It was a very cheerful apartment with the crimson carpet flooded with October sunshine, the canary singing from his cage among the geraniums in the window-sent, and a bright wood fire crackling from the most burnished of brass andiorns on the hearthfor Aunt Violet loved an open fire, and adhered to it through all the modern innovations.

She was a woman past thirty, yet very pretty withal-a woman whose type of face and form would always remain youthful. Brown hair, with rippling lights of gold upon its surface; blue-gray eyes, large and shaded with long lashes; a complexion where the fresh white and red betokened perfect health and a smiling, cherryred, melting mouth, whose smiles betrayed a singularly regular set of teeth-Miss Violet Brown was perhaps quite as attractive in her mature womanhood as she had been in her fresher girl-days.

To-night?" said Aunt Violet. "And is the parsonage all in readiness?" "All prepared, I believe. And what do you think, Aunt Violet," went on Miriam, with girlish eagerness, "of old Mrs. Marsh going there with ber two daughters to prepare tea, and make it 'sort o' hum-like,' as she says, for him the first night?"

And Violet smiled over her crochet. "Why," struck in Effic Towers, "the Marsh girls are as old as the hills."

"Not quite as old as the hills," said Aunt Violet, quietly. "Sarah Marsh" is about my age, and Mehitable cannot be more than a year or two older." "Oh, Aunt Violet!" said Effie, conxingly, stealing both arms around Miss Brown's slender waist, "nobody ever thinks of your being old."

"It's an indisputable fact nevertheless," said Aunt Violet, serenely.

"Aunt Violet," said Miriam suddenly, as she sat looking her aunt full in the face, "how I wish Mr. Smith would fall in love with you!"

Aunt Violet shrugged her shoulders. "My dear child, isn't Brown a sufficiently common cognomen but you want to change it into the still more hackneyed name of Smith?" "I wasn't thinking of the name,

Aunt Violet-I was only reflecting to myself what a splendid minister's wife you would make." "I shall never make anybody's wife,

Miriam.

What nonsense!" ejaculated the gay girl. "Why, aunty, you are the prettiest of our whole set, yet with your sweet-pea complexion and those big innocent eyes of yours-"

But here Effle Towers interrupted, speaking gravely with serious glance. "I know what makes Aunt Violet speak so, Miriam-she has had a disappointment years and years ago."

Aunty! Did von really? "Years and years ago," as Effic says, I had a lover," returned Aunt Violet, calmly. "And what interrupted the current of true love?"

"I was foolish, and wished to test my power. Clarence, that was his name, was hasty and impulsive, and my folly incensed him. So we parted." 'And is he married now?"

"I do not know. I have never seen nor heard from him since. He was only spending the summer vacation, a college student, in our quiet village."

"What was his last name?" "N'importe, Mirlam, do not let us dislater any more of the borrid past. I have told you my folly. See that you take warning by it."

And none of Miriam Blake's soft coaxings could win from Aunt Violet any further confidences.

You are not an old maid, darling aunty," said Miriam, "but Sarah Marsh is, and I mean to enter the lists with her myself to win the new minister's favor. The parsonage would make a pretty nest for such a bird as I am, all embowered in roses and clematis, and full of delicious little by windows and maple-shaded plazzes.

I hope he's young and good-looking." "He's just thirty-five," said Effie, "for Deacon Aiden told me so."

"Did he say whether he was goodlooking or not?" "No, he didn't, us if Deacon Alden

cared for his looks." "Thirty-five-that is rather old-bachclorish, but a man isn't totally past reform at thirty-five," observed Miriam, pensively. "If Aunt Violet won't

have him I'll try my chance." "I shall never marry," gravely re-Iterated Aunt Violet, with more seriousness than Miriam's light-jesting way seemed to call for.

"If that's the case," said Miriam, "I'll go and rip up the breadths of my Hisc lawn dress, and have the fluted ruffles done up. One can't be too careful of one's advantage of costume at such a critical time, and ? know Mehitable Marsh has got a white dress with blue rosebuds all over it."

"Miriam, what a rattlepate you are," said Effic.

"Don't I tell you I need a minister for a husband, just to sober me

And with this Parthian arrow of retort, Miss Miriam quitted the room with Effe following ber.

Presently she came back again, dance ing merrily into the room.

"I've found out my future busband's name:

"What is it?"

"A decided novelty-John Smith." Aunt Violet smiled, and Miriam vanished once more like a twinkling bit of thistledown.

Violet Brown sat gazing into the coral depths of the bright embers that had fallen through the logs on the hearth. Somehow, spite of her assertion of self-reliance and independence, she felt very lonely that October after-

"I'll go for a walk," thought Violet. "Perhaps a little exercise will dissipate this gathering despondency."

She tied a round hat under her curls, put on a coquettish scarlet circle, tasseled with white silk, which, according to her loving nieces, "made her look like a delicious little Red Riding Hood," and went out into the fresh autumn air, where the woods, all radiant with gold and crimson glories, were showering their leafy trophies on the walks below, as she entered their silent airles.

"Autumn," she thought, sadly, "how soon it has come upon us! And it is but a little while sluce spring was here with her dew and roses. My spring has vanished, too, and unlike the sacred season of birds and blossoms, it will never return to me again. Heigho! I wonder what I was born



"THINKING A LITTLE PENSIVELY."

into this world for. I don't seem to be of very much use to anybody." Violet was thinking thus, a little pensively, as she sat on a moss-enameled fallen tree, tapping the drifts of yellow leaves with the point of her parasol, and letting the fresh, fragrant wind blow the gold-brown curis back from her forehead. She was not thinking how picturesque was her attitude, nor how beautiful her face looked in its oval clearness, with pink flushes on either cheek, but both these facts struck the perceptions of a tall stranger carrying a valise in his left hand, who had just crossed the stile leading from the main road, and entered the illuminated glow of the autumnal

He raised his bat with a courteous motion as Miss Brown started at his advancing footsteps

"I beg your pardon; I fear I have

unintentionally startled you." "Not at all." Violet looked up earnestly at his face as she answered. "Perhaps you can direct me to the shortest cut across these woods to Millhambury? I am not quite certain as to my localities."

"You are on the direct path now, Clarence Smith."

He started, in his turn, and gazed scrutinizingly into her face.

"I thought it was familiar to me!" he exclaimed, "and now I know it. Violet! who would have thought of meeting you here?"

Violet Brown trembled like an aspen leaf, but she strove to control her-

"The world is full of just such chance meetings Clarence

She had half turned away, but the gentleman had put down his valise, and was evidently inclined not to part with her so readlly.

"Stop, Violet-do not go away. My love! I have so longed to see you all these years. Tell me that you have not entirely forgotten the past-that you have still a word of tenderness for the wayward lover who flung away his brightest chances of happiness long ago! Violet, you were my first love-be my last?"

"Do you lové me still, Clarence?" she asked, the blue-gray eyes softening to a strangely tender brightness. "Do I breathe and exist still? I tell you, Violet, my heart is like the century plant which only blossoms once and its blossoming is in the sun-

shine of your love alone." She was silent-lovelier than ever, Clarence thought, in the momentary indecision, the shy hesitation of her manner, as she stood under the old trees, a gold-tinted leaf drifting down here and there around her, and her tremulous hands clasped to hide their

flutter as far as might be. "Violet, darling! tell me that you

"I love you, Clarence!" There is a Garden of Eden created anew for every happy pair of lovers and Clarence and Violet stood in

"But, Clarence," resumed Violet, when the first all-absorbed words and

glances of their new happiness had been exchanged. "I don't comprehend this at all. How did you come here? and how did you know where to find

"I did not know where to find you, Violet. Chance has been my friend here, and as for my opportune appearance on the scene, it is very easily accounted for. I have been called to take charge of the parish of Millhamburr'

"Clarence, you are not the new minister?"

"But I am the new minister." "His name is John Smith."

"I beg your pardon, mia amimait is John Clarence Smith." And Violet's surprise was sufficient-

ly amusing to the reverend gentleman at her side. Old Mrs. Bezabel Marsh and her two elderly, hard-favored daughters, had got the parsonage all ready, even

to lighting the evening lamps on the study-table, and poking the clear anthracite fire that burned in the diningroom grate.

Miss Mehetable had turned the tumbler of crimson currant jelly into its cut-glass dish, and disposed the green sprigs of parsley to the most striking effect round the thinly-cut slices of boiled tongue, while Miss Sarah made a Leaning Tower of Pisa of the buttermilk biscuits, and whisked the flies away from the sugar-basin, in readiness for the expected guest, and like the hero of song, "still be came not!"

"The kittle's bollin', and the ten's all steeped," said Mrs. Marsh, as she sat in the big rocking-chair in front of the fire. "It'll be spiled if he don't come pretty soon."

"He'll be here presently now," said Miss Mehetable, loosening her curls from their confining papers. "Oh, ma! I wonder if he'll be pleased with what we've done."

"He can't help it," said Mrs. Marsh. mentally congratulating herself on her double chances of being the minister's mother-in-law. But the words were yet on her lips and the triumphant reflections yet in her mind, when a knock came softly to the door, and Miriam Blake entered, rosy with her long walk through the frosty autumn twilleht.

"Have you heard the news?" asked Miriam. "I thought I'd come over and tell you. The new minister has come." "Sakes alive?" ejaculated Mrs.

"I don't b'lieve it," said Mehetable, "Oh, but he has for I've seen him. And you needn't stay here any longer, for he has concluded to remain at our house to-night."

Mrs. Marsh and her daughters both stared

"What an airth does it all mean?" demanded the elder lady

"I'll tell you a very, very great secret," cried the delighted Miriam. "He's an old beau of Aunt Violet's, and the engagement has been renewed. and my dear little blue-eyed aunt is to be the minister's wife the very next month that ever dawn upon us!"

"Land o' Goshen!" cried Mrs. Marsh. "Well I never?" said Miss Sarah. "I shouldn't think," venomously commented Miss Mehetable, "that be'd want to marry an old maid."

"There are more old maids than one in the world," observed Miriam, philup the room, I'll take the key back to my new uncle-that-is-to-be. I had thought of setting my cap at the new minister myself, but I cheerfully yield the palm to Aunt Violet."

She tripped home, through the dusk, laughing to herself at the discomfiture of the Marsh family. Aunt Violet and Mr. John C. Smith were sitting cozily together over the fire when she returned, and, as she passed through the room, she only paused to throw her arms around Violet's neck, and whisper:

"What do you think now about never marrying, Aunt Violet?"-The Hearthstone.

Monkey Discipline.

One of the monkey cages in the New York "Zoo" contains a mother monkey and her baby. Some visitors one day gave the mother a chocolate peppermint. She tasted it, smacked her lips, winked, and put it all into her mouth-only to remove it at once and smack and wink much harder. After a second she repeated her experiment, and again hastily removed the peppermint.

Once more she put the dainty in her mouth, but once more took it out. Then, with watery eyes, she laid the candy carefully on the ledge of her cage, turned her back, walked over to the opposite side, seized the ralls with both hands, and gazed out as if she had never seen a peppermint.

Meanwhile the baby, who had been engaged with visitors in a corner, had returned to the front. Seeing the peppermint, he picked it up and tasted it. But his mother's three experi- vousands of the victims are to be ments had left only a nibble for him. That disposed of, he, too, walked to the opposite side, seized the rails, and stood gazing out with the same air of utter absorption as his mother's,

As soon as the latter had cooled down she came back again, and looked for the peppermint. Not seeing it, she swept with one paw all along the vain. Suddenly she ran to the baby, and twisting his head to face herself, put one hand on each of his jaws. pulled his mouth wide open, stuck her head in, and gave a big sniff. Then she turned him over and spanked him

We don't know that the Latin in scriptions on tombstones stand for, but have an idea that, translated into English, they would mean: "He's all

: -- OLD **FAVORITES**

Silver Threads Among the Gold. Darling, I am growing old-Silver threads among the gold Shine upon my brow to-day Life is fading fast away; But, my darling, you will be Always young and fair to me!

CHORUS Darling, I am growing old-Silver threads among the gold Shine upon my brow to-day-Life is fading fast away.

When your hair is allver white And your cheeks no longer bright With the roses of the May will kiss your lips, and say Oh! my darling, mine alone, You have never older grown. Love can never more grow old;

Cheeks may fade and hollow grow, But the hearts that love will know Never winter's frost and chill; Summer warmth is in them still-Love is always young and fair, What to us is silver hair,

Locks may lose their brown and gold,

Faded cheeks or steps grown slow, To the heart that beats below? Since I kissed you, mine alone, You have never older grown. -Eben E. Rexford The Star. Twinkle, twinkle, little star,

How I wonder what you are

Up above the world so high,

Like a diamond in the sky. When the blazing sun is gone, When he nothing shines upon, Then you show your little light, Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveler in the dark Thanks you for your tiny spark He could not see which way to go, If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep, And often through my curtains peep, For you never shut your eye Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark Lights the traveler in the dark, Though I know not what you are, Twinkle, twinkle, little star. -Jane Taylor.

LIFE IN ENGLISH VILLAGES

ets Sing About.

It Is Not the Idyllic Form that Po-

"I know a village where there are no fewer than thirty cottages with but one bedroom apiece, and in each of these single bedrooms six, seven and more people are sleeping," says, A. Monteflore-Bruce, writing in the London Mail about life in the average English village. "In one of them, father, mother and eight children buddled together. In another, father, mother and six children-three of whom are grown up-are sleeping. In these cottages there is one living room downstairs and no sanitary arrangement of any kind. At the back of the cottages runs an open ditch. It is also

an open sewer. "Here, in the very heart of the counpure water, abundance of sweet air. Too often I find neither about the cottages. Hundreds of villages have no water supply, though a comparatively small expenditure could provide it I know a village-it is typical of hundreds where the cottagers have to go half a mile to get water. A foul ditch furnishes another village with the whole of its water supply. Offensive refuse heaps lie piled round the crumbling walls of the cottages. The wooden floors without are rotten with sewage.

"Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex contain many such villages, and other counties such as Bedford, Cambridgeshire, Wiltshire, Dorset, Somerseteasily vie with them. I could write of lonely cottages far across the fields, with no water within a mile, whence the children morning after morning walk two miles to school, and drag their tired limbs that distance back again at night-and this whatever the weather, where the postal service comes but once a week; where the men and boys walk daily five or six miles to and from work; where of drainage there is none; where of the simplest sanitation there is none; where the medical officer of health comes not, and where the inspector of quisances is unknown."

GLOVES MADE OF RAT SKIN

A report comes from Copenhagen

Hide of Rodeuts Too small for Even the Child's Size.

that a great rat hunt has been organized there and that the skins of many used in making gloves. If the rat hunters in the Danish capital cherish any such hopes they are doomed to disappointment, says the Pall Mall Gazette. Rat skins cannot be made into gloves fit for commerce. The hellet that a valuable raw material is being neglected here survives only in the minds of the inexpert. The glove ledge where she had left it, but in maker knows much better. A Norwe gian merchant once came to England and informed a well-known glovemaker that he had collected over 100,-000 rat skins and was prepared to receive offers for them. He was fully convinced that the skins were suitable for glovemaking. But the manufacturer found that the largest skin was only some six inches long and he held up a kid skin for the smallest size of glove, a child's, which was eight es long, and naked how he was to a glove out of rat skin.

Then he took up the smallest kid skin for a lady's glove, eleven inches long, and when he asked how that was gian merchant laughed at the idea and went away disappointed. The best offer he got for those skins, which he rowing. From the rushes emerged a had collected with so much care, was mallard surrounded by a brood of 5 shillings a hundredweight from a tiny balls of feather, and the mother man who was willing to boll them duck headed the way across as arm down for glue.

collection of curiosities relating to the When they were too far away from could be made into gloves was laid our oars the mother bird quacked enskins of the largest rats which could into the mother's heart. be found in Grimsby. But the rat is Wondering whether on our approach a fighting animal, and bears the marks the mother bird would abandon ber of many battles on his body, and it was found that the skins were scarred and torn that it was with the utmost difficulty that perfect pieces large enough for the purpose could be obtained. In the end, after ten skins had been used, a pair of gloves was cut and made, and they are retained in the collection to this day. But they are so small that they would fit only the smallest of small boys. Thus it was shown that however cheaply rat skins might be obtained they would

offer no advantages to the glovemaker. The rabbit skin is equally useless for this purpose, and humane people may also dismiss from their minds the fear that the skins of pet dogs are made into gloves. The dogskin glove of which we used to hear is made out of the skin of the Cape goat.

WIT BUBBLES IN TOASTS

Some Humorous Sentiments Pithily Expressed at Banquets A publisher once gave the following: Woman, the fairest work in all crea-

tion. The edition is large and no man should be without a copy." This is fairly seconded by a youth who, giving his distant sweetheart,

said: "Delectable dear, so sweet that honey would blush in her presence and treacle stand appalled." Further to regard to the fair sex, we have: "Woman, she needs no cu-

logy; she spenks for herself." "Wo man, the bitter half of man," In regard to matrimous some bache for once gave: "Marriage, the gate through which the happy lover leaves

earth."

speakable bliss."

old as his jokes." A celebrated statesman, while din-

til you begin to grow ugly." autiquities."-London Tit Bits.

Roman Bricks.

The rebuilding of the campanile is Although the fall of the tower was a deplorable loss, some good attended it in the opportunity it gave acheolo

gists to examine the bricks. It was found that the bricks had tops of walls and in other ways before they were built into the campanile, and that they are not Venetian but Roman bricks.

bricks made this way can bear s greater weight than modern bricks. The bricks examined were of the first century. One of them bore the imprint of a horseshoe, which may prove that the Romans used a horse shoe like ours, although it is gener ally believed that their horseshoe

were strapped on, not nailed. The Art of Listening.

occupied with their own thoughts at cerned in this matter.-Philadelphia being more interesting, at least it Record. their own estimation, than what you have been saying. Some interrupt and hear you to the end, and forthwith be gin to talk to you about a similar experience which has befallen them selves, making your case only an illus tration of their own. Some, mean ing to be kind, listen with such a de termined, lively, violent atention, that you are at once made uncomfortable and the charm of conversation is at an Many persons whose manner will stand the test of speaking breal down under the trial of listening.

A True Portrait.

The widow was taking her first look at the bust of her beloved husband The clay was still damp. "Pray examine it well, madam," said the sculp "If there is anything wrong I I'd like ter use it." can alter it."

The widow looked at it with a mix ture of sorrow and satisfaction. "It is just like him," she said, "s

perfect portrait-his large nose-the sign of goodness." Here she burg into tears. "He was so good! Mak. Press. the nose a little larger!"

It will ruin any man to be her pecked. We never know such a to amount to anything.

SAVED THE WHOLE FAMILY.

Two buntsmen were out on a lake. of the lake. One of the observers tells A famous glovemaking firm has a the story in Forest and Stream:

trade, and one of them is the largest their hiding place to turn back we pair of gloves ever made out of a closed in upon them, drawing closer rat skin. The belief that such skins and closer; and with every stroke of before the managers so confidentially couragingly to her brood to hurry that they resolved to put it to the trial, along, the little ones giving out plainand they ordered a number of the tive peeps that no doubt went deep

brood, we rowed close alongside of ber, when we could easily have dispatched her with an oar; but with one eye upon us and the other upon ber brood, she swam along in the lead, simply unmindful of the danger to herself. By this time the little ones began to string out, until they formed h thin, feathery peeping line behind the mother.

There was one little fellow who could not keep up, and who was a yard or more behind the end of the line, and who struggled and peeped bravely but slowly and weakly along. Upon him the attention of the mother was bestowed. Her voice seemed directed toward him, and her gase, as she turned her head, concentrated tpon him. It was such a sight as one but seldom has the opportunity to wit-

Allowing our boat to rest quiet, we kept close watch on the mother, who took the opportunity to spring clear of the water and fly to the little one. In a moment the feeble and tired duckling was snug upon its mother's back, and with a gladsome quacking. faintly echoed by the peeping of the rest of the brood, she once more led the aquatic procession. In a few moments they were within the welcome rushes, and we saw them no more.

THE FIREMAN'S RISK.

Investigating the Danger Due to Electrical shock.

One of the objections to the erection of electric wires on poles in cities is his enchanted ground and returns to the hindrance which such wires offer to free access to a burning building, At the marriage of a deaf and dumb by means of indders and fire towers. couple some wit wished them "un it is at times also necessary to cut such wires to afford access to a burn-At a supper given to a writer of ing building-a work which is not comedies a wag said: "The writer's highly appreciated by the fire fighters. very good health. May he live to be at Another difficulty presents liself also, namely, the danger to the firemen from From a law critic: "The bench and electric shocks due to current carried the bar. If it were not for the bar to the nozzle by the stream of water there would be little use for the bench.' when it comes in contact with live wires. Such shocks have more than ing with a duchess on her eightietl once been of sufficient strength to disbirthday, in proposing her heaith, said able firemen for a time, but, so far as May you live, my lady duchess, un is known, no fatalities due to this cause have occurred. In order to as-"I thank you, sir," she said, "and certain to what extent firemen are may you long continue your taste for subject to risk of life, if at all, when the stream of water thrown from the hose strikes against live whrea, a series of experiments were recently Venice has begun. It is expected that undertaken in Germany. They were the structure will be finished by 1900 made with pressure of 6,000 volts attended to the towns was a ternating current, and 550 volts direct current. The stream of water was directed against a portion of the wires from which the insulation had been previously removed. With the 6,000 ben used in arches, fortifications, the volts preasure it was found that the resistance of about one foot of ordinary hydrant water reduced the potential of the current to a point when it was not dangerous, but the effects The ancient bricks were made it were not pleasant. When the resistslices, for in many the layers could be sance of the water was lowered by the seen undisturbed. It is said tha addition of 0.05 per cent of soda the minimum safe length of the stream was increased to about forty inches With 550 volts direct current a dangerbus voltage was not reached with pure hydrant water, but with the same percentage of soda in the water harmful potentials were indicated by the volt meters used in the tests when the stream of water was only three inches long. On the whole, the results of the experiments showed that the danger There is a grace of kind listenin, to fremen from the contact of water as well as a grace of kind speaking from the hose with live wires carrying Since men listen with an abstracter high potentials is not ordinarily so air which shows that their thought great as has been generally supposed are elsewhere, or they seem to listen hitherto. This, however, is no reason but by wide answers and irrelevan for lessening the precautions looking to questions show that they have beet the safety and best interests of all con-

Frenk Taxes.

Freak taxes are nothing new under will not hear you to the end. Some the sun. In London there used to be a window tax, every householder having to pay so much for every window in his dwelling. In the days of Charles II. the British capital had a tax on chimneys, which produced many a pound to gild the pleasures of the merry monarch. There was the germ of an idea behind the chimney tax, for London was beginning to get smoky then, and it was thought that by taxing chimneys their number would be reduced and there would be less smoke.

> A New Scheme. "Say, boss," said the thin beggar. won't yer help a poor, sick man? A kind doctor gimme a prescription an'

"And you want me to pay for the medicine?" inquired Mr. Goodart. "Oh, no; I got the medicine all right. but it's to be took before meals. I thought mebbe you'd gimme the price o' one o' the meals."-Philadel

When there is a sudden shouting on the streets, a woman always l sown in an alarmed way to see if he