

THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE.

Oh, no, I never mention her,
I never breathe her name,
There is no memory to stir
To life a wasted flame.

THE HAUNTED POOL.

The sun was setting over the Ganges
one bright summer evening in 1871.
The day had been a hot one even for
India, and it was a sparkling relief

And now the Hindu inhabitants of
the neighboring village, who had been
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Several days later the wife of one of
the villagers was washing her white
wrapper on the bank of the river when
it slipped from her hands and floated

About three days after this last catastrophe,
Mr. Henry Sparks, the British
Commissioner for the District of
Jungleywallah, was at work in his office

The visitor was a tall native, with the
handsome features and stately bearing
of a Maharatta. His figure, nearly six
feet in height, was so gaunt and sinewy

There was nothing particularly humble,
it must be admitted, in the speak-

er's bearing; on the contrary, he held
himself erect, and looked the Commission-
er full in the face with the air of a
man who knew his own value, and had
something to tell which he felt to be
worth hearing; but Mr. Sparks, with
whom Ismail was an old acquaintance,

The Englishman started, and looked
fixedly at Ismail's immovable face.
That's how I heard the story told,"
rejoined he. "If it wasn't a crocodile,
what was it?"

The Commissioner nodded with the
air of a man who understood the whole
affair perfectly, but still he said
nothing.
The Sahib understands how it was
done," proceeded the Hindu. "When
any woman worth robbing went into
the water, the nose tangled her feet, and
the robber, hidden among the bushes on
the opposite bank, dragged her down
and drowned her, and then plundered
the corpse at his leisure."

Several days later the wife of one of
the villagers was washing her white
wrapper on the bank of the river when
it slipped from her hands and floated
slowly out into the wide, still pool
formed by the bend of the stream.

That very night the overland robber
was sent off to the nearest British station,
escorted by a strong guard of
native policemen, to be tried and
executed, as he deserved, while Ismail
received from the hands of the
Commissioner himself, together with a
warm commendation of his shrewdness,

Even Vermont now and then has its
little romance. Here is the story of one
from the Burlington Free Press:
"Last summer some Burlington people
were visiting in a Western town, and
there formed the acquaintance of a
furniture dealer who had recently buried
his second wife. He joked him a little
about his future matrimonial prospects,

Along the side of the Sierra Valley,
at an altitude of fifty to one hundred
feet, there is a warm belt, free from
frost and effete changes, and which
can produce all the hardy fruits to great
perfection. — San Francisco Call.

Imitation Stained Glass.

Among the many uses of the printing
press none is more novel than the production
of imitation stained glass. Designs
for any pattern desired are engraved
on wood. The blocks of wood are
placed on an old-fashioned hand press,
and then are inked with all colors
compounded with special reference to
the use for which they are intended.

Each color is, of course, printed at a
separate impression. Having completed
the printing process, the different
pieces of paper which compose the
sign are soaked in warm water half
an hour, taken out, the water
sponged off and then coated on one side
with a thin cement. A similar coat of
cement is given the glass to which the
paper is to be applied, and then the
paper is laid on in place, and varnished
over. The plain glass window becomes
at once, to all appearances, a window
of stained glass. The effects of the lead
lines, the irregular pieces of stained
glass, the heads of saints and soldiers,
the antique, or the modern Japanese
designs are all to be had as brilliant in color
as the genuine glass.

It costs about one-tenth as much.
We put a large window in a country
church for eleven dollars. A real glass
window of the same size would have
costed sixty dollars. Members of the
congregation have assured us that ours
is more admired than the other. The cost
of decorating a window is seventy-five
cents a foot. Any one can do the work.
— N. Y. Sun.

A Chinese Prince and His Caballistic Note.

We shall shortly have in the courts a
Franco-Chinese trial, which promises
some of the spiciest developments. A
Chinaman, who had saved some money
while a waiter in a cafe, and arrayed in
the most gorgeous Oriental costumes,
poised as a Celestial Prince, made the
acquaintance one day in June of Mlle.
G— at a concert in the Champs
Elysees. Harassed by her creditors,
who threatened to eject her from her
home, the supposititious Chinese Prince
was a perfect godsend. They had dinner
together, during which the "Prince"
spoke of his immense wealth. To believe
him he owned half of the city of
Shanghai. As he had forgotten his
pocket-book Mlle. G— had to pay the
bill. The next day, perceiving her em-
barrassed position, he told her he would
give her a draft for 300,000 francs, and
drawing from his pocket a long sheet of
Chinese paper scribbled it full of grotesque
characters. At the bottom he
wrote the following address in French:
" M. Esen-Ang, banker, 13 Rue des
Europeens, Shanghai."

Paris, June 21, 1883.
Mlle. Hortense G— returned in the
steamer. Three days ago she met the
Chinaman in the Place de la Concorde.
The yellow-skinned visage and pig-tail
suffered considerably in the encounter.
He has begun suit against him for 100,000
francs for damages and her voyage
to China. — Paris Cor. N. Y. World.

A Little Romance.

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little romance. Here is the story of one
from the Burlington Free Press:
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were visiting in a Western town, and
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furniture dealer who had recently buried
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The latest slang is "slim." A
"slim" is a dupe; "slimette" is a
duddene. — Chicago Journal.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Senator Sharon, it is said, pays one
percent. of all the taxes collected in San
Francisco.
—Sam Boy, the son of a wealthy China-
man of San Francisco, has disowned the
boy who, as student of the Chicago
university, has become a Christian. —
Chicago News.

—A remarkable instance occurs in
the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Weeks of
Portland, Me. Her birth, marriage and
death occurred alike on the 21st day of
the month. — Boston Post.

—General Washington and General
Sherman, by a curious historical coincidence,
issued their farewell orders to the
army on the same day a century
apart—November 1, 1783-1883.
—Mitchell Putnam, one hundred and
three years of age, traveled alone from
Texas to South Carolina to see his
former home. He was a soldier in the
war of 1812 and in the Texan struggle.

—Rev. Dr. E. L. Mageon, of Philadel-
phia, who has already distinguished
himself by his gifts of works of art to
various institutions, recently celebrated
his seventy-third birthday by giving to
the Women's School of Design in Philadel-
phia twenty-two choice copies of old
masters, especially imported by him-
self. They comprise copies of works
by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Michael An-
gelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Cor-
reggio, Titian and Andrea del Sarto. —
Philadelphia Press.

—You'll have to take the will for the
deed," is what the heir said to the lawyer
when the latter presented his bill.
—After December the yard-stick
will be used no longer in measuring
goods. Thirty-six inches is thought to
be long enough. — N. Y. Independent.

—A Yankee has invented a new
process for lasting boots and shoes. If
he can last a ten-year-old boy's shoes so
that they will last two weeks without re-
quiring half-soles, he should open a
branch office in this town. — Norri-
stown Herald.

—A Chicago young man in a rash
moment, says an exchange, told his
girl that if she would hang up her stocking
on Hall's E'en he would fill it to
the brim with something nice. When
he saw her stocking he was undecided
whether to get into it himself or buy
her a sewing machine. — N. Y. Graphic.

Running Trains by Signal.

Well, it is some years since I have
worked at train-dispatching," said the
old train-dispatcher, "but I suppose it
hasn't changed much since I quit it, ex-
cepting that it is easier now that they
have double tracks where they used to
have single. No, there's no secret about
it; I don't mind telling you how it
is done, but I'm afraid you'll find it so
simple it will not make very interesting
reading matter for your paper. First,
you know, there are divisions of a rail-
road. For instance, the main line of
the old Chicago, Burlington & Quincy
road, where I used to work, is divided
into three dispatchers' divisions—the
first from Chicago to Mendota; the second
from Mendota to Galesburg; and the
third from Galesburg west to Quincy
and Burlington. I used to work at Au-
rora, and we had charge of the first, or
east division. When a regular train
was ready to leave Chicago on its sched-
ule time it started without orders, each
telegraph operator on the line reporting
to us when the train passed his station.
This report we entered on a sheet kept
always before us, and at a glance we
could tell where every train on our divi-
sion was at any time. If a train was
not ready to leave on or near its
schedule time it lost its right to the
road, and had to run as an extra. An
extra train always had to have orders
before it could leave the Chicago yard."

—The conductor now delivers a copy of
the order to the engineer, and the train
is ready to start. Of course, abbrevia-
tions are used in much of this telegraph-
ing. For instance, the conductor's un-
derstanding of his order is sent over the
line thus: "13, run to Aurora as a wild
train." — 13 meaning "I understand";
and the dispatcher's reply to this is sim-
ply: "To John Smith, conductor No. 15; O.
K." — "What is a wild train?"
— "A train that has to look out for nothing
on the road but regular trains. It keeps
out of the way of all trains that have
schedule time, that's all."

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—A Georgia farmer bought a grand
piano for his daughter. His house is
small, and, to economize room, the lower
part of the partition between the kitchen
and the parlor was cut out, and the
long end of the piano stuck through.
Priscilla now sits at the keyboard, sing-
ing, "Who will care for mother now?"
and the mother rolls out doughnuts on
the other end of the piano in the kitchen.
— Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Picks We Saw-Mill Relics in Maine.

Many of the old mills are gone, but
now and then one is yet to be met with
on the bank of some rapid stream, all
fallen into ruin, however. It is com-
monly of the traveled road a little,
and the spot where it stands seems all
the more lonely from the tokens it bears
of the busy scene it has been. The way
that once led down to the stream is
most likely growing up to bushes. The
mill itself was dismantled years ago,
and you will see wheels and other parts
of its machinery leaning against the
walls, where they have stood so long
that they have grown gray and mossy
as the granite boulders which support
them. It is a peculiarity of people who
have such property that they never
throw away nor destroy anything which
has once been of service, although no
one knows better than they know that
for all coming time these objects must
remain utterly worthless. The true
rumormonger will never be found convert-
ing his worn-out yokes and sleds to any
other purpose, nor using them for fuel.
They have acquired in his eyes a sacred-
ness from their associations; and he
leans them carefully—tenderly, and may
say—against the walls which flank his
house on the roadside, and there they
will rest so long as he lives, with the
hope on his part that no one will come
after him to disturb their repose. Scat-
tered along the path to the mill one will
see lying on the grounds beams and
planks which had been brought so far
in their purposeless removal and there
abandoned.

—A Washington correspondent writes
that in one of the departments at Wash-
ington a needy female descendant of
George Washington's relatives was ap-
pointed not long ago. In the War De-
partment is a grandniece of Kosciuszko.
In the Interior Department is employed
a great-granddaughter of Thomas Jef-
ferson. Her little salary supports her
aged and invalid mother, who is the
last surviving grandchild of Jefferson. —
N. Y. Sun.

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