YE LADS AND LASSES. Ye lads and lasses, to the Bont! Fight for the right With all your might; Do all the good you can Be ready to appear:

In every cause that's good and just B beave and bold, And let the old Fall to the rear. Nor shrink from any test;

With spirit enter in the strife, With purpose true Your way pursue. And do your very best. Upon the fateful battle field Have courage to appear; For bonor strike. Nor coward-like Fall to the rear

Lead on lead on to victory March up the heights of fame! In every act Reveal your tact. Your earnestness proclaim Be diligent at every task, Be honest and sincere From day to day.

Fall to the res Old age to youth resigns its sword, And bids it take the field. To storm the walls Till error falls, And foes are forced to yield. So, lads and lasses to the front and bravely persevere From day to day. Till Death shall say. "Fall to the rear"

Though others may

BICKESTER'S WIFE. Sin and Happiness Can Not Walk

-Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger.

Hand in Hand.

Let Johnson be ready to take me out half an hour," said Mr. Bickster to the servant who answered the parlor bell.

A cloud fell over the fair face of his wife "Are you going out this evening?" she asked, and the disappointment in her voice was perhaps not unmixed with reproof. "Yes; there is to be quite a famous gues

at the club to-night," he said; "some English swell, and we are to give him a supper, and then a party of us go to the opera. It is something I must not fail to do my share of this entertaining business, you know. Clarice."

"It must be very delightful to be enter tained," she said, sarcastically. "I would like to realize it myself "

"Well, isn't De Forest coming around practice with you! I saw him to-day, and told him to come. I don't want you to get lonesome; and you know I am very liberal with you. I don't know another fellow with a handsome wife who is as glad to have his friends entertain her, and beentertained by her, as I am."

"O, yes: I know that," Mrs. Bickester answered with a weary little sigh. sometimes a wife is so foolish, you know as to prefer her husband to her husband's friends. However, I would be the last woman on earth to want you to stay at home one evening, or one hour, against your own inclinations. There is the bell-no doubt it is De Forest and his violin." It was De Forest with his violin, and ac

companied by a strikingly bandsome man whom he introduced as Count Dubols. "I took the liberty of bringing my friend with me be said to Mr. and Mrs. Bickester

as he placed his violin at the end of the plane, "without waiting to ask permission The Count only arrived this afternoon from an extended tour of the States; and I did not wish to neglect the kind invitation extended to me to-day by the hospitable host of this mansion, and I felt sure I could not better entertain my friend than to bring him here into the presence of the charming

"I am very glad you took the liberty, and I trust you will have a pleasant evening." Mr. Bickester said, as he rose to go out. "As for me, I have a duty of entertainment to perform at the club to night; and duty is not always the greatest pleasure, you know, if it is supposed to bring the highest happiness. In this instance, I am certain, both the pleasure and the highest happiness would be secured by foregoing the duty and remaining at home with three such companions. However, I trust to have that privilege on many future occasions. Count Dubois, consider the house yours while you remain with us. Any friend of Mr. De Forest's is welcome. Good evening, gentlemen; au revoir, madame,"

Hugh Bickester little dreamed new fully Count Dubois would carry out the privilege accorded him by his tost

"O. yes; it was a very pleasant evening, as such everage go," Clarice told her hus-band, when he asked her if she was well entertained during his absence. "Mr. De Forest played better than usual, and he brought a beautiful composition with himsomething new, for piano and violin. And, best of all, Count Dubois sang. He has a marvelous tenor voice, which affected me powerfully. I could not restrain the tears when he sang one song. Mr. De Forest tells me he is the last of a very old family in France-the sole possessor of the title and the estate, which yields him a competence. "And he has come to America to seek a

rich wife! He is very shrewd-he will, of course, succeed," laughed Hugh. "Scores of heiresses will be glad to lay their fortunes at his feet, in exchange for his title." "But he could not give his title to a score

of them very well," Clarice responded. "And Mr. De Forest tells me he has a romantic history; he lost the idel of his heart-a young girl whom he was to wed- | at his watch. just before they were to have been married. That was ten years ago, and he has been a restless wanderer ever since, and pever taken the least interest in womankind Isn't it sad!"

"Very, if true, and a harmless little story at all events," Mr. Fickester replied. "He is evidently a very highly cultivated fellow. and a very handsome man. We are quite fortunate in being the first to entertain him No doubt, he will become the sensation ere long, and charming Mrs. Bickester will be more than ever the envied of her sex, for having been the first to feed the lion."

Clarice smiled a sad little smile. "Charming Mrs. Bickester asks for no honors of that kind, and for no notoriety in connection with foreign counts or society lions," she said. "She would much prefer to have her same spoken only in connection

Then she rose suddenly, her cheeks flushing her eyes flashing. know I have not lost your love because have ceased to be an attractive woman; for with her husband's." other men find me attractive, if my busband "And his po ken only in connection with

hers! A couple noted for their conjugal devotion? That can not be in these days my dear, when society demands so much of husband and wife in different directions, leaves and sustained by falling fruit and He was too sure of her absolute love and running brooks, we could afford to forget the whole world and live for each other only, with Love is enough' for our motto. cigar. But we dwell in a hard and practical age

mitten was made; with the Hush slowly dying from her cheek, RED CLOUD CHIEF but she assented readily, and frugh went out and serving it more grantly in its pallor than to hunt up his musical friend and the Count. before, turned now and walked to the oppo-Clarice had thought she and Hugh might site side of the room, as she said in a low enjoy a delightful tete-a-tete evening at and weary tone: "Yes, he is coming. Good home that night, but she gave up the idea."

her with ardest devotion, and was her

away from a throng of eager suitors. She

cipient of some other gallant's attention

business and in society had a thousand

things to take his time and attention. If he

provided for his family, paid all bills with-

out objection, and never left his wife to

Surely none, save that of a starving heart.

But there is no law of the statutes or of

society which enables a woman to gain

Perhaps there was no real wrong in the

Bickester was the son of an ambitious and

bitious propensities, his restlessness and

He had, like many men, been wild in a!

her wholly his own. Then he had become

accustomed to the thought of possession,

his choice other aims, objects and pleas-

ures, aside from his home, became necessary

Clarice often exhibited a lack of tact in

her management of him, which a more worldly woman would have avoided. She

complained of the change from lover to

susband-of the absence of his former inter-

est in her: and a man never is won over by

complaints, especially if it is his wife who

And she questioned him when he wen

out, and when he returned, concerning his

whereabouts and actions; and a man never

enjoys or is made better by this espionage

of his conduct, especially one who for many

Hugh Bickester took especial pains to see

that Clarice was never left alone, but he

showed no return of his old passing devo-

tion to his home, which had blessed her

unnecessary, his absences were more fre

uent and prolonged, and the term "do

mestic happiness" seemed one of mocking

he was not a woman to sit and pine and

She preferred the society of her husband

ould not have it, she accepted the society

to do her homage. Among them Count Du-

bois was foremost. Handsome, cultured.

magnetic, the possessor of a thrilling tenor

roice and an inflection whose every ex

ression was a caress, he was a dangerous

ompanion for most women. But, sheltered

sehind her great love for her husband.

functions. She admired him, she en

While Count Dubois! He was growing

fair unhappy woman with whom he was

hrown so constantly by the oft-expressed

When he first became aware of the danger

of the sentiment which was dawning in his

he made a resolve to avoid and fly tempta-

tion. He remained a whole week away from

the Bickesters', and then Hugh hunted him

up and insisted upon his going home to dinner

"We are perfectly foriorn without you,

e said. "We made up a theater party last

evening, and half a dozen fair tadies were

disconsolate because you were not of the

number. Mrs. Bickester was cross-ques

tioned by each lady separately, and obliged to

onfess her utter ignorance of your where-

What could a man, a Frenchman, do, un-

ler those circumstances! Madly in love

with the wife, and urged-nay commanded-

by the husband to seek her presence, he, of

plunged into the exciting game of love.

cally, he laid his plans to win the heart of

the wife from her husband. He made slow

Hugh Bickester frequented the club more

and more, and was less and less at his own

fireside, and, when he was at home, he in-

variably wanted a crowd about him. It was

nore than six months from the time when

Count Dubois first entered the Bickester

home, that husband and wife sat alone in

their handsome parlors again. Hugh glanced

"I must be off," he said; "I am half an

"Why do you never spend any more quie

evenings with me at home!" she said

Why do you always want to go away for

intertainment, or have a crowd about you!

Have you lost all interest in your home and

"Why, of course not! What a foolish

She got paying at him a moment in allence

"I know one thing," she said, slowly-"I

He might have seen, he might

known, that she was laboring under some strange excitement when she spoke those

devotion to feel troubled. He only looked

at her, smiling lazily, as he lighted his

"Of course you are attractive. Clarice."

Another shedow flitted across the face of his face while he spoke, but had listened ranging her hair for the night.

idea," be answered careleasly.

felt be could afford to wait.

hour late at the club now."

pallid of late

your wife, Hugh!"

progress; but he was so madly in love, he

Very carefully, very slowly, very systemat

singing, but her heart was untouched.

esire of her husband.

week '

years has lived a life of bachelor freedom.

redress for wrongs of this kind.

so close we often overlook them.

she make!

nakes them

now. She had been married five years, and Five minutes later, she stood alone, leanto her the love and romance of the union ing her brow on her clasped hands above were unabated, undimmed, Indeed, she the mantel, the very droop of her figure beloved her husband for better, more passionspeaking a tistless, describing weariness of soul and bedy, when a rich and melodious stely, than when she had married him. She had been a belle in her first season, he voice speke close at her side: some eight years ber senior. He had wooed

"Madame-madame, are you ill?" She started violently, and looked up into the handsome face of Count Dubois. He

loved him then with a young girl's timid | was standing very near her. She trembled with a strange agitation. love; she worshiped him now, with an awakened woman's deep passion. But, while her home and her domestic joys be-came each year more satisfying to Clarica. "You are certainly ill," he drew ber hand in his arm and led her gently to adivan and scated himself beside her she saw with alarm Hugh's growing dis-

They were silent for a moment. "I met monsieur your husband, madame taste for quiet evenings and simple pleasures. He wanted a crowd about him. He as I came in," the Count said, presently. grow more devoted to the club. He craved "It is a strange mystery to me how a must excitement. He never took her out now for with such a beautiful en evening at the theater alone, and a cory wife can leave them both so often for the sapper afterward, as in the old days. It boodeir of an actress like Nanine. Her brazen beauty would repel, not attract, me. nust be a theater-party now, where he was the escort of some other lady, she the re-I am giad, madame, that you do not allow yourself to pine away in solitude, and make If she complained he called her attention to yourself miserable on that account. I am glad that you allow yourself the pleasures of the fact that he was quite as liberal with society, even though you starve your heart her as he was with himself. He isvited gentlemen to the house, and was glad to and the hearts of those who adore you." have her entertain them. Of course he could not always remain at home: a man in

While the Count spoke, Clarice felt herself growing cold and numb. She closed her eyes and swaved backward, where gentle arm was stretched to support her She yielded herself to its pressure unconsciously. Heart and brain were so tortured mope at home alone, what complaint could and stung with pain, she gave no thought to her body.

"What were you saying about-abou Naninef" she asked in a hoarse whisper "Surely you are jesting. My husband does not go to see that actress, save in the mudienee. We have all been to see her several times. She plays well. But he-oh, no matter at this juncture. We must make allowances for inherited natures. Hugh

you are mistaken, Count Dubois." The count laughed, a bitter sarcasti laugh, unricasant to hear.

unhappy politician, who fought his way from My dear lady." he said, "I did not sup obscurity to notoriety, and died, leaving pose you ignorant of this matter or I never his only child the inheritance of his amshould have been the first to speak of it to you. But the whole city knows what a craving for excitement, and his selfish blindslave to Nanine Monsieur Bickester has beess to the smaller duties of life which lie some during the last two months. No day passes that he does not see her. He is said be most favored of all her lovers, just pursuit of a lovely woman, until he made now. But surely, madame, you-" this juncture, the Count's remarks were in terrupted by the sudden dropping of a limb and, while he was content and satisfied with figure against his shoulder. Clarice had

She recovered consciousness to find her self held closely in the Count's arms, hi hands stroking her brow, his pale face bent closely above her own, while he murmured passionate words of endearment.

"My darling, my beautiful one," he cried as she opened her eyes. "you must no grieve over one man's perfidy and falseness. Here is one who loves you better than hi life, who will give you devotion, tenderness happiness forever. Fly with me, dearest go this very night. Let your husband seek the actress, but never again let him insult you by coming home to you. It is more sin ful to dwell with him after he is untrue to you, than to fly with one who will devote als life to making you happy. Come, go with me this very night, Clarice-'

But Clarice drew berself from his arms weak, trembling and pallid as death,

early married life. And though now he alsee him first-I must hear the confession pass his time, and how, when absent from from his own lips. I can not believe if till Clarice, which rendered her questioning he tells me it is so. I can not condemn him unheard.' "You have but to go with me this very lerision to Clarice. She was unhappy, but

evening, to the side entrance of the theater and I will give you proof of my words. Count Dubois answered, quietly. "Your husband will emerge therefrom at Nanine's side, and drive away with her in a close to that of all the world beside; but, if she carriage. Will you go! Do you desire the of the agreeable men who were ever ready | proof!"

"I do-I will go," she answered. "Anhour later, two cloaked figures stood notionless at the pr. ate entrance of the theater where the beautiful "Nannie" per-

formed nightly to enthusiastic audiences. A thousand wild thoughts, memories, incidents, were floating through the excited brain of Clarice, as she waited there. Her larice seemed to be proof against all his husband's prolonged absences, his increasing disregard of his home, his avoidance of oyed his society, she was thrilled by his quiet evenings alone with her. Ah, why had she been so blind as not to see and understand that she had a rival in his heart adly, flercely, hopelessiy in love with the Way had she been the last to know the bitter, humiliating truth! And yet-and yet perhaps after all, it was not true; perhaps he was not there; perhaps he would not come forth with Nanine, and Count Dubois would confess it all a cruel jest. reast, let us do him the justice to say that

But, even as the wild hope began to find place in her tortured mind, there was a marmur of voices, the sound of footsteps, a light laugh-and Nanine, all wrapped in a snowy fleece of cloud-like drapery from which her face shone like a star, came tripping into the glare of the gaslight, leaning upon the arm of Hugh Bickester. They paused just a second in the full blaze of the

'Why, where is my carriage?" cried the silvery voice of Nanine. "Ah, there it is at the corner. Let us walk down there, Hugh abouts. Now, I don't want this to occur it is but a step." again, my dear Count, while you are in the city. See that you report here at least twice

Count Dubois felt his arm pressed by the clutch of two convulsive hands. He did not

dare look at his companion for a moment. "Let us go," she said, quite calmly Hope for the first time awakened in the 'ount's breast as he saw the effect of this course, cast his scruples to the wind and certainly convincing proof on the slighted woman. She still held her head erect, still walked quietly at his side, apparently unmoved by the sight of her husband's conduct. But Dubois knew better; he saw that the blow had stricken Clarice with a sort of numbness which would make her utterly indifferent to every thing save her own misery. He compassionated her deeply. though there was a thrill of triumph mingled with his better feeling. Surely, he could, in time, make her happy; she would not go on caring for her false husband forever. Love, mortally wounded, must die: and some day, in return for his own untiring devotion, she would give him her heart. He looked down at her pityingly as she

turned mechanically away, still supported by his arm. Clarice looked at him with an expression "Where shall we go?" he saked softly, in of infinite longing and tenderness in her face, which had grown strangely thin and response to her words. "Anywhere, anywhere-it does not matter

> to me," she answered, in a tone of dull, "Shall I take you home!" the Count in quired, laying gentle stress on the last

> The familiar phrase seemed to sting her into sudden, keen, bitter remembrance. It was a horrible mockery of her misery. Perhaps be had guessed that the words might have some such effect—had hoped so.

For a few instants Clarice, overcome by the rush of returning memory, could not answer to his question. It was no longer her home since love had fied-merely a luxurious dwelling where she was housed and fed by an unloving husband who had this was the manner in which he had fulwords. He ought to have taken the slarm

"Anywhere but there anywhere ale other places are the same."

the state of the s

"I am only thirty-eight, and yet my beir out the still abundant locks. "And my face -bow haggard and old it looks to-night Ah well, it does not matter! there is no see to care -- no one to care." She dropped down in a chair and hid her face in her hands. and the tears fell through them in bitter scalding drops. She was thinking of bright beautiful girlhood, a brilliant marriage, a happy wifehood of a few brief years, then of peglect, estrangement, doubt, treachery, despair, temptation, flight.

"It was a great mistake, a great mistake, she mouned; "though the devotion promised me was given-though, while Count Dubois lived, he was my slave and I his idol-it was a terrible mistake. Sin and happiness can not walk hand in hand-it is one of God's sternest laws that they shall not be united. Far better had I borne my bitter lot in silence, and suffered my humiliation alone with an unsullied soul. There could have been so lot more wretched than mine has been during all these terrible years. Love, tevotion, wealth, excitement, travel, assumed honors, what were they all to one whose heart was tortured with a remembrance of a lost Paradise, a ruined same, a wrecked life! O, it would have been better, far better, to have suffered and made no sign. And where oh, where tonight is he who brought all this ruin to a ife that was once happy and good! Is he alive—and does he feel no remorse!"

A quick rap sounded on the door. The nurse started from her bitter reverie and hastily brushed away the tears as she pened the door.

One of the physicians stood before her "Pardon my disturbing you at this late our," he said, "but there has been an accient in the street; a man has been thrown ut of a carriage and badly injured, and we need a steady hand and calm nerve to assist is. We can trust no one so well as you. lome at once to the operating room."

The nurse hastily colled her hair, and, replacing her cap, followed the physician to be room indicated The injured man lay stretched upon the

able, bared to the waist, one crushed and mangled arm hanging, a mass of unsightly flesh and broken projecting bones, at his side. But he was perfectly conscious. When the nurse approached the table sh rave a low moan, and would have fallen had ot one of the physicians reached out a proecting arm.

"You are overdone, overtaxed," he said I never knew you to be so affected at a sight of this kind. You must return to our room." "No, no," she answered, "I am better

ow. It is nothing-only the patient is known to me. But hush-he may not recognize me-it is better if he does not. But already the patient's feverishly brilliant eves were fixed upon the face of the surse with a searching gaze. Then he spoke, starting to an unright position.

"My God!" he cried, "it is Clarice-Clar ce here and with that hair!" Then he fell back again.

The nurse was kneeling at his side. "You must be gaiet; you must not be eritated." she said, calmiv. "There is a langerous operation to perform, and you nust not be excited."

There need be no operation," he said, in abored voice. "The crushed arm does not and add a feature to the marvelous natter the trouble lies here in my chest. piece of work. The bell seems fas-There is some internal injury. I shall not came to Europe to seek you, Clarice; I could not live longer-I could not die-until had seen you and told you that it was all terrible mistake. I wronged you-I was the original. The beam is held to the inkind: but I was never as you thought-He ceased suddenly and put his hand upon his chest. He gave one long sigh and and then he breathed no more.

"This man was a friend of yours!" the obvaician asked, turning to the nurse. "Some one you had known!" "He was my busband," she answered They went out quietly, and left her alone with her dead-alone with the irrevocable

past, the pitiless present, the hopeless fu-There her husband lay, deaf to entreaty, nsistence or outcry. She had spoken no word of forgiveness, had received noneleath had come too quickly for this comfort to be possible. She must live the rest of umbrella. her days with regret and remorse as her constant companions. If she could only have known the peace of pardon from him them she had wronged so deeply; but that

could not be. All the ghosts of the past which had haunted her before must rise up low with tenfold power to torture her. She knelt by her dead-all her own now when too late-until the gray of the morn ing. Then she rose and walked to the win dow, looking out at the dawn just beginning

to redden in the east. A faint gleam touched the white still face like a benediction. Was he sorry for her! she wondered. Did he love her now with the old-time fondness before change had come! Surely, it must be so. With the new day, a Louis Jail, June 4," each word and new hope seemed born-she could believe that all might be well with them both Somewhere in the eternal morning, forgive-

ness and reconciliation awaited. And, with this trust in her heart, she finds peace kneeling there beside her dead -Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Peterson's Magazine.

EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

Too Much Culture Will Enlarge the Band of Confirmed Bachelors.

Charles Dudley Warner in not un cindly fashion suggests that not enough care is taken to make young ladies interesting nowadays. In the eagerness to become educated, girls neglect the cultivation of those qualities which Mr. Warner regards as being the chief charm of women, and which we may sum in the two words, feminine fascination. Mr. Warner, like most men of ideal sentiment, shrinks from the woman whose blue stockings are her conspicuous feature, or who sends powerfully intellectual gaze through double extra eye-glasses. Man, who has found it necessary to sharpen his intellect and harden his mind in order to keep well in the race, is rather averse to the musculining process to which woman has subjected herself so determinedly in these days of cult and Kant.

Women are becoming learned, philosophical, even pedantic, at the sacrifice of much that gives them empire. They become oppressive instead of interesting in a continual string of knowledge from which man hopes to escape when he exchanges the cares or serious hours for the relaxation and refreshing zest of society. Comparatively few women are interesting for more than a half hour at a time; many are agreeably entertaining for ten or fifteen minutes promised to shield and honor her. And but what proportion have the inestimable virtue of being interesting to filled his vow! Wearfly, hopsiessly, she lifted her eyes to the Count's and gasped the men who meet them daily, hourly.

how to be interesting than it is to get just what he has done, and how he did "My poor child?" was the only answer be a smattering of Greek, German, French, it, and can as quickly make things as made, as he found a corriage and helped the almost fainting Charice into it. But he literature and art; it is much easier to when he found them. The "fy-away." mow he had attained the summit of his Society is composed of wheels within wheels. I am dependent upon Jones, Smith and Brown for success in my business. Consequently I must not offend Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Smith or Mrs Brown; in fact I must be gallant and compliment them when we begallant and compliment them when we have a property and provided points of the trained network and was must be as charming to an interest woman who lives of the trained network and was must be as charming to an interest and was must be as charming to a complete them when we had attained the summit of his begallant and compliment them when we had attained the summit of his beautiful points and the summer an meet, and you must be as charming as possible to them all. The more popular you are every way, the better for me. If we care for me. If we care for me. And this reminds me that Harry Gray, and all office are getting up a theater-party for this even ing. and have asked us and any of our friends to join them. Suppose I drop around you, is he not?

She had had a bard day, and was very tired now; yet, though it was past midnight, she could now; yet the could now; yet the could sace between a poem of Browning and our affect on the eyes of the gum

cage Inter Ocean.

AN INGENIOUS CONVICT.

A few days after Charles Fry was

the Wenderful Pleas of Meet

cent to the local jail he found a piece board in the yard and took it to his eli. At the time he intended to whittle out a few small trinkets, but decided to make an effort and whittle something of which he would be proud. The board was of white pine, three feet six inches long, twelve inches wide and we inches thick. Fry is a ship-carpenter by trade and understands the nature of wood and what can be done with it under the circumstances. He had no tools, and all he possessed that would cut was a small wooden-handled knife. Knowing that this would not perform the task he had set before him, he tore a steel shank from an old shoe, wrapped a wooden handle about it, sharpened it and began to look for something else. There was an old worn-out mop in the

in the same way. Being now fully prepared, he began the task of turning out what he had pictured in his mind. He worked mostly at night, and often remained at his work until three o'clock in the lead of more and more each day. his work until three o'clock in the morning. While at work he shunned the other prisoners and did not let them know what was going on in his sell until a few weeks ago, when he emerged with the work of art on which he had spent all his time and energies for three months. Looking at the production as it hangs between two cells, one can hardly believe that from the small piece of board only two inches thick and three and a half feet long such a chain of connected links and swivels could be wrought. It is an endless chain of 234 links, thirteen swivels or revolving links, two pairs of clasped hands, and six carvings which explain themselves to the observer.

The Liberty Bell, as true a represen tation as a picture, is four and a half inches high and five and a half inches across the rim, and has the crack, lettering and tongue and all else belonging to the beloved revolutionary relic. Fry has pictured it as it stood on exhibition at the World's Fair in New Orleans in 1884, when a new beam had been given it and while it was garlanded with a living wreath of green. Instead of the green leaves he has made a chain of wooden links which coil gracefully around the bell tened to the beam with wooden and beam, and the screw, nuts and bolts are given in perfect exactness to chain by two hands, beautifully carved, and represent, as Fry says: "The North and South upholding their united liberty." Above this again are clasped hands similarly carved, which Fry says "is the North and South, and is meant as an emblem of peace." All these carvings are connected to the chain by swivels, a most difficult piece of carving in wood, even with the latest improved machinery, but of these the prisoner has made thirteen, and all of them were made with the rib of an

Following the chain from the south side to the bell, the first carving met is a bronze gothic pillar on which is carved "In God We Trust." Next is a Chinese tower, on the corner of which are four pillars, and inside these pillars is a ball of wood, too large to be taken out or put in without breaking one of the confining pillars.

"This is where I began the task," said Fry, as he pointed to a decorated block on which are carved in raised letters, blackened at the top, "St. figure being on a side.

The most amusing piece follows, and is a square block, on one side of which is a harp of Erin, and in a corner the first two notes of "Come Back to Erin." On the other three sides are respectively an Irish flag, with a sunand a spray of shamrock.

Next in order and the best finished of all the carvings, is a scroll headed. "The Emancipation," and at the end of the scroll are a pair of shackles, the ring of which are broken, and, as the carver says, "The Slave is Set Free." -St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

TINKERING MECHANICS.

How Many Otherwise Good Me are Spoiled Forever. The inclination to "tinker" a ma chine, or to "fix" an engine or a pump. has spoiled more otherwise good engineers and machinists than lack of experience ever will. Some men have an irresistible longing to get at machinery with a monkey wreach and screwdriver, and trouble always results from indulgence in this respect. No man ever saw a competent, experienced man "tinker" a machine. If something is wrong, or some adjustment is needed. such an attendant is never in a hurry to clap on a wrench and give a reckless turn, regardless of results. No. experienced men do much different: one of this kind will think before he acts. He will study out just what wante screwing up, what it wants it for, and how much.

The above points determined, the wrench is applied gently, is screwed to a proper fit, and just the required part of a turn is given the bolt or net.

If good results do not follow, and any engineer may be wrong in his estimate It is much more difficult learning do the adjustment. The man knows the "things" that lot boilers explode while to their care .- Boston Budget.

-It may be doubted whether the practice of chowing gum his an injuri-She arose and stood before the mirror, ar- the affidavit of a penny editor. - Chi- chever, but it burts the eyes of other people. - Somerelle Journal

TRAINING COLLIES.

How to Make Dags of Brol Tales the to Formers

It is an acknowledged fact that of all

breeds of dogs the collie has the meet about 5,000,000. nervous disposition, and needs the most careful handling. There is not a so easily spoiled by a cross word, or by a single application of the whip, as the Scotch coilie. We have owned collies for about six years and in all that time have never found the need of a whip. It is in fact their almost human-like intelligence which makes their natural timidity the more manifest, and the first and most important rule to be remembered by the trainer is uniform and absolute kindness and gentleness, both of manner and tone of voice, which should never be raised above the tone of ordinary conversation. In commencing the education of a coilie puppy it is necessary for the trainer to traverse the exact ground the collie is to cover, jail, and from this he cut a piece of until he feels perfectly at home among one-quarter inch wire. He put a handle the cattle, and being close at hand any on it, wore it down to the thinness of a needless barking and worrying can be blade, and a few days later he found instantly checked. By following his the rib of an umbrella, which he fixed trainer the puppy will naturally get into the habit of driving at the heel instead of worrying in front.

> until finally in an almost imperceptible manner he will work alone in a large field, the same as a pointer or setter would work the same space of ground. If he has been brought to this point with care and kindness, he will at all times enter into his work with alacrity and evince by his eagerness that this is his natural sphere of usefulness. But let it ever be remembered that as soon as your collie's spirit is broken, you might as well break his back, so far as usefulness is concerned. You must have the confidence and love of your dog to have him of the least benefit. Of course we all realize that to get the most benefit from the collie he must be taught to drive acceptably from a distance; he must obey orders beyond the reach of the voice. This can be very easily accomplished by the aid of a little painstaking. A young dog when excited by his work will in the majority of instances work too fast, and the best means to check his ardor is the most important thing to consider. In the door-yard and around the barn he must be taught to "lie down," at some given signal; the best one for the purpose being to hold your hat high above your head, as this sign can be seen at a great distance, and likewise your signal for him to again proceed should be by moving the hat to your dog more by signal than by voice, for nothing is more disgusting than to hear a man screaming and veiling to his dog. All that is needed in the way of signaling is to prevent his working too fast and running the stock. All that is needed in this country of fences is to have your dog perfectly obedient and possessing the ordinary intelligence which you would naturally expect of the breed. If the dog has thus been brought to a knowledge of his business with no fear of the whip or other punishment, he will enter into his work with hearty good-will, and ever and anon he will be found, during the day, walking around among the cattle, by whom he will be recognized as a friend and welcome companion.

It is not necessary that a dog should inspire fear among the cattle he is to drive, as it is his duty simply to start them in motion and direct them to their course. The same gentleness which should be observed among milch cows by the one caring for them, should be taught to the dog, who should be but the active expression of his owner' wishes. - Pescado, in Ohio Farmer.

AN INTELLIGENT DOG.

A Story for Whose Truth the Editor De-I never allowed "Johnny"-that was

he, of course, would not try to as long as I was in the room. Even when I went out I did not mistrust the old burst, a round tower painted green, fellow, and you may imagine my surprise when returning one afternoon I found him lying quietly on the sofa and looking defiantly at me. He received his punishment, and was apparently so disgusted that he did not touch a bit of his supper that night. I did not think any more of this event until a few days later, when, coming back at an unusual time. I found "Johnny" elcepting in his box and snoring. "What's up with you now?" I thought. I looked at the sofa, but could see nothing suspicious. I moved my hand across it. "There, been again on it, old man, have you?" He did neither stir nor interrupt his snoring. I then ordered him to come, and told him he was quite smart, but not enough so as to consider the animal heat his body had left on the sofa.

The following day I went away on purpose to see whether he would dare otry it again. My room was on the first floor, and I had to go a little way through a garden before coming to the house. "Johnny" certainly could hear me when I came along the sandy path. This time, however, I hurried over the laws after I had banged the gate and looked through the window. He probably thought, as he did not hear me come, I had remained at the gate, and so be carried out his preparations. Of course he had been again on the sofa. What do you think that animal was doing? He was standing with his foresaws on the sofa and blowing with all his might at the spot where he had semething will happen. The history not feel it. Well, I let him blow a listittle while, and then knocked at the window. Like a fact he ras lete his box, and when I entered, a minute later, he was sound asleep - Lewisten (Mr.) Journal

Just Like a Wheat Corner.

"O, go away?" exclaimed the fair avenue bride to her fond companies you're too much like a wheat our

"How is that?" queried the sturdy young husband. "You squeeze one on" replied the blushing creature, not amine - Chicago

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY. -Most of the sendine send in this

country are imported from England, and the number consumed annually is

-Wool growing is the sixth in importance of the agricultural Industries dog on the face of the earth that can be in the United States, and is surpassed only by corn, hay, wheat cotton and

> -A series of experiments lately made by a French machinist are said to have proved that steel leace weight by rust twice as rapidly as cast iron when exposed to moist air. -According to Prof. Potter asphalt,

> the article of prominent commercial importance of the present day, was used in the building of the tower of Babel and other ancient structures. -A new system of lighting onlied

the "Lucizen" will be used at the Wyandotte shippard. It is made by crude petroleum and air pumped by small engine, the fame being three feet high. -The discovery and utilization of

natural gas have proved a powerful stimulus to the manufacture of iron pipes and tubes in this country, there are now 2.300 miles of mains in the United States for conveying natural As a case of deafness a result of gazing for a few seconds at a powerful

electric are has been reported to the

French Academy of Sciences: The eymptons disappeared after about an hour and a half, but returned on a repetition of the experiment. Dr. Charcot, the great French physician, says that children under sixteen can not have their brains overworked. No forcing, he asserts, will get out of them more perchast work

than the brain will accomplish without fatigue. It is not till after the age of sixteen or eighteen that forcing becomes possible. -An international congress of nearly ive hundred physicians lately in secsion in Paris was practically unanimous that consumption, or tuberculosis, is contagious and transmissible beween man and beast. There was unanimity also as to the prime necessity of boiling milk and cooking most well

as a preventive of much of the con-

comption which now afflicts the human Investigation has shown that perrous terra-cotta bricks and blocks best resist the action of fire, water and frost. Next to these as fire-resisting materials omes concretes and burnt clay work. For buildings intended to be fire-proof, the best materials are iron work incased in porous terra-cotts, with tile or brick work in roof and floor, and tile construction. The boiles tiles are faced with vitreous tile, slate, or any good weather-proof coating, or with a

single thickness of brick -It is not generally known, says the Mining Review, that Important mining operations are carried on in the Arctic Circle. Cryoffte is carried from Greenland to Philadelphia by the ship-load to be used in making candles. Extensive copper mines have been worked for a long time in Finland. Most of the work of mining has to be done under ground, and the workmen in deep mines suffer from heat, consequently it s apparent that mines can be worked s profitably in these high latitudes as n our own country.

-Dr. Dastre, a French physiologist, who has been experimenting with animals to determine the nature of seasickness, reports that after they had been subjected to various kinds of motion, corresponding to the rolling and pitching of vessels, he found their intestines strangely displaced. He concludes that a similar disturbance produces seasickness on board ships. Cocaine is said to be an excellent remedy. Another French physician who agrees with Dr. Dastre as to the causes of seasickness, claims to have discovered two infallible remedies, one a mixture of atropine and strychnine, and the other

VILLAGES OF RUSSIA.

my dog's name, to lie on the sofa, and The Deplarable Condition of Signy Millines of Ignorant Prosents.

The idea of 60,000,000 of people be ng constantly upon the verge of starvation is a startling one, yet there does not seem to be any reason to doubt the truth of the author's statement. The peasants are frightfully ignorant, and their mire make them, to a certain extent, selfish. These mire are village governments, each one independent of the other, and each peasant, while bound for life to his mir, has no ties connecting him with any other village. Nor have the mire any consecting links To all intents and purposes the mire in Russia are independent States, with nothing in common but the Government tax gatherer. It is this fact that has been the safety of the Russian autor racy, for were a concerted movement to come the General Government of the country would go down before it as would a pile of sand before a breaking dam. In fact, the authority of the Czar to-day rests upon two things-the ignorance of the peasantry and their contanies.

interestion, however, of great will last. If as Stepniak says, the majority of these peasants are is west all the time, if they absolutely have not enough to eat for the larger part of the year, a time will come when they will move. They may be ignorant, but no men is so ignorant that he can not tell the difference between hunder and repletion. When the minery become widespread enough, when the touth of starvation promus down hard enough. under certain conditions in society a spork is only posted to set fire to the train. It might begin to Res kneeking down a tax gathe when it does begin the result will be fearful. The struction of the Franch eleties would come to be talked at. for these in Reads will east them late the shade. As the Russian Cours and the shade. As the Hundan Cours and makility have seven so shall they course. Of course there will be great wrongs done; of course the persons who have brought it about will compa, for in the wagnesse of races the impossit suffer for the guilty. The size of the fathers will be visited upon the shiften. And who shall my, when these size are considered, that this will be unjust.—One of the state red Literature