

#### LOVE'S RUMMAGE SALE.

Promises broken and shattered,  
Tokens in sad disarray,  
Letters all crumpled and scattered,  
Flirtations faded, past;  
Relics of summertime play,  
Roses all withered and stale,  
Idols shorn down to the clay—  
*This is Love's Rummage Sale!*

Hearts that are twisted and battered,  
Fans that were thick in the fray,  
Slippers that gilded and pattered,  
Gloves to forget and prey;  
Bacchanals weak in decay;  
Eldery maidens that bewail,  
Vanity, pride and display—  
*This is Love's Rummage Sale!*

Meaningless words that have flattered,  
Trinkets and rings thrown away,  
Notes that are sow-worn and tattered,  
Courts that lasted a day;  
Cab-bills one never can pay,  
Weddings that did not prevail,  
Jealousy, scorn and dismay—  
*This is Love's Rummage Sale!*

L'ENVOI.  
Princess, has't turned up your way?  
The heart that your glance did impale?  
Buy it, 't is cheap enough! Ayé,  
*This is Love's Rummage Sale!*  
—Harold MacGrath, in Puck.

#### The Unwelcome Guest

By Pierce B. Barnard.

**W**HEN Jim Busby returned from the West to his native town of Canaan, he did not expect to find his memory canonized. Fifteen years was hardly enough time, he thought, for his fellow townsmen to forget his faults or enlarge upon his virtues. Doubtless those people were still alive who, if they remembered the boy at all, would do it to their sorrow; still time usually softens grievances, and Busby, with the aid of his newly acquired wealth, hoped to find some kind of quasi welcome in the quiet town under the elms.

He had never seriously injured any one, he thought, and, although the village dogs might beat a hasty retreat on the return of this prince of practical jokers, the majority of the inhabitants had enjoyed in full measure his many pleasantries.

Busby—now grown up to wealth and dignity—was not a little ashamed of his early pranks, and he determined, as he alighted from the stage and entered the city hotel, to sign some fictitious name and look cautiously about the old place to see what his standing might be among the saints at home.

He was highly gratified to find the town unaltered in any particular. We like to see change and progress in the great world at large, but our native place, where we spent the happy years of our boyhood, is blessed with too many memories to admit of any improvement.

Busby was thankful to find the village parson preaching the same kind of exclusive hereafter that had frightened him into obedience fifteen years before. He congratulated himself on finding the old pump still yielding delicious water from the same cracked spout; to have repaired it would have been an impertinence he felt. He blessed the lazy and pernicious school directors for having failed to plug up a single knot hole in the venerable abode of knowledge where a succession of pedagogical tyrants had only partially subdued his spirit of fun.

The external landmarks of Canaan still stood intact, but among the personnel of the inhabitants there were many missing faces.

The old fogies were mostly on deck—Busby's inveterate foes—a little more talkative, malevolent and reminiscent perhaps. They were whittling on the same red fence which had always served as a resting place for the unemployed. Jim listened to the records of the young man who had gone West and the girls who had married wealthy men. Some of his old associates occupied positions of honor and trust; in fact, all had done well—so well, that he felt emboldened to ask after himself—not without many misgivings.

There was a slight change of expression on the faces of the old worthies at the mention of this wayward youth. The oldest inhabitant coughed, the postmaster grunted, and the venerable deacon looked the other way with a knowing smile.

It was a trying moment for Jim. Their significant glances nettled him not a little, and he could not refrain from coming to his own defense.

"He was always an active boy," he said.

"Too everlastingly active!" returned the deacon with a suggestive grin. "Every dog and cat knows he never slept. I calculate there weren't no kind o' tomfoolery he didn't practice before he pulled out of here of a sudden. Everybody prophesied he'd be hung, and I guess the best people felt relieved when they got the sad news of his execution. I know I did."

Jim tried to whistle a tune in an unconcerned way, but it was with difficulty that he concealed his feelings. It's something of shock to find oneself hanged, and it takes time to get used to it. He spent the day amusing himself with the younger element, who fortunately knew not Jim Busby. They liked him at once. His plaid suit, heavy gold watch and plug hat seemed to embody certain ideals of youthful grandeur; and his free use of money easily cemented their friendships.

The next day he hunted up his parents in the little graveyard and decided to replace the wooden headboard with a piece of marble in due time. He also chatted with several old women at work in their gardens, and found Jim Busby had been anything but a favorite of the other sex. It was indeed very discouraging. He felt revengeful.

Finally, in despair, he asked the editor if anything had happened that was

worth printing since Jim Busby had left.

"Nothing to speak of," answered the editor, stroking his chin whiskers, "and we're thankful for it. Fifteen years ago a body couldn't go to bed without expecting to wake up and find his live-stock on the roof of his house or his black cow whitewashed pale pink."

"Confound it!" said Jim, out of patience. "You people haven't treated Jim Busby right; you enjoyed his jokes as much as he did."

"Well, what is that to you, please?"

"Simply this; I am Jim Busby."

The news spread quickly.

"Don't believe it," said the oldest inhabitant, who stood near.

"That can't be—Jim Busby never behaved himself two days together in his whole life."

"Well, it's a fact, any ways," said Jim. "I've been out knocking round for fifteen years without scarcely a postage stamp to my name, and when I made my stake I thought I'd hunt up a relative or two to share it with me; but I find these people think, when they've got a feller hung, they've done enough for one man."

"Pshaw, Jim!" said one. "If we'd known it was you, it would have been different."

Most of the bystanders agreed with him.

"I, for one, am satisfied Jim Busby was hung," said the deacon. "I got the hull account of it in my scrap-book; but as you seem to be an uncommon good feller I'd like to make your acquaintance—so come over to the house for dinner and we'll argue the point."

"I don't want to destroy any old memory that has been such a comfort to you," said Jim, "so I won't accept your hospitality now, but I do want to make things right. Your fool story about my hanging has blackened my reputation a good deal and helped my aged parents into an early grave, but I'm willing to let bygones be bygones. I want to get solid with future generations and you can help me. The deacon, there, can make a rousing good speech and the editor can give it a send off. To-morrow morning, at three, I want you to take a wagon, with some straw in it, to Canaan Junction. A bronze statue of yours truly will arrive by an early express. Gents, you understand?"

They understood, and although there were serious doubts in the deacon's mind about this being Jim Busby, he wasn't the man to miss an opportunity of making a speech, and he set about preparing a rich eulogium of the practical joker which he rehearsed in his barn the rest of the afternoon.

The oldest inhabitant got out his lemonade stand, the editor issued an extra, and the village brass band prepared to turn out.

The next morning by the dim light of stars they all bled them to the Junction five miles off, and awaited the arrival of the statue of the great man. It was raining hard, but what of that? Their anticipations made them young again, and they could hardly wait until the train stopped. But the express came and went with nothing but disappointment for the Canaanites.

As they returned home a vague feeling of uneasiness and dread overtook the party, and many began to heap maledictions afresh upon the promoter of this fool's errand; but when all got back to the hotel and found their late visitor departed, their worst fears were realized.

It was the deacon who remarked somewhat sadly to the weather-beaten, crestfallen crowd:

"Well, I guess that was Jim Busby, after all."—Waverley Magazine.

#### Beyond the Span of Life.

To be sentenced to imprisonment for the term of one's natural life is hard enough, but to be consigned to a dungeon cell for a couple of thousand years is, indeed, harrowing. Yet foreign judges not infrequently impose sentences of several centuries, without it being considered anything remarkable.

Not long ago an Italian adventurer was convicted of sixty-three distinct forgeries. He was sentenced in each case, with the result that he will be in prison for 2080.

A couple of years ago a young man

was arrested in Vienna, who, upon his own showing, should have been sentenced to 2500 years' imprisonment. A total of 400 charges was brought against him, and he was convicted and sentenced on all of them. But the judge was a merciful man and, in passing sentence, he threw off 1000 years in consideration of the man's youth. A little time ago, in the great Calabrian brigandage trial in Naples, the public prosecutor demanded sentence upon 248 prisoners, and, although the average sentence imposed was a little over five years, the aggregate of the sentences amounted to 1300 years' imprisonment.—Chicago Chronicle.

#### Much in a Name.

The Postoffice Department is having trouble over a little postoffice in Bartholomew County, Indiana, which was established some years ago under the name of Springer. A month later it was changed to Cushman, and three months afterward back to Springer. In 1893 it was called Grammer, but in 1897 the old name of Springer was given it. It next appeared as Grammer, but Springer followed.

A postmaster was appointed who refused to qualify as postmaster of Springer, but insisted on being postmaster of Grammer. The department chose his successor, Miss Mollie Bergman, and changed the name back to Springer. Miss Bergman has followed the tactics of her predecessor and insists on qualifying as the postmaster of Grammer or not at all. The difficulty may be solved by closing the office entirely.—Washington Correspondence Baltimore Sun.

At a certain station in India the wife of a civilian in charge of an important department presented her lord and master with a son and heir. The native staff of the office therupon petitioned for a holiday in celebration of the auspicious event, says London Truth. Not feeling justified in stopping the Government work for a day on such a pretext, the parent summoned the head clerk to his assistance. This gentleman, a habit of a characteristic type, devoted many hours' consideration to the problem, and after weighing all the pros and cons, delivered an opinion to the effect that the desired holiday could not properly be granted, as the baby had been born to his chief in his private and not in his official capacity. This oracular response seems to suggest that a man might have a son born to him in his official and not in his private capacity—though I confess I do not quite see how that could be.

#### HOUSE OF THE FUTURE

##### A FRENCH SCIENTIST ADVOCATES THE USE OF GLASS MANSIONS.

Some of the Advantages—An inexhaustible Supply of Building Material—A Dwelling That Would Be Easy to Clean—Days of Brick Numbered

A French savant, M. Jules Henriau, until lately the director of the great glass manufactory at St. Gobain, believes that we are approaching an age of glass.

M. Henriau is an enthusiast on glass, says the London Express. He believes it to be the material of the future. He does not pretend that we can look for glass cannons, or glass men-o'-war, or glass greyhounds of the ocean, nor does he contemplate the substitution of vitreous machinery for that which we now employ in our various processes of manufacture, but he does claim that glass is the best substance known to us for every kind of structural purpose, and especially for dwelling houses. In short, if the visions of M. Henriau are realized we shall all be living in glass houses before very long.

The point of the idea is found in the inexhaustible supply of the materials from which glass is made, in its adaptability to all shapes and forms, its durability, and its cleanliness. With regard to the second point, it is obvious that glass can be shaped, colored, and decorated to an extent of which no other material is capable, and it is upon this aspect of the idea that M. Henriau lavishes his imagination.

There are six ways in which glass can be manipulated. It can be cast into window panes, paving stones, panels, etc. It can be moulded into cornices, sashes, wall decorations, and even statues. It can be blown into bottles, tumblers, vases and all the utensils comprised under the name of "glassware." It can be blown and ground into crystals, lenses, prisms and other objects of art and utility. It can be drawn into the finest threads and made into pipes, baskets and dress materials. It can be turned into mosaic and enamels, and can be brought into the closest imitation of most of the precious stones.

Imagine, with M. Henriau, the construction of a glass house. The foundations and walls could be constructed of a variety of glass, recently invented, called "stone glass," which has already successfully withstood the severest tests. When crushed it gives a resistance three times as great as granite. When subjected to heat or cold it is found less sensitive than steel. When submitted to friction it shows less wear than porphyry. Shock, as if a hammer blow, it resists to a degree twenty-two times as severe as that which would fracture marble. The test of tension has practically no effect on it whatever.

The walls, then, would be built of glass held together by angle-iron so as to permit of a hollow space through which pipes could pass (the pipes themselves being glass work) conveying hot air, hot and cold water, gas, electric wires, drains, and everything needed for the health and comfort of the inhabitants. Stairs and balustrades, ceilings and wall decorations, mantelpiece and fireplaces, would all be constructed of glass. Some of M. Henriau's conceptions in the way of decorations, in which the glass is made opaque or tinted with brilliant colors, or made silver and golden, or arranged in prisms and crystals with facets like diamonds, are perhaps too fanciful to be taken seriously, but through them all there runs the same enthusiasm, the same belief that glass, as Thiers once said of Louis Napoleon, is capable of anything.

Our chairs and tables, in the new glass age, will be made of vitrified material, toughened to the strength of oak and mahogany. Our cooking utensils, our plates and cups and saucers, will be made of the same substance. Even our knives and forks will have glass handles, if not glass blades.

The new glass house will be absolutely clean, and practically indestructible. The whole of its surface can be washed from the top story to the basement, without a trace of humidity being left. Dust cannot collect on its polished face, and the spider will find no place on which to hang its cobwebs.

The question of cost has not been left out of account. Glass can be made out of almost anything amenable to the influence of fire. The stone glass to which reference has already been made, is manufactured mainly from what has hitherto been regarded as waste substances. The slag heaps which disfigure our mining and iron districts are all convertible into glass. Evidently the days of bricks and stones are numbered.

At a certain station in India the wife of a civilian in charge of an important department presented her lord and master with a son and heir. The native staff of the office therupon petitioned for a holiday in celebration of the auspicious event, says London Truth. Not feeling justified in stopping the Government work for a day on such a pretext, the parent summoned the head clerk to his assistance. This gentleman, a habit of a characteristic type, devoted many hours' consideration to the problem, and after weighing all the pros and cons, delivered an opinion to the effect that the desired holiday could not properly be granted, as the baby had been born to his chief in his private and not in his official capacity. This oracular response seems to suggest that a man might have a son born to him in his official and not in his private capacity—though I confess I do not quite see how that could be.

When caught in a falsehood, don't assume a look of injured innocence and tell more lies to hold you up.

It is worth more to the world for a man to live right than die happy.

#### Contagion in Schools.

Any one who has worked in school-rooms must have been impressed with the fact that the children come into frequent and close personal contact, such as putting their faces together, blowing into each other's faces, examining slates and papers, and sitting close together.

Common means of contagion are these: Kissing, exchanging handkerchiefs, ribbon, chewing gum, whistles, slate and lead pencils, which are almost always, consciously or unconsciously, carried to the mouths. Coins also are treated in the same way.

Drinking cups, by their common use, often spread diseases. School books are ready carriers of contagion. Then also may be mentioned the dangers from overcrowding the schoolrooms, which leads to the breathing of impure air and the dissemination of germs.

Wraps which are not absolutely needful often hang where they dry and are placed in the schoolroom.

The foundation for many cases of pulmonary diseases and chronic invalidism can sometimes be traced to a badly ventilated schoolroom.—Motherhood.

#### When Reed Counted a Quorum.

Former Speaker Reed was in the Supreme Court, at Washington. The Justices were slow in assembling. Mr. Reed waited with an eleventh-hour patience. Presently a friend of his leaned over to him and whispered:

"Mr. Speaker, can't you count a quorum?"

A look of grave reproach overspread the fat Maine face. "Sir," said he in a tone of freezing dignity, "you forgot that when I counted a quorum, there always was a quorum."—New York Times.

#### Weight of Money Bees.

Five thousand honey bees as they leave the hive weigh about one pound, but when the insects return from their visits to the flowers, freighted with honey, they weigh nearly twice as much.—Newark Advertiser.

#### HOW FLIES PROMOTE DISEASE.

They Carry Germs on Their Toes From Infected Material.

For two or three years past medical men have been calling attention to the part which common flies play in the dissemination of diseases. They first alighted upon the spit of a victim of tuberculosis, the faeces of a typhoid patient or other infected material, and then rest on food which has been carelessly exposed. Thus something worse than the hatching of maggots in fly-blown meat may result. The latter is more revolting than dangerous. But the former is more dangerous than revolting.

Commenting on these facts, American Medicine recently remarked:

"Restaurants infested with flies are special abominations. The danger from this source is not small, and as the summer is now upon us in good earnest, with hordes of these pests, it seems desirable that everything possible be done to limit the amount of mischief done by them.

More effective measures are needed for destroying flies and preventing their multiplication. The war on mosquitoes by our sanitary department in Cuba has shown what can be done in exterminating insects, and the preparations which are already being made in several different places in our country show that the people are willing to act if they are shown the best ways.

Until some successful method has been devised for exterminating flies special care should be taken to prevent their access to sputum, pus or other infectious material; fruits and foodstuffs should be thoroughly cooked or washed if flies have been allowed to come in contact with them, and should be protected from flies after preparation for use."

#### WISE WORDS.

It is a great mistake not to enjoy and make good use of common things. Most likely you cannot command the best that life has to give, but you can, at least, get near to it by improving whatever comes in your way.

Happiness depends very little upon the vastness of one's possessions, but it does very much upon a spirit of contentment which, coupled with willingness and ability, enables a man to get all the good possible out of his lot.

The universal self-delusion is this: when a man has a good thought, he fancies he has become what he thinks for the moment. Good thoughts are very good; but unaccompanied by the difficult processes of character, they are often no better than soap-bubbles.

There is a kind of knowledge from which many persons shrink. It is that which involves certain duties and responsibilities which they are not willing to accept.

Uncertainty is the cruellest trial for the heart of a woman to endure, when that woman is resolute and brave, and feels ready to face any danger courageously.

No man knows the state of another; it is always to some more or less imaginary man that the wisest and most honest adviser is speaking.

Some people are so anxious to keep their left hand in ignorance of the deeds of their right that they keep it in perpetual idleness.

Surely terror is provided for sufficiently in this life of ours, if only the dread could be directed toward the really dreadful.

The artist is a true creator. He can embody the noblest aspirations of his mind,