

## THE WORLD IS GROWING BETTER.

The world is growing better!  
Thought takes a wider sweep,  
The hand of sturdy labor  
With a friendly hand we greet;  
We will not drink the bitter  
When so little makes it sweet.

The world is growing richer,  
In wealth brought from the earth—  
But, better far, with treasures found  
In mines of sterling worth,  
For noble deeds are honored more  
Than simple claims of birth.

The world is growing better!  
With fewer musty creeds,  
With more of human strivings  
To answer human needs,  
With precious harvests garnered  
As the growth of precious seeds.

## THE RED NECKTIE.

I, Jessie Sutton, had been spending a year with my aunt in the west. As I was to return home, a sister-in-law of aunt's had suggested that a cousin of hers, who was also going east, was jolly company—a splendid fellow, and just the one for a traveling companion. I could travel to Chicago alone, and he would meet me there, and then we could complete the journey together.

So aunt had her sister-in-law write to him, and it was all arranged. As I had never seen him, there was a spice of romance about the matter which suited me exactly.

But as we were total strangers to each other, how could he recognize me or I him among the thousands of people in Chicago. My aunt, good woman, instantly suggested the way. I must wear a gray jacket and he a red necktie.

"Take care of yourself, my child," were aunt's last words.

Then as I sank back on the seat, after waving my handkerchief in farewell, it suddenly flashed upon me I had not heard the name, and for the life of me I could not remember it. Had I ever heard it? I asked myself. Yes, it had most certainly been mentioned in the first letter, that I was sure of; whether again I did not recollect.

I could not help feeling somewhat blank after this discovery, until the laughable part of it struck me.

"After all," I said to myself, "it is only carrying out the romance of the adventure. Besides, the grey jacket and red tie are certain signs of recognition, and no doubt he knows my name."

At last it grew dark. Perhaps I had exhausted my store of wonderings as to what my unknown escort would be like, or I was tired of speculating about him; certainly he did not occupy my thoughts then. It was the past that stood so clearly before me, the old short-lived romance of nearly eight years. Why should it crop out then? It had been so long past and buried. What had conjured it into life again?

"Chicago!" "Chicago!" shouted the brakemen, waking me up from the reverie that had ended in an hour's sleep.

It was 9 o'clock. I had to wait an hour for the train from the south. I ordered tea at the depot restaurant. There were few occupants in the room, and either the waiter had little to do or I looked helpless and forlorn. He was certainly polite and attentive; and when he ventured upon saying, "Leave by the next train, miss?" I confided to him the state of the case, and begged him timidly, when the next train came in, to look out for a gentleman wearing a red tie.

My heart did begin to beat a little faster as the time drew near. Would he come or had he missed the train; should I have to make that long journey alone, after all? for now that I was so far I should go on, of course. What was he like?

I am afraid that however quiet and staid my outward self may have been, inwardly I felt like any 16-year-old school-girl. Indeed I am ashamed to say that I did walk across once or twice to the mirror, giving a pull here to my hair and a twitch there to my veil, and I caught myself wishing I had put on a more becoming hat. I suppose even at 25 one likes to look one's best at meeting a stranger.

The bell announced the train's approach, then I heard the engine's shrill whistle, and the bustle and confusion as the passengers alighted. The train seemed very full. My polite waiter had disappeared, seeking my red necktie on the platform.

In a few minutes I espied him at the farthest door, and—yes, actually there was an individual in a flaming red tie at his side. The waiter was gesticulating and talking most volubly, but his companion was silent. I had only time to see a tall, foreign-looking man before they came up to where I was standing. "There he is, Miss," exclaimed the waiter, eagerly; then turned on his heel and left us. Exactly what I felt that moment I cannot describe. It was a mixture of satisfaction that the stranger had come, and a very distinct sort of timidity and uncomfortableness together at the presence of that silent, long-bearded man.

I glanced at him furtively, and remarked that it was very chilly.

"Yes," he assented, drawing up his fur cloak closer about his throat, and stopping, as if waiting for me to proceed.

"Surely he ought to say something," thought I, "if he were only to introduce himself."

I began to wish myself anywhere but the re. I looked around (we were still standing in the doorway); the little room was empty, the large one much less full.

Our evident constraint was, for the moment, ended by the polite waiter.

"Won't you have something to eat?" he asked confidently, coming up to us; "the train starts very soon for the east."

"Shall I bring it in here?" he inquired when the stranger assented and ordered something; "there is a nice little table where Miss was seated," and he pointed to the place I had occupied.

We moved simultaneously and took the seats.

"You are going by this train?" asked my companion in a casual, off-handed manner.

"Naturally," answered I, somewhat surprised; did he intend doing otherwise?

"Then I shall be happy to escort you as far as our roads lie together," was the further rejoinder, but he uttered, still somewhat constrainedly; "I am going to Massachusetts."

"So am I," was my answer, shyly given; his reserve was very infectious. "Did you not know that?"

"How should I?" and he half smiled. I saw then that he had beautiful teeth, partially hidden, as was, indeed, the entire lower part of the face, by the thick mustache and beard.

The waiter brought him his steak, and we both sat silent—he occupied with his supper, I with all sorts of misgivings and conjectures.

I was put out with myself, auntie, with aunt's sister-in-law, and with my escort himself. Were we going to travel together all that way in this most uncomfortable manner? Nothing would have pained me more than any diversion of his from the gentlemanly courtesy due to a lady, but there was a peculiarity about his constraint that puzzled me.

The second hour of waiting seemed to me far longer than the first, and I was glad enough to find myself—with my companion, of course—in the eastern-bound train, which quickly sped away.

My ideas on the romance of such a journey had now entirely collapsed; anything more prosaic was hardly to be imagined.

There we sat, a young man and a young woman, who, to judge from all appearance, wished themselves anywhere but where they were. As for myself, I may safely assert that I never experienced a more awkward situation.

"Pretty name, Jessie?" said my companion, suddenly. "Now, with the exception of the few sentences in the waiting-room, and the most trivial courtesies since we started, no conversation had passed between us. Therefore the remark was welcome—besides it was reassuring. I brightened up. He did know my name (that he had my traveling-bag—on which I had engraved "Jessie"—in his hand at Chicago, never occurred to me). "I knew a Jessie once," he repeated, as I turned a half-smiling face toward him.

He might have known a hundred for aught I cared; it was only the opportunity of learning his that interested me, so I exclaimed quickly: "What is yours?"

"Edward."

I sank back on the seat in thorough disgust at my failure. It was evident I must let things take their course. Be a sensible woman, Jessie, I argued to myself. What does it matter whether he be Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith, provided he brings you safely to your destination?

My companion had, however, evidently noticed my discomfiture, and it amused him, I could see by his smile. But his translation of my vexation was an incorrect one.

"I am sorry 'Edward' does not meet with your approbation."

"Oh, dear, no! It is as good as any other," I replied, carelessly. Once I had pronounced it a horrid name, and flatly refused to call someone by it. But the past had gone back in shadowland. The present fully occupied me.

A pause, in which I was tacking on every surname I could recollect to the Christian one I had just heard. Then a bold stroke occurred to me—what if I addressed him at venture!

"Do you attach luck, good or ill, to a certain name, Mr. —?"

"Edward," finished my disconcerted vis-a-vis, before I could bring my lips to utter Jones or Smith. How I should have liked to have boxed his ears, unladylike as it sounds. "If you mean that I believe all Tommys must of necessity be good, and all Harry's bad—no, Miss Jessie."

Was he teasing me, and doing his part of "hide" better than mine of "seek"? I could not decide. For a few moments I sat stupidly silent, then I made even a more stupid remark, and thought what a fool I must appear to him.

I vowed I would not touch that subject again.

"Why did you not ask my name outright, Miss Jessie, instead of beating about the bush?" asked he of the red necktie, after a pause.

Did I hear aright? I all but jumped up, as I took in the purport of the question. The color mounted to my temples; fortunately my veil hid it partially.

He had misunderstood me wilfully. Why should he? Surely my curiosity was a pardonable and natural one under the circumstances. I resolved he should not have the best of it—let him keep up the silly mystery as long as it pleased him.

The desire to unravel it had evaporated with the desire to make it appear to him as if there had been none, at least so far as I was concerned.

"Why should I try?" trying to speak unconcernedly; "one does not usually travel with, or be escorted by a gentleman whose name one does not know."

He gave me a curious searching look. "And yet you never saw me before this evening," he said slowly, keeping his eyes upon me.

"Nor you me," I returned. "But that has nothing to do with the case."

"A great deal, I should say," was the answer, accompanied by a provoking smile.

What did he mean? I opened my lips once or twice to ask him to be more definite, but shut them again in the fear that for some inexplicable reason or other my companion would keep up his mysterious manner.

At length the dawn reddened the east. The rain had ceased, the skies had cleared, and as I turned and opened my window, I noticed that the air had the pleasant coolness of an early autumn morning. I threw back my veil, the better to inhale the fresh air.

"Good heavens!" was the early-morning greeting of my strange companion, as he quickly started up and then seized hold of both hands.

"Don't you know me, Jessie?" he exclaimed.

The daylight fell full upon his face, showed it very tanned. This I noticed; but this was all. Indignantly I drew my hands away.

"How dare you?" I began; then overcome with astonishment and mortification at the sudden change of behavior, I covered my face.

"Jessie, I am Neville Tracy-Edward Neville Tracy."

My heart stood still for a minute. I scarce knew if the sensation I experienced was due to doubt or surprise. Then I scanned my companion narrowly.

Recollections came slowly back. With me recognition was not at all as it is usually depicted in novels. Where was the boyish face that had been before me in my reverie only last night? He had left me the slight fair young fellow; now a sunburnt breaded man claimed his name.

How long it was before I could quite convince myself I was not dreaming, nor he deceiving me I could not say.

There was so much to explain, so much to relate—the wherefore of our parting has so little to do with this story that I pass it over—that we forget the singular trick of fate that has brought us together again. It seemed the most natural occurrence in the world that we should be going home together. And when the riddle was unraveled, it was a very simple one. He had thought he was going to have a very nice little adventure when the waiter pounced down on him in mistake, and manlike, was nothing loth to follow it up, not recognizing his former love until I threw back my veil.

Well, eight years had altered me somewhat, also. The reason of the non-appearance of the right (or wrong) escort, I learnt soon after in a double letter of apology from aunt's sister-in-law and himself. He had missed the train, and arrived in Chicago several hours later.

I have traveled often enough with my red necktie since then, but he positively declares that was the pleasantest journey he ever took with me, because it ended so happily. And all's well that ends well.—[San Francisco Report.

## Career of a Grandson of one of Napoleon's Great Marshals.

There is at present sojourning in San Francisco an artisan, not blessed with much of this world's pelf, but who claims an interest in the estate of Count Napoleon Ney, Prince de la Moskowa and son of Marshal Ney, who died in Paris on October 13, 1882. His name is Emil Hugo Ney, and he was born in Koenigsburg, Prussia, about thirty-six years ago. His father a younger son of the marshal, was Frederick William Alexander Ney, who died when Emil was but 2 years of age. His father having married against the old Marshal's will, an estrangement ensued and there was but little intercourse between the two families. Young Ney, tiring of study and restraint, ran away from home when very young, and served two years as cabin boy. He then devoted three years to learning the trade of ship carpenter. He visited every land and clime and afterwards settled in south America, wandering from state to state. For four years he worked with Harry Meiggs, who made him foreman of a large force of men, when constructing his railroad in Peru. In 1875 he came to San Francisco, and has since remained on the coast, engaged in various occupations and callings. On hearing of the death of his uncle, he engaged an attorney to ascertain whether or not he was entitled to a share of his estate, and finally ascertained, through Minister Morton and Baron de Vetry, one of the Court's nearest relatives, that the entire estate had been bequeathed to his widow, and that the sons of an elder brother would be entitled to a preference. In spite of this discouraging reply, young Ney is still sanguine, and intends leaving for Paris shortly to look after his interests, believing that his relatives are still antagonistic to him and his interest, and of course are throwing every obstacle in his way.

"My son," asked a school teacher, "what do you know regarding people who reside in glass houses?" "I don't know nothin'," was the response, "about the proverb, but I know that people who live in glass houses orient to lay abed in the mornin, unless they pull down the blinds."—Ex.

In a railway carriage: "Guibollard asks, very politely, 'Madame, does smoking trouble you?' 'Oh yes, monsieur; not ordinarily, but to-day—' 'Ah! madame,' replies Guibollard, in a very sympathetic tone, 'how much you are about to suffer!'" [Paris Wit.

## HUMOROUS.

The man who sleeps on an old-fashioned feather bed generally feels down in the mouth in the morning.—[Burlington Free Press.

In order that your husband may not forget to bring in coal, place the hod near the door where he can fall over it.—[Chicago Tribune.

"My Willie strike your Johnnie!" yelled Mrs. Smithers to Mrs. Jepsa over the back fence; "you are mistaken; my gentle lamb would not strike a match."—[Oil City Derrick.

The young woman who was courted by an old millionaire, but loved another fellow, said the old man's entire fortune, as far as she was concerned was not worth assent.—[Merchant Traveler.

"Oh! he's a green hand" remarked a book agent, contemptuously. "He thinks he can sell books, and he has not yet learned the first principles of the business. Only yesterday he was picked up all in a heap at the bottom of a stairway. Now an experienced book-agent always lands on his feet."

The various phrases of the tender passion have thus been exemplified: A ship is foolishly in love when she is attached to a buoy; she is prudently in love when she leaves the buoy for the pier; she places her affection beneath her when she is anchoring after a heavy swell, and she is desperately in love when she is tender to a man-of-war.—[The Judge.

"Jakey," cried Mrs. Rosenberg, as she discovered twenty-five letters in her son's bureau drawer, "there was all these letters I give you since last spring, to put the mail-box therein." "Vy for hat you forgot dem?" "So hellup me I dont forget em," replied Jakey, "I been waitin for dot two-cent postage."—[Arkansas Traveler.

A rural young lady visited the Philadelphia Zoological Garden, and when she returned home she told her mother that one of the monkeys spoke to her. A girl who can't distinguish a dude from a monkey should be given a few lessons in natural history. The monkey is the most intelligent-looking, but doesn't wear such ridiculous clothes.—[Philadelphia Record.

A remarkable climate: A northern tourist, engaged in looking up the title to some Texas lands, was sitting in his room at the hotel. A colored waiter came in with some clean towels.

"What kind of weather is there outside?" inquired the man. Is it raining?

"Yes, sah," answered the waiter. "De fac is, mos all de weather we has in Texas is on de outside. We doan git much wedder on de inside, that is no hebbly wedder."—[Texas Sittings.

She laid her head upon his shoulder as he held her close to his bosom. Her eyes beamed love, etc., into his. Do you love me, Alphonso? "Yes, sweetest." "Then why delay naming the day?"

"I will not delay, love. It will be some pretty day in the next springtime when the flowers are budding forth in beauty and delightful fragrance."

"Oh shaw! Why, Will Jones said he'd marry me next week. But if you can beat that time, dearest, I am yours, for I love you so much." Alphonso took his hat and retired from the race.—[N. Y. Graphic.

## Manual Training in the Public Schools.

Supt. Seaver, of the Boston public schools, says: Education through apprenticeship to trades has disappeared, and the time has been filled up with larger amounts of school-book instruction, and the consequence is that, through lack of opportunity, the native aptitude of many boys for handicraft is quite ignored. There doubtless is in our city boys an ample fund of latent mechanical ingenuity, which only awaits proper treatment to bring it out and lead its possessors to the right occupations for using it.

My hope is that a public free school on the plan of the school of mechanic arts may be established in Boston. The place for it in our system is side by side with the high school. This can be done as soon as the taxpayers and their representatives at City Hall see the wisdom of it. Let it not be supposed that the manual training proposed as a part of general education consists in learning this trade or that trade, nor yet in learning the fragmentary beginnings of a dozen trades; but rather than it consists in developing manual skill and mastering the fundamental process applicable in many trades. For example, one who can use well the common wood-work tools—hammer, saw, plane, auger, chisel and try-square—is ready to enter several different trades with immediate advantage to himself, although he may not yet have learned the special details of any one of them.

Now, I am sanguine enough to believe that the introduction of the manual training element into school work would promote still more a salutary reform which seeks to abolish mere nominal teaching and replace it by real teaching, that is, a teaching that trains mental power rather than loads the memory that fills the mind with the solid merchandise of knowledge and not with its empty packing cases. The one branch of our present school instruction, most largely to be improved by joining it with manual training, is drawing. Not many years ago drawing was made obligatory by statute. The reason was that drawing was important as a branch of industrial education, and industrial education was much needed by the people—especially by the people of cities. Well, drawing has been introduced at great trouble and expense, and in spite of no little passive opposition. Is this expenditure

of money and effort justified? Yes, I think so. And the result satisfactory? No, not yet. And why? Because industrial education, through drawing alone, is work only half done. The other half, modelling, carving, anything having in it the constructive element, has hitherto been wanting. Delineation and construction are two parts of one whole; neither has full educational value without the other. As work in the chemical laboratory is needed really to possess one's self of the chemical knowledge, which is only symbolized in the formulas of the book, so work at modelling and construction is needed to give precision and endurance to that knowledge of forms which drawings merely symbolize.

## Influence of a Cigar.

Elevated Railway Journal.  
No wise man will set out on a journey without providing himself with at least fifty cheap cigars. Those which can be bought for two cents are just as good as those sold for a dime, and the gift of one is rewarded with just the same courtesy. You are in a hurry to change trains and recheck your baggage. The checkman doesn't care two cents whether you are left or not, and the chances are that you would be left but for that cigar. Edge up to him, drop the cigar into his fingers, ask him to recheck your baggage to Indianapolis, and you are fixed in six seconds. Hours later, when he comes to sit down for a smoke, he may remember your phiz and bless it—but you are far away. The brakeman on the passenger train studies gruffness. You can't offer him money nor ask him to take a glass of beer; but if you want to know exactly how long you have to wait at Hanover junction and how long it takes to run from there to Washington just tender him a 2-cent cigar. His granite countenance will instantly melt and run all over his face, and he will feel himself bound not only to answer all inquiries, but to tell you how to save two dimes in getting your dinner at the restaurant. In fact, the influence of a 2-cent cigar is almost boundless. It will stop any citizen and make him feel happy to answer a dozen questions. It will direct you to the best hotels, point out the best sights, make street car conductors talk, give you the best seat in the omnibus, and accomplish all that gold and silver can do. No man should travel without them.

## Hints on "Making Up."

The butterflies of fashion are far behind actors in the methods of "making up," and in the artistic use of paint, rouge and powder. Occasionally we meet a beautiful woman, gorgeously dressed, sitting in her carriage with a cross-eyed pug dog by her side, and a cast-steel coachman on the box seat. What strikes us more particularly is the lady's face. It is ghastly white, deathly in its palor. On each cheek she wears a brilliant red blotch, and under each eye is a black line. Her eye lashes are black as Egypt, white her hair is of shimmering gold. Such a woman is "made up." She has taken the utmost pains to make herself look pretty, but the result is, she is simply hideous, and excites the laughter of the clever people who understand the mysteries of a stage "make-up." The trouble with our society beauty is that she does not realize that a face made up for the stage is a very different thing from one made up for daylight. An actress makes her face very white to neutralize the effect of the yellow gas light. She draws a black line under each eye, because the footlights shining up from below destroy the shadow of her lower lashes and make the eye look flat. So she makes an artificial shadow with cosmetic, India ink or burnt cork. The ladies in front of the footlights study all this through their opera-glasses; and, not understanding the difference between gaslight and sunlight, they appear on the street the next morning horribly made up. Ladies who are determined to paint, and powder, and draw black links under their eyes should bear in mind the fact that the light of the sun is a hundred times whiter and brighter than that of the footlights, and, moreover, it does not shine up from below.

## The Industrial Census of India.

British journals bring interesting details of the industrial census of India in 1881. The total population of the country is 253,891,821, and of this enormous number only 85,544 persons are British-born subjects, and 56,646 are soldiers and 12,088 females. Practically less than 17,000 male civilians, wielding an army of 56,000 men, control the vast empire. The whole number of Europeans returned is only 145,512. The occupations of 102,629,000 persons are defined, and of these 71,199,000 are engaged in agriculture or the care of animals. In industrial occupations 21,041,000 persons are engaged, 12,859,000 males and 8,182,000 females. The workers in cotton and flax numbers 5,485,452; in clothing, 2,815,280; in vegetable food, 3,165,429; in stone, clay and earthenware, 1,650,974; in houses and buildings, 836,453; in guns and resins, 762,526; in bamboo, cane, rush, straw and leaves, 680,732; in gold, silver and precious stones, 472,966, and in iron and steel only 473,361. Engaged in the work of government, national, local and municipal, are 1,843,000 persons, of whom 315,000 are classed as belonging to the army. The professional classes embrace 1,451,000 persons.

Kid bonnets have high crowns, are made of pale, yellow kid, the brim trimmed with three rows of small, round buttons in imitation of stained ivory.