

THE DEATH OF MARLBOROUGH.

The sun shines on the chamber wall,
The sun shines through the tree;
No, though unshaken by the wind,
The leaves fall ceaselessly;
The bells from Woodstock's steeple
Shake Blenheim's fading bough.
"This day you won Malplaquet!"—
"Aye, something then, but now!"
They lead the old man to a chair,
Wandering pale and weak;
His thin lips move; so faint the sound
You scarce can hear him speak.
They lift a picture from the wall,
Bold eyes and swelling brow.
"The day you won Malplaquet!"—
"Aye, something then, but now!"
They reach him down a rusty sword
In faded velvet sheath;
The old man drops the heavy blade
And mutters 'twix his teeth.
There's sorrow in his fading eye
And pain upon his brow.
"With this you won Malplaquet!"—
"Aye, something then, but now!"
Another year; a stream of lights
Flows down the avenue;
A mile of mourners, sable clad,
Walk weeping two by two;
The steward looks into the grave
With sad and downcast brow.
"This day he won Malplaquet!"—
"Aye, something then, but now!"
—Walter Thornbury in New York Ledger.

Peter Cooper on Interest.

Peter Cooper was always a careful and prudent business man. He was always opposed to the methods of many merchants, who launched out in extravagant enterprises on borrowed money, for which they paid exorbitant rates of interest. Once while talking about a project with an acquaintance the latter said he would have to borrow the money for six months, paying interest at the rate of 3 per cent. "Why do you borrow for so short a time?" Mr. Cooper asked. "Because the brokers will not negotiate bills for longer." "Well, if you wish," said Mr. Cooper, "I will discount your note at that rate for three years." "Are you in earnest?" asked the would-be borrower. "Certainly I am. I will discount your note for \$10,000 for three years at that rate. Will you do it?" "Of course I will," said the merchant. "Very well," said Mr. Cooper, "just sign this note for \$10,000, payable in three years, and give me your check for \$800, and the transaction is complete." "But where is the money for me?" asked the astonished merchant. "You don't get any money," was the reply. "Your interest for 36 months at 3 per cent per month amounts to 108 per cent, or \$10,800. Therefore your check for \$800 just makes us even." The force of this practical illustration of the folly of paying such an exorbitant price for the use of money was such that the merchant determined never to borrow at such ruinous rates, and he frequently used to say that nothing could have so fully convinced him as this rather humorous proposal by Mr. Cooper. —New York Post.

An Evening With Andrew Lang.

The spelling of the name of Miss Agnes Repplier and her singular felicity in epigram and phrase inevitably suggest her familiar name in Philadelphia, where she lives. This is the "replier." Her dinner conversation in this respect is celebrated among her friends. Miss Repplier, as is well known, worships at one particular shrine, that of Andrew Lang. Last summer Miss Repplier was in England and had the anticipated good fortune to be asked to meet Andrew Lang at dinner. It would not have been human for Miss Repplier not to have made a mental toilet as she adorned her body to meet Mr. Lang. But a dinner, we are told, in England is a serious matter. Course after course passed unseasoned by joke, unspiced by epigram and without the grace of felicitous allusion. It at length came to an end. Nor did the conversation have any future. The great Andrew sat down on the floor and played for the rest of the evening with a kitten. —New York Sun.

Flagpoles.

With proper care a flagpole ought to last a great many years in spite of the incessant exposure to the elements. Of course the best preservative of wood is paint, and a man who has a flagstaff which has cost him a good sum of money should see that it is painted at least once every 12 months. Flagpoles generally rot at the bottom first, and then have to be taken down to prevent them from falling by their own weight. The usual length of a pole on top of a high building is from 50 to 75 feet. It is not difficult to get a pole in one piece 50 feet long, but when a man wants to add 25 feet to that he has to do it by means of splicing. —Boston Herald.

Graduated From Heidelberg.

The daughter of the late Professor Windscheid, the famous German authority on Roman law, has been graduated from the University of Heidelberg with the degree of Ph. D. Fraulein Windscheid is the first woman to be admitted to the old seat of learning with the privilege of taking her degree. She passed a brilliant examination. The university, it is said, will probably soon be opened to women. —Exchange.

J. Hipsley says that he has looked upon the whole range of the Swiss Alps while removed from them by a distance of 200 miles, and Sir W. Jones affirms that the Himalayas appeared to his view from a distance of 224 miles.

The "Cardiff Giant," the famous stone man hoax of 20 years ago, was 10 feet 2½ inches in length; had a nose 6 inches long, a mouth 4 inches wide and a foot 15½ inches from toe to heel.

Eleven million six hundred and twenty thousand families, with an average income of \$968, pay 90 per cent of the taxes in the United States.

According to a decree rendered by the British courts of law, payment cannot legally be enforced for any order given to a debtor on Sunday.

The first man to succeed in welding aluminum to glass was Bradford McGregor, a mechanical expert of Cincinnati.

TRAINING BOTH HANDS ALIKE.

No Good Reason Yet Advanced Why It Should Not Be Done.

In one of his essays in a book entitled "Brushwood," the late James T. Fields wrote: "If I were a boy again, I think I would learn to use my left hand just as freely as my right one, so that if anything happened to lame either of them the other would be all ready to write and handle things just as freely as if nothing had occurred." And undoubtedly a great many of us would learn to use both hands alike if we had our lives to live over again. Of all the young women who came under my instruction while in charge of the School of Domestic Economy of the Iowa Agricultural college, not more than one in twenty-five could sweep properly. The ratio in this respect of those who came under my instruction at Purdue university was about the same. And as far as my observation extends this ratio will hold in regard to women generally. As a rule, women, old and young, do not know how to handle a broom. Their right hands only have been trained. Their left hands have been neglected. When a woman takes hold of a broom it is with the right hand near the top of the handle and the left hand toward the corn, and instead of changing and reversing them as occasion demands she always keeps them in the same position. Whether she sweeps to the right or to the left, the position of her hands remains unchanged. And her body is contorted and her muscles strained in the performance of an operation that would exercise these organs harmoniously, if the hands were so trained that they could be used at will and were changed as demanded by the changes in the position of the sweeper.

I refer to women sweeping merely to illustrate my point. The same can be said concerning the training of the hands in numerous other branches of women's work that it is unnecessary to mention, and so far as the use of the left hand is concerned men are in no better condition than women. Men and women are in this respect maimed and handicapped alike. Why should such a state of things exist? Why, in this age of manual training, should we overlook and neglect the education of the left hand and continue to train the right hand at the expense of the left? No physician or physiologist has ever given a sensible reason for so doing, and we seem to adhere to the custom, merely because it has been carried down to us by our ancestors. —Jennett Miller Monthly.

A Snuggling Scheme.

Passing through Hudson street with a friend, I chanced to pass the establishment of a firm of "folders and repackers" of dry goods. Before the door were a hundred or more little bales of goods, bearing odd markings, but showing that they were destined for a firm in Texas, doing business in a town near the Mexican line.

"Do you know," asked my companion, "why those goods are put up in such small packages?"

Upon replying in the negative he continued: "They are to be smuggled across the Mexican line. The goods are purchased in their original packages and delivered here. The wooden boxes are discarded, and the goods subjected to hydraulic pressure and baled. Each bale contains about 30 pieces, or half the number of an ordinary dry goods case. The goods are then shipped to Texas, and all marks removed. When all is arranged, some night the little bales are slung across the backs of mules, two bales to each animal, and with an armed escort the train proceeds over the border to some distributing point in Mexico, where the goods are sold to Mexican traders at a good profit.

"Smuggling in this manner is quite extensively carried on between this country and Mexico, the United States getting in return for its dry goods, which are the most easily handled, cheap Mexican coffee and cigars." —New York Herald.

America's Only Frostless Belt.

What is supposed to be the only frostless belt in the United States lies between the city of Los Angeles and the Pacific ocean. It traverses the foothills of the Cahuenga range and has an elevation of between 200 and 400 feet. In breadth it is perhaps three miles. The waters of the Pacific are visible from it, and the proximity of the ocean has of course something to do with banishing frosts. During the winter season this tract produces tomatoes, peas, beans and other tender vegetables, and here the lemon flourishes, a tree that is peculiarly susceptible to cold. Tropical trees may be also cultivated with success, and in connection with this fact it is interesting to know that a part of the favored territory has been acquired by Los Angeles for park purposes, and it is only a question of time when the city will have the unique distinction of possessing the only tropical park in the United States. Strange to say, only the midway region of the Cahuenga range is free from frost, the lower part of the valley being occasionally visited. —New York Evening Post.

Oscar Wilde's Latest.

The way of the wit is hard. Oscar Wilde, moved by the ready appreciation of the English people, has been led to make some remarks which even his admirers are not applauding. He has been making some observations on the subject of Puritans and the theater. After devoutly hoping that he would not "be offered a bishopric," Mr. Wilde added, "I quite expect to see any day in the evening papers, 'Great Discovery in Egypt. Ten more commandments by Oscar Wilde.'" —Exchange.

Making a Sure Thing of It.

"What in the name of Jupiter have you sewed up all the pockets of my overcoat for?" asked Mr. Wilson.

"My dear," said Mrs. Wilson, "I have an important letter to my milliner that I want you to post." —Boston Home Journal.

THREE OLD DEATH SIGNS.

A Case Where Their Application Furnishes Food For the Superstitious.

Do you believe in the superstitions connected with the house of death? The contributor confesses that he has always been skeptical about them, but here are three old signs which prophesied death in a Waterbury home, which are almost remarkable in their coincidence, if not in supernatural significance.

A group of people were sitting in a pleasant room one evening in one of the suburbs of Waterbury, where neighborly intercourse is often freer than in the city itself. There was a knock at the door, and another neighbor came in on an errand. Another knock and another neighbor, and then a third. Then some one remarked: "Three knocks and three callers. The next will come in without knocking, and death will come in after him." The next inquirer opened the door without a knock, and it was a neighbor's boy, as strong and healthy a lad as one is likely to see anywhere. And death was behind him, though they did not see him nor think much of what he had said.

This boy's mother has always been disturbed by an extraordinary anxiety and restlessness at the approach of death to any of her relatives. It has happened several times that she has been pursued, as it seemed, through the house, from garret to cellar and through all the rooms, by an incorporeal something which she tried to escape. No one could stop her or quiet her for a long time. A day or two after the mysterious fourth call at the neighbor's door, this mother, who had heard nothing about that incident, was seized with this intangible fear and began her perplexed wanderings through the house. In and out, up and down, she walked, with a frightened air, trying to escape — what? She did not know, but they agreed that death was pursuing some member of the family.

One day not long after, the boy who was the fourth caller and whose mother had had this premonition was sick. Not very, but a little. His father was sent for in the city to come home. He was detained and walked home in the early evening. A strange cat followed him home, crossing his track and winding its way in and out of his along the road. At home was another strange cat which had followed a sister home. They were stopped at the door and soon were joined by two more. The four stood there on guard all night and all next day with a dreadful patience and persistence, craving admittance with signs of horrid appetite, dodging into the house whenever the door was opened, and kept at a distance only by great difficulty. They might have been stoned or shot, but that is not the way the old superstition reads. The boy inside grew worse and died the next day.

This is not a very remarkable story, but it made a good deal of an impression on the contributor as it was told to him by a member of the family who knew that those things had happened in just this way, that they were old superstitions which still live, and who asked him if he believed there was anything in it. —Waterbury (Conn.) Republican.

A Workingman's Discovery.

Some years ago a tobaccoist discovered the utility of tinfoil for wrapping tobaccos. Therefore paper had been exclusively used for the purpose, but it did not serve to keep the moisture of the atmosphere away from the tobacco nor preserve the natural moisture of the tobacco from the effects of a dry or heated atmosphere. Paper also absorbed the aroma of the weed and was not sufficiently lasting. Therefore tinfoil was used for wrappers. But it became costly and could only be rolled to a certain thickness or thinness, beyond which the ingenuity of man seemed to find it impossible to go. The fact was that no rollers could be made to sustain the pressure necessary to mashing the tinfoil to a leaf sufficiently thin to suit the manufacturer.

Many ingenious inventors struggled with the proposition for months and gave up the problem as unsolvable, when a simple workman about the shop one day, after rolling two sheets to the customary thickness, put the two sheets together into the rollers and made both halves as thin as they were before. This was as simple as standing an egg on end, but it created a revolution in the manufacture of tinfoil for tobaccoists' use and made a mint of money for the discoverer. —Philadelphia Press.

The Lamp Rock of Asia.

On the shores of Lake Rangkul, in the Cashgar mountains, in central Asia, stands the famous Lamp Rock of Asia, which is so called from a cave in its side from which a constant stream of pale, greenish light is emitted. Ney Elias, the English adventurer, who passed it in 1885, thinks it possible that the light is due to some phosphorescent mineral in the sides of the cavern near its opening. The natives of that section have never attempted to investigate the matter, each seeming content with the story told by his father, which is this: "The cave is the dwelling place of a demon, who guards vast treasures stored there, and the light is from a diamond worn in a band around his forehead." Elias' explanation of the mystery is probably the true one. —St. Louis Republic.

Helping Her Out.

Mr. Wayback—Great Scott! What you got the bird man plowin up the front yard for?

Mrs. Wayback—Our darter says that the first pictur' she takes with her new camera will be the house, and her book of instruction says she must break up the foreground, but of course she can't do that herself. —Lowell Times.

Record Breakers.

Jagson says if horsemen could trot their horses as fast around the track as they can around the hotel radiator there would be a record broken every day. —Elmira Gazette.

ARTISTS OF THE ROUNDUP.

Old Time Texas Cowboys Vastly Different From Those of the Present Day.

The old time cowboy is no more. He passed in his checks with the free grass custom. The big pasture has introduced a new order of cowboy, who sleeps in a house and "obeys orders" or quirts. The old cowboy was the companion of his boss and shared his pleasures and his hardships.

No manager in this big headquarters rockhouse reminded him of his inferior rank in society, nor did any of the modern ranch accessories mar the common dangers, the pleasures and the freedom and equality of the whilom cowboy and cowman. But the ranch in the olden time was a cottonwood loghouse to cook in, and for roof and protection from the weather the slicker was used, and mother earth supplied their beds.

The broad range and the overhanging sky answered for house and home. A roundup in 1867-80 was not bounded by wire fences, but the boys galloped out of camp after breakfast, made a wide sweep, and all then drove toward a common center, and lot directly at that point was gathered a herd of stock cattle of all brands, ready for the cut to begin.

The high toned man was taboed. I remember such a man appeared at the ranch of J. T., in Shackelford county, in 1869. He was a city fellow, and would say "Thank you" and such like. His intense politeness and high toned nonsense aggravated the boys mightily. Jim B., in particular—poor fellow—was especially irritated by his nonsense, as he called it, and tried to ridicule it out of him, but in vain. At last his resentment ripened into genuine hatred and it was hard to keep the peace between them, for the city fellow had grit too.

Well, one morning in 1869, at Mountain pass, in Taylor county, long before any one lived in that section, Jim got awfully mad and gave the city fellow a cussing, whereupon a row resulted and bloodshed was barely prevented there and then. We got the city fellow to ride off, and it looked like peace had returned, but one hour later Jim B. and his amiable enemy met off at one side of the roundup. I happened to be near. In a flash the city chap ran before Jim, dismounted, leveled his gun on him and demanded an apology or death.

Jim jerked out two six shooters, but said nothing, and instantly the city fellow fired. Poor Jim rolled off his horse a dead man. I got to them just as Jim fell. He died instantly, shot through the heart. His slayer mounted his horse and "lit out." We buried Jim and went on with our herd, two men short, but with no discordant element among us.

Such was the old way. The boys were courteous and kind, they were generous and brave, industrious and honest, but they would not stand any high toned nonsense. A new era has set in. Which is the better we cannot say, but one thing is sure—with all his faults, and they were many, the old time cowboy was a man to be trusted in peace or war and was the very soul of honor. —Dallas News.

An Armenian Legend.

Ararat, one of the most majestic mountains in the world, rises 17,000 feet above the vast flat plain which bears its name and reigns over the surrounding mountains. Early in the morning, while all the valleys of Ararat and the neighboring mountains are buried in shadow, the white top of the Scriptural mountain gleams beautiful in the first beams of the sun.

The Armenian people tell this story about the inhabitants of Pharbee. Once the devil and a Pharbee man laid a wager as to which should first see the sun. The one who saw it first was to box the other's ears. "Very well," said the Armenian, and he lay down and slept sweetly, while the devil, itching to punish his enemy, stood looking eastward, and with eager eyes watched the whole night for the sunrise. Early in the morning, the Pharbee man rose, and pointing to the top of Ararat, which was already shining in the sun, cried joyfully, "I see it!" The devil was vanquished. The Pharbee man, with his strong hand, boxed the devil's ears. Ever since that time, the devil has been afraid of the people of the Armenian village of Pharbee. —Woman's Journal.

Congress Water.

How many people know that out by the Greenough statue of Washington, east of the capitol, is a vast and cavernous reservoir? Not one in a thousand, but there it is, down in the bowels of the earth, and covered deep beneath the smooth surface of asphaltum. Away back in the thirties congress purchased a spring over east of the present site of Howard university. It is now at the bottom of the unused distributing reservoir. From it pipes were laid to the capitol, and in a pond east of the building the water flowed and was held for the use of the early Solons of the bill.

In 1876 the reservoir was arched over and covered in, but there it is, and if congress has been neglectful of the city's interests as to a water supply, the reason is not hard to find. Congress has its own private tap. Pipes run into the capitol, furnishing the boilers, coolers and water for cleaning purposes. There is an overflow pipe that runs into the pretty little grotto below the senate wing at one side of the main sidewalk and tinkles over the mossy bank in a miniature cascade. —Washington Post.

Hose of Olden Time.

In the very long ago hose were not stockings as now worn, but made long, and were often drawn up even to the waist, and, oddly enough, had pockets in their sides. We read, moreover, that in the time of the Tudors and Stuarts they were of great variety, both of material and color, and for such as could command the luxury were richly trimmed and costlily; they were often called "nether stocks." —Harper's Bazar.

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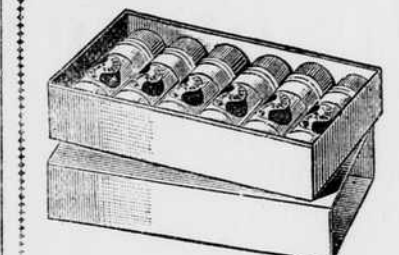
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Mark Twain

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Hose of Olden Time. In the very long ago hose were not stockings as now worn, but made long, and were often drawn up even to the waist, and, oddly enough, had pockets in their sides. We read, moreover, that in the time of the Tudors and Stuarts they were of great variety, both of material and color, and for such as could command the luxury were richly trimmed and costlily; they were often called "nether stocks." —Harper's Bazar.

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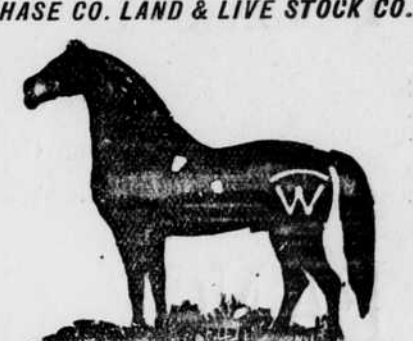
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