

LIFE.

A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in. A minute to smile and an hour to weep in. A pint of joy to a peck of trouble, And never to laugh but the moans come double.

And that is life! A crust and a corner that love makes precious. With the smile to warm and the tear to refresh us; And joys seem sweeter when cares come after; And a man is the finest of oils for laughter.

THE WRONG CARD.

THE attorney was in a reflective mood, as he walked from the office to his home. The afternoon had developed business of great importance, which would take him a thousand miles away during the next six months. The lawyer, however, was in love, and dreaded to leave the field free to his many rivals.

As he walked along, he pictured himself in a certain pretty home uptown, laying his love and lace at the feet of a charming woman, who, long ago, had come to be an essential part of his existence.

While he was thinking over the situation and hurrying homeward, he was halted with a business-like "Ho, Farr; I want to speak to you a moment."

Turning about he faced the speaker, a friend of his junior partner; and in a few minutes they were deeply engaged in a discussion of some abstruse question, concerning a case which was then interesting a great many lawyers.

When the two parted, the one who had halted Farr handed the latter a card with a request that he would give it to Somerton, the junior partner of the firm of "Farr & Somerton." In the hurry of parting Farr took the card without looking at it, and only after he had reached his residence his mind still full of the matter they had discussed, did he think to glance at the bit of pasteboard. It should have borne certain memoranda which Somerton desired; but was, however, quite blank, save for the engraved name of the owner. With a slight smile at the other's carelessness he tucked the card in his pocket.

Supper over, he betook himself to pipe and shippers. Then, lounging comfortably in a big armchair before the study fire, he gave himself up to the interrupted reflections of the afternoon. As a result of his cogitations, before he retired a letter had been written, addressed to "Miss Margaret Lamore." In it Miss Lamore was informed that he would call the following evening on an urgent matter. The letter, perhaps, was a trifle stiff and business-like, but surely could not help being clear to a woman. So, at last, thought Farr, and he went to sleep that night to dream of a gracious woman and a successful suit.

The business of the next day put an end to any further air castles for the time being, but when evening came he lost no time in hurrying whither the letter had gone. Arriving there, a ring brought the maid to the door—a new maid—Farr noticed. With his thoughts on the coming interview, it was only in a mechanical way that he gave her his card and asked to see Miss Lamore. A few moments' waiting, and then the girl returned to say, in a well-bred voice, that Miss Lamore had an immediate engagement and begged to be excused.

Somewhat dazed by what he considered a rebuff, Farr left the house. Once more in his own rooms he contrived, within an hour or two, by the aid of his pipe, to put himself in a mood which played havoc with sentiment.

An early train the next day carried him rapidly away from his home and the woman who, a few hours earlier, had been all in all to him. Now, however, he thought he had convinced himself that she was not worth the wooing. Yet every single day of the next half year had its full measure of bitterness, savoring even the great successes he met with. Not a single night but found him wearily praying for sleep, to drive away the vision of a proud, sweet woman who so persistently haunted him. Sometimes he wearied of both himself and the world, but he was obliged to live and meet his fellow-men, even if a woman had scorned his love.

Time passed, and the conclusion of his mission allowed him to return home. But little more than six months from the day when Margaret Lamore had made life seem so gloomy to him, he was once again in his native town. On the day of his return Somerton insisted that he should dine with him at the earliest possible opportunity, and, of course, tired though he was, and desirous of nothing beyond peace and melancholy quiet, he was compelled to accept the invitation so warmly pressed upon him. Accordingly that evening found him on the way to the Somerton home.

He must have forgotten that Mrs. Somerton and Miss Lamore were the most intimate friends, or, perhaps, it was natural to start when he found himself face to face with the latter in the Somerton parlor. That he did start was a fact quickly detected by Miss Lamore—a fact also which naturally increased her embarrassment.

"Judging from your appearance, Mr. Farr," said she, "your health has not been much benefited by the Western trip." "I am afraid not," was his answer; "the work was hard, and I did not go to it in the best of spirits." This last with a glance intended to be full of meaning.

She saw the look, and, wondering at it, colored.

"You look so worn and ill," she con-

tinued, "that I have not the heart to scold as you deserve; yet you must have known how much I should regret not seeing you before you took the trip."

The seeming effrontery of this took the power of speech from Farr, and the astonishment depicted on his countenance brought a flush once more to the face of his fair companion. Seeing that he was not disposed to speak, she resumed:

"You promised to call and then left without a word. I certainly did not expect it of you."

Recovering himself a little at this, Farr told her, with as much dignity as possible, that she must have been deeply engrossed that summer day to have forgotten the card he had sent up to her, and the fact that she had pleaded an immediate engagement as an excuse for not seeing him.

Then followed a period of polite and gentle conversation. Miss Lamore firmly insisted that he had not sent up his card, and Farr as obstinately persisted in saying that he had. When, for several minutes, they had accused and counteraccused each other of forgetfulness, Farr took matters into his own hands by breaking out vehemently with:

"Do you know why I wanted so much to see you that day? Do you imagine that I could be, for a moment, forgetful of the most trifling incident that happened then, when I thought you had treated me with such crushing indifference?"

They were now seated on a couch, and he, with a bitterness born of the unhappiness he had experienced, told her his whole story from that day to this present time when she saw him so ill and worn—not with toll, but with the hopelessness of his life. He had no new phrases in which to frame his thoughts; but the old, old words seemed to satisfy her; for when dinner was announced there were at least two people supremely happy among those who went arm in arm to the dining-room.

Somerton's friend, Barton, with whom Farr had held such a profound discussion on the day when the story opens, arrived in time to join the party at dinner. When the meal was well under way Barton, suddenly recollecting, desired to know why and wherefore Farr had so carelessly neglected to give his partner the card which had been entrusted to his care. Farr, in his new-found happiness, had little memory for such trifles, and forthwith Barton rehearsed the affair. Then, recalling the incident, Farr said:

"You are the one guilty of carelessness in giving me the wrong card. The one I did receive from you bore no memoranda whatever; when I discovered that fact I put the card in my pocket, and have not seen it since."

"I have," interposed Miss Lamore. "The idea of your calling upon me and sending up Mr. Barton's card!"

A gleam of intelligence came into Farr's eyes and a quick smile passed between him and the charming girl beside him. Then, with almost unseemly haste, they turned the conversation into safer channels.—Exchange.

LEARNED OF THE BATTLE.

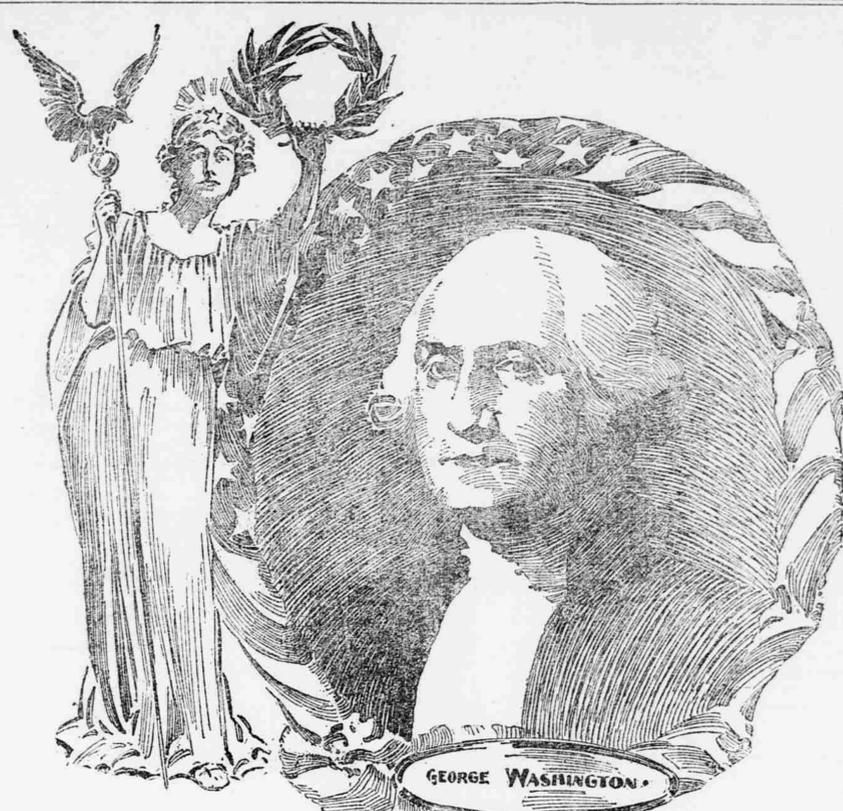
News of the Santiago Naval Battle Astonished the Austrian.

When the American fleet was operating in Cuban waters foreign men-of-war occasionally happened along to see what was going on. It chanced that, very soon after the vessels of Sampson and Schley had destroyed Cervera's fleet, an Austrian ironclad hove in sight. The Indiana steamed out to meet it, and soon a boat, with a lieutenant, left the Austrian to visit the Indiana. The Washington Star tells the story: "The Austrians had heard nothing but a distant cannonading, which might have been salutes. The lieutenant's visit was merely one of ceremony. His countenance betrayed astonishment when he came aboard, and saw the decks blackened with powder, and men and officers begrimed and covered with perspiration; but he asked no questions until he was conducted to the Captain's room, and found it filled with the stifling smoke of gunpowder. Then the Austrian officer asked Captain Taylor what such a state of things indicated."

"It indicates," answered the Captain, "that we have just engaged the enemy." "What? Cervera?" "The same." "But what were your losses?" "None." "But where is the Spanish fleet?" "The Austrian was now thoroughly excited. "Come up on the poop and I will show you," said Captain Taylor. They steamed in the direction of the shore, and the Austrian officer had his glasses leveled. "There is one, and there another, and a little out of view, there is the Cristobal Colon," said Taylor, pointing out first one Spanish wreck and then another. The Austrian, whose sympathies were undoubtedly with the Spaniards, was shocked beyond expression at this picture, typical and declaratory of the ruin of a nation. The Americans respected his feelings, and he departed in silence.

Electric Motor Wagons. The Automobile Club and some electric associations in France are occupied in endeavoring to establish electric charging stations for electric vehicles. The idea is to arrange with electric light and power stations to do the work, so as to make the use of electrically propelled carriages possible all over France.

When a man offers you something for nothing don't accept it unless you can afford to pay at least double its value.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, the hero, has always obscured George Washington the man, and yet the sterling qualities of the man made the hero. Whenever the two characters have been distinguished they have made separate studies, with the result that one class of writers make him a sublime genius and the other a commonplace man made great by circumstances. Washington was as great in wisdom and foresight and as unerring in judgment as a statesman as he was as a soldier. His physical endowments, his qualities of mind, his habits, education and training—all tended to round him out and develop him into a perfectly balanced man. No one faculty being developed above another gave him a simplicity that appeared commonplace, but it was the simplicity of genius. Though a man of great dignity he was easily approached. An aristocrat by lineage he was a man of the people. Extremely modest he was fond of state and of ceremony. Though his outdoor life as a surveyor, a soldier and a farmer gave him a rugged exterior, a rugged physique and robust health it did not quench his taste for gay uniforms or fashionable apparel. That he was not free from vanity is apparent in the thirty odd portraits of himself, a few painted in the effulgent regalia of war and all in the habiliments of a cavalier. He was as straight as an Indian, six feet two inches tall, with large bones and broad shoulders, wide at the hips; feet large, requiring a No. 11 shoe, and Lafayette said his hands would have been a curiosity for a medical museum. This may explain why he rarely shook hands. He weighed 210 pounds.

To his clothing Washington devoted much thought and attention, not only as a young man, but all his life. A journal written when he was sixteen has several long and elaborate entries about how "to have my coats made." In 1754 he records having bought a "superfine blue broadcloth coat with silver trimmings," "60 pairs of the very neatest shoes" and "2 pairs of fashionable mixed or marble color'd silk hose." It is evident that he always strove to be in the fashion. During Washington's presidency a caller describes him as being dressed in purple satin, and at one of his levees, he was clad in black velvet; his hair in full dress, powdered and gathered behind in a large silk bag; yellow gloves on his hands, holding a cocked hat with a cockade in it, the edges adorned with a black feather about an inch deep. He wore knee and shoe buckles, and a long sword with a finely wrought and polished steel hilt; the scabbard was white polished leather. Wherever he happened to be Washington was constantly demanding a wash-dial. The bill of his laundress for the week succeeding his inauguration was for "6 ruffled shirts, 2 plain shirts, 8 stocks, 3 pair silk hose, 2 white hand, 2 silk hand, 1 pr. tual. drawers, 1 hair net." He drove from his residence to the Senate in a cream-colored chariot with richly painted panels. His bootblack once failed to polish the general's huge boots all the way up—a task performed every morning—and the father of his country beat the luckless dandy over the head with them.

Washington was hot-tempered. He wanted John Marshall, afterward the famous justice, to run for Congress and sent for him to explain his wishes. Marshall told Washington he was too poor, he could not afford to give up his business and incur the expense. While thus opposing Washington's wishes Marshall says he never received such a torrent of abuse in his life. He feared Washington would jump on him from across the table, but the row ended in Marshall remaining Washington's guest for a week, and then running for Congress and being elected. Washington was thoroughly upright and honest in his dealings with men. James Parton said he had a genius for rectitude. Jefferson, who did not like him, said his justice was the most inflexible he had ever known and that no motives of friendship or hatred were able to bias his decision. Washington was a faithful attendant at church and was a vestry man, but he took no active part in church affairs outside its business relations.

WHERE HONOR IS DUE.

If you please, you may laud George up to the skies, as the man who won battles and never told lies. You may tell of his virtues in story and song. How he carefully sifted the right from the wrong; Of his wisdom in counsel, his bravery in war; How he drove the grim British away from our shore. You may cherish forever his hat and his sword. And up to the skies our brave Washington laud. Long, long may we hold him an example to youth. For honesty, temperance, courage and truth. While we gaze with delight on a structure so grand, Let us honor the builder who drew out the plan. And added, through years of infatigable care, Small stone upon stone, firmly fixing them there. And though this may be but a girl's point of view, Let us give credit where it is certainly due. And pluck from his laurels one leaf for another. So three cheers for our George, and four for his mother. —Youth's Companion.

WASHINGTON AS AN OLD MAN.

Age Found Him Nobly Generous—Dignified at All Times.

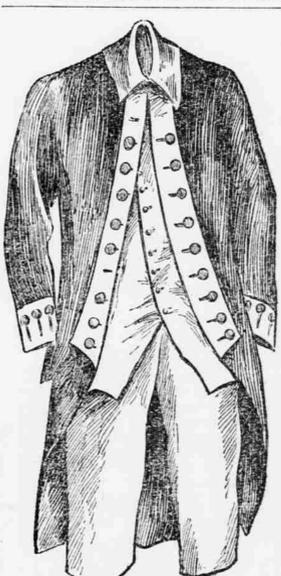
"You will meet, sir, an old gentleman riding alone, in plain drab clothes, a broad-brimmed white hat, a hickory switch in his hand, and carrying an umbrella with a long staff, which is attached to the saddle-bow. That person, sir, is Gen. Washington." This delightful portrait of Washington in his old age, when the storm of life had passed and life ran in quiet groves by the side of his beloved Potomac, was drawn by young Custis, adopted son of the patriarch, and intended to assist the recognition of Washington by a gentleman who had asked to be directed to him.

The wish of Washington when old "to move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers," was granted. The last years of his life were spent in the peace and quiet of beautiful Mount Vernon, attending to the household duties of the management of his large estate, and entertaining with courtly hospitality the many distinguished personages who came to do homage to his greatness. And yet, his latter days at Mount Vernon were busy days; for, every morning, rain or shine, he would mount his horse and make the circuit of his farms, a distance of between twelve and fifteen miles. Not a field or orchard, barn or cabin, wood or clearing, but what passed daily beneath his watchful eyes. His journal tells of a morning spent in teaching a rebellious coral honeysuckle vine to entwine the trunk of some stately forest tree; of the clearing away of the underbrush from a grove of favorite pines; of making drills for the sowing of holly-berries, etc.

Each day he gave personal directions to his overseers, regulating almost with the care of a father the busy life of the negro world, and sometimes even attending directly to their needs and complaints.

In a field of the richest grass and clover Mount Vernon could afford, a tall old sorrel horse, with white face and legs, cropped, in his season, the luxuriant herbage or stood meditatively, in the shade, doubtless dreaming of nassid glories. Every day while making his round of the farms, Washington never failed to stop before this field, lean over the fence and call, "Nelson."

At the sound of his voice the old steed would prick up his ears and run neighing a greeting, to curve his neck under the caressing touch of his master's hand. This was the war horse, "Nelson," whose strong limbs had borne his master safely through the carnage and tumult of many a bloody battle to the crowning honor at Yorktown, where, sitting on his back, the commander-in-chief of the American army



THE WASHINGTON COAT.

had received the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. In this active, unostentatious way passed the last years of the noblest man of his age—perhaps of any age.

Gen. Washington's Courtesy. In the Century there is an article by Martha Littlefield Phillips, giving "Recollections of Washington and His Friends." The author is a granddaughter of the youngest daughter of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, and she tells the following story in the words of her grandmother, concerning a visit of the latter to Washington at Philadelphia:

"One incident which occurred during that visit was so comical in itself, and so characteristic of Washington, that I recall it for your entertainment. Early in a bright December morning, a droll-looking old countryman called to see the Presi-

dent. In the midst of their interview breakfast was announced; and the President invited the visitor, as was his hospitable wont on such occasions, to a seat beside him at the table. The visitor drank his coffee from his saucer; but lest any grief should come to the snowy damask, he laboriously scraped the bottom of his cup on the saucer's edge before setting it down on the tablecloth. He did it with such audible vigor that it attracted my attention, and that of several young people present, always on the alert for occasions of laughter. We were so indiscreet as to allow our amusement to become obvious. Gen. Washington took in the situation, and immediately adopted his visitor's method of drinking his coffee, making the scrape even more pronounced than the one he reproduced. Our disposition to laugh was quenched at once."

KNOCKED WASHINGTON DOWN.

Father of His Country Given a Black Eye by a Virginia Politician.

Washington was an eminently fair man. He had a quick temper, but as a rule he kept it under control. Sometimes, however, it got the best of him. This was the case once in Alexandria, Va., when Washington was knocked down by Lieut. Payne. Payne was a candidate for the Legislature against Fairfax of Alexandria. Washington supported Fairfax, and when he met Payne he made a remark that Payne considered an insult, and Payne knocked him down. The story went like lightning through the town that Col. Washington was killed, and some of his troops who were stationed at Alexandria rushed in and would have made short work of Payne had Washington not prevented them. He pointed to his black eye and told them that this was a personal matter and that he knew how to handle it. Every one thought that this meant a duel. The next day Payne got a note from Washington asking him to come to the hotel. He expected a duel, but went. Washington, however, was in an amiable mood. He felt that he had been in the wrong, and said: "Mr. Payne, I was wrong yesterday, but if you have had sufficient satisfaction, let us be friends." There was a decanter of wine and two glasses on the table which Washington had ordered to smooth over the quarrel. The two drank together and became such strong friends after that that Payne was one of the pall-bearers at Washington's funeral.

Simple in His Tastes.

George Washington was simple in his tastes, and during his youth he was a hearty eater, but was not particular as to what he had. He wanted plain food and plenty of it. During his later years he ate very little. His breakfast at Mount Vernon was of corn cakes, honey and tea, with possibly an egg, and after that he ate no more till dinner. He kept, however, a good table, and usually had friends with him. A book written by Maclay gives his experiences when he was in the United States Senate at the time Washington was President. Maclay dined with Washington a number of times, and scattered through his diary are bits of gossip about Washington.

AN AMERICAN SAILOR BOY.

A Young Lad Who Proved His Bravery in Difficult Exploits.

"Ben Porter" was about 15 years old when, in 1850, he wrote from the Naval Academy at Annapolis, to which he had recently been appointed. "Just think of my being here, going to school, and the Government paying me \$30 a month for my company! Ah! it bunkum?" It turned out "bunkum" for the Government, which "had the worth of its money from that schoolboy before it was done with him." So writes Dr. H. Clay Trumbull in his "War Memories of a Chaplain," in which he sketches the career of this "wide-awake, enthusiastic American sailor boy—for boy he was to the last."

Immediately after the capture of Fort Sumter, the Secretary of the Navy graduated the first class of the Naval Academy, and Porter began his active service as a midshipman on the Roanoke, then on blockade duty.

In the Burnside expedition he commanded six launches, with a battery of Dahlgren howitzers and one hundred and fifty men. In the sharp fight on Roanoke Island Porter's battery was on land in the advance position, and the boy of seventeen did such execution that he was commended by his superior officers as having "not only contributed largely to the success of the day, but won the admiration of all who witnessed the display."

Before he was eighteen young Porter was in command of the gunboat Ellis, and took an active part in the reduction of Fort Mifflin. He became an ensign, and in 1865 Admiral Dahlgren selected him to explore Charleston harbor, and learn its obstructions and channel ways.

This difficult and delicate task had to be done at night; sunken torpedoes and an ever-watchful enemy had to be faced. For twenty-four consecutive nights this 18-year-old boy groped his way in the darkness, while during the day he was on duty on his ship's gun-deck—she was in action sixteen of these days.

"He found the passageway of the blockade runners, passed the enemy's forts again and again, and actually skirted the wharves of the city of Charleston. On one occasion, when a boat from the fleet was run down by the Confederate steamer Alice, that daring, chivalrous boy flashed his lights and rescued eight of the drowning men, although he thereby made himself the target of guns from land and sea. The brave young ensign was at times so exhausted on his return to his ship that his men had to lift him from the boat."

In the night attack on Fort Sumter young Porter was taken prisoner, and sent up to Columbia, where Captain Trumbull was his fellow-prisoner for several months. The boy side of his nature showed itself in prison; he was the life of the party. In a room adjoining that of the naval officers there was confined in a Captain Harris, of Tennessee, held as a hostage for some Confederate prisoner under special charges. It was the delight of Porter to put his mouth to the keyhole of the door and whistle a lively tune, while the Captain danced to it with the accompanying clanking of his chains.

Released from prison, Porter passed an examination for promotion, was commissioned lieutenant at 19, and put in command of the Malvern, the flagship of the squadron. While leading an assaulting party against Fort Fisher he fell at the head of his men. "The most splendid fellow I ever knew. My bean ideal of an officer," said Admiral Porter of this youth, who, in years a boy, had done a man's work.

THE MOST COSTLY FRUITS.

Hot-house Grapes at \$9 a Pound and Hot-house Peaches at \$2.50 Each.

Hot-house grapes are the costliest of fruits. They are never less than 75 cents a pound, and when they are most costly, in February and March, they sell for \$9 a pound, sometimes going as high as \$10 a pound. At prices ranging up to \$2 a pound there is a ready sale for them; at the higher prices they are sold almost exclusively for the use of invalids. There is a sale for all that are produced, but the production at the season of highest prices is small. The cost of production is great, and the vines may die from exhaustion after a single season of forcing.

The next most costly fruit is the hot-house peach. Hot-house peaches sell in February at \$2.50 each. They are used mainly by invalids, but such peaches are also often sold for gifts. They are presented as flowers, or as bouquets would be. Three or four peaches are packed in cotton and set off with a few peach leaves in a handsome box. Hot-house peaches run down to about 60 cents each in April and May, when we begin to get the first of the peaches from the South.—New York Sun.

Chinese Telegraphy.

The Chinese, owing to the multiplicity of the characters in their written language, have solved the problem of telegraphy by using numbers for transmission over the wire instead of characters. The numbers have to be interpreted into characters when received. To facilitate the operation, types are used. On one end of each type is a character, on the other end a number. By reversing and imprinting the types upon a sheet of paper the change is readily effected, with a high degree of accuracy.

The Queen Regent.

The Queen Regent of Spain leads an extremely simple life, rising at 7 and retiring to rest at 11. She sees little of society. Most of her time is taken up in anxious consultations with her ministers, and when she has half an hour to spare it is usually spent with her children.

Bellows are not boxes, yet they often come to blows.