TWENTY-FIRST YEAR.

OMAHA, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1891-TWELVE PAGES.

quired.

had witnessed.

lightly hurt.

and escaped unhurt.

o become famous.

Family Prayers.

Kate Field's Washington; Little Amy had never seen family prayers at home; so, when she came back from a visit to an uncle's, she was full of the nevelty of what she

"And when we had done breakfast," she

was overhead saying to her brother Bob, in the midst of an unimated account of a morn-ing's activities, "Uncle James read a long, long thing out of the bible, and then we all

His Lutlaby.

H. R. Wroty in Browning, King & Co.'s Monthly

got down on our hind legs and said grace."

Little eyes blue peep oh -see you

What a fair picture is baby.
Thy white toes, toes without hose,
Steal from the covers on baby.

Rocking we go—yes, love I know Boby will go fast tosleep. Ho! there we go—blue eyes peep oh— Baby is going to sleep.

Tight little fists, dimples on wrists,

Blinkings all right in a baby,

Softer we go, eyes close so slow,

Baby will go fast to sleep. Cover her feet—Lord, what a treat Baby has gone fast to sleep.

KIDLETS.

The children are the flies' friends. Did you

Eda Davis, a child, fell over a precipice 150

ever see a child step out and shut a sereoudoor after it!

feet high, out in Washington, and was only

A three-year-old heavy-weight named Vera Hovey of Centerville, Mich., tips the scales at eighty-eight pounds.

Eva Freely, aged two and a half years,

arose in her sleep at Middletown, Pa, walked to the second-story window, fell to the ground

Forsyth county in Georgia has developed

an infantile prodicy, who at four years of are can read difficult music correctly at sight. His voice is soft and tuneful and he bids fair

A small boy peddling matches uptown plead

orphanage as a stimulus to trade. He was asked what his father had died of, and with

orfect frankness in his blue eves he said. He died of a mustard plaster,"

"You lost your knife yesterday? Well,

Tommy, I have found two knives," said the Sunday school teacher, "Now, tell me which of them is yours." "Please, mum," replied

he honest boy, "which of 'em's got the most

You hear a good deal about lazy boys, but

here is a boy in Atchison so industrious that

his forks are compelled to stop him when he saws wood or cuts the grass; he works so hard that they are afraid he will hurt him-

What a dear love is our baby, Eyelids just blink, ladies don't wink,

ONE WOMAN.

W. J. Lempton in De roit Free Press. Let the curtain fall Over her pall,

she had no glorious name; Hers was the humbler fame To live in solitude, Unwrit, and there do good, Vhose lives are true, Whose hearts are wrong, Whose nerves unstrung; Who suffer every iii,

And yet are still.

She watered the years. With her tears; Her hands were ever stretched to biess Some one in greater wretchedness. If such there were. She did not usk; She only knew her task, And did it; not as any man, Only as God and woman can.

Let the curtain fall

"ELIZA."

Pall Mall Gazette, What was I to do? Never was there a woman placed in such a pitiable condition. I had been brought to Russia by an English sewing-machine company to run their machines at an agency of theirs in -- street, in St. Petersburg, where a handsome shop had been taken.

One blustering cold day; toward the close of October, I found the shop-door closed, and learned to my dismay that our agent had disappeared and the machines had all been seized for rent and debts.

What was to be done?

All the money I had in the world was about equivalent to £3. What was due to me I had left in our agent's hands, and I felt sure it was lost. I thought of everything in the twenty-five minutes which clapsed between my heart-breaking, when I found the shop-door closed and my rapid walk to my lodgings.

Fortunately my room had been hired for the month and had been paid for in advance. I had been making an evening dress on the machine for a Russian lady who spoke English. She had some idea of buying a machine. In order to hasten the work I had taken to my room the body of her dress and having a machine there had sewed at it of nights. That machine I would certainly keep. It would go very little toward the payment of the debt the agent owed me.

I hurried home. Perhaps there was a letter with some money in it. There was I must find the lady, but how? She had left no address. She had hardly spoken to me. I thought I had heard her say she would come again, and I be-lieved she had fixed on this very day. There was but one chance in a thousand I must stand or the street and wait until she appeared. I hastened back and took up my position near the shop. I scanned every woman passing by. It was bitterly cold and raw and the wind chilled me. I was faint with anxiety. Suddenly a carriage drove up, a foot-man opened the door, and a lady, ele-gantly dressed, alighted. I tore across the street—it was the Russian lady. With my heart in my mouth, I told her

If she wanted a servant, would she only try me? I had a sewing machine and would make her dresses for nothing if I could only stay with her until I could write to my people at home; they would send me money and I could get back to England. "And my dress-am I to lose it?" the

lady asked impatiently.
Not all of it. The skirt is in the shop: the body is in my room, almost shed.

It seemed to me dreadful that in my ngony she should talk about her dress, "Where do you live?" she inquired I told her.

'Get into the carriage," she said.

I did so. When we were off the main street she stopped the carriage, got out with me, and we walked to my lodgings. I opened the door. On the table was her body. It did not seem to interest her. She picked it up, however, glanced at it a moment, then threw it down on a chair and examined a sewing machine "How long would it take me to become proficient in working this?" she inquired. as she sat down before the machine and tried the pedals.

'Two weeks-perhaps less." "Would it disfigure my hands?" She took off her gloves, showed her well cared for hands, her fingers glitter-

You beautiful hands would hardly be "Well, then, give me a lesson at once -at once. I will pay you for your

trouble. She sat down, and under my instruction worked for an hour. She was wor-derfully clever with her fingers, and

seemed to seize the peculiarities of the "At this rate of progress, madam, you

would become quite a good workwoman in ten days," I said approvingly. She made no reply, but worked away for another half-hour.

'It is not so tiresome, after all," she said, "but I have had enough for today. Tomorrow I will call, and then you will take the machine to pieces, and show me how it must be put together again. You will oblige me very particularly by not going out today. I have to thank you for your patience. Keep my visit silent. tope you have learned that in Russia it is better to keep a quiet tongue. Do not return to the shop. Pray take this for my first lesson," and she placed on the machine table a piece of gold.

I felt very much inclined to kiss her.

She looked cold and haughty, but my heart was so full of thankfulness that, overcoming somewhat the awe I felt, I ventured to take her hand in mine and put it to my lips. She did not with-

"Poor child," she said; "you do not look more than twenty, and, at your age, to be in such trouble! This must be a hard experience for you. Good-by

until tomorrow. She gazed at me steadfastly, as if she look me through, and then bow-

ing, left me.

Next morning early there was a low knock at my door. I opened it and a

woman plainly dressed entered. She did not say a word. She placed a bun-die she held in her hand in a chair and at once went to the machine and commenced sewing. "You will kindly forget the lady of

yesterday and know me as Elise simply or rather, as Elise is French, we will I want to learn your trade. eav Ellen. It is a whim of mine. Do you think that in a month I could earn my bread this way? I offer you a partnership. I can find the funds. The contents of the shop will probably be sold out, and you will be able to buy one of the machines for me. Now, will you take this one

I had not a word to say. I brought a

wrench, a screw-driver, an oil-can, and loosened the working parts of the machine. She took the oil can and bent over the machine, studying it. I no-ticed that she touched with her white fingers all the grimy parts, until her hands were soiled.

"It is by no means so complicated as a revolver," she said. I made no comment as I put the work-

ing parts together. She was very silent working incessantly on some coarse material she had brought with her. I sat near her—teaching her what to do. She worked on until it was past noon. "Is it not time now to eat something?"

"It is," I replied; "will madau par-take of my simple meal?" "Madam! I am Eliza—and you say your name is Mary. Mary, I shall be very glad to share your food with you, if you will let me. If you have not enough for two, I will go out and buy what is wanted. What shall it be? I dare say I can shop better than you. Will you lend me your shawl, your furs and your overshoes?"

Before I could say a word she had them all on. Then she laughed for the first time and courtesied to me. "Sister Mary, Sister Mary," she cried

in great glee, "our co-partnership be-gins from today: I am to be capital and ou brains. Little sister, good-by. I shall not be gone more than a quarter of an hour.

I was so astonished as to be speechless. In a trice she was back, loaded down with packages. She had a loaf of bread, a piece of cheese, a pot of preserves, a breast of smoked goose and some salted eucumbers.

"I got a samovar, but it was too heavy for me to carry. The man I bought it of will bring it here at once. It is second-hand, but as good as new. I see you have a tea-pot. My only extravagances were some good soap and a pound of the best tea. Come, let us eat. I can ar-range anything I am to wait on you." In a day I had learned to love that wo-

man. All the haughty proud manner was gone. She waited on me. She was up first in the morning. She was always busy. The porter of the house evidently mistook her for one of the two girls who had been in the employ of the sewing machine company, for one or the other of them had often been in my room. Some small extra compensation was given him for the new lodger. She never spoke save in English, and her coming o me had been so mysterious that I felt quite certain the porter was entirely ignorant of her condition.

Certainly it worried me a great deal. More than once I ventured to ask for an explanation, but Eliza would put her hand on my mouth so that my speech was interrupted. It distressed me to see how hard she worked, for I felt sure this new life was hurting her. I could see that from her paller. If anything more than another made me feel sorry, it was or her beautiful hands. She seemed to ake infinite pains in spoiling them. "They are filthy-horrible, she would

say, "and still I think I care for them more than I should. If I could only get a thick, red, rough skin on them!

As she said, the owner of the shop was only too glad to sell a machine. Eliza furnished the money. Work came to us in a mysterious way-left down-stairs with the porter. By and by a fashionable dressmaker, who made es for the court ladic sont for me and gave me work. As what we had to lo was well sewed, and we were always prompt, in less than three weeks we were doing a good business. My com-panion, save for the daily purchases nade in the immediate neighborhood, never went out. No one called on her; she never received a letter. A few days over the month had passed, when one morning, as I was running up a seam in piece of cloth, my needle struck some-

hing. It was a piece of paper. "It is for me," Sister Mary," She took the bit of paper, held it to

the stove, appeared to read something, and then opened the stove door and ourned it. I did not question her, She worked on cheerfully all day, chatting on different subjects. That night, when we were in bed,

taking me in her arms, she said: "Poor Mary, your troubles, your anxieties are now over. Tomorrow, early, apply for your passport. It will cost you to go from here to London, say £30. I wish it could have been more, but you will have altogether £300. which, after deducting your traveling expenses; will leave you some money to egin your life with again. For mewho has learned to love a singular, honest and simple-minded woman-you shall have this ring," and she slipped on my finger a ring. "But don't wear it; my finger a ring. "But don't wear it; the diamond might betray me. So far, Mary, you have run no risk; but next week you might be ruined forever, for

you have harbored-I was speechless with terror. "Only a woman," she continued, "whose own life—or the life of any one dse who stood in her way-she would care no more of taking than a cook would of wringing a chicken's neck. Do not be shocked, Mary. I shall sleep as sweetly tonight as if death did not threaten me. My story as far as re-lates to you, is soon told. It became necessary for me a month ago to disap-pear. The simplest chance in the world threw you in my way. Had you seen of any other nationality than English I would never have trusted you You might go out, Mary, and sell me, Judas-like, for a sum of money which would make you rich for life."

I clung convulsively to her and bade "Through my veins, child, there runs the best blood in Russia; but every drop of it I will shed for the cause. Thank heaven for your lowly estate. You must

go away tomorrow, and now good-I begged her to come to England with

me. She said:
"No, my place is here. I should be seless there." Then she complained of lassitude, and presently went to sleep. I looked at her, her face pillowed on her arm, creathing as calmly as an infant, and

thought her the loveliest woman I had Next morning, out of a package of some material, she produced, as if by magic, a roll of notes which, without

counting, she handed to me. "Later in the day there ought to arrive some furs for me, for poor Mary must not get cold. Nowaway with you."

Her old manner had returned. 'Cet your passport. Go by Bremen to England, or the ice will delay you. Do not wait

Still I was irresolute. could not bear to leave her. I sobbed as if my heart would break. Then she knelt to me and implored me to go. At last I consented. My passport was given to me at police

headquarters without a word. I returned to our room. As I stood at the landing a cheerful clatter of the machine was heard. Eliza was bending over her work, singing some plaintive

"Is it all right?" she asked, very

quietly, "See, your furs have come. They are very beautiful, and so warm. "I have permission to leave."
"Thank God! See my work. I think

could do now without you."
"You do not love me, Eliza, I cried. "Not love you—my sister! I loved my husband—he was shot. I loved my only child; in the agony of my grief— because his father was killed—he sucked poison from my breast and died. After

them I love you best."
Then, for the first time, she burst in a paroxysm of tears. "It is because I love you-that I might

be your death." As she wrung my hand sne felt the ring on my finger.

"Off with it. You wore your mittens at the police office! If they had seen it Quick, let me hide it." She took off my shoe and hid the ring

in my stocking, "Should you ever marry sell the ring or the stone in it and you will not be portionless. Now off with you. I have made a bundle for you. The rest of your things you will give me. Here is a photograph of yours-you will let me

She took me by the hand, gave meone long kiss, closed the door on me, and I never saw her more.

My trip home was without a single My dear mother comforted incident. me. Still there was some vague feeling of dread. My mind wandered in spite of all I could do toward my room companion. Picking up a newspaper when at home, some two weeks after my arrival, I read in the telegraphic dispatches:

"ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 23 .- An arrest of great importance has been made. One of the chief actors in the nihilistic plots, a Russian princess, was taken, but only after she had killed one of the police. Disguised as a sewing machine weman she had hitherto baffled the de-

A PAIR IN PARADISE.

Boston Globe. Two women met in Paradise, Where they had recently arrived; And each one of the other asked How in the bright abode she thrived.

Then straightway each one made reply, "'Tis very beautiful and bright, There's everything to please the ear, And everything to feast the sight.

Then each exbated a long, deep sigh; And said: "I've searched in every nook, Byt nowhere can I find a glass
To see how these new garments look."

ELECTRICAL PROGRESS.

Indiaonaplis has an electrical fountain which furnishes a lofty and splendid display of light and color.

Massachusetts is the first state to place on the statute tooks an act legalizing the mu-nicipal ownership of gas and electric light plants.

An electrician who has made a specialty of spectacular electricity says the day is not far off when electrical fireworks will supersede those now used. A company with a capital of \$1,000,000 has

been formed in Cieveland, O., to operate pat-ents covering a device for the reproduction of a photograph at a distance by means of electricity. Simply a piece of Norway iron of the best

quality, and no wire at all, constitutes the armature of a motor just brought out by Mr. W. S. Richards of Boston—said to be quite An electric typewriter is reported to have been invented by Dr. J. R. Etter of Philadelphia, by means of which the operator can ransmit his type written manuscript hun

ireds of miles. Mr. M. E. Dansereau of Montreal is the inventor of an electric wire subway for use by telephone and telegraph companies, which, he claims, costs just half the price of other subways, or \$10,000 a mile.

A portable electric lamp, requiring neither dynomo nor outside wires, but carrying its own source of power in its base in the form of a primary battery, is the latest device put on the market by a southern electrical con-

Electricity and electrical appliances will be provided with a handsome building at the world's fair. It will be in the Italian renalssance style of architecture, and will have a choice location on the exposition grounds. The building will be 700x350 feet on the

It is stated on the authority of Mr. Edisor that the entire novel of "Nicholas Nickleby" could be produced on four cylinders of a phonograph. If this be the fact, why may not books be published in this sort of an edition, to be read off by the machine to the purchaser or his friends at convenience? An alumnium boat, propelled by electricity from an alumnium battery, is being con-structed by the inventor, Mr. D. J. Cable of

Pittsburgh, Pa. The battery, Mr. Cable says, will weigh but about a couple of pounds, and will be sufficient to produce the power necessary for running a pleasure boat

A FEW OLD STAGERS.

Jacob Steel of Fayette, Pa., is one hundred and eight years old James W. Bradbury, United States senator from Maine, 1847 to 1853, completed his eigh-

y-sixth year last week, and still retains his degree.

land, whose name is Gagadig Gigadab. His name originally was John Smith and he had it changed becauset it was not sufficiently istinctive. Vice President Morton is sixty-five yerrs old. He dresses carefully, and has a compact, sturdy form and stands as erect as a soldier.

Mr. Morton is an early riser and takes his breakfast at 8:30, Mrs. Louise Burbank of Leominster Mass. s almost one hundred and four years of age. In her early years she walked from Quebec to Boston, carrying her babe upon her back, the family fluances compelling them to make the

ourney in that way. Ex-Senator George W. Jones, now living in retirement at an advanced ago in Dubuque, Ia., had the distinction of giving the states of lows and Wisconsin their names. He is a neat, precise and courteous old gentleman, and though now eighty-six years old shows no sign of mental or physical decay. Mrs. Deborah Powers, head of the banking

firm of D. Powers & Sons, and of the great oil cloth manufacturing firm of the same

name, died at her home in Lansingburg, N. Y., Thursday night. Her estate is valued at over \$2,000,000. Mrs. Powers was born in Hebron, Grafton county. New Hampshire, on August 5, 1780.
An interesting and once famous man of whom but little is heard nowadays is ex-Judge Advocate General Joseph Hoit, who secured the conviction of Mrs. Surratt for complicity in the Lincoln assassination, Judge Hoit has for some years been on the retired list as a brigadier general, and he

ives, at an advanced age, on Capitol Hill in Vashington. Chauncey Vibbard who died at Macon, Ga., last week in his eightieth year, was, according to the Epoch, better entitled than any other man to be regarded as the father of the American railroad system. He was a con-temporary of "Old Commodore" Vanderbilt and of Daniel Drew, with whom he was as-sociated in the Hudson river navigation busisociated in the Hudson fiver navigation business. He began his railroad life on the old Utica & Schenectady road in 18%, and it was under him that the consolidation of the New Yark Central system was effected. He saw the whole railroad system of the country up from the very beginning, and was one of the chief agents in the process, but people had almost forgotten that he was living until his death was announced.

"Where is that black cloud going to?"
Asked the boy of his grandma dear; And the old lady said, as she shook her head:
"It's going to thunder, I fear."

his death was announced,

THE LITTLE ONES.

Labor and Fun.

Said Mary to Jonnny, "O, dear!
This play is too poky and slow.
There's only one bubble-pipe here;
O Johnny, please, I want to blow."
"No, I'll blow them for you," said he;
"Just watch and you'll see every one, That leaves all the labor to me, While you will have only the fun "

Said Johnny to Mary, "O, my! Said Johnny to Mary, "O, my!
That apples so big and so bright
You can't eat it all if you try;
O Mary, please, I wast a bite!"
"No, I'll eat it for you," said sne,
"And show you just how it is done,
I'll take all the labor, you see,
And you will have only the fun,"

Examples of Early Picty. Kate Field's Washington: Johnnie listened with close attention while his mother told the story of Noah and his ark, and was very thoughtful for some time afterward. Then

he inquired:
"Don't you think, mamma, that God took
"Don't you think, mamma, that God took a pretty big risk when he put that rainbow in the sky?" "Why, my dear?" asked mamma.
"Well, suppose the people had gove on being bad, mightn't He have wanted to drown

em all again! Triumph of Mind Over Matter.

Indianapolis Journal: Mr. Figg-What on

Tommy-It's me, paw. I am hollering like a locomotive. I'm the best hollorer in our Mr. Figg-I see nothing to be proud of in

Tommy-But I do, paw. When us boys plays cars with Johnny Briggs' wagon, I get to sit in the wagon and yell while the other boys do the pulling. Rad Breeding.

Detroit Free Press: "Say, mamma," said little May, after the guests had gone, "I don't think Mrs. Brown is accustomed to good so-

"Why not?"
"Why, she didn't say a single word while Mrs. Jones was singing."

Just Punishment. The Wasp: Mother—Come in now, Tommy, and put on your clean clothes.
Tommy (playing ball in the back lot)—All right. Soon's I make a base hit.
Mother (two hours later)—You, Thomas! Come right here, sir. Thomas obeys and gets a sound thrashing,

which he bears heroically, remarking at the close, "Served me just right, so it did." Mother-For not obeying mamma! Tommy-No. For not making a base nit on that chump of a pitcher.

A Peddler's Trick. Philadelphia Press: Willie (rushing into the house): "On, mamma, there is a man down the street who sells a whole lot of candown the street who sens a wanter of dy and tells your age for five cents."

Mamma: "Tells your aget Why that is wonderful. Didn't he ask you any questions? (twing to recollect): "No. On. Willie: (trying to recollect): \(^1\)No. On, yes. He only asked me one—when I was born.

Juvenile Astronomy.

And mighty strength unavailing.

prosed. The darling clapped his hands An I stamped his little lost imperious,

He shouted loudly, "Sie'em Sirius!"

A Domestic Hero.

Detroit Free Press: "Thank heaven,

to the wood-shed pursued by his chum dis

"You are indeed, me boy?" said his father, as he caught him by the slack of his trousers

and ran him into the house to take care of

Scratched Out of Sight.

Harper's Bazar: "Mamma," said Willie, "that little Sussie Harkins called me a don-

"Well, of course 1 couldn't siap a little girl, so I told sister Mary, and she just scratched Susie out of sight."

Jealousy Among Society Leaders.

Hard Work.

six years, who has just begun going to school, was so impressed with the importance of it

that he was early out of bed and down

promptly to the breakfast for two mornings. The third morning he came a little late look-

ing very sleepy.
"How's this?" said his father, pretending

"this hard work at school is using me up.

Impertinent Questions.

ho was one of the never-let-go kind.

He Would Have Preferred Twins.

was told the other morning that he had a baby brother. "One baby brother!" asked ne. "Yes, one," replied his papa, "Did you want more!" "Well, I'd have liked to have had twins, 'cause, then, when I got

mad at one I could have played with the

Wanted Some Squeak.

Harper's Young People: Betsey needed a pair of shoes, so she went round the corner to Mr. Pickens' shoe store, "Please sir," said Betsey, "I want a new pair of shoes."

Mr. Pickens put on his spectacles and looked over the top of them, first at her face, then at her feet. He gamed his price and measured the foot, and Betsey had reached

the door on her way out, when she hesitated

and turned back.
"Please, Mr. Pickens," said she, "will you

His Mouth Needed Stretching.

Ladies' Home Journal: Little Sue was t

have a grand treat in the shape of an after-

dark "outing." But mamma though her small Bennie toe young to share it. When the little fellow's lips quivered piti-fully, she promised him as his "good time," the privilege of sitting up with his auntle.

dignity.
As the long evening ware on he bravely

held his little sleepy eyes wide open, until at last tired baby-nature found relief in a series

about her mother's visitor all day with her

of gaps.

nnie was much impressed with his new

guess Beanie is getting sleepy," auntie

put in two couts' worth of squeak !"

Detroit Free Press: Six-year-old Irving

"Well, by jiminy!" said the youngster,

ap' you won't get an invite either,

guised as an Indian.

key today."
"What did you do?"

the baby.

to reprove him.

said helplessly.

im safe!" shouted the boy-hero as he ran in-

ng toward the starry bands

Amer J. McKong. THEY COME. I showed Orion's starry frame; The childish eyes grew big with wonder. Boston Courier. I told him how the hunter came They come, the merry insect tribe, To glitter in the heavens yonder. The borers and the dippers; The little gnats waitz in again, And how for ages he has stood, Mad Taurus' furious horas assailing, With lion-skin and club of wood

blades ("

self. - Globe

And eke the gallinippers. The vari-colored ants, and flies
That titilate our features, I pointed out, beneath his feet,
The Hare, its master's combat viewing;
And then the dog star, eager, fleet,
Bright Sirus, the whole group pursuing. The bee with penetrating ries, And sundry sundried creatures.

The weevil and the cutworm now Do pelish up their armor; The chinch bug makes his vernal bow In ambosh for the farmer The weird curculio setteth out To mad the fruit tree tillers,

And in each garden lurk about Ten billion caterpillers. The culex pilates agitate Their understandings furzy, And move from out the larva state And subjugate New Jersey

The beetle dons his working clothe. The moth is redivivus. The moth throws off his attic dose And threatens to enlive us. An, yes! The hymonoptera, The diptera, and so forth, Hemipiera, orthopiera,

Et cetera, will go forth Ere long our peace of mind is "roast," Our hides to stab and polish— That winging, singing, stinging host

That congress can't abolish

NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY. Chicago Tribune: Bridgeport Belle (aged six, proudly)—We're gunta have a soyree at our house. I heard maw say so. Monogram cuff buttons show no sign of rielding. Rival Belle (with crushing distain)—We're gunta have a feet sham Peter at our house Semi-star devices in gold form some pretty

hair pin tops. A silver pencil case comes disguised as a ngarette pipe. Butterfly hair pin tops, sprinkled with dia-Detroit Free Press: A Detroit youth of

nonds, are being revived. Tortoise shell back combs, headed with raceries of pearls, are being adopted. A quaintly made napkin ring is formed by wo ladders inclined against a silver ring. Some new silver dessert spoons have their handles enamelled with floral characters. An exquisite neck pendant is a star of rubies with the central stone a three-kuret dia

Among the most admired pencil cases are Cincinnati Commercial: "Mamma," said a three-year-old, "where's your teef! Your new teef, namma!" "Sh, my child," said some of oxidized silver designed to represent rusty nails. A brooch of recent origin is a pink ename

the mother, turning all colors. There was company at the table. "Did you leave them on the booreau, mamma!" said the youngster. leaf mounted in gold with an opal bug resting A beautiful piece of bric-a brac is a flower vase formed by a sea nymph supported on the this time the table was in a roar, and the se-cret was out. What was there to do? The back of a winged horse. hostess accepted the situation and quietly answered "No." "Have you got them in your mouth, mammat" "Yes, my son," she

"A Woman's Friend" is the legend in scribed beside a hair pin on the cover of a new silver hair pin tray. Depending from a diamond necklace worn at a recent reception was a knife-edged horse

nately. Lover's rings are a new idea. They consist of two slender gold bands inscribed with sentimental phrases and are intended for

matrimonial converts. Fushion is attempting to restore to high favor the once ill-omened opal, and at the last drawing room the queen's jewels were large and beautiful opals set in diamonds. But superstitious women will remember that the unfortunate Empress Eugenie reluctantly had been persuaded to wear a necklace of opals at the last great for at St. Clean in the last great for a st. The last great grea opals at the last great fete at St. Cloud given in 1870, just before the declaration of war, and that on her last public appearance before the tragic death of her son, itudoif, the Em-press of Austria had classed the fatal jewels about her throat and wrists.

Housekeeper's Weekly.

Friend of my soul, when time hath scaled His conquest on thy brow, And marred the charms to which I yield So much of worship now,
My memory, still shall look beyond
Thy face's outward show
And see thy beauty as it dawned

As graces clustering round thy head Are one by one withdrawn il prize them, as we do the dead, More dearly that they're gone; And think that yet, in fairer guise, They wait for thee above; and see them with my spirit's eyes, And by the light of love.

A Carbonate Camp.

So radiant long ago.

"O no I isn't, auntie," the little hero said The Platte Valley (Wyo.) Lyre says conmanfully, "only my mouf needs stretching." aderable interest is manifested in the recent carbonate discovery at the Gold Hill camp Munsey's Weekly: Uncle James-What, smoking again, Tommy! Don't you know by miners of long experience. The deposit is that no smoker ever grows tall!

Tommy—They don't, eh! Well just look at that chimney. It smokes like sixty, and rich and extensive, and the specimens cortainly warrant the opinion that it is a "big thing" in the fullest sense of that phraso. • The discovery was made by John Paulson papa's just had it made six feet tailer.' and others interested with him, and all the miners seen are highly elated over the find. Her Mouth Slipped. Youth's Companion: Little Elsie hung The ore resembles very closely the famous

lips shut very tight and sometimes with her | ton. These figures are from the first assay made.
E. J. Lewis also reports the discovery of ind over her mouth. "What is it, Elsie!" the visitor at last insand carbonates near Gold Hill, and has good specimens. Several gentlemen versed in such matters have examined the ore, and all quired.
Eisie unlocked her ilps.
'Mamma says I must keep my mouth shut.
She's orde 'fraid I shall tell you that Uncle
Arthur has to sleep on the floor while you

pronounced it to be very valuable an a well worthy of immediate attention. THE FATAL DEFECT.

Somerville Journal. In her brown eyes her woman's soul Shines radiant as the dawn. If we but meet, my self-control

Her low, sweet brow, her soft brown hair Her beauty make complete. When she comes near the very air Seems sweet

She has a tender, centle voice That pleases every ear; Whene'er she speaks, men's hearts rejoice To hear.

And yet, her road to happiness Is barred with iron doors, Because, her little brother says, She snores

HOT WEATHER THEATRICALS

Phoene Russell will support Robson next

Amelia Rives is to dramatize her story, 'Virginia of Virginia.'

Edward Remenyl, the celebrated violinist, will revisit America next year. Mary Anderson Navarro is shortly to write an article for an American magazine. a Harp playing is one of the latest accomphments affected by the women of fashion Modjeska will return to America pext onth, and later make a tour of the country.

Vernona Jaroeau closes her season in Den-ver, August 2, and will summer in New York Marion Manola sailed from Liverpool veserday for New York. Sho will star in a new

Charles Wyndham is going to risk another American tour next season. Its limit is fif-"Reilly and the 400" closed its very omenal season at Harrigan's, New York, Saturday night.

It is not improbable that Irving may be inighted. The near future may bring us a Sir Henry Irving and a Sir Augustus Harris. It will not surprise the knowing ones much to see Adelina Patri at the Metropolitan pera house. New York, during the Italian pera season.

Sardou is already at work on the new play he will have ready by next winter for Charles Frohman, and which will have its initial per-formance in New York,

"Sinbad" has captured Chicago. It is pro-nounced by the press of that city to be one of the most successful burlesques ever pro-duced in that city. The production is said to be a gorgeous one. Adele Aus der Ohe started for Europe last week to remain there during the summer. She will return in the fall to resume her professional engagements. She is already booked

Miss Inez Carusi has been engaged by Walter Damrosch as the harpist of the permanent symphony or chestra which will give its concerts next season in the new Carnegie music hall, New York. Young J. K. Emmett will go on the road

for thirty concerts.

next season, playing the part written for the clder Emmett, in "Fritz." Ho has played the part often when his father was sick, and no one has "tumbled." Next season's star tragedians will be a lonesome set. Only three of them will ven-ture forth upon the circuit—Haworth, Downing and Warde. Not in a decade have there been so few tragic actors in the stellar ranks. Last week Bill Nye finished "The Cadi," produce

Union Square theatre at the opening of the next regular season at that house on Sept. 14. The death list in the profession has re-cently been swelled by the names of severa nen who stood high on the ladder of fame "Harry" Edwards, Charles Fisher, J. K. Emmet and General William B. Barton were of the number. Forbes Robertson has been secured by

Charles Frohman to create the character of Martial in "Themidor," Mr. Robertson was last seen in this country with Mary Anderson and is considered one of tag best leading men in England today. Marie Ritter-Goetze of the Metropolitan

opera house, is expected to arrive from Eu-rope this week to sing at the Newark and Milwaukee musical festivals. She will re-main in New York during July to sing in a

Mat Brookyn, Sydney Armstrong, Laura Burt, Charles McCarthy, Thomas Jefferson, Ada Gray, Charley Reed, Ada McIrose, Julian Ralph, Harry and John Kernell are resting at the Methodist seaside resort on the Jersey coast, Asbury park. It is among the likely things that Miss Rose Coghlan will add "As You Like It" to her repertory next season. The actress who

has been spending her time since the closing of her season at Fort Hamilton, will sail for Europe a week from Wednesday. It is said on good authority that Chicago proved to be the best amusement town dur-ing the past season, with Philadelphia and New York neck and neck for second place. Boston has done well, and the south picked up considerably, doing better than the

A new play called "Shakespeare"

west.

tried in England recently, and is said to have been well received. The hero and heroine are Shakespeare and Anno Hathaway, and Queen Elizabeth, Sir Watter Raicigh, Lord Southampton, Ben Johnson, Edmund Spen-ser, Hemynge, the actor, and others are introduced. The author is Eden E. Greville. How quickly Joe Emmet passed out of sight; how few actors attended his funeral. Yet few of his professional associates were more prominent or possessed greater wealth. It is not a pleasant thing to speak of the dead with aught but praise, but it can be said with truth that Emmet's career was a good one for actors to avoid justifier. With a pleasant program of the control of the contro for actors to avoid imitating. With a ing personality, a rich, musical, even if tivated, voice, and a mastery over his auditors that few actors possesses, he failed to make good use of his gifts. He rose rapidly; he acquired a large fortune, which with care on his part might have been twice as great, yet one falling lost him nearly all that man holds dear—if we except money. There is a moral here, my good masters; and he who runs may easily read it.

More Patti has fixed a date in the second tivated, voice, and a mastery over his

Mme. Patti has fixed a date in the second week of August for the opening of the beau-tiful bijou opera house which she has built tiful bijou opera house which she has built, lately at Craigynos Castle. The event is to be celebrated with much festivity, and M. and Mme. Nicolini will entertain a large party of guests in honor thereof. On the inaugural night the hostess herself will take part in the first act of "La Traviata," and the garden scene from "Faust." Next night there will most likely be a ball in the theatre, the floor of which can be an impensions and the floor of which can by an ingenious appli-cation of hydraulic power, be raised to the level of the stage. Again on the following evening there will be an operatic perform-ance, including acts from "Romeo et Julitte" and "Martha." The baton is to be wielded by the versum Six Ardii and a comment by the veteran Sir. Arditi, and a competent orchestra will be expressly engaged. To make the artistic interest of the affair compiete, an appropriate address will be delivered on the first algab by Mr. Henry Irving, whose presence in the dwelling of the "Queen of Song" will supply a fitting outward symbol of the union that binds the drama and the "divine art."

Sir Gor ton's Prize.

Miss Florence Gurner, bride of Sir William Gordon-Camming, lost her par-ents in a distressing menting accident n 1876. They were drowned with two other people while aboard Mr. Garner's yncht Mohawk, as it lay with sails set off Staten Island. A squall capsized her while at anchor. Miss Garner, by the way, is held to an estate estimated at \$70,000,000. The Garners were approached about a year ago by a well known promoter in London with an offer of \$70,000,000 for the property and the business, he intending to place it on the

CURRENT PLEASANTRIES. New York Commercial,

He boasts not a high education Nor useless collegiate degrees; His promotion to honor and station Was gained without either of these. Ve savants and classical scholars
Of science and learning chock full,
Stand aside from bad whisky and dollars For here comes the man with a "pull." He owns the whole district he lives in-He owns the whole district he lives in-This prominent person of weight: His party he firmly believes in— Provided it pays all the freight. His knowledge is not so extensive, His clothes are the best of all wool, And his living is high and expensive, Because he's the man with a "pull,"

Another Annexation Scheme. Washington Star: "I notice by the pa-ers," remarked a curbstone statesman today, "that the coffee planters of Gratemala want to somey that country to the United

"On what grounds!" inquired a distinguished correspondent of a New York paper, with a nose for news.

"Coffee grounds, I presume," replied the statesman with a far-away look, and a dull thud of slience fell upon the correspondent.

A Palse Idea. Epoch: Mrs. Blossom (wrathfully, to new conductor)—Why didn't you stop the car when I waved my hand at you the first time! Conductor-I didn't know you wanted to ride, M'am.
Mrs. Blossom-What did you suppose I

was waving my hard at you for! Conductor-I thought you were trying to mash me. The General's Cow.

New York Independent: Some years ago the commanding officer of a military station, desiring the grass around the quarters to be protected while it was growing, gave strict orders to the seatries on guard that no one except the cow should be allowed to step ver the grass.

The next day the general's wife called upon

some ladies, and wishing to make a short cut, walked across the grass from one path to another. "No one to pass here, madam!" said the entry. The lady drew herself up. "Do you know who I um!" she demanded of the sentry, "No, madam," replied the impassive sol-

dier, "I do not know who you are. But I know you are not the general's cow, and not body else is permitted to walk on this grass," Her Best Hold.

Washington Post.
A woman cannot bait a hook, Or kill a mouse or rat; Without a glass in which to look She can't put on her hat. A woman cannot throw a stone, And hit a thing kerplunk.

But, bless her, she and she alone Knows how to pack a trunk. The duds that she can stow away. If man should pack them, are So multitudinous that they Would fill a baggage car.

The "Silent" Partner. Detroit Free Press: A drummer in a frand Rapids merchant's store was making ome inquiries about his business. "You run the establishment alone, I buce." he began.

"Yep."
"Anybody in with you!" "Yep."
,'His name doesn't appear on your sign!"

awfully tickled over that article

"Nope."
"Ah! a silent partner?"
"Not much! It's my wife." The Farewell Scoop. Chicago Times: Friend of the Editor (in newspaper office at 3 s. m.)—You seem to be

Editor-It is a short announcement that this is the last issue of the Morning Corkscrew. We can't keep the paper going any longer. I'm going to siap this into the form Friend-I can't see anything in that to be

olly over. Editor—Why blame it, man, we scoop every paper in town on it.

Claire Review: Clara-I was looking over your friend's amateur play, and I must con-fess I don't think much of the plot. Do you hink it will be a success!

Maude—O yes, indeed. Just think, the seene is laid at the seaside, and we are all to

Not a ! rilliant Character. Jewelers' Weekly: Jem Addlepate—Whaws d'ye mean by calling me a cheap diamond because Miss Rose cut me! Jack Snarp-That you are a Rose out Jem

The summer Hat. Cloak Review When Clara gets a summer hat And takes it home with her, The other girls, with one accord, Prepare without demur

To amplify its every point
With rapture quite complete,
And then wind up with this remark: "O, that is just too sweet!" Cool Assurance.

Munsey's Weekly: Customer—You didn't eave any ice here yesterday. Iceman—Yes I did; didn't you notice a small damp spot on the sidewalk?⁹
Customer—Yes,
Iceman—Well, that was your ice. It

nelted before I could get it into the house." He Was Loaded. Drake's Magazine: A Bad Shot-Why, lennle, what is the matter! You are crying. Yes, Boo-hoo-hoo.

"And I met your husband on the steps, Ye es, he's gone down to the club." "He seemed augry."
"He was. He-he-swore at me."

"Why, how could he?"

"It's all—all my fault. I handled him care-essly. I didn't know he was 'loaded.' But he-he was, and he-he went off." Industries That Prosper. Detroit Free Press: "Yes, we've struck

it rich," said a capitalist to a friend.
"Boing what," inquired the friend.
"Manufacturing old family clocks with ancient dial plates. The market was nearly out of heirlooms, and we took advantage of the demand." A Blessed Hope.

widow)—How embarrasing it will be, when we die, to meet your first husband! The Widow—Possioly, my dear, you and The Widow-Possibly, my dear, you and the sainted dead will abide in different regions. That is my hope.

Munsey's Weekly: He (affianced to the

Make 'Em Read 'Em. Judge: Perhaps there is no hell, but in that case what shall be done with the pub-lishers of dime novels!

That's the Trouble.

New York Herald: "How do you like the new minister, Bellows-I haven't heard "Don't like him."

"Well, my wife says she likes him very "So does mine." Borrowed Trouble. Washington Post: Adam and five never borrowed anything from their neighbors ex-

Millions in Stockings.

A writer in the Recorder asserts that it costs New York City every your for socks and stockings for her female population a round \$2,000,000, or enough to maintain nearly twenty thousand porsons, a whole city, for a year in food. For those interested in statistics I may add that the stockings worn by the women in New York, if fastened together would make a row about 2,000 miles long, a row longer than the Atlantic cubic. To keep these 2,000 miles of stockings in place it requires about 400

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The Man With a "Pull."