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Sea Music.

Sink, sun, in rosier far away,
Float out, pale moon, above the roar,
While brown and silver, flame and gray,
Round rock and sand the waters pour.
For night had close to all the shore
Of wild wave harmony that rings
And Earth hath not in all her lore
Such legend as sea music brings.

Here singing silver shallows fray
The ruby-tufted gold-in floor;
Here wendrous twilit forests sway
Round coral peak and crystal cave
Where lurk—but ah, who yet implore
The splendid dream that round them clings—
Where the dead lie who heard of yore
The legends that sea music brings.

This is the sea that could not stay
Tug tides of moon, that ever strove,
Rolled eastward at Rameses' prayer
With hollowed frank and dismembered grave.
Here Greece in treasure reeled to bay
Pursuing galley, fleet, sea-kings
Left red in wave and black and shore
The legends that sea music brings.

Earth keeps not pace with the lure she stirs,
The ancient tide, the wide world's wing,
Sea-longer and far more than earth
The legends that sea music brings.

—*Mortimer Whitehead.*

THE DINNER PARTY

BY COMYNS A. SUTTER.

"You'll come, won't you, my dear?" said Mrs. Bostwick, stroking her velvet sleeve—she never wore the long lines in her dress—purling softly. "There will be only ourselves—and my future son-in-law, Mr. Gilman, and Mr. Simson, our pastor, and Evelina Gordon and her brother. Just an informal little dinner. I'll send the carriage for you—you won't mind."

"And she can't! A dry bench party last month spoiled a couple little affairs," said Jessie, sitting down on a stool at her grandmother's feet, when she had gone—"and then how I felt in my old brown cashmere, among the satins and the dinner dresses! And I've nothing but my poor old pink thing for this. I ought to keep it up, grandma. She's very kind, of course, but I'm sure she was a friend of Aunt Mary's, and I can't imagine why she should trouble to get Aunt Mary's poor little niece into society. And I can't afford it, and it would be a waste for me if Mrs. Bostwick should stop instilling, and I don't know why she does."

Grandma, smoothing down fondly on the gentle grandaughter whom she had brought up, thought she knew.

Even beyond Mrs. Bostwick's undoubted kindness of heart there were strong reasons. An unusually bright and pretty girl was no attraction and addition to anybody's parlor and at anybody's table.

"Keep on if you enjoy it, dear," said grandma, kindly.

"I'll go tonight, because I've promised, and then I'm going to tell Mrs. Bostwick," said Jessie, bravely, "that I can't afford it."

She was a proud little girl, and she felt no regret for the decision, not even when she stood before her glass, that evening, in the "old pink thing," looking her prettiest and feeling her brightest.

The flowers at her corsage had cost more than she could well afford, and the bugled trimming crushed by her round chin had taken the last dollar in her purse, and she shook her yellow head at her attractive reflection.

"You look as gay as a new penny," said grandma, admiringly. "And you call to mind—I wasn't thinking of it—but you have me right back to one night, summer before last, when we was out to your Uncle Joseph's. You was going down the road to some kind of doings, with the young folks, and you had a pink dress with some flowers stuck on, just as you've got now. S'pose you've forgot it?"

Jessie's face was lowered. It had grown red and warm, and her eyes were brightened, and yet softened.

Forgotten it? No; and she knew she never should forget it. The dress had been pink gingham, and the flowers some wilty little "hollyhocks globe flower," that grew in Uncle Joseph's yard, and the occasion had been a "spoiled party" at the little parsonage.

But it had been the happiest summer in her life. In the face of all the gaiety that had followed, Jessie confessed it.

She was only seventeen then, and Alfred Foster was twenty. He had lived next to Uncle Joseph's—school working farmer's boy, tall, red haired, brown faced, and perhaps a little awkward. But he had the eyes and a gentle voice, and for better manners than here or mine. Rob and Seldon, and they had won their way into Jessie's soft heart.

Had he cared for her? She did not know—only coming home from the minister's that night, he had been hesitant and stammering. It had seemed as though he was trying to say something he was half afraid to say; and when he left her at the door, he had pressed her hand very hard, and lingered a little.

And the next week they had come back to the city, and that had been the end.

Well, it had been a boy and girl affair at the best, and Jessie had tried to forget it. But she had never quite succeeded. And in the depths of her heart she had cherished a faint hope of meeting him again some time.

It was not likely, since Uncle Joseph had moved to Toledo. But the thought would come upon her and then, she was thinking of it, dreamily, when Mrs. Bostwick's exclamation left her at Mrs. Bostwick's impressive front door.

"You look charming!" said Mrs. Bostwick, as she kissed her at the wide parlor door. "You'll captivate all the gentlemen. George sent a college friend, who is in the city temporarily, with a letter of introduction. And he is such a gentleman! I'm have given him over to you for dinner if I could have managed it.

They were in the big, bright room, and Jessie had nodded to pretty Miss Bostwick, and stood a moment quietly for introductions.

"Miss Brooks, Mr. Gilman—Mr. Simson—Mr. Foster," said Mrs. Bostwick, benignly.

And Jessie bowed.

But when she raised her eyes, she stood quite still, quite silent and motionless, save for her trembling hands.

Her heart seemed to have bounded up to her throat. She wondered whether she were not a little insane, or absently dreaming. It was Alfred Foster himself who had spoken to greet her.

"Miss Brooks!" he exclaimed in frank delight.

And then Mr. Bostwick took Mr. Simson's arm, and Mr. Gilman offered his to Jessie, and Alfred, no Exchange of Evelina Gordon, and Miss Bostwick followed with Mr. Gordon, and they went in to dinner.

Yes, it was Alfred!

If he had known for minutes ago that he should meet him so soon, she would have felt nothing but gladness, but now there was a dreary pain in her heart, a quiet ache of loss.

It was he, he in a dress coat, his hands as long as ever, his face brown—quiet, gentlemanly, less rapid and certainly the handsomest man at the table. And "George's college friend!"

Of course there was but one explanation. He had sought it with himself for years—and then found an old or gone well on the farm! Jessie wondered almost miserably, while her soup grew cold. It was something of the sort, surely.

Whatever it was, there was a good distance between them now. She was a poor girl, and he was—she did not know what, but he was no longer the simple hearted, hard working young farmer she had known.

She looked at him wistfully.

"I have met Mr. Foster before," she explained to Mr. Gilman, who, after a decent interval of silence and regale responses, had begun to turn at her.

"Ah," he opened.

"It was ever so long ago," said Jessie.

Mr. Gilman accepted her dropped fan in wondering silence.

"It seems a good deal, doesn't it, to go to college," said Jessie, timidly.

Mr. Gilman disembled his bewilderment.

"Well, it depends you know. You can do it economically, of course, but I guess I get away with three or four thousand during my four years."

Three or four thousand! Jessie gasped.

Across the table, Alfred Foster was trying to talk to Miss Gordon. His fine face was a little paler than its wont.

"Yes, she is very pretty," said the young lady, unobtrusively, following the direction of the young man's gaze. "And you're deeply in love with her already. Confess it, Mr. Foster!"

"But you see, Miss Gordon, we are old friends," he explained. "And I haven't seen her in two years. And it doesn't look much as though I should see her again—not acceptably. She seems so much changed! Is she a very great society young lady?"

"I know her very slightly," said Miss Gordon, good naturedly. "I know that Mrs. Bostwick is very fond of her."

"And Mrs. Gordon would not be apt to make a poor girl her protege?" Alfred reflected, gloomily. "She was rich then, but—"

"I suppose she's as end of money," he said, aloud, trying to say it lightly. "There wouldn't be any chance for a poor fellow like me?"

"I dare say not," said Miss Gordon, laughing, with mischievous eyes on the old pink gown, which was showy under the gaslight.

"And the gentleman talking to her?" and Alfred, with sober eyes on the two. "He's a millionaire, I suppose? and devoted to her?"

"Mr. Gilman?" said Miss Gordon, in enjoyment of his pleasant humor. "Oh, yes. Mr. Gilman is the richest young man in our set, for I've heard that he's become engaged lately—"

"Why, to Miss Brooks, of course?" Alfred supplemented, with a hollow laugh. "Nothing is more likely."

"It's quite probable," said Miss Gordon, laughing with him.

How it happened Mrs. Bostwick, who was a model hostess, and a great admirer for the enjoyment of her guests, could not have told, but her pretty protege and George's handsome friend were separated during the entire evening.

She was sure they would have liked each other so much—a pretty girl and a nice young man. Why not?

She was decidedly provoked. And her provocation gave her courage for a somewhat bold stroke.

"I'm going to send the Gordons home in the carriage, and let Mr. Foster walk home with you," she whispered to Jessie, as the girl put on her wraps silently, rather an early hour; she had complained of a headache, and she did look pale. "It's a lovely night; it will do your head good, I'm sure."

And Jessie went down the moonlit street a moment later with her fluttering hand on Alfred Foster's arm.

"Did you have a good time, dear," said grandma, sleepily, coming from a doze as her granddaughter entered.

"Lovely," cried Jessie, softly. "Do you know who was there, grandma? Alfred Foster. Do you want to hear all about it?"

She sat down, with her elbows on grandma's lap, and grandma listened bewilderedly.

"I mean," she said, breathlessly, "that we had a good time coming home, we had a miserable evening. You remember him, don't you, grandma?" And I've remembered him. But he looked so—so in dress coat, and Mrs. Bostwick said he was a college friend of George's, and I thought of course he must have got suddenly rich or something. I didn't know what, but I didn't suppose he'd look at me, and I was just miserable."

She laughed a little happily.

"But he's only taking a two years' medical course. He always did want to be a doctor, and he's worked awfully hard for the money, and he says he recognizes dreadfully. He's in the city now about the prospects for settling here when he's through. And the dress coat wasn't his, poor fellow; George Bostwick had made him take his, for fear he'd get it. He said he'd meant to hand me up on to get here. But do you know, grandma, that he was afraid of me, too! He thought—well, all kinds of silly little things. Wasn't it funny, both of us thinking so, and being cut wretched all the evening?"

"Yes," said grandma, sympathetically. "An' what now, child?"

"Well, he's going to write to me," Jessie faltered.

"And he's going to settle here, said grandma, with a thoughtful premonition of the loss of her pretty grandaughter. "Well, well!"—*Saturday Night.*

Traffic in Nicotine Extract.

The Russian correspondent of the *North British Medical* says that during the last few months a new industry has sprung up in Russia in the form of nicotine extract. This product not only finds a sale in Russia, but is already exported in considerable quantities, especially to South America. The leaves, obtained when preparing the tobacco leaf, have been used for a long time for destroying parasites on plants, and they have also been efficacious when applied as an antidote to the various skin diseases to which sheep are liable.

It has now, however, been discovered that this product affords a remedy for another destructive agent—namely the dry rot among sheep, and last autumn the Russian firm of Nikolai, Bogdanow & Co., started works in Moscow for the production of nicotine extract on a very large scale. Four to five pounds of common Machorka tobacco yield only about one pound of the extract, but in such a concentrated form that a teaspoonful is sufficient for nearly two pints of water, and the works produce about fifty pounds of the extract per diem. The Russian Government has decided to exempt this product from excise duty. Any other uses to which this nicotine may be applied, although not difficult to imagine, have not transpired.

All Pocket-Suited.

Young girl of fortune (telling—When I am going to marry a poor laborer and live in a dentry! It's outrageous! My friend Sarah had her fortune told here and you said she was to marry a prince and live in three castles. Huh! Here's your quarter.

Fortune teller (with dignity) Your friend Sarah got a fifty cent fortune, miss.

Rather Prejudiced.

"Jennings is no judge of beauty," said De Jones.

"I don't know about that," replied his friend.

"Well, I do," retorted De Jones. "He is going to marry that girl who jilted me."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Sweet Little Somebody.

Some body crawls into nursery bed
Just at the break of day,
Snuggles up close and whispers hard,
"Somebody's come to stay."

Somebody rushes through the house,
Never stops shut a door,
Scatters her playthings all over and
Over the nursery floor.

Climbs on the fence and tears her clothes
Never a bit cares she—
Swings on the gate and makes mad jaws
Who can somebody be?

Somebody looks with rapt eyes
Up through her tangled hair
"Somebody's me," she says—then, then,
Somebody does "care."

—*Every Other Saturday.*

The Curious Bantam.

Here is a story of a bantam hen told by Couch, the naturalist, says the Philadelphia *Times*. There was a nest of the common hen in a secluded part of the garden, and the parent had been sitting on its eggs until compelled by hunger she left them for a short time. This absence was fatal, for a little bantam hen, yearning for progeny, found the recess in the hedge, and creeping in, she took possession of the nest with all the triumph of the discoverer of a treasure. The real mother now returned, and great was her agony at finding an intruder in her nest.

After many attempts to recover possession she was compelled to resign her rights, for the bantam was too resolute to be contended with, and though its body was not big enough to cover all the eggs, and thus some were not hatched, yet in due season the pride of this audacious step-mother was gratified by strutting at the head of a company of robust chickens, which she passed off on the feathered public as a brood of her own.

A Young Lion.

Mr. Knox tells us in his last book of travels something about the cub, that large bird which is sometimes called the Australian crutch. Fred and I started after him, but we might as well have tried to run down a railway train; he left us out of sight in ten minutes, although we were on fairly good horses. Mr. Watson said the speed and endurance of these birds were simply wonderful. He had often tried to run them down, but had succeeded only in a single instance, and that by a sudden upset when the bird was frightened. The funny thing about it is that the emu struggles along as though just ready to drop dead with exhaustion, keeping about ten rods in front of the horse, and regulating his speed according to that of his pursuer. Dr. Pierson said he was like a jack rabbit of our Western prairies, that will keep about the same distance ahead of a dog, no matter how fast the latter may run.

The bones of the emu contain an oil which is used by the natives for curing sprains, bruises and swellings; it has remarkable qualities, and it is said to sweat through the side of a glass bottle.

A Grateful Horse.

Horse doctors have long been a celebrated butt of the medical profession, and, though they have not been received with much favor and feeling by the medical brotherhood as regular practitioners, yet they have done great good in their line of practice. But the horse dentist is now at work, if the following incident told by the Detroit *Tribune* is true:

"See that horse?" asked George F. Cole this morning.

"Yes."

"Well, in about two minutes a dentist is coming around to put his teeth into shape.

"A horse dentist?"

"Exactly. He'll trim the rough edges off, and in fifteen minutes he'll be the happiest equine in the stable. He won't feel any more's if he had three feeds in his mouth and a scabbed tongue."

The dentist arrived just then, opened a tunnel with his eyes and exposed a set of shining tools. The horse, which had been standing in a somewhat despondent attitude, brightened up and looked expectantly, but a little nervous. The dentist didn't stand on ceremony. He thrust his arm deep into the mouth and acquainted himself with the length and locality of the spikes. Then he thrust in an instrument like a pair of tongs and began cutting the teeth. The roughened edges came off with a loud, crunching noise. A smaller pair of tongs was then inserted and about one-eighth of an inch was cut off the front teeth. They were then leveled with another instrument, and then all the teeth were filed off smooth. The horse looked satisfied as he was led away to a stall.

A Place of Rest.

Washington guide (to tourists) This, Sir, is the Senate Chamber.

Tourist (from the country)—Oh, yes, sort of a sleeping chamber, I s'pose.

Guide—Well—e—there's some sleeping done here.—*Philip H. Welch.*

A BABY KING.

The Daily Life of Spain's Future Ruler.

The Blonde-haired Monarch and His Autocratic Nurse.

Very soon the exceedingly idle and dissolute little gentleman who was born King of Spain will celebrate his third birthday. The Sovereign who has been in the world little more than forty months and has succeeded in that brief space in winning the sport of factious politicians in a state society of unprecedented wickedness, is still too far the Alphonso he which he is to be known in history. He is moreover the "well beloved son" of the Roman Pontiff, the "cherished child of all the saints of Christ," the "comfort of the Spanish people," his mother, the Queen Regent, speaks of him "simply and tenderly as the child." Alphonso XIII is an exceedingly handsome little fellow with black hair which falls in silky ringlets upon his shoulders. He is all gaiety, light heartedness and mischief. His young Majesty rises at daybreak in a richly upholstered bed in the dressing room, looking to his mother, the Queen, of inquiring concerning great bundles of letters and appointments. And when he is dressed, Mme. Reymonda, the Queen's Chamberlain, carrying under his arm a portfolio stuffed with papers which have required the signature of his mother, and are of political importance, kiss Mme. Reymonda, from his mother's arms, and, with a look as though to say, "What's in all that?" he is off to school.

King Baby is truly royal in the glories of a military and a civil household. The general and aide de camp of the late King Alphonso are attached to the service of the Queen, but technically they form his Majesty's military household. The civil household consists of the governess, Mme. Lucia, who held the same position toward the late King; the doctors who are attached exclusively to the royal person, two chaplains, moral tutors, a lady of honor, and several pages, footmen and servants. The "concierge" of the palace sleeps over the King's bedroom in an apartment adjoining the royal bedchamber. The little monarch's dressing room is very simple. He rises at an early hour, is bathed, dressed and brought down to the wet nurse, who is waiting to be some maternal claim which there is no doubt, is very strong, that she should fulfill, takes him out for airings and bears him in her arms at state ceremonies. The nurse, Reymonda, at night is replaced by the chief of the royal cribs. Directly the King is dressed he is taken to his mother, who impatiently awaits his coming. He is sometimes present at the early morning audiences to Ministers and members of the royal family. His favorite amusement while Queen Christina dines, thus occupied is to stream upon the table with his toys by little fingers. Reymonda is a faithful creature, and is almost as fond of her charge as the Queen herself. Upon one occasion a great lady wished to see the King, and the Queen accompanied her to the young Prince's apartments, but Reymonda barred the way. "Another time come in," was her peremptory decision, "she is asleep." The Queen and the Duchess retired smiling.

When the weather is fine the King drives out. Normally he possesses his own carriage, with an equipage which gallops bravely by its side, and forms the only escort. He dines alone at a well garnished table. King Baby has only one trouble in life. It is a trouble which might drive some grown up people to madness. But, since he is entirely unconscious of it, it does not worry him very much. The photographer is always on the lookout for him. Scarcely a week has passed since he was born without a demand from some fresh photographer to be allowed to take his portrait. He has been photographed standing, sitting, in his cradle, upon his lap, or holding her by the hand; with his hat on and his hat off, full face, profile, and, in short, in every possible position. Into the imagination of every Madrid photographer to possess a negative of the King, since he portraits sell by thousands, not needs in Spain, but in most civilized countries. And this is not all. He has been painted in oil, he has been engraved and etched, and is the original of numberless miniatures.

Queen Christina experiences a great deal of difficulty in procuring for the little monarch those childish pleasures which are enjoyed by all children of his exalted rank. There is always the fear of causing jealousy, and there is ever intrigue to be reckoned with. There is no lady in Spain, however high her rank, who would not be proud to say, "My boy has played with the king." There is that terrible Spanish etiquette, and it is almost impossible to prevent a youthful playmate from breaking the many regulations with which a Spanish King is hedged around. Usually, therefore, he is surrounded by grown up people.—*St. Louis Globe-Dem.*

Untravelled Authors.

A contributor to the *London Queen*, referring to one of America's brightest story tellers, says: "For a man who writes so well a little travel would do him no harm. What could he not write, perhaps, if he would travel and see something?" Some one commenting on this observation remarks: "Very good, but perhaps not so the greatest part of the world has produced was born at Stratford, lived for a few years in London and died in Stratford. That was the extent of his travels. Scarcely more can be said of Bacon, Bacon and in the house of Raleigh wrote the "Faerie Queen." Cervantes and Bacon wandered in Europe, but never farther. Bacon was in a manner for some years, accepted the position of tutor to Walter Raleigh's son, but by the time Raleigh had ordered the life of Paris he was satisfied that he had seen enough. Bacon never went far, if more than Bolton Hall, where he died, though he travelled far in his books, never were beyond the border of Scotland in the north. Poe's longest journey was to Bath. Scott's longest journey was spent between Dublin and London. Longfellow never left Boston, Cooper never went out of sight of Cooperstown, and Poe, and where he went to Kentucky, to visit his cousins. The poet never went, nor have, indeed, it does not matter, he kept them wide open and studied human nature. No advertising puffs, who so much, ought to be country and know more about men than some have who have travelled all over the world.

The Jelly Fish.

"People hardly ever stop to think that the masses of jelly like matter that they see often are floating around the water at the seashore are alive and have some feeling."

The speaker was a college teacher who takes a great interest in natural history.

"The jelly fish," he continued, "belong to a species of the Pteropoda. Some of them are the primitive animals that do not eat it directly, in the manner in which we do, but it possesses some power of assimilation, but not much of anything else. I could say there is no nervous system, but it has what is called the fluid, it is in fluid."

"A no digestive apparatus, it is only a stomach and it has to what it takes it through opening little pores from the water. In this respect it resembles a piece of dead fish which can't take pieces of food. If the dead fish had the power of a small mouth it would be a very little fish of the jelly fish."

France's Dread Phylloxera.

The prize of $50,000 offered some years ago by the French Government to any one who should invent a remedy for the destructive disease of the vine, phylloxera, has not yet been awarded, although experiments with one of the specific proposed have yielded encouraging results. The vines treated by the doctor are vigorous. About one half of the vineyards of France have been totally destroyed by it. Mr. Roosevelt, who is now at Bordeaux, reports that the disease is due to the destruction of vines in this year 81,000,000, to which should be added more than $76,000,000 expended for wine and the Germans imported to make good the loss, $2,000,000 more. The value of wine imported in France to be "blended" in coming years for use at home and exclusive of the profits of French vineyards, has risen from $1,620,318 in 1875 to $8,953,000 in 1887.—*New York Times.*

California's Wealth of Minerals.

The report of the California Mining Bureau shows that 12,000 specimens are contained in its cabinet, which is the largest in the world. This collection reveals the presence in the state of valuable minerals besides the precious metals that California is famous for. Among them are minerals for the manufacture of artificial cement, in large quantities, and of greater tensile strength than Portland cement, for which the United States pays foreign producers annually nearly $1,000,000. There are deposits of asbestos, of long silky fibre, that can be woven into fireproof cloth, of building stone, granites, sandstones and marbles of all varieties. Mica, in large sheets, transparent and clear, and yellow slate, equal to any in the world, are also represented. The Bureau is asking for an appropriation for making a thorough geological survey of the state.—*New York Tribune.*

Her Native Language.

French little girl—"Can you dell talk? Mine can say 'mamma' and 'papa.'"

Second little girl—"Oh, mine says that too, but in French, you know; she doesn't speak any English."

The Song of the Year.

The flowers are out,
The thrush is about—
The first of the year—
Love's sweet, and Love's here!

Or, thinks that we know
The rose is a grow—
Love's sweet, and Love's here,
The heart of the year!

No bird in the sky
So high but is here—
The heart of the year—
Love's sweet, and Love's here!

To wood that is bare,
The flakes falling fast—
Love's sweet, and Love's here—
The heart of the year.

—*Lucy H. Hooper in Wide Awake.*

HUMOROUS.

Undoing—Billions.

Chopsticks—A hundred.

A military outlook—Compliment.

A tree full of watermelons—Sycamore.

Above all other animals—The giraffe.

Very fit—"The Emperor of Austria."

A favorite sport in Algiers—The Dey we celebrate.

The great difficulty about common sense is that it is so uncommonly scarce that it isn't common.

The man who puts up gilt signs may not be a successful correspondent, but he makes up for it in gilt letters.

"Let's see, have we anything short—easy, mister? I want one point." Obliging Clerk—"Yes'm. Face or fower?"

Appropriate—Professor, what's the matter with making a lightning rocket? Watchmaker—Oh, nothing, but you'll have to pay the market price for the material to make it with, you know.

Mr. Beds Inn—Did you read the account of an insane person of a child being under the feet of a runaway team?" Mr. Leigh—"Yes, I think so." Mr. Beds Inn—"Oh, yes, the paper had been a column about it, headed 'Prominent Young Attorney.'" Mr. Leigh—"Why, yes, I saw the headlines. Did I never dreamed of it being so?"

A Reality on Inventions.

Machines are reported to have devised a segment that will do thirteen a minute in any direction. The wisdom of such Mecca does not quite the energy by the time spent in the effort, no advantage over the other. The art of weaving has made great progress. Krupp will make guns for all nations. France spent Germany with the same weapons in hand, and there is only a question of discipline and courage to be tested. The two hosts might be armed with Zulu spears or blunderbuss. Things would be equal and the survival would be of the fittest. A great and powerful nation supplied with the latest improved guns can go out and kill poverty stricken and ignorant nations to great advantage; but when Greek meets Greek with the same kind of guns there may be a terrible struggle. The means of one may be thought out the idea of covering war ships with iron plating so thick that no gun can throw from a heavy gun would pierce it. Then come better guns that could throw a pointed shot through any iron covering that could be devised. That let things as they were in old wooden hulk days, so far as safety was concerned. And so it goes with life saving and labor saving inventions. The sewing machine was hailed as a world's blessing for women. It would do her work and release her from bondage. But with the machine came a use for more sewing, and a thousand stitches—in the new way of making garments—must be taken where one would do before, and the machine toiler of the present gets no more money for a day's work than the hand sewing woman of the past received. The best way is to let prosperity remain the mother of invention. When the old man and the whole family engage in the inventing business much that is not needed will be produced, and pastime inventions will hinder more than they will help the world.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Chili's Aggressive Enterprise.

Chili is maintaining her reputation as the most enterprising nation in South America. Her latest progressive move was to contract for 10,000,000 ties and a quantity of 4 miles from the region about Puget Sound. This material is to be used in constructing a transcontinental railroad through Chili and the Argentine Republic, and for building several new lines in the mining region and one up the coast into Peru. To make sure that the work will be well done the government is said to have engaged a number of American civil engineers and practical contractors. When the new lines are completed they will connect the silver mines of the Andes and the business centers of Peru with the principal paths of South American commerce.—*Chicago Herald.*