

Drifting Out.

Even as we are drifting out, the crescent moon is in the sky. And we dream of a bound to the ocean—home on the other side. That somewhere there is a Ginkgo sweet with the hooting owl. And the storm may rage, but the rainbow is arched in the skies of calm. Windeth the river weary, through forests no man hath trod. Where the darkness is shut from the shining of the lamps in the windows of cool. But out from the gloom it flashes in the light of the day to be. And mingles in lonely waters with the mother-tales of these. We are not hopeless, homeless—wherever our feet may roam. We are going like little children to the gates of a Father's home. And though dark be the way and dreary, when life with its storms is past We shall enter in at the portals and rest in the light at last! —Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

"Love Me, Love My Dog."

The little box-wagon took an immense interest in me at first sight. He was such a poor and friendless creature, and it was such a cold and bustling night that I had not the heart to shut the door in his face, as he stood wagging his tail in the stream of light from the open hall and looking upon me appealingly, with big, innocent brown eyes, from under a silky fringe of hair that appeared to him of Skye descent, though rather more than his desec.

Yes, he is certainly mongrel, this Artful Dodger of mine; perhaps if he had been of good blood—Skye strain this tale could never have been told of him. However, in he came with me that night and out he went with me the next evening, for the first of our mysterious walks abroad.

It was only round a couple of corners on an errand to the green grocer's about the morning's list which had not properly been made up; but when I pulled my glove off at the house door to grasp the better, with the dilapidation of the latch-key, I felt a cold nose thrust into my hand—may, more than a cold nose—an apple, which, so red and glossy as it was, I was quite sure my provident friend had secured from the very basket of apples I had just ordered home from under the green grocer's canopy.

That was evitable enough, perhaps. But what followed day by day exhausted all my stock of apologies for my poor kleptomaniac. For day by day there was something of my neighbors' goods laid at my door. One morning it would be a prime beefsteak fresh from the butcher's stall; another it would be a dainty handkerchief thrust into my hand as we walked together along Chestnut street. I soon learned to eschew the shopping quarter, however, when we two went out together. But my Artful Dodger was too much for me. One snowy day all the neighbors' doormats were piled up in our vestibule and my poor little fellow crept out from among them, wagging his tail with a delighted consciousness of merit, as I name up the steps.

Some Fagin had trained him; there was not a doubt of that. It was the part of a Christian minister to reclaim him, not to turn him adrift in his evil ways, I argued. I seemed, however, to be the only Christian in the house; or indeed, in the whole block. I fancy they would have left my poor little fellow to go to bad altogether, in another neighborhood remote from theirs. But then he never looked up at them, with his big, innocent brown eyes brimming with love and trust, as he did at me.

"Love me, love my dog," I said to Hugh one evening, as I stood with him in the vestibule, and the Artful Dodger whined so piteously on the other side of the closed door that I was obliged to let him out to walk with us. Then I could feel myself blush furiously, for though Cousin Hugh and I were—well, it is hard to say what we were; but this unshy speech of mine was certainly the first word of love that had passed between us.

I was glad to go down on my knees to the little fellow, heaping about me to escape the eyes of the big fellow standing over me, for I felt sure there was a laugh in them. "When your dog is as honest as you are, Kitty," said Hugh, "I may perhaps begin to love him as well."

you both to a poor quarter of the city," said Hugh. And indeed I felt that the dog might help to cheer the little crippled lad, he was taking me to see. It was not the first time Dr. Hugh had carried me off to see some patient of his. Elizabeth had a malicious way of hinting that he had me on probation as a model doctor's wife. But Cousin Hugh and I had been comrades ever since I could remember; and when I was out of reach of Elizabeth's sharp tongue there was seldom anything to remind me that we had not been boys together, instead of girl and boy.

The one step from the sublime to the ridiculous is a short one in my neighborhood, and we had taken it in a turn round the corner from the stately terraced street where was my home. The absent little boxes in which the people here were housed might be an improvement on the great tenements of other cities, but to take them seriously as homes was rather difficult. "That one yonder is a mere geranium pot," said I, nodding with a gesture towards a tiny red bow-window filled with those great red and green plants.

Of course, there was "dressmaking" on the modest place on the door; and equally, of course, there was the dressmaker's maid, pale face at the window, where the floral round bunches of blossoms seemed to have drained all life and color from her.

"It is a case of Rappaccini's daughter reversed," I said. "Instead of giving her their bloom the flowers have taken all hers to themselves. I never see a big coarse hedge-rose like I do here without knowing that there is a falling fly of a woman behind it scratching and stitching her heart out. Cannot you make an excuse, Dr. Hugh? Mistake the house, or some thing, and let us knock and see if our faded fly won't come out?"

But just then the door opened; the dressmaker was letting out a customer. Who or what that was I never heeded, for from where we stood over the way my dog had dashed across, up the low steps, and was fawning on the little woman in a transport of joy.

She did not stoop to meet those eager caresses; those sharp little canine eyes of delighted recognition had no response. Only, as we came up, she made a hurried, groping movement for the handle of the door as if she would have shut it in our faces. Hugh was too quick for her. He stepped in across the threshold, where she stood leaning pale and quivering against the wall.

"We owe it to ourselves," he said, "to make some explanation. Of course the dog is yours."

She made a hasty motion of disclaimer; but Hugh went on: "Of course the dog is yours; we have had him so long in our keeping because he was found one night last winter, and this lady kindly let him come indoors with her out of the bitter weather. But we have no idea of keeping the little fellow from you—unless, indeed, you would care to part with him."

This last tentatively, for it had not escaped Hugh any more than it had me, that as between dog and mistress the affection was certainly all on one side. The little woman—girl she was rather—had retreated, sinking down on the steep box-stairs that almost tilted up the tiny entry. The dog did not feel himself repulsed, as we did; but fell, dog-fashion, to kissing the worn hands with which she covered her face. It was in that same instant that we heard a child's cry. She let her hands fall together, the wedding ring flashing out on the worn fingers and then for the first time noticing me with a swift sign she led the way into the back room.

The baby was just waking in his cradle. She turned her white face round on us in the doorway, as she dropped down on her knees beside him. The dog went sniffling about the cradle, round and round, as if he could not understand, then stood irresolute, his brown eyes flashing inquiry from the woman to me.

"For the child's sake," she said, "for the child's sake!"

She caught her breath in a frightened gasp, as if that brought the doctor to Hugh to the fore.

"Steadily," he said gently. "We are not here to hurt you, but to see what can be done for you."

She pointed to the dog. "Only take Dash away. Leave us two alone."

ful Dodge? I whispered, stooping to pat him. But Hugh was looking at the woman attentively. "I beg your pardon, but I think I have seen you before," he said.

She threw up her hands with a sharp cry. "I knew that dog would ruin me!"

"Then you tried to lose him, to get rid of him?"

She made Hugh no answer, only looked at him half fearfully, half defiantly.

"Come, Kitty," he said to me, "since the dog's owner is willing to part with him we will take him home with us." He had a couple of bits on the sewing-machine as he spoke, disregarding her gesture of refusal.

"Oh, because we shall not feel that we have a right to keep the dog," he said. "And we will keep him; he shall never annoy you again, believe me." He bowed to her respectfully as we three went out, closing the door behind us, for she never moved from her knees beside the cradle.

Of course I asked Hugh what it all meant the moment we were out of the street, and I am afraid I was not in a very amiable mood during the walk home, because he would not answer. The next day, however, he told me; for the next day he went back to the flower-pot of a house, and found the little dressmaker had lost herself to Dash again.

"And I hoping you would be here making your gown, Kitty," he said ruefully. "That was the reason I thought I had better not tell you by story until you had gotten interested in the poor, young thing. But she has vanished without a clow and—Do you remember Cousin Catharine's writing to me here to look out for her eldest daughter, while you were all out of town?"

"I remember mamma's being worried at bearing of so many burglaries in town of empty houses."

"Precisely. There was a gang, it was believed. At any rate, one of the burglars was traced to his home by means of his dog. He was not taken without obstinate resistance; he got a bad wound, and I was called in as the nearest doctor to stop the flow of blood before he could be removed. He had a pretty little house; a pretty little wife of his own, who, with a baby of a few weeks in her arms, shrank stricken with shame and horror in the farthest corner of the room. It seems she never had so much as dreamed of her husband's business, which took him so often away from her at night. She appeared to shrink away from him as if he was an absolute stranger to her, as if he could not be the man she had known. What she might have done further I don't know for the fellow died of his wound."

"He wore the bandage off on the first opportunity and just lived his life away. People were interested in the poor young woman, and she would not have lacked kindness, but then, as now, she disappeared. There was a rumor that she was a shoplifter, so many incongruous things were found stored away in the little house. But I believe myself the Artful Dodger was responsible. He must have been trained unbeknown to her by that Fagin of a husband of hers. Now, what are we to do about your kleptomaniac, Kitty?"

I put my hand under the Artful Dodger's chin, and turned up his face, with its brown, innocent eyes.

"I love me, love my dog," I said again.

This time I had a right to say it. The right had been mine since yesterday. —[Philadelphia Times]

The Original Breakfast Club.

The original Breakfast Club of this city was formed more than 100 years ago and when there were only thirteen places in the Union. It was composed of thirteen members, each representing a particular state. No more than thirteen ever belonged to it at any one time, and there is still a pretense of keeping up the old organization at the place of its birth, in the old-fashioned society of Miller to the third generation, at the corner of Madison and Monroe streets, where the club and its guests sit in the common wooden arm chairs, with towels spread on their laps, watching the cooking of steaks and chops in the most primitive style on a big gridiron thrust up to the five ends in the old-fashioned square cast-iron stove.

The steaks and chops are trimmed down as the fire boils, and are with about cut in small cubes, cooked in melted butter, which also saturates the wasted bread-crumbs which they are served to the expectant and hungry throng, who must eat these delicious morsels with hot ketchup or fork. —[New York Times]

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

CRADLE SONG.

(Ishshah!) the end of the day!
Drops into dark, and the stars are bright,
Red songs are silent, and footsteps are few,
Night falls so softly for me and for you,
Sleep!

FLASHES!

the fire-fairies dance
Shut up their secret chambers brightly,
Down in the meadow, the flowers blossom
red.
Went together, sweet heart and school,
Sleep!

Hush!

the brook is asleep,
Whispering a story that nobody knows,
Out of the moonlight the angels fall
beautiful dream-lets for little ones all
Sleep.

WAVE SONG.

—[Wash Sings]

BELL HOUSES YEARS AGO.

Would you be surprised that there were dolls' houses 200 years ago? There were, indeed, and much further back than that even. Very elaborate ones they were, too, and wonderfully furnished. In the seventeenth century Nuremberg and Augsburg were famous for the production of costly toy houses, which contained on the different floors miniature imitations of all the rooms in a dwelling, from the basement to the roof, including cellar. —[St. Louis Star-Buoy]

THE CAT AND THE LOOKING GLASS.

Many years ago at a certain farmhouse the household cat was observed to enter a bedroom in course of spring cleaning. The looking glass being on the floor, the cat on entering was confronted with its own reflection and naturally concluded that he saw before him another cat. A fierce growl was the result, followed by a rush at the mirror, and then meeting an obstacle to his temperance, a fruitless cut round to the rear. This was more than once repeated with, of course, equal lack of success. Finally the cat was seen to walk deliberately up to the looking glass, keeping its eye on the image, and then, when near enough to the edge to feel carefully with one paw behind for the supposed invader, while with its lead twisted around to the front, it assured itself that the other had not escaped. The result fully satisfied that he had been deceived, and never after would he condescend to notice a cat in a looking glass. —[New York Advertiser]

"PIN MONEY."

"Here is your pin-money, Maund," said Uncle Hugh, as he handed his niece a bright silver dollar.

"Thank you, uncle; I was just wishing for some spare change," and Maund's eyes fairly beamed as she took the off-red money.

"Uncle Hugh, when you give me money to spend just as I please, why do you always call it 'pin-money'?" Maund asked.

"Well, my dear, I will tell you the origin of the term 'pin-money.' Pins were introduced into England by Catherine, the first wife of Henry VIII. They were not, however, the well-known small-pointed instruments such as we use, but were made of gold, silver, ivory and brass, many of them weighing as much as six or eight ounces. Such pins as these were worn in the hair and used on different parts of the clothing to fasten folds or drapery, and were quite ornamental. Thus, you see, the best pins were much more useful to ladies than gentlemen. The Spanish manufacturers were permitted to sell their pins only during the Christmas holidays, and in that way gentlemen began to give the ladies of their respect, five families money at Christmas-time with which to buy pins. At first they were very expensive, costing as much as we now have to pay for a valuable piece of jewelry. However, after pins had become common and cheap, gentlemen continued the practice of giving their wives, daughters and sisters money to buy pins; in that way the term 'pin-money' originated, and it is now applied to an allowance made to a lady to buy any small articles she may need or desire."

"I am glad you told me all about it, uncle," said Maund; "and I thank you very much." [Harper's Young People]

Lizard Skin Utilized.

Lizard skin has for the past two seasons or so been a very popular material for card cases, purses, pocket-books and such articles, and a large business has sprung up in meeting the demand for the raw material. Over 100,000 lizard skins were imported from the Mexican state of Tabasco alone last year, and the local government's estimate puts the number of lizards killed in that state during the same year at full 5,000,000. Many of the skins went to Europe, and large quantities are marketed in Mexico.

KID GLOVES.

The Great Majority of Them are Made From Lambskin.

Process of Manufacture From Hide to Finished Article.

The manager of a fashionable glove shop up town, fell to talking the other day about the making of kid gloves. "Only a small percentage of the gloves sold as kid are such," he said. "Millions of kid gloves are demanded while comparatively only a few goats are raised in the world, and of these a large number must be kept full grown for breeding purposes."

"A substitute for the genuine kid is found in lambskin, which makes an excellent grade of glove, and is easily sold for kid. Genuine kid gloves can, of course, be obtained at a high price, but thousands of persons who think they are wearing kid have only the skin of a lamb."

"Where are the best gloves made?" "Well the French excel all other nations in the manufacture of gloves. They are remarkable for elasticity, and give when pressure is put upon them by the hand, and retain their shape for a long time. But an excellent grade of gloves is made in America. The domestic glove sells well, and compares favorably with the imported goods. In all the branches of the glove-making industry a high degree of skill is required, and the workmen generally learn their trade in Europe."

"The lambskins are selected with great care, and put into large tanks at the factory. These tanks are partly filled with the scales of eggs and other soft, sticky substances. Then the skins are subjected to a thorough pounding with a heavy stick that is padded so as to insure them. In some factories men with bare feet tread on them, their object being to 'smooth' the skin and make it strong and healthy. The skins are kept in these tanks for a long or short period, according to the judgment of the superintendent. If allowed to remain too long they become too well mottled and decay."

"After the work of mottling is over then comes the work of cleaning. The skins are worked in tubs of fresh water and washed thoroughly until all traces of the useless substance is removed from the surface. They now become soft and in color are a dull white. Then they are laid on a smooth stone slab with the rough side down, and pressed and stretched until every wrinkle has been smoothed out."

"The skins being out of water in this stretched state and are then dyed. The dye is laid on with a brush, and the shade is always darker than the one desired, for the dripping and after treatment lightens it, at least one quarter. The greatest care is taken to prevent spots of dye from getting on the inside of the skins, as this would produce a damaging defect in a high-grade glove."

"After the skins have been allowed to drip for several hours they are taken to the drying room, the air of which is kept at a high temperature, usually by steam heat. It does not take long for the skins to dry out hard, stiff and rough. Before they can be used, however, they are made soft and pliable again by being for several days in damp sawdust. Then they are placed in a machine, worked by a screw, and by a long and gentle pressure stretched to the utmost. If there are any holes, rough spots, or cracks in the skin it is thrown away, or should be. But not all the glove-makers are honest, and the lambskins are often covered up. This accounts for the sudden giving out of many gloves."

"The delicate part of glove making is the cutting, as the least variation in the lines will destroy the symmetry of the glove and make its fit imperfect. Patterns are used for each size, but even with these mistakes are often made. In first-class factories, where the skin is not properly cut, it is thrown away or cut up into gossamer. Every skin is studied by the cutter so as to make the greatest number of gloves from it with the least waste, and it is so graded that the largest size is first marked out and the rest is used for children's gloves."

Modern invention has enabled the cutter, when blocking out the glove, to make small holes in the skin for stitches. This insures perfect regularity and uniformity of stitching, which are of great importance. If the stitch is too tight an uneven pressure is put on the skin, which makes it break easily, and if too loose it leaves a bag in the glove. Linen and silk threads are used, and the stitching is done by women, who are fairly well

paid. When the gloves are finished they are thoroughly inspected and, if accepted, are fitted up in bundles ready for the market. —[New York Times]

Labor Strikes in China.

There is an impression in America that strikes are unknown in China. My experience is quite to the contrary. The Chinese have invented the machine's compass, gunpowder and stricks, but the only one of the three which they have developed fully is the art of striking. Whenever they want anything they ask for it by announcing a strike. I did not appreciate at first the importance of their first day, and when the first one came round they not only struck, but 200 of them came up and invaded my house. No violence was attempted, but the utterance of views was like the clattering of toy soldiers. I yielded. The miners would strike if they did not like their shift, they strike if they had a bad dinner in the company kitchen, strike for any reason.

Once when mine, mill and furnace were in full blast, the miners all struck for some insignificant cause. Instead of expostulation, I sent for the head men and told them, gravely that I had no objection to the strike if they wished it, but the mill and furnace could not stop. They had to go right on and it was very costly to keep them at work without ore. I said that I did not think it would be to make the company pay the loss and that I should fine the workmen three days' pay for every day they were off duty. The miners came to know it what the head man told them was true. They went to work the next day, and striking was thus in that mine ever after, but each man paid for his own fun. In the end, however, they devised a more potent mode of warfare. They went into the mine with delightful regularity. They put in their time, but did not put out their ore, and our product fell off 75 per cent. —[Engineering Magazine]

He Was Dissatisfied.

"Could you give me something to eat, ma'am?" asked a tramp at a house on Lafayette avenue.

"No," answered the woman at the door, "we've nothing for tramps."

"Thank you, ma'am," and he turned meekly away, showing the skirt of a stretched coat about him to keep out the cold, blinding storm.

"I might give you some old clothes if you wait until I can pick them out," said the woman, moved by the appearance of the forlorn figure.

He waited outside, with the thermometer near zero, waited a long time and whistled "Annie Laurie" for company.

Then the woman of the house returned, opened the door a crack and handed him out a linen cloth and a straw hat.

"Thank you, ma'am," said the tramp, gratefully, "there is not one thing more."

"We haven't any drinking water, the pipes are frozen," she interposed.

"No, ma'am, but if I might be so bold as to ask for an old tin. It would go so beautifully with this suit of clothes."

But she said that she drew the line at tins, and shut the door in his face. —[Detroit Free Press]

A Perfect Book.

Having recently come across a paragraph in "The Stationer" to the effect that a perfect book has never yet been printed, I should be glad to hear what the readers of "N. & Q." have to say upon the subject. By perfect is meant free from any mistake.

The notice I read went on to say that a Spanish firm of publishers once produced a work in which one letter only got misplaced through accident, and this is believed to have been the nearest approach to perfection that has ever been attained in a book. It further stated that an English house had made a great effort to do the same, and issued proof sheets to the universities with an offer of 500 if any error was discovered on them, but in spite of this precaution several blunders remained undetected until the work issued from the press. —[Notes and Queries]

Butler's Eccentricities.

A Baltimore friend of the late Gen. Butler says: "All the eccentricities he possessed—such as chewing on the stump of a cigar in an open court, putting and blowing during the examination of witnesses, striding up and down in front of the jury, wearing bonnet-ribbons on all occasions, and making a great stee when he entered any assembly—all these were originally done for effect, as he aged they became a part of his nature."

When You Are Old.

When you are old, and I am passed away—(I would, and your face, your golden face be gray)—
I think, what's the end, this dream of mine,
Comforting you, a friendly star will shine
Down the dim slope where still you stumble and stray.
So may it be; that so dead yesterday,
No red-eyed ghost, but generous and gay,
May serve your memories, like a kindly wire,
When you are old.
Dear heart, it shall be so. Under the sway
Of death the poet's enormous diary
Lies hidden and dark. Yet though there come
Some signs,
I've on well pleased, immortal and divine,
Loves shall still find you, as God's angels find
When you are old. —[W. L. Henry]

HUMOROUS.

A skylark. The moon.

"Please hold the wire," as the postman said to the mail.

It may have its drawbacks, but the mites' mode of conveying is certainly handy.

A girl gives her lover a mitten, we suppose, because a pair is out of the question.

Curse—Jessie's hair is lovely, isn't it? Darn! Indeed! I haven't seen her since she bought it.

Upton says that our poor companions can be relied upon because they are our fast friends.

"You littleascal, what you want is a good thing." "No, pop, I don't want it, but no doubt I'll get it all the same."

When a young man goes home from church with his sweetheart, he is only going from one house of worship to another.

"Jenks, why don't you give up writing and make tombstones for a living?" "Tombstones?" "Yes—they pay so much more per column."

White Bangs is a most interesting talker; he is never at a loss for a subject. Gray—Hm! Does he keep a dog or is he possessed of a chronic ailment?

Farmer Sparrowgrass (looking up from his paper)—Here's an account of a doctor in New York who has set a broken neck. Mrs. Sparrowgrass—He thinks he's smart, I suppose! Now, I'd like to see him set a hen.

The Commercial Traveller.

In some respects the American commercial traveller is a potent influence. He carries with him the latest city directory, and if he be a young man, perhaps the latest slang or the newest funny story. It has been said that a noted American after-dinner speaker depends largely on that class for most of his humorous stories. In all events the commercial traveller has studied the art of pleasuring, and he is a welcome figure at the dreary country hotels where he pauses for a while in his rapid flight through the sections remote from the city tollgates. In some respects he is an oracle on mooted points, and his dictum on many phases of business or politics carries much weight. If, for instance, the commercial travellers of the country were unanimously to favor the repeal of the silver-purchase law and the passage of the proposed bankruptcy act, and were to back their opinions with common-sense arguments where-ever they should go, it is hardly too much to say that in a short while the demand for the favored action would soon show itself strongly in all sections of the country. Shrewd politicians of national fame have in the recent past declared that popular opinion in the West upon public questions like the tariff has been largely affected by the commercial travellers who have passed through that section, and there is a strong ground for such belief. —[Boston Advertiser]

When Were Steel Pens Invented?

All standard works of reference say: "As about the opening of the present century pens were first made of metal," but words to that effect. In the "Autobiography of Roger North" I find something which makes me think there is something wrong in the history of the steel pen as there is in nearly everything else. Writing to Mrs. Foxe from London on March 8, 1709, he says: "You will hardly tell by what you see that I write with a steel pen. It is a device but recently from France. When they get the knack of making them exactly I do not doubt that the use of goose quill will end, for no one that can here write will use others."

Here is a clear mention of a useful device a full hundred years before so-called "history" finds out that such a thing exists. —[St. Louis Republic]