

The Coming Man.
Those hands—those little, busy hands—
No sticky, small and brown—
Those hands whose only mission seems
To pull all order down—
Who knows what hidden strength may be
Contained within their clasps,
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick
In sturdy hold they grasp?
Ah! blessings on those little hands
Whose work is yet undone!
And whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plead
What's for the future held in store,
God bless the "coming man!"
—Somerville Journal.

Tommy's Scheme.
"If I were a darling big mamma like you,"
Said Tommy one day, "do you know what
I'd do?
I'd take out a dime and I'd say: 'Tommy
Dear,
Just hold up your two little hands to me
here.
I'd put the dime in them, and then I should
say:
'You've been a good boy, little Tommy, to-
day;
So put on your hat and go right down the
street
And buy some nice chocolate candy to eat.'
You'd run and come back, and you'd jump
and you'd laugh
And kiss me and hug me and give me a
half.
'So now mamma dear, don't you think
I would be fun?
To give me a dime and just see how I'd
run?'
—Boston Budget.

The "Tippecanoe" Inauguration.
Mr. Joseph B. Bishop contributes an article on "Inauguration Scenes and Incidents" to the Century, which is an "Inauguration number." Concerning the inauguration of General William Henry Harrison, Mr. Bishop says: A magnificent carriage had been constructed by his admirers, and presented to General Harrison, with the express wish that he ride in it to the Capitol; but he declined to do so, riding upon a horse instead. The crowd of visitors along the avenue from the White House to the Capitol was the largest yet seen in Washington. The procession created such enthusiasm that the novel expedient was put in operation of having it across and counter-march several times before leaving its start at the Capitol. For two hours it went to and fro in the avenue before the spectators were supposed to have their fill of it. Mr. Adams, who saw it from his window, under which it passed, describes it in his diary a mixed military and civil cavalcade, with platoons of militia companies, Tippecanoe clubs, students of colleges, school-boys, a half-breed veteran who had fought under the old hero in the war of 1811, sundry awkward and ungainly painted banners and log cabins, and without carriages or showy dresses. The coup d'oeil, he adds, was showy, shabby; and he says of the general: "He was on a mean-looking white horse, in the center of seven others, in a plain frock coat or surcoat, undistinguishable from any of those before, behind, or around him." The day was cold and bleak with a chilly wind blowing. General Harrison stood for an hour exposed to this while delivering his address, and at its close mounted his horse and returned to the White House with the procession again as an escort.

Children's Column

FISHING WITHOUT HOOK AND LINE.
Boys, I am going to tell you a story, and no doubt many of you will be inclined to think that there is more story than fish in it. Nevertheless, the fish were there and caught, and many hundreds and hundreds of them—yes, real live ones—without hook, line, net, or even the so-called "helmet hook" sometimes used by fishermen in hard luck. All you had to do was to get a move on you and pick them up from the beach. It occurred at Coney Island, that famous watering place, and in this way.
You remember having read or heard of that severe storm that raged along the Atlantic coast, and which did so much damage to the latter part of November. Well, it was just after and during the several weeks following that the fish were caught.
It was early one afternoon, a few days after the storm, that I boarded a train for the island to look at the damage done by the storm at this place. By the time I was ready to return home again it had already become dark. I concluded to return by another road, and as I strolled along the beach, as many others were doing, watching the big breakers come rolling in, I saw a man rush to the water's edge and pick up something, and hastily retreat again, a big breaker following close to his heels. As I drew near to where he stood, I saw that he had a large fish still wriggling to get away. I said that was a pretty easy way of catching fish, when he informed me that it was, and that it was the first one that he had caught.
I passed on, and again saw another man rush for the water and pick up something, and hurrying to where he was, saw that he too had caught a fine fish. I could not help but laugh aloud when I saw this and another picked up. The thought now struck me that this was really the first good fishing I had ever witnessed or taken part in.
Full of excitement and determined to try my skill at fishing, I walked on a few feet farther and stopped to watch a big breaker come rolling in, and as it broke upon the beach and began roaring out again, saw my first chance to rush, for there, in about an inch of water, was floundering a big fish. The next breaker would carry him out again should I wait but an instant. I rushed, and with a small net sent the fish up onto the beach, high and dry. In this novel way of rushing and retreating, and without as much as getting my feet wet, I caught twelve fine fish in about a half hour's time, and which I found upon returning home to weigh eight and a quarter pounds. During this time, I saw over two hundred fish caught in this manner, some of them weighing from two to three pounds.
The cause of the fish being carried up onto the beach was the very high tide and the very cold weather. In running in two rows to shore, to feed on a small reel, about three or four inches long, called sand-reels, they are caught in the breakers and thrown up onto the beach. The fish thus caught were "whiting," although many codfish were also caught. It is true that this novel fishing is not of common occurrence; but whenever it does happen it is during the first frosty weather and a very high tide. —New England Homestead.

TO THE LAND OF SNOW.
A daring band of explorers will soon make an attempt to reach the top of the highest mountain in the western hemisphere. This giant among mountains bears the name of Aconcagua, and is located in Chile, South America. It towers to the immense height of 22,834 feet. The head of the party is E. H. Fitzgerald, a famous explorer of the Alps, of New Zealand. He will be assisted by an Alpine guide, a geologist, a surveyor and a naturalist. It will be a dangerous and daring task, requiring several days. The mountain-top is capped with eternal snow and the cold on the peak is said to be intense. Only men well trained to withstand terrible cold and fatigue would dare to attempt such a task. The air at such a height is very thin, and when a man first enters it the blood sometimes bursts from his nose, his eyes and from under his finger-nails.
Mr. Fitzgerald's observations will be on the effect of the atmosphere of mountain heights on the human system, as he intends to ascend Mount Everest, in India, the highest mountain in the world, if he succeeds in getting to the top of Aconcagua.
If he does succeed, some of our boys will do it when they grow up. —Chicago Record.

AN UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.
Open your geography at the map of Mexico and look for the island of Tiboron in the gulf of California. This is an almost undiscovered country, and perhaps some day some of our boys will have a chance to explore it. The people who inhabit it are very fierce and savage. They live all white men, and it is one of the principles of their religion that they can obtain righteousness only by killing people who do not belong to their tribe. They kill because they love it, and often eat the bodies of their enemies. They are large of stature, strong and fleet of foot and they speak an almost unknown language. The island on which they live is nothing but a series of bare mountain peaks, cut up with great valleys and having little or no soil or vegetation. But there are a great many birds, especially sea-birds, swarming about, and antelope, rabbits, a few deer and wild turkeys may be found on the little plains among the peaks. Besides these and many ground-quirrels and kangaroo rats, the whole island fairly swarms with rattlesnakes, centipedes, mosquitoes, gnats and other terrible pests. And yet the Seri—for that is the name of the Indians—manage to live and thrive on the barren island, and woo to the white man who ventures near without protection.
ALL BY ONE CATERPILLAR.
While I was walking in the garden one bright morning, a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves a fluttering. Now that is the way flowers talk, so I pricked up my ears and listened. Presently an elder tree said:
"Flowers shake off your caterpillars."
"Why?" said a dozen all together, for they were like some children who always say "Why?" when they are told to do anything. But outside those.
The elder said:
"If you don't, they'll gobble you up."

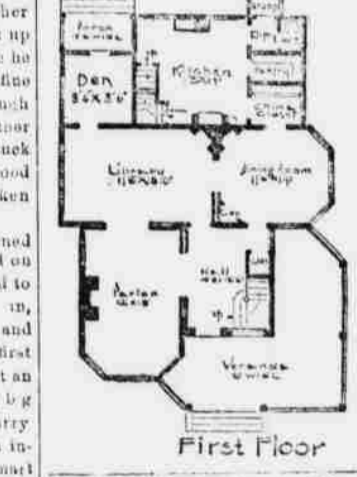
MODERN ARCHITECTURE.

Its Tendency to English Ideas—A Residence With an Office or "Den."
There is one feature common to many English private houses that is seldom found in American residences, at least under the same name. This is the "office." One frequently finds mention of this in descriptions of English residences, even in the stately country houses, and the term often confounds the uninitiated. The word "office" has a large latitude in America, and is generally applied indiscriminately to any place where business is transacted, doing duty equally for the English "chamber" and "shop." But the one use it never has in this country is that corresponding to its use in the English residence. There the "office" is the private room of the master or the mistress of the house, where business letters are written and filed, where servants are engaged or instructed, where tenants are received, or where the hundred and one odds of business, appertaining to every household, are transacted. There are comparatively few men of leisure in this country, and many details that the English gentleman is compelled to



THE HOUSE WITH A "DEN."

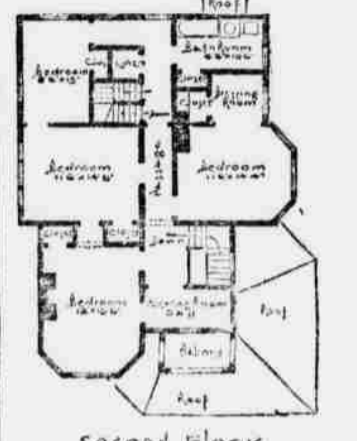
back after in his own house are here cared for at the regular place of business of the head of the household. But still much remains to be done at home, and the various cares and troubles of life are not and cannot be in the "library," or if the householder is blessed with such a room, in what we have designated with very questionable taste, the master's "den."
But whether we risk the charge of Anglomanism, or stick to the thoroughly American "den," the thing itself is assuming a marked importance in our architecture. Almost every house that is built with more pretensions than a cottage contains a "den," and while the room is generally small, it frequently occupies one of the choicest and most prominent places in the house.
When correct and creditable taste rules the day, the den or office will be made a small and cozy room, dignified in spite of its size, light and cheerful in its atmosphere, and strongly marked by the personality of its owner—that is, his individual taste should find expression here more strongly than in any other room in the house. It should be comfortably furnished, never crowded full of odds and ends, so that an important letter or receipt cannot be found without a half hour's rummaging. On the other hand, the room must not be bare, or it will have too much suggestion of the business office. The central feature must, of course, be the desk. Pre-



First Floor

ably this article of utility should be a large and roomy one, and not a little wasteful pocket with a folding bed that by courtesy fills of desk. A cabinet with plenty of drawers, a set of bookshelves and a small table round the list of essentials. Here should be a closet, if possible, for a man more than a woman needs a "trunk-hole," where some of his belongings can be hurriedly thrust out of sight. His light should never be a high chandelier, but a shaded drop light, or a lamp that can be conveniently screened. The pictures should be good engravings or prints, of a character of their own, not mere pretty studies.
The design illustrating this article clearly defines the English idea of an office room. The den or "receiving" room of the library, with outside entrance from rear porch.
A brief description of this design we give as follows:
General dimensions: Extremes, including veranda, 38 feet 2 inches; depth, including veranda, 48 feet.
Heights of stories: Cellar, 7 feet; first story, 9 feet 6 inches; second story, 9 feet; attic, 8 feet.
Interior Materials: Foundation, stone; first story, asphaltic; second story, gables and roof, shingles. Outside blinds to all windows except those of the cellar and bay.
Interior Finish: Hard white plaster; plaster cornices and areas in main hall (first and second story) and parlor, library and dining room. Hard

Second Floor



Second Floor

pine flooring in laundry, pantry, china closet, water closet and kitchen; remainder of flooring, soft wood. Ash trim in first story, soft wood trim in rest of house.
recessed. Ash staircase. Panels under windows in library, parlor and dining room. Wainscot in bathroom, laundry, pantry, china closet and kitchen. Interior woodwork finished in hard oil, except attic, which is painted colors to suit owner.
Colors: All clapboards and panels in gables, olive drab. Trim, blinds, rain conductors and gable columns, olive green. Outside doors, dark green with olive green panels. Sashes, dark red. Veranda floor and ceiling, varnished. Wall shingles oiled and stained a little darker than natural color of wood. Roof shingles dipped and brush painted in red stain.
Accommodations: The principal rooms and their sizes, closets, etc., are shown by the plans. Cellar, with concrete floor and outside outside entrance, under whole house. Three bedrooms finished in attic. Laundry under kitchen. Sliding doors connect principal rooms of first story. Four open fireplaces and one range. Balconies in front and side of house.
Cost: \$1865, not including outside range or heater. The estimate is based on New York prices for materials and labor. In many sections of the country the cost would be less.
(Copyright, 1897.)

In the Heart of Asia.

The heart of Asia, in the remarkable explorations of Mr. St. George Littlejohn—his traverse of the Kunlun range and of the great eastern plateau of Tibet, the so-called Chang—adds a chapter to the knowledge of those of our well known explorers, Bonvalot, Przewalski, Punnett, Kriens and Rockhill. It is the beginning toward filling in the great cartographical blank which begins with the Northern Himalaya chain and ends with the Altai, and with which are associated the headwaters of some of the noble rivers of the globe—Irrawaddy, Yangtze and Mekong. This Tibetan plateau, as has been properly pointed out by General Walker, chief of the largest geographical survey of our life, is the largest plain surface of the entire earth, and its physiographic features are among the most unique and imposing that this globe presents. Toward its exploration will devote a directed march of the energy of travel during the next quarter of a century.

Sun's Effect on Precious Stones.

The powerful chemical effects of the sun are left even by precious stones. The ruby, sapphire, and emerald suffer less than other colored stones in this respect, but it has been shown by experiment that a ruby lying in a shop window for two years becomes much lighter in tint than its mate kept in a dark place during that period. Garnets and topazes are more easily affected. Pearls are said to show deterioration with age, but if they are not worn constantly, they will recapture wonderfully during brief vacations spent in quiet and darkness. The only species of minerals which the practical person believes the sun will bring to its owner is that of loss if the stone is exposed carelessly to heat. It is impossible to crush, being composed principally of silica acid, with a small proportion of water.

Superstition and the Plague.

A Parisian aerial fire which had burned unintermittently for twelve centuries in the temple at Lataulhe, France, went out recently. Its worshippers interpreted the event as an omen of the plague which is destroying so many of their coreligionists in Roumania.

A Year's Patents in England.

More than 25,000 applicants for patents were made in England during 1896. About one third of the number were for inventions connected in some way or other with the bicycle.



Mr. Sparkling (arriving)—"Here, you little fellow, how much did you hear of our conversation?"
"Not one word!"
"Didn't hear nothing but the cracking!"

THE ONE GIRL.

They were standing together out on the moonlit terrace. Behind them in the distance sounded the band, playing soft, dreamy waltz music. But what cared they for dancing and the hot, crowded ball room? In all the world for him there was only one woman, and she stood, her hand clasped in his, her head resting on his shoulder.
"You won't forget me, darling," he whispered, "when I am thousands of miles away, at the other side of the world, and letters are long in coming? You'll remember that I am coming back in two years at the latest, to claim my little wife."
"Oh, it can't be really true, Geoffrey, that you are going to-morrow? It is too dreadful to think of! And it's not I that will forget. I shall think of you night and day until you come back. But you'll most likely meet with some lovely American girl—all American women are lovely, you know—and then you'll forget all about poor little Mysie Trafford, who is waiting for you in England."

little laugh; "at least nothing of importance. I will come down presently."
In a very short time she was in the drawing-room, and Herbert Castleford, as he looked at her, thought he had never seen her so beautiful. He had loved her for years, but he had received so little encouragement from her that he had not spoken; but tonight he had determined to put his fate to the test, while poor Mysie, with a pain at her heart, was saying to herself that if Geoffrey could forget so easily, why, so could she.
And so it came about that a few hours later she returned to her room, having pledged herself to Herbert Castleford. Instead of the little hoop of pearls she had never worn she possessed a handsome diamond ring, and the dead flower and the pearls were put far away out of sight, to be forgotten—if possible.

Six months had passed and Herbert Castleford was pressing for an early marriage. Mysie and her mother had gone away from home immediately after her becoming engaged. Mysie complained of the cold and looked so delicate that her mother took her to the south of France, where, soon after, Castleford followed them.
Mysie seemed willing that the wedding should take place whenever they liked to arrange it, so matters were being pushed to suit the impatient lover, when one day Gertrude ran into the room where Mysie and Herbert were sitting.
"Look, Mysie!" she cried. "Here is a lovely bunch of flowers from that dear count! Isn't he silly? And they are such beauties! Only small things! Oh, I am so pleased! Look! Here are a bit of heliotrope and some maidenhair that will just do for you."

Her surprise Mysie turned pale and shrunk back, looking almost apologetically at her lover, who was watching her.
As their eyes met there was something in his—an expression, a consciousness, a what? Mysie did not know, but a great trembling seized her. A hundred thoughts seemed to pass through her mind in a moment, but of one thing she was certain—Herbert Castleford knew all about those playful, loving words spoken out on the terrace on the never-to-be-forgotten night.
Then, leaning forward, she asked, as if they had already been speaking to each other:
"How did you send it from New York?"
"—that is—what do you mean, Mysie? I never sent it!"
Seeing that her clear eyes seemed to read him through, he attempted no more denial, but just caught her hands in his and implored her to forgive him.

"I came out to look for you that night," he said, "and I heard what you were saying just as Gertrude came upon you from the other side, and it was such a temptation, for I loved you dearly—much better than he did. It was all done for love of you, Mysie."
She tried to wave him away, but instead fell fainting to the ground.
When she recovered Herbert Castleford had gone. A few hasty lines from him besought her forgiveness, and told her Geoffrey was now on his way back to England to find out why she had not written to him; that he hoped they would have been married before Geoffrey could arrive, but that now he would go away and never trouble her again.

"You will forgive me, Geoffrey, won't you?" she said, "for doubting you? But it seemed so terribly true! Look! Here are the envelope and the flower."
"And here is the flower you gave me," said Geoffrey. "There's not much difference, certainly, between them, but regarding the envelope—well, I must give you a few specimens of my handwriting when I go away again, so that you may not be taken in so easily."
"No," said Mysie, with a strange

Mysie looked often at the little hoop of pearls—the pledge of her betrothal—but never put it on, except in her own room just for a few minutes. Somehow as the days went by it seemed harder to speak of that evening to her mother, especially as her mother had not the faintest suspicion of anything of the sort. And so a month passed away.
Then one evening Mysie returned from a walk and saw a letter lying on the hall table. One glance at her own name and the postmark—"New York"—and she snatched up the letter, wondering if any one had noticed it, then ran up to her own room, and closed the door to enjoy it in peace.

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