



NEVER DESPAIR.

Who has not heard or read about London bridge, that famous thoroughfare of England's busiest centre of traffic, of its endless stream of humanity passing to and fro in their daily pursuits, of innumerable tales of woe, of lives lost, of misdeeds and forlorn, of tragedies, occurring only to be at once forgotten and followed by more startling crimes, the inevitable result and outcome of everyday life in the English metropolis—the seat of untold wealth and untold misery—that unrolls before us the depths of human nature, only too often in their most revolting form?  
It was a dark and foggy evening. The hour when the tired toilers seek the comfort of their fireside, when everybody goes to his home—provided he has a home—has come and gone. Suddenly two pedestrians approaching from opposite directions came to a sudden and rather unpleasant collision on the bridge. One of them, young and dressed in the height of fashion, had come from the aristocratic regions of the West End, while the other, who had approached from the laboring districts of Southwark was much older and was poorly clad.  
"Zounds, sir," exclaimed the younger of the two, "your cranium is not exactly bolstered up with springs, I assure you. Why could you not get out of the way when you saw me approach?"  
The other, evidently a laborer, shrugged his shoulders and threw a longing look across the railing to the dark waters of the Thames below.  
"Where were you going just now?" continued the first speaker, noticing the man's dejected attitude.  
"There!" came the hoarse answer, pointing down to the river.  
"There? Well, my man, our road is the same. Take me with you!"  
The poor laborer cast a surprised look at the well-dressed young man.  
"You?" he said. "You to go down there? Impossible! What has put such a dreadful thought into your head? You are surely not suffering from want; you cannot possibly know the sorrow and the misery that is the poor man's portion? You look like a rich man, you have youth beside—consequently you are happy and to be envied!"  
"Wrong, my friend, altogether wrong. Wealth is not always akin to happiness," responded the young man. "Come, rouse yourself, I can see things also have gone wrong with you; walk with me a short distance and let me explain."  
Strange! Here were two persons who had not even known of each other's existence five minutes before, but withal, they found themselves drawn toward one another by that sympathetic flash which so often influences our destinies.  
Peaceably and contentedly they walked side by side, while the rich man poured his heart out to his poor companion, telling him with impulsive words that he led anything but a happy life, although possessing everything that usually goes to make life worth living. He was a bachelor who had inherited great wealth from his uncle. He had drained the pleasure cup of all kinds of amusements, had kept servants, horses and carriages; numberless friends had congregated at his splendidly furnished apartment, and in his country residences; he had even widely speculated without rhyme or reason in Lombard street, but now in spite of his folly; he had traveled, he had celebrated orgies, he had lived like a sybarite and thrown away his money with both hands and now he was tired of life, satiated and blasé in spite of his youth. Melancholy, remorse and misanthropy troubled him incessantly, and he could not help repeating to himself that his life had been an utterly useless one. Therefore he had finally come to the deliberate conclusion to end his worthless existence in the waters of the river Thames.  
The laborer was dumbfounded.

heard nothing but good spoken of you, especially so and in the highest degree, of your daughter Mary, for whom I should like to care exclusively, if you will let me."  
These gracious words were followed by silence, unbroken but for the sobbing of Mary's mother, who finally remarked with appressed lips, choosing her utterance, that Mary was her sole dependence for the household work, that she alone cared for the little ones when their father was away at his work, and she, the mother, sick in her bed, that Mary had never worked away from home, and was hardly in a fit condition to be employed elsewhere.  
"Employment? A position? My dear madam, you have altogether misconstrued my meaning. Nothing is further removed from my thoughts than a desire to see your daughter work for others. I want her for my own, for my wife! I could not pay the debt of gratitude to which I owe the family of the man who preserved my life more appropriately than to henceforth keep her at home and distress them. And on the other hand, what better compensation could I ask in return than the permission that would give me the right to do so by making your beautiful daughter my wife, providing she shares my love and is willing to make me the happiest of men!"  
Of course there was no objection, and a few weeks later the marriage took place. Two men, tired of life, were fated to become the preservers of two families who henceforth led a happy and useful existence.  
The young couple found an asylum for poor laborers. If you, fair reader, ever go to London, and while "doing" the town should have a chance to visit this institute, over the main entrance to which is the motto "Never Despair," you will surely have no difficulty to recognize the gray-haired superintendent as one of the heroes of this true tale, the old laborer, and by his side his now fully recuperated wife, trying to do all the good in their power to those in need.—From the French.

Children's Column



A VOYAGE TO NIDDY-NOD-LAND.  
Now a trip for the baby to Niddy-nod-land. Where the sea is on rockers, and the smooth sand  
Is made of white flannel so downy and soft  
As the summery clouds that are floating aloft.  
Hi, ho! for our journey so grand,  
In a billowy cradle to Niddy-nod-land.  
We are off, we have started for Niddy-nod-land.  
We are blown over the ocean by breezes so bland  
That they scarce lift a curl from a voyager's head.  
For our craft far away on the waters has sped.  
Up, down, with a motion so grand,  
In a billowy cradle for Niddy-nod-land.  
O, how long is the journey to Niddy-nod-land?  
Not so long while the zephyrs our white sails expand.  
We are nearing it now, we will land on a rock  
Hush, hush, it's of fathers, we won't feel the shock.  
Slow, slow, we have touched the soft strand.  
And our voyage is ended in Niddy-nod-land.  
—New England Homestead.

REGAR THAT FLOATS.  
Here is a pleasant little trick that will mystify the guests at a dinner party, unless they know how sugar may be made to float on the surface of tea or coffee. Put a few lumps of sugar and dip them for an instant in a weak solution of collodion, which may be obtained at any store where photographers' supplies are sold.  
Expose the lumps to the air for a few days, in order to give the ether in the mixture time to evaporate, and leave behind only a thin collodion skin or envelope. Pass this sugar out, preferably, when tea is being served, and, to their surprise, the lumps, after remaining at the bottom of the glass, for a few moments, will rise to the surface, and refuse to sink, even when tapped by the spoon.  
The fact is, the apparent sugar is a delusion. The real sugar has been dissolved, and only the thin envelope of the collodion which filled the interstices remains.  
The illusion presented by this "ghost" of the sugar lump is perfect, as it floats lightly on the surface. Taken between the thumb and forefinger it collapses into a gelatinous mass.—New York Journal.

A VERY QUIET ANIMAL.  
With the exception of the jaguar, the great ant-eater, the ant-bear, or crested ant-bear, whichever you choose to call him, is the most slow quadruped in all South America; nor am I at all sure he is not entitled to first place. In height and bulk a full-grown specimen is about as large as a Newfoundland dog, and is really quite bear-shaped in body and legs. Its tail is long and strong, and bears a tremendous brush of coarse, wiry, brown-black hair, which makes this organ very noticeable. Its head is so small, and its muzzle so fearfully prolonged, that it resembles one of the head and beak of an ibis. Its mouth is a narrow slit across the end of that curious muzzle, its tongue is like a big ant-eater's foot long, and it has no teeth whatever! Its covering is a rough coat of long, coarse, brown hair, most strangely marked by a black band underneath the throat, which on the chest divides into a long, wedge-shaped stripe of black that extends backward and upward across the shoulder.  
To me it has always been a puzzle why this creature should possess such a luxuriant coat of hair in so hot a climate. Another point still more open to criticism is his enlaced fore feet. He walks on his claws, and the outer edges of his fore feet, in a most awkward, and even painful way, for which there seems to be no adequate excuse—unless his feet were formed that way to vex the souls of wicked taxidermists. But then as you will, they will not look right; but to the living animal their big, strong, hooked claws are very useful in tearing the bark off decayed logs, or ripping open ant-hills for the insertion of that sticky, worm-like tongue. I have often been told by South American hunters that the ant-bear uses his long, bony tail to sweep up ants with, so that they can be devoured

more expeditiously; but I fancy that is only a "yarn."  
Even where it is most plentiful, the great ant-eater is a rare animal. Although I have hunted it many days, I never saw but two specimens alive, one of which was a young one in captivity at Ciudad Bolivar, on the Orinoco, and the other was a magnificent large specimen in Forepaugh's menagerie. Owing to their lack of teeth and the peculiarities of their diet, they are difficult to keep alive in captivity.  
North of Panama this species is found only in Guatemala and Costa Rica and is very rare in both those countries. It lives upon the ground and its worst enemies are the jaguar and puma.—St. Nicholas.

HOW THE CRADLE CAME TO ROCK.  
It was an old wooden cradle, unpainted and heavy. It had held two generations of babies. Grand-grandmother Donovan's babies had slept under its bright quilt while she spun flax on her little wheel beside it, not even stopping in their work as she now and then gave it a fresh movement with her foot.  
Hardly was the last of these thirteen babies able to walk when grand-father Donovan began keeping house, and his ten little ones, one after another, kept the cradle rocking for many years more. Then it seemed to be through with service.  
The children grew up and went away. The old house was very quiet. Grandmother Donovan and uncle Robert, who never married, were all who appeared in it. Years after, grandmother went up into the attic one day after some herbs when, happening to look across the room, she saw that little cradle under the eaves was rocking! It would swing rapidly to and fro, for a little time, and then almost stop, when some unseen power would set it going again, just as it used to do when great-grandmother Donovan sat beside it, years ago.  
Grandmother always prided herself on her courage, but it was sometime before she grew brave enough to cross the attic and find out what made the cradle rock. Then, what do you think she found? Three of the sweetest, plumpest little kittens you ever saw!  
They were having a great frolic, and as they rolled over each other and jumped up on the sides of the cradle, they kept it rocking quite as it used to do.  
Tabby has had a sad experience with kittens. They had always mysteriously disappeared in a day or two, and she had learned to be very reserved concerning her domestic affairs.  
Grandmother knew there were kittens somewhere, and the barn and shed had been carefully searched. She had even looked in sunny boxes and barrels in the attic, but nobody had thought of the cradle, the most natural place in the world for babies.  
Perhaps Tabby had some dim idea that all the life which the old cradle held would be sacred, for she came up, rubbing continually against grandmother's dress, and jumped, purring, in among the kittens, who scrambled after her.  
Grandmother's face looked very tender as she looked down on the old, deserted cradle, with its faded patchwork quilt.  
"Your babies are safe, Tabby," she said.—Youth's Companion.

Lighting New York Harbor.  
The entrance to New York harbor is now illuminated at night like a city street, as each of the spar buoys along the Gedney channel carries an electric light. The current for these lights as well as for some others farther up the harbor, is furnished from a generating station at Sandy Hook. Part of the lights are supplied with a continuous current of 150 volts by means of nearly two miles of cable, consisting of a single conductor of seven-stranded copper wires of No. 18 gauge, covered with an insulator, and protected by a double armor of steel wire. The buoys along the Gedney channel are furnished with an alternating current of 1,000 volts, probably the first instance in which such a current has been used for this purpose.  
The lamps are of 100 candle-power each, and are set at the top of the buoy. They are protected by heavy bell-glass globes, and are about five inches in diameter. The buoys to which these lamps are fixed are large spars, from sixty to seventy feet long, each anchored to the bottom by a hollow cast-iron block, shaped like a mushroom, and weighing about 500 pounds.—New York Churchman.

Three of a Kind in Looks.  
Three members of the House of Representatives are so much alike in personal appearance that they are often mistaken for each other, and could readily pass for three brothers. Their names are Maurice H. Kulp of Shamokin, Penn., George B. McClellan of New York city, and John Simpkins of Yarmouth, Mass., who enjoys the distinction of being one of the wealthiest congressmen at Washington. Messrs. Kulp and Simpkins are republicans, McClellan is a democrat. All three are heavy built, stocky young fellows, without a vestige of hair on their faces. In addition to looking so much alike in stature and facial appearance, the "triplets," as their colleagues call them, dress alike, and it is often difficult to distinguish one from the other.—Chicago Tribune.

The Golden Age.  
The Age of Gold! The Golden Age.  
When life was life indeed,  
His golden many a summer passed,  
Served many a poet's need,  
Using the Golden Age that is,  
Not many a fabled story;  
Nay, I may-if once lived in this  
Same age of song and story.  
Then men were heroes formed for love  
And war, brave, wise, and good;  
Then women reigned by virtue of  
Their perfect womanhood;  
Then more than fame, than lust of wealth,  
Than empty power or splendor,  
Were simple pleasures, buoyant health,  
One friend both true and tender.  
Then strange, wild beauty lurked within  
Each common wisp of weed!  
The brook stopped on its way to sing  
Weld tales to who would heed!  
Then labor without thought of wage  
Was crowned with bounding plenty,  
What is this wondrous Golden Age?  
Why, nineteen years, or twenty,  
Susan Owen Moberly in Moberly.

HUMOROUS.  
"You told me that you and Harry loved at sight." "Yes, but we quarreled on acquaintance."  
"That," said the engineer, "is a fifty-horse power engine." "Don't you figure it by horse-power yet?"  
Dolly—If you know me the second time I will scream. Dick—I have not kissed you the first time yet. Dolly—I know it.  
"There, there," said Mrs. Blue-Merry, picking up her little boy, who had snatched his toe. "Don't cry. Be a man, like mamma."  
H—Nice dog—very. Have you taught it any new tricks since I was here? She (sweetly)—Yes; it will fetch you! but if you whistle.  
Jones—Smith is in business for himself, isn't he? Brown—For himself? Well, I should say he is in business for the benefit of an extravagant family.  
"Harry up, Man! Mr. Jones has been waiting an hour already." "Humph! Let him wait. Dolly! he keep me waiting three years before he speaks?"  
Ragby—Have you got a dose of nerve tonic handy? Dr. Endo—What's the trouble? Ragby—Just a tracer; I called to get the amount of your bill.  
"If I only knew whether the policeman is standing there because nothing is happening, or whether nothing is happening because he is standing there!"  
May—They tell me your engagement with Charley Gumply is broken. How did it happen? Currie—It was no great mystery. The fact is he was too free to keep—that's all.  
Proof—Bridgeton—My friend McKee says he is afraid you didn't like his wedding present. Bride—Certainly I did! Why, I kept it a whole month before I exchanged it.  
"Yes," remarked the prima donna, "I know I ought to practice a little every day to keep my voice in condition, but I can't because some one might hear me without paying a cent for it."  
Mingo—See, there's a young gentleman down in the parlor wants to see you, Sister—Who is it dearie? Maudie—Well, I don't know his name, but he's that one that looks so much like a wishbone.  
Servant—Who shall I say wants to see Mrs. D-Style? Country cousin—Oh, no matter about the name, I want to surprise her. Servant—Well, I'm thinking you'll have no trouble to do that.  
"She is that stings," said Bridget Ames to her sister. "I'll wrap up the least bit of tar for the folks at home, sure she misses it at once." "Fay" said the visitor "don't take it out of the bottom of the can!"  
A Seditious Hen.  
Though generally cheerful and content with her lot, the hen of times becomes moody, sullen and taciturn.  
At first she seems to be preoccupied only. She starts and turns pale when suddenly spoken to. Then she leaves her companions and seems to be the victim of hypochondria. Then her mind wanders. At last you come upon her suddenly some day seated under the current bushes. You sympathize with her and you seek to comfort her. She then picks a small memento out of the breast of your hand. You then gently but firmly coax her out of there with a bow, and you find that she has been seated for some time on an old croquet ball, trying to hatch out a whole lot of croquet balls. This shows that her mind is affected. You pick up the croquet ball and find it hot and feverish as you throw it into the shade of the woodshed. Anon you find your dejected hen in the loft of the barn hovering over a door knob and trying by patting and pinning to hatch out a hen.—Bill Nye.

The Weather Bureau.  
The instruments used in observing the weather are the aneroid and cistern barometers, wet and dry bulb thermometers, wind vane and compass, anemometer and anemograph, and the rainfall. Of all these the aneroid is probably the most important. The standard form of the instrument is a tube thirty-four inches long, closed at the top, exhausted of air, and immersed at the bottom in a cup of mercury. The purpose of the barometer is to measure the pressure of the atmosphere. In general, the mercury will stand high in the tube when the weather is fair, and low when it is foul. By noting the minute changes, measured on a graduated scale, beside the tube, the observer reads the words on the barometer. The words "fair," "change" etc., engraved on the front of the instrument are disregarded. They have no significance whatever. The rising or falling of the mercury in the tube is caused by the beginning of those atmospheric changes which precede a storm, but are not discernible by our senses. The barometer discerns them for us, and gives warning of weather changes. Of course there are many different conditions which affect the instrument, and the weather observers are instructed in the matters. The aneroid barometer is round, like one of the cheap nickel-plated clocks that are so numerous, and the changes are indicated by a hand moving across a scale on the dial. The weight of the atmosphere is measured not by a column of mercury in a tube, but by the expansion and compression of a small metal box from which the air has been exhausted.—Harper's Round Table.

A Norel Gun Sight.  
A luminous force fit for use in a bad light with guns of various kinds has been patented in England by Mr. Wians. A tiny incandescent lamp, supplied with a current from a simple form of battery concealed in the stock, is mounted within a shield at the muzzle of the gun, and a faint ray of light, calculated to indicate the position of its source, is exposed in the direction of the shooter's eye, and this is sufficient to enable him to obtain the required alignment with the back sight and with the target, be it animals or otherwise. The special application of the sight is for game shooting at night and for service purposes, such, for instance, as the illumination of a machine gun used against torpedo attacks during the night.—Army and Navy Journal.

The United States consul at the Isthmus says that the Panama canal is sure to be built.