

MEMORIES PICTURE

I see her now, the fairest thing That ever looked me in the eye...

VEGETABLE RED.

I am inclined to hope that I am the most nervous man in the world...

Now, my hair is red, vegetable, vivid, and detestable; of that color with which only the inviolable freckle loveth to abide...

There was nothing else for it, so I feigned sleep; but I could not, while I imagined and partly heard that dreadful young woman getting on the seat...

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Then, without waiting to collect my gloves, my umbrella and my new Sophocles, I sprang on to the platform...

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Miss Jackson is almost the only lady I know upon whom I voluntarily make calls. She is a very old friend of mine...

Miss Jackson lit a candle, while I hunted desperately about for the missing hat, not daring to look up at Miss Henderson...

One fine morning about 9:30 I was on my way up to the office in a smoking carriage...

When the coin is sent from the mint it is overweighted 1 to 1 per cent of its value...

The advent of the New Year in Burmah is celebrated with a festival called the Water Festival...

Next to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books.

"Yes," she replied, and then her face dimpled all over as she added: "And I am afraid that you got out of the train to escape from me, so I see that you are not going out. Good morning."

The train came in and we separated on our different ways. I called on Miss Jackson again soon after this occurrence...

"Let me introduce Mr. Carden to you, Miss Henderson," said my hostess, who had had time to recover me from the darkness...

What a Blizzard Is. A blizzard is simply a strong, cold wind moving unchecked over leagues of light, unpacked snow...

The great-grandfather of the little Alfonso, died, he left no sons, and his oldest daughter, Isabella the Second, ascended the throne...

A Famous Marble. A Raleigh, North Carolina, correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat gives some interesting reminiscences...

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THE BABY KING.

AN INFANT IN ARMS THE RULER OF SPAIN.

Alfonso the XIII.—Born a King—Crowned When Five Days Old—The Homage He Receives.

The youngest King in Europe is Alfonso, Spain. His royal baby was born a King, and his father, Alfonso the Twelfth, died some months before this youthful occupant of the Spanish throne opened his little eyes on the world in the royal palace at Madrid...

Meanwhile in the palace an ancient Spanish ceremony was taking place. The courtiers and nobles, in glittering and transparent costumes, were assembled in the great hall, and the tiny new-born King, lying on a cushion with lace and embroidery, was solemnly carried round to receive their admiration and homage.

Before Alfonso's birth it had seemed probable that his oldest sister, Mercedes, would be Queen of Spain. Indeed, she had been proclaimed as such at the time of her father's death...

When the infant King was five days old the christening took place. The ceremonies were of great magnificence, and all the grandees of Spain were present to witness the infant monarch.

The pretty boy, who as yet knows nothing of the life he is to lead, is in his mother's arms, and receives his first caresses, has a stormy past behind him, and many enemies who threaten the peace of future.

The woman man-eater in Kentucky. A very few people in Louisville know that a Fiji Islander, a genuine man-eater, lives in their midst...

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WORDS OF WISDOM.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market. Life is all sweetness in childhood's happy days.

The man who is hopeless of a home is a ruined man. Be not simply good, but be good for something.

Character, good or bad, has a tendency to perpetuate itself. Shelley says that time but stains the marble radiance of eternity.

Friends are like melons: To find one good you must a hundred try. The generous heart should scorn a pleasure that gives others pain.

Talents are matured best in solitude, but character in tempestuous seas. Learning without thought is labor lost, thought without learning is perilous.

Strength is like gunpowder, to be effective it needs concentration and aim. Happiness is a ball, after we have run, and we push it with our feet when it stops.

Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambition. Make it the interest of others to be your friends. Command honors as well as bestow them.

Men are born with two eyes and one tongue in order that they should see twice as much as they say.

A Bonnet That Saved Two Lives. The biggest piece of luck I ever saw," once said Allan Pinkerton, the detective, to a correspondent of the Albany (N. Y.) Argus...

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HARPS.

WHERE AND HOW THEY ARE MANUFACTURED.

They are the Latest Fad in Society—The Princess Beatrice's Harpist—Some Expensive Instruments.

The New York Commercial Advertiser says that the latest fad in the musical line is the harp. For years this beautiful instrument has been to a certain extent relegated to the list of antiquities...

A visit to a harp factory discloses many interesting facts in this connection, and in starting out for such a visit one need not stop to make a selection. He is saved all that trouble for there is but one such manufactory in the United States.

"That harp sounds all right!" said a visitor who stepped in to this concern yesterday to see what a real harp was. "All right!" exclaimed the proprietor, "well I should hope it was all right. Its a new instrument; just in from the factory, and I was trying the strings and studying the tone. I never let an instrument go out until I have learned all about it and its peculiarities; for they do differ a little in spite of every care."

"How long have you been building harps?" "About forty years. I succeeded J. F. Brown, who introduced the present form of harp into this country, though the form was invented in France about 1810 by Soliman Erard, and has never since been improved on to any great extent. The mechanism of course is finer, but the general form and the tone and effect are nearly the same. The demand for harps has been very limited for many years, and there is barely business enough to keep our hands moving."

"How many manufacturers are there in Europe?" "Only two, and they are operated by the descendants of the original Erard. One of the factories is in London and the other in Paris, and there are two more in the United States. I cannot say what number of harps the Erards turn out, only the demand in Europe is greater than it is in America. The crowned heads, the nobility and the wealthy affect them more than our people. I only turn out on an average twenty or twenty-five a year, although the last few months the demand has increased greatly. The advent of the piano in the earlier part of the century almost drove the harp out of the market, but I fancy Erard's becoming tired of pianos to some extent, and returning to their old love of the sweeter, more musical instrument. Before the war the harp business was far better than it has been since until the last few months."

"How did the war affect the harp business?" "The Southern people were more given to the music of the harp than we were in the North. Young ladies from the South would come North to school, take harp lessons and then purchase instruments to take home. The war, of course, put an end to that trade, and it has not been since."

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FORGET ME NOT.

Like the breath of the rose, sighing To slumber against your cheek, Like a heart's pulse, softly dying, By passion roused, weakly...

Forget me not—forget me not! To pleasant pain to part. When love is not forgot; Forget me not—forget me not! Your words are in my heart; Forget me not—

Not like an organ, pealing Down the cathedral aisle, To the black-robed figure, kneeling, With the more than earthly smile— But an echo that no man knows, That lingers, and thrills, and goes— Into the distance straining— I hear you all the while!

Forget me not—forget me not! To pleasant pain to part. When love is not forgot; Forget me not—forget me not! Your words are in my heart; Forget me not—

Like a hymn of gladness, showing The strength of the holy spell— Like the tearful joy outflowing— At the chiming of the vesper bell— Like a prophecy, told anew, But ever and ever true— Into the distance going— I hear your sweet farewell!

Forget me not—forget me not! To pleasant pain to part. When love is not forgot; Forget me not—forget me not! Your words are in my heart; Forget me not—

Always on top—The roof. The game of authors—Reed birds. Ofttimes it gives a man a cold chill to get "fired."

Was Noah's celebrated vessel lighted by an arc lamp? Cleaning upsets two things badly—a house and a watch.

Another thrifty animal is the snake. He can always make both ends meet. The cold-wave flag carries a black lozenge in the center. This is for bronchitis.

Love is an old, old story, yet few of the girls murmur "chestnut" when they hear it.—Epoch. "I get your views," as the constable said when he viewed on a stereoscopic show.—Sifting.

The unlucky man declared if it should rain soup he'd just about be out in the field with a hay-fork. There are some people who don't want the earth. They belong to cremation societies.—Rocheater Post-Express.

A wise reflection by Jones: "Doesn't it strike you as rather odd that while the papers are daily commenting on the decease of celebrated men they never announce their birth?"

Frank James is clerking in a store in Austin, Texas. When he reaches in his pocket for a lead pencil and shouts: "Gosh! all the customers jump to their feet!"

"I understand there was no Underground, both in coal and stone. If Family Prudence to ordinary have been eating too much cake and sweet stuff. Let me see your tongue." Little girl.—"Oh, you can look at it, but it won't talk."—Springfield Republican.

"Fire" she yelled in his lumbering car. "With the morning hour bow-tie." With a sudden spring he was out: "Where? Where?" She replied: "Make one in the kitchen!"—Detroit Free Press.

According to a Tucson paper "Chief Hole-in-the-Snow hankers after more soap." Up, noble champions of Yankee Doggie! Let us wipe the ground with this red hanker-chief.—Birmingham Republican.

It is said that the great and only Barnum is shaking hands with himself over the proposed revision of the tariff. Mr. Barnum imports more raw material than any other man in the country.—New York Sun.

It is stated that Noah Webster first conceived the idea of his Dictionary while on a visit to Boston. He heard so many big words there which he did not understand that he felt the need of one.—New York World.

"No, thank you, stranger," said the gentleman from Dakota, as the car porter offered him the dressing room comb: "I never could play on one of them things. I ain't what you'd call musical, an' my motto is 'I'll give you two papers.'" A young lady in Chicago acknowledged that she is anxious to marry an Indian chief. All the Indian chiefs whose names are in the Chicago Directory have been seen, and they smile sadly, but resolutely refuse to be interviewed.—Lowell Citizen.

An old skin-flint was looking for a furnished room: "What will you charge me for this one for a week?" he asked. "Three dollars." "I'll give you two." "No, sir." "Come, let me have it for that; the days are so short now."—New York Star.

Hubbard (exasperated)—"What in the mischief did you do with the snow shovel I brought home last night? Wife—'What did you expect I might do with it, about a year ago. At first I used it around the house and put it in the parlor.'—Duluth Graphic.

Mrs. Cassidy—"Why don't you come down and see me, Mrs. McGinnis?" Mrs. McGinnis—"An' do you that talkin', Mrs. Cassidy; an' not a sight did I see of ye since last Alister! Sure, if I lived as near to you as you do to me, I'd be troppin' in every week."—Graphic.

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