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A VOICE.

The rain makes music at midnight,
Dripping from rafter and eaves,
Blown hither and thither by mad-cap
Wind on the twittering leaves.

Its sound has solace for sorrow,
Touching the heart-cords o'er
So softly, oh, so softly!
Sweet as the lutes of yore:

But sweetest of all sweet music,
Making my heart rejoice,
Comes over the dew-damp meadow
Tenderly, true—a voice!
—*Charles Knowles Bolton, in Century.*

A PHOTOGRAPH.

HILLBOURN PLACE, Feb. 7.

DEAR JACK: The fur coat is a pronounced success. I saw you to-day when I was driving, and was forcibly reminded of Solomon in his glory. Have you forgotten your friends of old in their clothes also of old? One would think so, as it's been ten days since you were here.

The rest of the family are going to the Porters' to-night, but I shall stay at home and console myself with Beethoven, Sydney Lanier, and you, if you'll come, for I have something to show you. A woman's head, painted from a photograph, which I finished only yesterday. It isn't bad. Affectionately,
CARA.

THE CLUB, Feb. 7, '86.

DEAR CARA: Yours just received. It seems almost unnecessary to tell you how glad I shall be to come. Devotedly,
JACK.

"It isn't," said Cara a few hours later, as she pushes the ottoman to an easier distance, and turns a beautiful, fire-flushed face toward Jack, "it isn't that this winter has been much worse than the other two, but I've been thinking, and as it's a luxury I don't often allow myself, I have mental dyspepsia as a result."

"Mental dyspepsia!" says Jack scornfully; "it's the result of sitting out all the square dances with Willoughby in that draughty conservatory of the Marston's."

"I refuse to understand," says Cara, smiling.

"You can't! Your intellect won't allow you."

"Speaking of intellect," viciously, "somehow makes me think of your friend, Miss Marston. How is she?"

"I don't know why it should. She's well."

"Do you intend to please your father and marry her?"

"I don't know, Cara. If the worst comes to the worst, I suppose I shall have to."

"I should think that would be an exact statement of the case—the worst coming to the worst."

"Don't be any more severe than you can help," says Jack, laughing. "You don't know what it is to be poor."

"I almost wish I did," Cara answers, "I might then have amounted to something as an artist."

"You need hardly wish that, for, as it is, you are the best amateur——"

"That's it," Cara breaks in impatiently. "Amateur, amateur, always amateur! I want to be an artist. Of late I have had thoughts of giving my money to found a home for other weak-minded women, and living in Paris on 10 sous a day, and the divine afflatus; only, as Hawthorne says: 'The great obstacle to being heroic is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove oneself a fool.'"

"One doesn't like to be too precipitate after a remark of that kind," says Jack, meditatively, after a little pause, during which Cara has risen and seated herself at the piano, where she is lazily striking minor chords.

"Is that what has kept you from being too precipitate? Jack, what makes you so lazy?"

"Lack of incentive. Don't scorn."

"I wish I could make you feel your possibilities for yourself as I feel them for you."

"I asked you to try once and you refused." Jack laughs when he says it, but try as he will his voice falters as he speaks.

Cara blushes, and then says: "If we hadn't outlived a great deal of the nonsense of our lives, we could not be the thoroughly good friends we are now. Come and let me introduce you to a woman who I think is worth a man's love. She's over in the library. I remember your dislike to climbing and had her brought down.

Jack offers her his arm and together they walk the whole length of the drawing room, across the hall to the library, the greater part of which is in shadow, the one bright light being directly over the picture.

Only a picture of a woman's head and the curve to the shoulders; ruddy chestnut hair that curls mistily around a face in which sweetness and firmness are strangely interminglèd: great irised gray eyes—eyes with all the poetry and passion of Cabanel's Venus; a clear, almost delicately colorless skin, save for a warmth in mouth and cheek; and, yet, with all the yielding beauty of womanhood, there is an intellectual vigor and strength in the face which one seldom sees save in the faces of men who have "suffered and been strong."

"It is by far the best thing you have ever done," says Jack, after a few minutes of admiring silence. "May I see the photograph?"

"It's behind the Mona Lisa; not a very good one, but the best I could get."

"I should say it wasn't a very good one. It must have been done by some amateur photographer, judging from the finish. But, Cara, how much the eyes here are like your own!"

"They tell me so. Ah! Jack. I regret to see that you are regarding her more as a woman than as an artistic production."

"I'm afraid I am. Do you know her well? Why have I never seen her?"

"Now," says Cara, "you have made me jealous, and, like a wise woman, I refuse to talk of my rival. On Thursday night the five members of our art class are coming with Herr Blum to my box to hear Bernhardt. We will come to a little supper; you will sing us some Schubert; Eugenie will play us the Apassionata; you will meet your ideal; we will persuade ourselves that 'every loss has a gain to match,' and forget——" "how miserable we shall all be the next morning." Jack finished for her.

"Pessimist!" says Cara, smiling; "will you come?"

"Do I ever refuse an invitation from you?" as he rises preparatory to taking his leave.

"Then it is settled. If you care to you may take the photograph with you."

"Thank you," he says, slipping it into the pocket of his great coat.

"Now I am going back to the bread and butter part of existence. There's something almost dreary in the persistency with which one and one are two, isn't there?"

"There have been cases"—what a coquette the girl is!—"there have been cases where one and one made one."

He has taken her hand to say good night, as she speaks, and a passionate light comes into his eyes at her words. "Ah, Cara," he says impulsively, "if I only thought——"

"Don't think," she answers, "consult the proper mathematical authorities."

On Thursday night Jack, having made a very careful toilet and mislaid everything with a cheerful sense of the entire responsibility of Betty, the chambermaid, takes a last look at the photograph which occupies the place of honor over his dressing case, before setting out to meet the original. "Something will probably have happened to keep her at home—or—something. There's always a hitch somewhere," he soliloquizes as he leaves the house.

It is the middle of the first act when he reaches the box. Cara smiles as he enters. The rest of the party are completely absorbed, but he can see that she is there. Her back is toward him, but surely only one woman could have hair like that, and wear black lace the way she does. Jack suddenly remembers his ideal costume for a woman has always been made of black lace.

And Cara? Well, Cara is a very beautiful woman, but then she could never give much love to anyone, and what emotional gymnastics she would require of the man to whom she was married.

As the curtain falls the orchestra begis "Weber's Last," and Cara motions him toward her. "Eugenie," she says, leaning forward, "Eugenie, let me present my friend—" Jack doesn't hear the rest, for the lady turns and he sees a fascinatingly ugly woman with a delightful directness of gaze, who acknowledges the introduction in the middle of a remark which she is making to Lieutenant Willoughby. Jack glances appealingly at Cara, who is rather suspiciously engaged in a leisurely survey of the house through her glasses.

"There's Mrs. Dunbar," says Cara's aunt, leaning forward for a better view. "She has succeeded in engaging her daughter in the army."

"Did I hear you say," laughs Cara, "that her dearest wish is accomplished?"

"No," says Mrs. Lorrimer. "One doesn't say those things, my dear."

"Let us consider, then," says Cara, demurely, "that no one has spoken."

"I have been having something of that sensation all the evening," says the lieutenant. "Bernhardt's French must be provincial—I can't understand her."

There is a little laugh, in the midst of which Jack pauses abruptly; for in Mademoiselle LeCroix's face, as she smiles, he suddenly sees, almost ghost-like, an expression of the protograph. It is gone before he can be certain, and she has turned from him to Mrs. Lorrimer, who is saying plaintively: "I wish Bernhardt would play in English."

"If some one would suggest it to her," says Jack, "she would probably sit up late one night and learn the language."

"Did I ever tell you," said Eugenie, turning so that Jack again has a full view of her face, "of an experience I had when I was first learning your English? No? I was just at the point where I found for myself that you wrote one language and spoke another, when one evening I had the good fortune to meet General Lawson. You know his reputation as a conversationalist, and I wished to convey to him an idea of the pleasure which I felt at meeting him, so I said impressively in broken English: 'I am glad to meet you, General, as I am making a special study of American idiots.'" His composure was superb. He never faltered for a moment. His face had all the calm of one eternal Sabbath, as he answered, suavely: "This is the only time in life, mademoiselle, when I feel that I can fully justify a prejudged opinion."

Jack watches her while she speaks, and again sees the subtle something that reminds him of the picture. A curve to the cheek, an expression in the eye, an indefinite something surely suggests it to him, and yet, as Cara sat listening with a half smile on her lips, she might herself have been the theme of which the painting was the finished harmony.

"If this thing keeps up," said Jack, "my mind will be a mosaic. I shall speak to Cara about it when I get an opportunity." But he doesn't get an opportunity, for just then Cara announces: "Ah! there is Helen, now, Eugenie, and our cousin is with her."

He takes a long breath and feels himself a sane man again. Here, at last, is a solution of the problem. A mutual cousin is the original: nothing more likely. He returns Cara's glance in a manner which intimates that he understands the situation at last, and awaits with interest the entrance of the two ladies. There is a little rustle just outside the box; a man's voice heard in a tone of remonstrance; a woman's low and self-contained, and the lady herself stands at the door of the box. A woman in the prime of life, with that repose of manner which comes after one has found that things are neither white nor black, but only neutral tint, and has ceased expecting much—one whose social angles have been rounded into curves, and who is seldom found holding those unsatisfactory opinions which we denominate "opposite."

"Mrs. Carter," says Cara.

"Delighted," murmurs Jack.

"Helen will be here in a few minutes. She stopped at the Marstons' box to settle about some engagement with them. Dick will bring her over here."

She seems to have a great many engagements with them of late," says Miss Le Croix.

"Only one—with Dick—I think," laughs Mrs. Carter. "Bless their innocent hearts, these children! They think I don't see."

"You have missed the best act of the play on account of that 'At Home'," says Cara.

"I know it," the lady responds. "I am a martyr to my friends; but Herr Blum said something almost witty, and that consoled me. He says," she continues, turning to Jack, "that Bernhardt's full face looks like a profile."

"It was Heine who said it first," says Herr Blum.

"He always attributes everything he says to some one else. It relieves him of so much responsibility," Mrs. Carter explains amiably to Jack. And, as she does so, with a smiling, strong, restful face, Jack grasps nervously at the chair on which he sits, as if to steady himself, for incongruous and inexplicable as it may seem, she also reminds him of that picture. Not in the lines of the face, certainly, but rather in its entirety, its strength, its repose——

"Well, the worst has come," thinks he, rising with determination. "While the last faint spark of intelligence remains I will make my way home. If I don't go soon I shall have to be taken."

"You are not going," says Cara. "Not before Helen comes, anyhow. See! She is here now."

Jack takes one look at the girl who enters, and turning to Cara, says:

"My dear girl, I am losing either my brains or my eyesight."

"It must be your eyesight," laughs Cara.

"Oh!" says Jack, desperately; "you don't understand. I see resemblances to that pictured face in sections everywhere. In you, in Miss Le Croix, in this Helen, and just now I notice that even Herr Blum looks a little like it."

"You have the photograph on your brain," answers Cara, so that Eugenie hears.

"Speaking of photographs," says she, "makes me think of a new theory of Herr Blum. He thinks if we could get a composite photograph of people's brains, as we can of their faces, it would be an easy way of getting the average intelligence."

"A composite photograph!" Jack caught at the phrase with frantic hope. "A composite photograph is——?"

"A composite photograph," echoes the Professor, settling himself to be instructive, "is obtained by exposing different photographs of the same size, for the same time, on the same sensitized plate. These ladies were taken in this way recently, and it made a beautiful face. "How could it do other?" he added, simply enough.

"Apropos of your explanation, Professor," said Jack, "I have a story to tell of a friend of mine, who was the victim of an unparalled joke."

"Mrs. ——," says Cara rising, "is beckoning to me, and I think I shall go and speak to her for a moment, if you'll excuse me. Will you come, lieutenant?"

"You had better stay and defend yourself," says Jack, "for I'm going to tell."

"I shall need no defence here, I am sure," she says, laughing softly. "Au revoir!"

Three weeks after, as Jack and Cara stand before the newly framed picture, he says: "It was rather shabby of you to do it, but I forgive you, and am just as much in love with it as ever."

"That's discouraging," says Cara. "You can't marry them all."

"Unfortunately, no. Utah is remote, I might do it in turn. Who sat first?"

"I refuse to tell you," says Cara; but she colors slightly as she speaks.

"Your eyes have told me already," he answers, and there, for a minute, they regard each other steadily. She has so much and he so little. She has refused him once before, and yet—of late, he has almost dared to hope—

"Do you think, Cara—that you ever could love——" His eyes finished the sentence for him, and he reaches his hands toward her with infinite longing.

"I think," she says, smiling a little, as she lays her hands in his, "that I might—if I were sufficiently urged." And then, with one of those passionate veerings that he knows so well. "I think I have always loved you, Jack."

Ten days later she receives a note, over which she smiles, as it has been but a few hours since he left her:

To Mrs. Jack Hannaford (that will be):

When did you say that you would form that composite which will make you Madam Me. I want to see a statement of the fact in your own writing. Yours, JACK,

To which she answers;

You spoke of next month when you were here. Let it be the 12th. With all my love and sympatdy for the terrible future before you. Lovingly, CARA.
—*Washington Star.*

WISE WORDS.

There is no worse thief than a bad book.

We want not time, but diligence, for great performances.

A man may be young in years, but old in hours if he improves them.

The best things in life cannot be borrowed, they must be all our own.

Ill fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not.

A brain might as well be stuffed with sawdust as with unused knowledge.

It is not what we know that makes education, it is the use we make of it.

Age does not depend upon years, but upon what experience has taught us.

He who has less then he desires should know that he has more than he deserves.

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity.

Those who would thoroughly know themselves have a life work before them.

It is better to be doubtful than to depend wholly upon the wisdom of others.

You are as great and grand as anybody else, if you have a great and grand soul.

Who would have time to study theories, if existing facts were first digested?

Knowledge is like money; the more it is circulated the more people get the benefit of it.

Service is the end of man. Service is the necessity of man. Service is the glory of man.

The more heated the discussion between friends, the cooler their subsequent relations.

If we hope for things of which we have not thoroughly considered the value, our disappointment will be greater than our pleasures in the fruition of them.

A Poet of Taste.

I never had a sweet gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye—
But I would love it passing well,
Baked in a rich and crusty pie.
If I could have a bird to love
And nestle sweetly in my breast,
All other nestling birds above,
The turkey—stuffed—would be that bird.
—*Philadelphia News.*

PLUCKY GIRLS.

Western Damsels Who Manage Ranches and Run for Office.

The Phenomenal Success of the Idaho "Horse Queen."

The girls of the Northwest are peculiarly self-independent and self-reliant, declares a correspondent of the New Orleans Times, writing from Fort Keogh, Montana. There may or may not be something in the atmosphere that produces the change in them, but certain it is that soon after their arrival from the states, from timid, frightened and half-scared creatures, they soon blossom out into self-supporting landholders and farmers, and even go so far as to run for political offices. One girl not far from here came to Montana from a Chicago dry-goods store, where she was getting a miserable pittance as salesgirl for sixteen hours' work a day, and working six days out of the seven. She first went to Bozeman as a school teacher. From school teacher she came boldly out as a candidate for county school superintendent, for which office a "brute of a man" was her only opponent. Beauty and cheek won the race, however, and the man was awfully snowed under, and has not been seen or heard of since. Another girl came West about four years ago and took up a homestead claim on Middle Creek. Matters progressed so favorably that she proved up on time the limit allowed by law, 640 acres, and then started in to raise sheep. In this venture the gods favored her, until the young and enterprising damsel was compelled to have an overseer for her flocks and herds. Thereupon she sat down and wrote to her lazy brother in the East, who was out of a job, paid his fare out and made him overseer.

Now it happened that the adjoining claim was owned by a young bachelor who also had a great many young lambs, &c., in his own right. The two minded their flocks in company for some time, and finally agreed to join fortunes. Instead of two farms of 640 acres each these happy wool-growers now control 1280 acres of the richest land in the northwest, and their flocks roam in company as they used to do, only now they bear one brand instead of two, as of yore.

As a matter of fact, there are between 1500 and 2000 ladies in the northwest today who are interested in one way or another in ranch and stock property. Many of them come right out and acknowledge their brands over their own names, while many others again are interested in stock running under other names, and in which they are virtually silent partners. The history of their success, too, is not so very strange. Beginning years ago with a few milch cows, living within their income and attending strictly to business, a decade of time, with no particular or special drawbacks to speak of, is bound to make sooner or later, wealthy women of them all.

One of the most remarkable instance of this kind is the experience of Miss Catherine Wilkins, of Owyhee County, Idaho, popularly known as the "Idaho Horse Queen." When she was a baby her father invested $40 for her in a filly, and from this simple beginning all her subsequent wealth has come. Now that "Kitty" is of age, she finds her time pretty well occupied in looking after her large band of Percherons, Morgans, Hambletonians and Normans, 700 or 800 all told, besides a large herd of cattle, which also belongs to her in her own right. Still her taste runs to horses, as there is more money in it, and the wild, free life connected with the ranching of them has something decidedly fascinating about it. Again, a fine, fat steer on the range is worth about $20, while on the other hand a good horse is worth, at the very least, $100, and as an animal, so far as range and feed and care are concerned, one horse, successfully raised, represents five head of beef stock, and all for one-fifth the trouble of handling five steers. Miss Wilkins employs about thirty-five herders and cowboys to round up and look after her stock.

Girls of all ages, from twelve years to sixty are rustlers in this latitude. In Valley Creek is the ranch of W. N. Miller, who semi-annually rounds up and cuts out from his herd cattle suitable for beef.

On all of these trips the thrifty ranchman is accompanied by his twelve-year-old daughter, who assists generally in rounding up the herd and in keeping her father company. She is a fearless rider, this twelve-year-old child, and can go scampering across the prarie on the back of her beautiful cayuse pony at a rate of speed that would astonish some of our modern paper fox-hunters in the East.

On the other hand, a sturdy matron of some fifty summers, whose husband was away in the mountains prospecting, came riding into Livingstone a short time ago bound on a mission of important business. From her saddle bow hung a Winchester rifle, while the saddle pockets were filled with ammunition. Evidently this lady was eminently able to care for herself under all circumstances.

The journey in and out was over 100 miles, which she performed successfully alone and unaided, without company of any kind save her horse.

Chinese Secret Chambers.

Work will be commenced in El Paso, Texas, in a short time on a Federal building for a postoffice and custom house, for which an appropriation of $150,000 has been made by Congress. The site selected for the building is near the centre of the city, on St. Louis and Oregon streets, and is still occupied at present by an extensive old adobe structure one story high, covering an entire block, into which are crowded together several hundred Chinese and where all their peculiar industries are pursued.

There are plenty of laundries in this rambling old building, a number of groceries, joss houses, Chinese physicians' headquarters, while it was generally known that opium smoking and fantan playing was being carried on at a colossal rate, but the latter unlawful pursuit could never be traced to the building. The last few days orders have been given by the former owners of the land that the building must be vacated so that the property could be turned over to the United States. This order has created the greatest consternation among the Chinese inhabitants, and they are in as terrible an uproar as a beehive is when a foreign animal intrudes into it.

The cause of this scare has just leaked out. The whole of the region has been undermined by secret tunnels and excavated rooms, in which not only opium smoking and gambling has been carried on, but other dark deeds perpetrated, without the white population of the cities, and even the owners of the real estate, having suspicion of what was going on. It is said that the Chinese have been in the habit of keeping the bodies of those of their countrymen who died in these subterranean chambers, and boiled the skeletons clean of flesh, and then sending them carefully packed in trunks to San Francisco, as occasion offered, for transhipment to China for permanent burial.

When in a few days from now the buildings are torn down and the ground excavated for the foundations of the massive structure that is to stand there, developments will be made that will astonish this community. Last year a Chinese laundry standing near the track at the Southern Pacific Railroad depot burned down at night, and when the next morning persons repaired to the spot they saw underneath what had been the floor of the dwelling a vast excavation, in which the charred remains of the mass of gambling paraphernalia were visible. The owner of the lot from whom the Chinese rented the building had not been aware of the secret chamber which his tenants had constructed. —[Globe-Democrat.

Tea Drinking and the Teeth.

Some years since, when on duty at recruiting stations in the north of England, I took observation on the great amount of disease and loss of the teeth existing among the class of men offering themselves. It became a cause of rejection of itself in great numbers. As far as inquiries went I was led to trace it to the excessive tea drinking indulged in by the working classes in the manufacturing towns, and this went on all through the day, whether with food or not. In fact, instead of 5 o'clock tea being the invention of the upper classes, it was found to exist to an injurious extent in the working classes long before that time. Tea seems to have a peculiar tendency to cause hyperæmia in the tooth sacs, leading to inflammation and, eventually, abscess of the fang, with, of course, dentralgia at every stage. Whether this special tendency was due to theine or tannin having an elective affinity for dentine it is not possible for me to say. It would be curious to know if medical men, practicing in such manufacturing districts, had observed the deterioration of teeth to be coincident with tea drinking.—[British Medical Journal.

Buried in a Gold Mine.

A very remarkable incident occurred at the burial of James Robinson, who died at Matthews' station, North Carolina. He had been engaged in gold mining all his life, and had for a long time managed the Baltimore and North Carolina mine, in Mecklinburg county, North Carolina. He was buried in Pleasant Grove church. The gravediggers had just completed the grave when their picks uncovered a vein of rich gold ore. The old miner was literally laid at rest in a gold mine.—[Atlanta Constitution.

Face to Face.

"You wouldn,t think," he said, indicating a gentleman across the street, "that that ordinary, commonplace looking person has many times stared death unflinchingly in the face."

"Why, no, is he a desperate character?"

"Not very; he's an undertaker."—[New York Sun.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A new steamer, the Empress, on the Dover–Calias route, is expected to cross the English channel in fifty minutes.

Late observers have found that the temperature of a wire conveying electric currents varies with the air-pressures surrounding it.

The thistle at the Antipodes seems to attain a most vigorous growth. Its root penetrates a depth of from twelve to twenty feet, and this root, even when cut into small pieces, retains vitality, each root producing a new plant.

To make an ink for hand-stamps that will not injure the rubber: Mix and dissolve two to four drams of analine color, in fifteen ounces alcohol; add fifteen ounces glycerine. The solution is poured on the cushion and rubbed in with a brush.

Professor Schmidt, a German scientist, has hit upon the plan of cutting off pieces of living sponge and planting them in a suitable place in the sea, as if they were willow twigs. In this way he has succeeded at the end of three years in producing 4000 sponges, at a cost of $45.

An approximate idea of the amount of manganese contained in steel can be ascertained by means of the magnet. A magnet capable of lifting thirty pounds of idinary steel or iron will only lift a few milligrams if the metal contain twenty per cent. of manganese. So small a quantity as eight per cent. of manganese will nearly neutralize the magnetic attraction.

A company organized several years ago for the production of hydrogen by means of passing superheated steam over red-hot iron discovered that in this process the surface of the iron is affected in such a way as to successfully resist rusting. Experimenting further, they claim to have found a method for protecting iron and steel from atmospheric and chemical corrosion.

An interesting collection of commercial products, made by Dr. Forbes Watson, has been acquired by University College, Dundee. It contains some 7500 samples, embracing between 700 and 800 fibres, over 500 dyes and dye-stuffs, 500 oils and oil-seeds, 600 or 700 gums, resins and guttas, nearly 2000 medicinal substances, and more than as many samples of food-stuffs.

A cobra bite has been cured. Dr. Richards, as reported by the India Daily News, was handling a cobra with the intention of extracting some poison, when he was bitten on the finger. He cut it open to the bone above the wound, and applied permanganate of potash, put on a ligature, and hurried off for advice. Another doctor opened the wound and cauterized it with nitric acid, and Dr. Richards has recovered.

A resident of Cartwright, Canada, has invented a machine for catching and killing potato-bugs. It resembles a wheelbarrow with a fan on each side of it, and is propelled in the same way. It is wheeled between two rows of plants from which the fans sweep the bugs against a centreboard, on striking which they fall between two rapidly revolving rollers, and are crushed to a pulp. The motive power is obtained from the wheel. It works effectively.

Dr. Talmage's Busy Life.

"I deliver, on an average, five addresses every week in the year," said the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage a few evenings since. "Each of these must be an original production, for the reason that the newspaper men follow me up so closely. On account of this espionage I cannot make use of an original idea more than once. Still I do not feel a material strain from this work. The reason why I indulge in so much metaphor and simile is that I naturally think in figures of speech—in fact, they crowd upon me so fast that I am obliged to interpret them to myself before uttering the thought I wish to express. This intellectual labor never causes me to lose a wink of sleep. My sermons are dictated to a stenographer some ten days in advance of their delivery, and are always on their way to my readers before my Tabernacle audience hears them.

"Not long since I paid a visit to the Mercantile Library in New York. In looking over the files of newspapers I saw a four column article about a wonderful cane which I possessed. The writer went on to say he saw me one pleasant evening sitting in Union square twirling a cane in my hand. Now, the fact is that I never was in Union square in my life, and never have I carried a cane. But I must compliment the author on the ingenious tale which he wove from his imagination about the imaginary cane.

"The fact is that a man who occupies my position and who talks as often in public cannot help giving hints to a close observer of his inner life. These facts are seized upon by bright newspaper men and woven into very entertaining stories. But I do not object to the use of my name in connection with this kind of fiction. It is usually harmless and always pleasing."—[New York Sun.

Her Letter.

"So here I am writing at home, dear,
And you so far away,
And when you read the letter,
I wonder what you will say.
The green leaves whisper around me,
The nightingales sing above,
Just as they did that day, dear,
When you told me all your love!"

"I can see her," he fondly whispered
As he sat by the far camp-fire,
And read and read her letter
With heart that could never tire
"I can see her true eyes shining
As she leans on her little hand,
And gazes and dreams about me
Here in this distant land!"

* * * * * *

The bugle rang out at midnight,
The fight was lost ere morn,
He fell, with his old battalion,
Leading a hope forlorn;
While at home the sun is shining,
And the roses of June unfold,
But the maiden is quietly weeping
As she dreams her dream of old.
—[Cassell's Magazine.

HUMOROUS.

The road to ruin—The side door

A soar spot—An eagle's nest.

High license—A balloonist's permit to navigate the air.

To make a long story short, send it to the editor of a newspaper.

The tin can does not point a moral, but it very frequently adorns a tail.

It was the lady who thought she was going to swoon who had a faint suspicion.

There is something peculiar about gravity—in the earth it attracts, while in men it repels.

"How did you leave Kansas?" "By rail—I was the only passenger, and there was only one rail."

Many men with plenty of money in their pockets find themselves "strapped" in a crowded horse car.

"Well," said an undertaker, "I'm not much of a fighter, but when it comes to boxing I can easily lay out any man."

"Papa, give me a quarter to buy some perfume," pleaded a little girl. "Not a scent," replied the gruff and cruel daddy.

A boarding house keeper announces in one of the papers that he has "a cottage to let containing eight rooms and an acre of land."

Dude (bad pay)—That stripe looks well—so does this. What would you prefer for yourself if you were choosing? Long suffering tailor—A check.

Youngster—"Papa, what is a revenue cutter?" Fond parent (a hard-working clerk)—"The individual who employs me, my child. He has just reduced my salary."

Smallest Screws in the World.

The smallest screws in the world are made in a watch factory. There can be no doubting that assertion on any score. They are cut from steel wire by machine, but as the chips fall down from the knife it looks as if the operative was simply cutting up the wire for fun. One thing is certain, no screws can be seen, and yet a screw is made every third operation.

The fourth jewel-wheel screw is the next thing to being invisible, and to the naked eye it looks like dust. With a glass, however, it is seen to be a small screw, with 260 threads to the inch, and with a very fine glass the threads may be seen very clearly. These little screws are 4-1000th of an inch in diameter, and the heads are double the size. It is estimated that an ordinary lady's thimble would hold 100,000 of these tiny little screws. About 1,000,000 of them are made a month, but no attempt is ever made to count them. In determining the number 100 of them are placed on a very delicate balance, and the number of the whole amount is determined by the weight of these. All of the small parts of the watch are counted in this way, probably fifty out of the 120.

After being cut the screws are hardened and put in frames, about one hundred to the frame, heads up. This is done very rapidly, but entirely by sense of touch instead of sight, so that a blind man could do it just as well as the owner of the sharpest eyes. The heads are then polished in an automatic machine, 10,000 at a time. The plate on which they are polished is covered with oil and a grinding compound, and on this the machine moves them rapidly by reversing motion, until they are fully polished.—[New York Telegram.

Her Other Face.

A Sixteenth street lady was calling on a K street lady the other day, and the small daughter of the house kept walking around her and studying her head intently. Finally the caller became so nervous she took the child in her lap. "Well, Fannie," she said, "what is it? You seem to be looking for something." "W'y—w'y," hesitated the child, "I was looking for your other face." "What do you mean? I don't understand," said the puzzled visitor. Oh, mamma said you were two-faced, but I don't see only one. You haven't got two faces, have you?"—[Washington Critic.