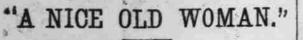
A Presage. I have a friend, a dear one. Her name-but why I confess? You very rarely hear one More fascinating-guess Her merry voice is sweeter Than any rillet's flow; Her laugh has more of metre Than any song I know.

Her lovely eyes that lighten When robins softly sing Are like the skies that brighten At dawn in early spring; Her cheeks-his brain is duller Than dunce's who'll not own They've all the pinky color Of apple buds half blown.

You will agree it's pleasant That such a one should send Each year a charming present To me, "her dearest friend." And this year I've a presage-It makes my pulses start-That with a tender message She'll give to me her heart. -Bissell Clinton in Harper's Magazine.



BY FLORENCE ALLEN. "Oh dear !"

It was a pretty little face which was all puckered up into such a lot of worried little wrinkles: pretty in spite of the shadow of care in the fair blue eves, and the tired drop as the corner of the girlish mouth. The owner of the face and the wrinkles and the blue eves and the mouth in question, was a slight, rather delicate-looking girl of about 18 who stood, attired in a faded calico dress, in the door.way of a small wood-colored cottage (or "cabin" as they more truthfully call such edifices in the mountains) looking out at the sunny slope of the road before her.

'I wo fresu-faced smiling oirls of her own age had just gone by, stopping to say a pleasant word or two as they passed; and the sight of their pretty, though simple, lawn dresses and float-ing ribbons had brought, as they detheirs, and the impatient exclamation with which our story begins to her generally uncomplaining lips. As a general thing Phrosy Miller (she all at once." was Euphrosyne by rights, through the instrumentality of her father, who had found the name in his somewhat limited and contented girl in spite of the at present, there was something especial upon her mind, and that was the picnic. It was to be in just four weeks from how? That was the question that brought | fond imaginings, Phrosy went home. the worried little wrinkles to the front fresh ribbons for the occasion, and "do for a nickel apiece and one didn't have the nickel, where would be the comfort of it?"

guess." And, sighing heavily, Phrosy turned to enter the house in answer to a fretful call from within, but as she did so her eyes fell upon the clothes-line in the side-yard. "In one minute, mother," she said

cheerily. "I'll just bring Ben's shirts in as I come by, -they're all ready to raw-starch and I can iron them by the supper fire." How white and clean and sweet they

were! As Phrosy gathered them into a stiffly awkward bundle in her arms she could not help bending her head to inhale the "smell of outdoors" (as she called it) that came from them. "They smell different from Chinese

washing," she thought. "There's one thing certain, -poor as we are Ben's shirts are always the nicest done up in town," and then as that thought passed through her mind it.left an inspiration behind it.

That night after supper, when Ben was resting himself from his day's labor by "puttering" around the chickenhouse and back-yard generally, and Mrs. Miller was chatting with a neighbor who had opportunely dropped in, Phrosy, pleading an errand at the store,

slipped away from them all and proceeded to put her inspiration to the test of practicality. "It might be a good idea," said kindly Mrs. Jenk'ns, to whom she had gone in her emergency, "but there's so many o' them plaguey Chinese around that it brings prices down dreadful,

and most folks don't care how a thing is done so it is done cheap." "But my things don't smell of opium and nastiness as the Chinamen's averred Phrosy stoutly,

"there must be some one who would rathen pay a little higher and have things nice."

TSuch folks is scarcer than diamonds in dust heaps," was the sententious reply. "I wou'd myself, of parted, those worried wrinkles to the course, but old Ma'am Gilman has face that should have been as bright as kind of got a mortalge on me, and friends with her mother, proceeded to though she's failing dreadful and don't send things home fit to be seen some weeks. I kinder can't go back on her "Of course not." assented Phrosy unhesitatingly, "that isn't what I want at all. But-see here-you ask Joe to reading, and had delighted in its long- Inquire around up to Loren's mill and drawn sweetness,) was a very cheerful I do believe he'll find something for me. I don't care to say a word to Ban troubles and hard work that had come or he'd fly all to pieces-nor you into her young life so early; but, just needn't tell Joe who it is that wants the things-just let him say 'some one who'll do them the best they can done and needs the money.' " "All right," said Mrs. Jenkins, "T'll today, and all the girls were going; and keep it as still as mice, whether it turns she, who had stayed at home so much out well or not. You come by tomorand so patiently for the last year, felt as row night and I'll tell you the verdict." though she really must go, too. But And so, full of hopes and fears and The next night Mrs. Jenkins met her so conspicuously. All the girls were with her broad face beaming. "I've going to have new lawn dresses and got six for you," she said, delightedly. "and six times two bits is a dollar and up" her blue muslin as best she could a half! you are in luck, Phrosy! 'Tain't (and she was something wonderful in , one of the mill hands either, but a the laundress line all her neighbors young fellow that has bought out the said,) it would not look any way but old Bradbury ranch. He's been up to old and faded; and her fibbons-well, the city for the last week and more and her small stock thereof had been cleaned come home with about a carload of and dyed and "done over" so often that dirty things-its been that hot up there, they were merely a travesty upon their Joe says, that you can't keep nothing kind, Of course a new dress and the decent two minutes, and old Mrs. Bulrequisite adornments would cost very gal that cooks up there don't know little; but, as Phrosy said, tersely but beans about doing up, so the grist truly, "If diamonds could be bought naturally comes to your mill, and I'm glad of it for one." frightened child. "And I for two," answered Phrosy gleefully, and then, with a light and thankful heart she took possession of the shirts!" her somewhat bulky bundle and went merrily homeward. The next day six white shirts fluttered upon the Millers' clothes-line; the next day-stiff and shiny and odorous only of Heaven's pure breezes-they went to their owner, and Joe brought back to his mother in return the silver which looked to Phrosy brighter and better than silver ever looked before. He brought something else, too, an overgrown bundle of shirts which had evidently seen sorrow and had not lived dear. " the lives that aristocratic white shirts

Phrosy went to the picnic under Mrs. Jenkins' protecting wing (one of Mrs. Miller's whilom cronies consenting gladly terome and spend the day with her) and she had on a fresh pink lawn and ribbons to match and looked for all the

world like a peach-blossom. The picnic was near the "old Brad bury ranch" and its new owner-a tall. sun-burned, masterful young fellow

with a plain, sensible face and a pair of eyes that seemed to Phrosy the Kindes that she had ever seen-made them welcome to his home and was as hospitable as a true Californian always is; and some way Phrosy was shyly conscious. after the first, that those kind eyes looked a trifle more kindly upon her than they did upon some of the more

noticeable girls. Phrosy was always one of the usefu ones, and when it fell to her lot to oversee the arrangement of the lunch her new acquaintance very quietly disengaged himself from the others and devoted himself to her assistance, and Ben Miller, looking on from a distance, saw and approved. "Phrosy's worth her weight in gold.

he said to himself, "and Dalton is just the kind of a fellow that she ought to have. I'd give four bits to have it turn out that way." That night Phrosy come home tired

but radiant. John Dalton had harnessed up his two-horse team and brought part of the pienickers down to the village himself, 'jist to be sociable," he hal said; and he had invited her to sit beside him on the front seat, and he had, moreover, told Ben that he was coming down to play him a game of checkers now and then when the

evenings got a little longer. What wonder was it that the world seemel rose-colored to Phrosy? and what wonder was it that when John Dalton-not waiting for the evenings to lengthen perceptibly-made his appearance in her home and, after making well-kneaded, tempered anl annealed fire-clay. There is a glorious uncerdevote himself especially to that lady's tainty about the life of a melting pot. daughter, that she thought herself the It may give way and break up in eight happiest girl in the world. Only one hours or it may last for months. Ia thing shadowed her heart. Supposing any case the sides wear through and get that he should be angry when he found thin, in the lapse of time, from the about that the shirts, which still came, sorption of the clay into the vitrified through Mrs. Jankins, to that mysterimolten mass within. Just so long as a ous "old womin" were her task, and good pot can be pa'ched up and fortithat he was making love to his washerfied it is kept in use, but when a pot woman? That fear made her almost has to be removed, no matter under cowardly after she began to feel that what circumstances, it means a hot, she was growing to care for this quiet, hard day's work for all hands. The manly, young fellow as she had never first thing is to dislodge the broken cared for any one else before; and al fragments of the pot, or the whole affair though she knew that she must tell him bodily if not broken, by battering-ram some day, she put that day off as long blows directed with a gigantic crowbar as possible and grew, girl-fashion, as into the interior of a furnace heated nervous and feverish and miserable as like unto that into which Shadrach. possible over her innocant little secret. Meshech and Abednego were cast in the until even her mother noticed that days of old. When the work is com-Phrosy was "fretting" as she called it, pleted the new pot, already annealed and wondered thereat. and heated to whitenes, has to be One day, John Dalton brought matplaced in position, and as the pot and ters to a focus by simply and seriously contents may weigh many fundrel asking Phrosy if she could make up her pounds, the ordeal is necessarily a severe mind to come to him, and let him take one. Burns and blisters are every day care of her as he had longed to do ever occurrences in a glass fictory. since he first met her. It is a busy scene, this interior of a "I think that I fell in love with you glass factory in full blast. About a at first sight," he said, in his straighthundred hands, men and boys in nearly forward way, "and ever since then equal proportions, are employed. First have been hoping that you would le an operator sticks the end of a long me make things easier for you some iron tube into a glowing white hole day. Do you care for me enough to be and draws the instrument forth with a my wife, Phrosy?' glistening gelatinous looking mass at Poor Phrosy !- she blushed and hesi he end. He rolls this mass actively

A GLASS FACTORY.

How the Glass is Melted, Rolled and Blown.

Liability of the Workmen to Burns and Blisters.

Entering a glass factory, the first obect which attracts attention is the great central furnaces in which the glass is melted. The most unobservant person will have noticed that ordinary glass presents itself in three aspectsbrown, green and stainless white or flint glass. The former tints are due to the presence of iron-oxide in the sand, which is one of the principal ingredients. When colorless glass is desired the iron has to be eliminated, or the color masked by suitable means, and it is a noteworthy fact that a proportion of iron in the sand too small to be indicated by the most delicate assay will impart a distinct hue to glass. Different mela'lic oxides impart different hues; thus tin or arsenic will render the product white and opaque; gold will give a ruby red; copper, . in the form of black oxile with a little iron ore, will yield an emerald green product; cobalt-oxide a blue; manganese a purple; oxide of uranium a yellow, and 50 on.

It follows that where colorless glass is desirel the greatest care has to be taken to insure the use of sand in which the metallic oxides referred to are distinguished by their absence.

The furnace takes up quite a large part of the room in a glass factory, and is circular in form, to enable the operators to approach the pots from all sides. As these melting pots are of large size (some are 55 inches in diameter) and have to withstand continuously a heat which will easily melt iron or steel, it ollows that they have to be made of

Old Songs. USEFUL CROWS. Over and over again, In every time and tongue In every style and strain Have the world's old songs been sung

The song that you sing today,

Sweet on the printed pages,

Were set in some savage tune

In the youth of the worn-out ages;

The gems that your lines uncover,

By the heart of some pagan lover.

The fancies that fill your rhymes,

Are the spectres of olden times

Ye players on notes of woe.

They sang in the years ago

The visions that haunt your lays.

And the ghosts of forgotten days;

Ye dreamers of love and sorrow,

But what if the rhymes are new.

If the touch of the chord be true

Let them come to us still again.

Fresh as a morning's rain.

enmanship.

dear.

climb.

To-morrow and yet hereafter,

Old as the sob and the laughter.

HUMOROUS.

A flourishing man-The professor o

"Are these your paternal estates?

Why not cal a ball oon a tramp?

'No, they are my aunt hills."

as no visible means of support.

And what if the thoughts are old.

And the flight of the singer bold!

The songs you will sing to-morrow.

The charm of your love-born tune,

Was sung in the far away,

Since the sigh from the soul was stirred Since the heart of a man was broken, Have the notes of despair been heard And the rythm of pain been spoken.

by the Authorities.

of the press regarding the great scavengers of Omaba-the crows. The article is correct, but it does not tell onehalf of the peculiarities of the situation. The home of the crows, or to put it more correctly, their roost, is on "the island," a sandbar of some thirty or forty acres located about one mile north of the city. It is cut off from the river by a change in the channel, and although on the west side of the river, it lies within the Iowa boundary. This island is coverel with a thick uadergrowth and by willow and water birch trees of several years' growth Here the crows have been congregating for a number of years past. During the daytime there are but few to be seen about the island, except a scattering contingent seemingly left behind to act as sentinels. But from sundown to sunrise there are thousands upon thousands of them on the island, and until the shades of night finally close the commotion about the place is exceedingly great. As soon as daylight appears the noise begins again, each particular crow seem-First Cucumber-Fm in bad shape. ing to clamor his very loudest as if with Second Cucumber-You do look seedy. the object of reducing his neighbor to The eagle is dear to the American silence. Then as the sun uprears his heart, but the double carle is twice as head over the Iowa bluffs the roost breaks up into small parties of about a The monkey goes to the sunny side of score, which start off in all directions the tree when he wants a warmer to forage. Some of the crows spen l the day in the back yards and alleys of

the city and even in the streets of the The sentence "Ten dollars or thirty days' is another broof of the truth of

Utilized in Omaha as Scavengers

and Weather Prophets. **Recognition of Their Services**

An article has been going the rounds

Can Fish Smell and Tastel Vision and hearing in fish being the senses most important to the angler in his water sports, those next in value are smell and taste. The possession of these by fish seems to be a disputed point. They have evidently taste in a modified degree, as they will reject the artificial lure if the barb of the hook is not immediately imbeddel in their flesh; but, on the other hand, they will take a leather or rubbar imitation of the natural bait with as much gusto as a live minnow or bug-hence the

Fish, no doubt, in common with other animals, have the instinct of danger developed almost to the quality of reason; and it is no bar to the truth of this to argue that, because a fish will take the bait with a half dozen. broken hooks in its mouth, it followsa brutish appetite that is blind to day ger; for, look you, be ye an angler or a butcher, that stomach of yours is death to you every day of your life; that smoking dish, be it a red herring or canvasback duck, is causing you to make rapid strides graveward, and you know it; and yet you gorge yourself every day upon your favorite dish.

It ill becomes a man to argue that. because an animal cannot control its appetite, it has not the lordly gift of reason. To sum up:

Can a fish taste? Certainly-he spits out his artificial bait.

Can a fish smell? Aye, there's the rub; yet why the anointed lures so prized by old anglers and many modern ones?

This fact, however, is sure: fish are susceptible to anger and jealous we have seen them fight, and . know how tiger-like in c mbat salmor and trout are on their spawning beds. -New York News.

Spectacles Spectacle wearers, especially elderly people, frequently imagine that speciacles with large glasses are preferable tothose with smaller glasses. There is but one advantage in using large glasses, which is, when the speciacio frame does not fit the face so that the centre of the leases do not come opposite to the pupil of the eyes. Three-quarters of one inch is plenty large enough if the lenses are set in a frame that causes their centres to come opposite to the pupil for the following reason: In the first place, the glasses being small, they can be much thinner, a very decided advantage; secondly," only about one-quarter of an inch of glass can be used, because we cannot see distinctly through on glass, except we look with through, and not oblight hence all spectacles and eyeglasses should be worn at the same angle that we generally hold the print or the paper which we are reading or writing upon; thirdly, a great many rays of light pass from behind over our shoulder, fall on the glass, and are reflected in the eye, without having passed through the giass.

question is a see-saw one.

Money had been very tight in the Miller family ever since Mr. Miller's long illness, ending in his death, had put the little household under a load of debt which seemed at first, simply overwhelming.

Ben Miller-a wild and reckless young fellow he had been while his father was well and strong and able to care for the mother and sister-had steadied down wonderfully and taken the burden of existence on his shoulders patiently and manfully. Mrs. Miller and Phrosy had economized in every way, even to the extent of taking some of the many woodchoppers about as boarders, and they had ought to live. worked early and late and sewed and denied themselves until the debt was explained, "they got a sight at the ment. "Oh, John Dalton!" she said, paid, and the future began to look alittle brighter. Then fate frowned on them once again. Mrs. Miller, a large, heavy and somewhat unwieldy woman, in going down the back-steps one day made a misstep and fell, receiving an injury to her side which made ther utterly helpless. Since then Phrosy had found life harder than ever. Additional dector's bills piled in upon them; Mrs. Miller further orders. instead of helping as before was now as tions, Bon Miller fairly blossomed with helpless as a baby and so nervously irritable that keeping boarders longer was an impossibility even had Phrosy been able to do the work. So it was that very cent that came into the family had utely unprecedented. be earned by Ben; and so it was that w lawn dress, so ardently desired, ingman is the worst I ever heard!" asto be among the imnossibilities severated the woman next door, whose ce, for Ben's wages were small there were at least a dozen mation, a right to criticise the Millers with more frankness than "manners." dollar.

"These belong to the mill boys," he rassment and half-frightened amusepushing him away very feebly, "you'll others and nothing to do but they must never want to marry me now, for it send these down. They're a pretty isn't Ben's shirts I am thinking of at hard lot;" (meaning the shirts and not all-it's yours; and I-I never meant to the mill boys) "but I guess your old deceive you at all, but I wanted a new woman can get 'em clean, mother." And his mother, chuckling a little as dress so badly, at first; and then, after. she thought of "her old woman" took wards, it was such an easy way to earn the bundle and informed her son that a little, and it helped along so. Picase anything of the kind was welcome until don't be angry, and please don't laugh,

tated and then put out her hands like "I-I am afraid I do," she faitered. "but first I must fell you about-about

John Dalton was mystified, but certainly there was nothing about shirts

that could separate them. He prisoned the pleading hands lovingly and smiled down into her blushing face. "Never mind the shirts," he said, "Ben must get some one else to do his up for the future; and, as for me, you'll never have any trouble about mine, for there is a nice old woman who does mine ur like new-you couldn't get the job away from her if you wanted to, m7

ing in the case of cheap goods is very Phrosy's face was a sight to see now. great. The bottles are annealed-a process of re-heating and gradual coolbetween laughing and crying, embaring-and finished off at the necks, etc.,

the adage that time is money.

The Philosopher at the Boardinghouse-"Mrs. Brown, am I so very large today, or is it the slice of bread that is so small?"

We know men who insist at every point upon beating their way through life, but we observe that they all draw the line at a carpet.

Stanley has taught the Africanssomething about exploration, but he has not taught them how to spell. The names of some of the places he has visited would break a R issian's jaw.

How the Tront Was Caught, Olis Goldard of East Hill, walkel

into Blakesley, Penn., the other day to have his oxen shod. While waiting in the blacksmith shop, the brawny story, declaring that Jack Hayners and 150. who was with him when he for a single in nabits and instincts has convinced the trout, would sweat votievery word of his statement. Fer months Goddard had tried to land a wily old trout that lurkel in one of the deep pools in Tobyhanna Creek. He had angled, he said, with flies, grasshoppers, worms, minnows and other kinds of bait, but he couldn't get the big trout to notice any of them. He had scen the cunning speckled fellow time and again and he wanted him ever to much. One day in July he caught a little deer mouse in the pasture, and he stuck his hook through the loose skin on the mouse's neck and threw it into the pool. It was a lively swimmer, but it hadn't swam six feet before the trout goboled it with dash that sent his snout out of the waler. That was an unfortunate move for the trout, because w thin five sea onds Goddard had him flopping or dry land, with his hat over the fight. ing beauty. The trout weighed two pounds and fourteen ounces, Goddard

The Triumphs of Surgery.

declared,

A remarkable instance of surgical progress which occurred in the practice of Prof. von Bergmann of Berlin the other day is reported. The Professor had two patients who were simultaneously brought to him for operations, one requiring amputation of the thigh at the hip joint, the other needing a portion of the humerus removed on acters." count of the bene being extensively diseased. The first operation to be done was the amputation, and imme diately afterwards the surgeon procoeded to excise the diseased portion of the humerus. The result of this latter procedure was necessarily to make a gap in the bone, but a piece of the thigh bone was taken from the limb which had just been amputated and fixed in the gap, by which the continuity of the humerus was completely restored. Perfect union took place, and the patient recoverel with a useful

quieter parts and make away with all kinds of edible refuse. In fact, they are the most careful scavengers the city has, and the local authorities have recognized their services in this particular by placing on the statute-books a law making sacred the life of the crows and uphold ng their "caws" in letter as well as in spirit. Others of the crows visit South

Omaha with the same intent. The packing-house there, however, turn out little refuse, as pretty nearly everything excepting the horns of the steer and the squeal of the pig is utilized on the spot. Other parties of birds invade the surrounding country for miles around, to come back again at night to their favorite roosting-place.

Jer: Hil, an old character who lives in a small house on the northern part of the island, has found ART they for sure tent and reliable weather prophet in existency. Hill told the writer a short time ago that he could tell what the weather was going to be twenty-four or forty-eight hours ahead as easily as though he had the full Signal Service reports. In fact, he says he has surer information than the Signal Service men, for they frequently err, while

his crows never fail to tell the truth. "Why," said he, "every time we have a cold east storm you will see these crows rise up in a body and take themselve; over the hill vonder into the sheltered Papio valley, and they will remain there until the backbone of the storm is broken and then come back, teling me that clearing weather is at hand. If there is a cold sleet or snow storm coming from the west or northwest, they will move across the river and take up quarters on the east side of the Iowa bluffs. The other day, before we had the frost, I noticed

the crows fluttering around in a peculiar manner, and just before sunset they moved over to the swamp along Cut-off lake. I at once knew that there was going to be colder weather, and that the crows were seeking a warmer place near the water. They have plenty of other ways of telling me what to expect in the way of weather, and really I

have got so used to them that I would be lost if they were to move their quir-The o'd man is likely, however, to lose his pets, as the island, which has never been built up, because of the fear that the Missouri river might some day take a notion to return to its old channel, is soon to be occupied by railroad vards. - N. Y. Tr. bune. A Correct Diagnosis. It is told of a Pittsburg doctor, who savs he can diagnose ai ments by exam. iging a single hair of the patient, that two young men, as a joke, took him a hair from a bay horse. The doctor wrote a prescription, and said his fee arm. -Pal: Mall Gazstts. was \$25, as the case was precarious. They were staggere I, but paid the fee, A Touching Episode. and after they got out laughed all the A statue 'comment mirating a touching way to the apothecary's. The latier took the prescription and read in amazement: "Oue bushel of oats, four quarts of water, shr well, and give three times a day, and turn the animal out to grass!' Then the jokers stopped laughing .- Ou City B! zard.

A Wonderful Fish.

One of the most wonderful of fishes is the one bearing the name of the chiasmodon niger, or the great swallower. The body is clongated, of nearly uniform thickness most of the length of the fish. The jaws are very long and fitted with shap teeth, some of which see n to be reversible. The manner of feeding is to grasp a fish by the tail and proceed to climb over it with its jaws. As the captive is taken in the stom chi and integument stretch out, the tended stomach appears as a great The fish, will swallow another one or twelve times his own size. rapacity proves his own destru sometimes, as the gas formed by process of digestion makes a ballo his stomach that brings the fish t surface. As his habitat is suppobe 1500 feet below the surface the only way he came to be intr to the public, through the three mens now on exhibition in the

The February Flower. There is a pretty litil; wild common to O.egon and Wa that blooms much earlier 1

other. It is called the

F.ower." This interesting pla

fails to put forth its pretty blu

early in February, and in sun

in January. It is found abu

that region, but, like the love

it often anticipates that time.

hought altogether too t and kind-hearted himself so much sister!"

But Phrosy smiled serenely. alid mother from

"I don't call Ben over vain myself," ns by telling she answered, "and I'm sure 1 am not slaving myself to death or near it for g that I any one, and as long as I'm satisfied I don't see what difference the size of my washings ought to make to any one also " And with this the officious d would-be inquisitive neighbor was to retire discomfited.

That week, in the neighbors' estima-

shirts, for the number of those useful and ornamental garments that hung on the Millers' line was something absohas always a room and place of his own. "Thirteen shirts for one poor work-

propinquity gave her, in her own esti- as her husband's linen is always im-"I wouldn't slave myself to death for found who gives satisfaction in that the sake of Ben's vanity if I was his line. - The Housewife.

but I'm the 'nice o'd woman,' John, and I am very sorryl" * * * Phrosy Miller is Mrs. John Dulton now, and is as happy as possible in her lovely home, where her mother has grown strong and well, and where Ben

She doesn't "do up" shirts at all now. for the bables claim her attention; but maculate it is to be supposed that some other "nice old woman" has been

The Boys Are Attached. The Luwrence churches have a system

of interchangeable girls. When one church gives an .entertainment cach of the other churches leads a girl or so to help the festivities along. This secures the floating trade of a dozen or so young men who are attached to no church but who are attached to the girls. -Law. rence (Kan.) Journal.

by manipulation at the "glory-holes" smaller furnaces.

for a few moments on a flat slab called

"marver." The marver is placed in

slightly inclined position on a wooden

slab, and the rolling of the glass on

While the glass is still in the soft,

pasty condition, the operator blows it

lightly and guides the lump into the

interior of a mold closed by a tread e,

blowing it all the time. The trans-

formation is almost instantaneous, and

when the pressure on the treadle is re-

leased the tube is withdrawn, with

"full-blown' bottle at the end of it.

As already remarked, this bottle mould

is an American invention, and the sav-

the surface, easy as it looks, is quite an

In another part of the factor; the visitor witnessed the making of carboys, or the huge jars employed to hold acids and I quors in bulk, the final shape in this instance also being given by pressure in a suitable mold. The carboy, before being taken to the annealing furnace, is detached from the blowing rod by a dexterous flip on the neck with a stream of water, which cuts off the carboy as cleanly as if a knife or a file were used. A similar experiness is exhibited by a neighboring workman, who, before expanding the "gathering" of molten glass into a carboy, examines it

critically to detect flows and impurities and iscernible to an ordinary eye. These flaws are picked out with a hot iron tool, just as a coon would extract a lump or cherry-stone from a mass of dough. -San Francisco Chronicle.

A Straight Tip. Little Brother-Cin't you walk straight, Mr. Mangle? Mr. Mangle-Of course I can. Little Brother-Oh, nothin'; only 1 do vou ask? heard sister say she'd make you wak straight when she married you. And ma said she'd help her. - Yankes Blade.

The hen is very methodical. lays out her work every morning.

little episode in the life of the late German emperor. Frederick, is about to be erected at Kaiserslauten. When Fred erick was crown prince he visitel one of the orphan asylums of that town. Among the children was a sickly and sad-faced little boy. Frederick noticed him, took him in his arms and thereu)on agreed to become his godfather. The child, to whom a caress was a stranger, appeared somewhat frightered at first, but soon got over his d fliculty and b:gan' to play with the Prince's melals and decorations. The statue in quastion will represent the Prince with a baby in his arms, and the youngster tugging at his cordons an l crosses.

of the East, seems som what in its choice of a home, la, being literally carpeted with others near, and seeming equ able, present not a single sp

> Keeping Up With the the Freddie E. agel five, cidle. habit of ca ing his food 1 Repeated scoldings failed 81habit. F nally his mother grily said : 50 "Fieddie, what mak ast ?* with-With a 'ul of masout stopping for an inst mumtic tory operations, the bled: ming

"Tause I want to next."-Detroit Tribut

He Saved Himse 1070 lla-I know I amu VCST. you, Erastus. I have Will you marry mel TY YOU Erastus-Yes, darling, think if you were twice as vou are my beautifu

A New Version. "Did the animals all fall to pieces n the ark? ' asked Tommy Tubbs of his Sunday-school teacher. "Why, no, Tommy," replied the as-

tonished teacher. "Why do you ask?" "Because," answered Tommy, "the preacher said that Noah and the family went into the ark and that the animals time in two."-L'ppincott.