

A Song of Hope.

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of tomorrow,
What are you weaving—
Labor and sorrow?
Look to your looms again;
Faster and faster
Fly the great shuttles
Prepared by the Master.
Life's in the loom,
Room for it—room!
Children of yesterday,
Heirs of tomorrow,
Lighten the labor
And sweeten the sorrow.
Now while the shuttles fly
Faster and faster,
Up and be at it—
At work with the Master.
He stands at your loom.
Room for Him—room!
Children of yesterday,
Heirs of tomorrow,
Look at your fabric
Of labor and sorrow.
Seamy and dark
With despair and disaster.
Turn it and lo,
The design of the Master!
The Lord's at the loom,
Room for Him—room!
—Youth's Companion.

HER LOT WAS TO OBEY.

Tall, debonaire and smiling, Jack Dalton looked worthy to woo and win even so fair a prize as pretty Nora Carew, the belle of Hampden town. And as he looked at the bewitching face once more he made up his mind that tonight he would put his fate to the touch, and would win—or else lose it all.

"What energetic people you all are, to be sure!" said Mrs. Carew, placidly surveying the two young people. "Tennis all day long, and now a dance. Where is Gladys, Nora?"

"Here, mother," answered a calm, suave voice, and Gladys Hastings, the well-to-do married daughter, surveyed her young sister critically as she spoke then as her eyes fell on the impassioned face of Jack Dalton, she turned hastily away.

"Come, Nora," she said, "the carriage has been waiting some time," and in silence the young people followed her.

And now at last Jack will put it off no longer. The girl he loves with all the strength of his honest, manly heart is seated by his side. They are in the conservatory and not a living being is in sight.

"Nora," he says softly. The girl blushes a bright pink, but does not appear to resent his familiarity.

"Nora," he repeats, taking hold of the little hand in this, "you know already what I would say, do you not, my darling? Nora, I love you. Love you more, I think, than ever man ever loved before. Nora, will you be my wife?"

The blue eyes were raised for a second, and in their misty radiance Jack Dalton read his answer.

"Nora!" broke in a voice of measured severity, which made Nora start like a guilty creature. "I have been looking for you everywhere! Nora, Mr. Pontifex has arrived unexpectedly at home, and apparently, from what I can gather, does not wish to meet you first here. So, of course, you will at once leave and—"

"I do not see why, Gladys!" said Nora, but her voice trembled and her fair face was very white.

"Then allow others to judge of what is right and fitting under the circumstances," said Mrs. Hastings, sharply. "I have made your apologies to Mrs. Pelham; she quite understands the circumstances. Run quickly and get your cloak."

As the girl goes reluctantly forward Jack Dalton makes a hasty step toward her, but Mrs. Hastings gently detains him.

"Pardon me," she said in a soft voice, in which there was a light ring of pity, "but I cannot but fear you do not quite know the facts about my little sister. If you have been led to think anything from her manner I am very sorry, but it happens so often. Naughty child! She is a sad flirt!"

Mrs. Hastings gave a gentle, amused laugh, which died suddenly as her eyes fell on Jack's white, stern face.

"Excuse me!" he said, in a haughty tone, "but I do not understand what you are endeavoring to convey to me. Why does the advent of this gentleman appear so important to her, and—"

"Ah, it is as I said; you do not understand the facts!" laughed Mrs.

Hastings. "They are briefly these. Nora is engaged to Mr. Pontifex, has been since the end of the season, and they are to be married in the autumn!"

The place seemed to swim round Jack's eyes, but with a firm resolve not to be beaten he set his teeth hard and with absolute composure surveyed Nora as she returned to her sister's side.

"Is this true?" he demanded, and his voice to himself sounded far away. "Is it true that you are now going to meet your affianced husband?" Nora looked up startled into his white stern face.

"I—I—" she faltered, but her voice broke and she turned away.

"That is an answer sufficient, he returned. "I fully indorse your sister's sentiment, Miss Carew you are a sad flirt!"

With a harsh laugh he turned away as Nora, white and trembling, followed Mrs. Hastings to the carriage, leaving him standing alone, desolate amidst the wealth of flowers and sweet scents, a bitter, broken hearted man.

"I have come for my answer, Nora?" said Mr. Pontifex in his calm, measured voice.

Something in his assured confidence made the girl flush with sudden anger.

"By what right do you call me by my name?" she asked passionately, and as her eyes dwelt on his complacent, uninteresting face, the girl tells herself she hates him.

"By what right? My dear Nora, surely your future husband may—"

He ends abruptly, for Nora's eyes are flashing with unconcealed rage.

"My future husband!" she exclaimed. "Never! By what right have you followed me about, tortured me so the last few months, I never liked you, never said I would marry you. How dare you try to imply that you were ever treated by me with more than ordinary civility?"

"Your sister"—he says but with more uneasiness in his assured tones.

"My sister is not me, Mr. Pontifex. She apparently thinks she can dispose of me as she chooses. I claim the right to choose for myself in the most important, holiest act of a woman's life. Mr. Pontifex I have chosen, and may I ask you to be generous enough to in future, when we meet, abstain from remarks save those of ordinary civility?"

With a bow a young empress might have given, Nora swept from the room.

She felt choked, suffocating with conflicting emotions.

"Oh, for some air!" she cried. And, catching up her hat, she ran from the house, down the garden to the downs beyond, where she paused, exhausted by a large clump of trees.

As she raised her head at a sudden rustling, a man came quickly from within the thicket, and Nora confronted Jack Dalton. Haggard, white, unshaven he looked, aged by many years from the handsome Jack Dalton of the night before.

He raised his hat mechanically, and was passing on, but Nora spoke:—"Mr. Dalton," she said, in a trembling voice, which, low as it was, reached Jack's ears.

He raised his eyebrows slightly. "I am at your service, Miss Carew!" he said, icily.

Nora looked nervously at him. Would he not help her? No; he was gazing before him with a blank, set expression.

"I—I don't know how to say it," Nora broke out impetuously, "but I heard you were going away today, and—oh, Jack, don't look away from me—listen to me first! I—I was never engaged to him. I never even liked him, but Gladys wanted me to marry him—and I cared for no one else. And one day before we came here when he had wearied me out, I said I would give him an answer three months later. The three months aren't up yet, Jack, but he came down yesterday, and I told him today that I could never be his wife. Oh, Jack, if you going away today say goodby to me kindly, for—for I love you, Jack."

There was an instant's pause, and then Jack's strong arms were round the little weeping figure, and her wet face was pressed to his—Forget-Me-Not.

The starfish has no nose, but the whole of its underside is endowed with the sense of smell.

Oldest Railroad in the World.

The Baltimore & Ohio is the oldest chartered railroad in America, and the oldest passenger railroad in the world. On the 4th of July, 1828, ground was broken for the promising enterprise by Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the only remaining signer of the Declaration of Independence. At the time it was only designed for a horse railroad, for steam had not yet been evolved into a practical motive power. It was the original intention to extend the road ultimately to the Ohio river, hence the name which it now bears was given to it at its beginning.

On the 22d of May, 1830, the road was opened for business from Baltimore to Ellicott's Mills, thirteen miles. The first American passenger car then used was almost 12 feet long; one horse was attached, good for eight miles an hour, carrying 25 passengers. The driver sat in front, the conductor stood on the steps behind. The first driver, Mr. Galloway, who was afterwards made engineer, lived to see the road perfected from the primitive one-horse power to its climax of wonderful display at the World's fair, where he held forth with pride as the first engineer of the first passenger railway in America.

Very soon after the road started a more ambitious car was used, known as the "double decker." Then a tread car was introduced, the object being for the horse to move its own car and passenger car attached at the same time, a sort of animated four-legged locomotive, which is doubtless more humorous to read about than it would be to ride behind, particularly in this day of lightning speed.

Momentous events followed quickly on this new road, and on August 28, 1830, the first American locomotive ever constructed, made by Peter Cooper, drew the first passenger car ever propelled by steam upon any railroad in the world, Mr. Cooper acting as engineer.

Christopher Columbus Outdone.

This is the way an egg inspector stands an egg on its point. He finds one that is somewhat "gone." Such an egg has a well-marked bubble or spot in the top. Holding the egg point down, the inspector jerks it downward several times, so as to drive the heavier portion to the small end. Then he carefully balances it, and the egg stands up, straight as a soldier.

Ad egg was handed to a man, and he was told to put it between his palms, locking his fingers together, so that he could squeeze it good and hard. He was directed to place the egg with the small end against one palm and the large end against the other, so that the egg lay the long way between his hands.

Then he was told to break that egg by squeezing it. He tried several times; he placed his hands between his knees and tried, but could not smash the egg. Had it been held the other way it would have been smashed with the least pressure.—Chicago Record.

Ethics of Horse Trading.

Chief Justice Peters in making a charge in a case in court removed a certain weight of responsibility from the shoulders of the horse jockey. He said that in driving a bargain it is allowable to use a certain amount of "trader's talk," in which the buyer is to believe at his own risk. The law cannot hold a man responsible for everything he may say in driving a trade," said Judge Peters; "it cannot. It expects the buyer to use ordinary precautions, and if he gets cheated by believing all the talk indulged in by the seller he must necessarily suffer. The law steps in only in case of fraud, defined according to legal statutes."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Tried.

Mrs. Hector—I know what kind of a temper you've got.
Mr. Hector—I don't doubt it. You've tried it often enough.—Judge City Folks in the Country.

"What a small cow that is."
"That's so; I suppose it's the kind that gives condensed milk."

A Fast Train.

"Is this a fast train?" asked the traveling man of the porter.
"Of course it is," was the reply.

"I thought so. Would you mind my getting out to see what it is fast to?"
—Tit-Bits.

A QUEER SCHOOL.

The Air-Brake Manual "Taught in a Traveling Academy.

An Old Car the Schoolhouse and Railroad-men the Students.

It is a queer school in a queerer schoolhouse. An extraordinary collection of pupils, a brevity of course, and a restricted curriculum that the "Westinghouse air brake school of instruction" offers, yet it affords an education to its graduates that may mean safety to hundreds of railroad travelers, where, perhaps, had it not been for some of its precepts, life or limb might have been sacrificed.

The Westinghouse air-brake school of instruction has been the outcome of the new law requiring the general equipment of trains. The effective handling and proper care of the air-brake mechanism, like that of any other complicated apparatus, demands a thorough knowledge of its construction. In a neglected state or by ignorant control the very object for which it was designed may be defeated and bring disaster and death. It surely was a happy thought, this "school." To bring all the railroad employes in the country to a certain point and there drill them to a thorough education was as impossible as it was impractical, so the only way out of the dilemma was to take the school to the employes, and that is precisely what has been done. For nearly three years the yellow painted rather old-fashioned passenger car "schoolhouse" has been rolling from place to place throughout New England, holding daily sessions to earnest classes of pupils free—as far as the students were concerned.

In brief, the "school" is a car fitted up with full-sized air-brake mechanism of every kind, in full working order and made capable of easy dissection, so that every part is in view and can be examined and handled. The car has been at the principal railroad centres in New England for the past few months, and is now working westward.

All engineers, firemen, conductors, brakemen, train baggage masters, car inspectors and all employes whose duties require a knowledge of the air brake receive official notice from headquarters to present themselves for instruction and examination. They are called into the car in classes of about eight, and by the two instructors in charge are given a thorough and minute explanation of every working part of the brakes. They are allowed to ask any and all questions at the proper time, and then are taken into the recitation room, which comprises a section of the car about one-third of its length.

Each is then questioned in regard to what he has just seen and heard. While an engineer is expected to know every detail in the whole system, a brakeman is not required to be perfect on the parts which do not come under his actual care. Each examination is duly forwarded to the office of the general manager of the road.

The car is the property of the Fitchburg railroad, and is leased to other corporations for \$100 a day—it is said.

To the laymen the laboratory end of the car presents a bewildering mass of cylinders, pipes, gauges and iron and brass unnamable contrivances. The instructors in charge are very courteous and have a ready made lecture especially adapted to the passenger.

In the instruction car all the workings of the brakes are in plain sight, and the handling of the set of freight brakes is particularly interesting. A movement of less than an inch of the engineer's valve produces an instant change, and the whistling of the air from the sixteen sets of cylinders is deafening.

The old yellow car is rolling along from place to place bearing its "kindergarten" of the science of safety, creating more and more of an interest in the pieces of polished steel and brass which in wonderful combination harness the atmosphere.—New York Recorder.

A boy of 14 and a girl of 11 were recently married in Georgia, with the consent of their parents.

Manners and Customs of The Boers.

The daily life of a Boer family is a simple one: At daybreak, all the members assemble in the main room—the kitchen and eating room, although most of the food is cooked in the open air—where the head of the family reads reverently a chapter or two from the Bible, generally the Old Testament, a simple, manly prayer is then ordered, followed by the observance of an ancient Bible custom. A colored handmaid enters the room with a basin of water and a towel. The guest is first approached and invited to wash his hands and face and wipe them on the towel. The head of the family is next approached, and so on around the room until all have been included in the ceremony. This constitutes the day's ablutions of the family. The morning meal consists of a dish of meat—deer or mutton, and sometimes beef—cut into large pieces. They all sit around the board while the father says a long grace, and a stranger not familiar with their table manners is apt to be left in the lurch. Each man, for the women eat alone, selects the particular piece of meat that strikes his fancy, and as soon as the "Amen" is spoken, sticks his fork into the piece selected. It happens sometimes that two select the same piece; then, the quickest man gets the booty. Dry bread, sometimes butter, and strong black coffee complete the bill of fare, which may stand as a sample meal. It has been urged against the Boer that he is uncleanly, and this cannot be denied; but there is an excuse for this in the scarcity of water.—Forum.

Alaska Pays Its Way.

There are people who are fond of saying that the United States "has spent more in trying to defend the right to control the seal fisheries than Alaska has been worth to it." A document just now sent by the president to Congress shows that the government has derived, since 1876, from the seal fisheries alone, \$6,851,961, and that there is a claim of nearly a million more outstanding. Including all the expenditures of policing Behring sea and for the support of the natives, and for salaries, there has been a net profit to the United States since 1876 on the seals alone of \$4,658,858. Since the Canadians began their attempts to break up these fisheries the profits have vanished.

Aside from the seal fisheries, there are other fisheries of great value. In his annual report secretary Smith says that "the salmon alone taken prepared for the market by canning or otherwise gives an annual return of \$5,000,000." Gold mining has also become of great and increasing importance, and, according to these official documents, Alaska returns to the people of the United States in one year now almost as much as the cost of it.—The Manufacturer.

Oilsoaked Wood That Was Fireproof.

The wood used in the hold of a vessel to keep barrels and hogsheads from rolling out of position, known as "dunnage," is generally good for fuel, but there are exceptions. A Portland man was offered a quantity of this stuff recently, but was advised not to take it as it would not be worth the trouble. It had been used as dunnage for barrels of kerosene, and the barrels of leaking oil had completely saturated it, but this, strange as it may appear, rendered the wood almost unfit for use. It would burn so sullenly or soggy that little heat would be given forth. The reason, as explained by the Transcript, is that the volatile, inflammable principle of the oil evaporates from the wood, and leaves only a clogging, incombustible substance.—Lewiston, Me., Journal.

Flesh of Males Richest.

The meat of young animals is more tender, but not so highly flavored, as that of older ones.

In most cases the flesh of males is found to be richer in flavor than that of females. Therefore, if you are buying a turkey, let it be a gobbler, or if it a chicken, let it be a rooster.

There are two exceptions to this rule however, according to Mr. Woods. The flesh of the goose is more highly flavored than that of the gander, and there is little difference between the male and female of pork.—Washington Star.

THE LABOR WORLD.

A Brooklyn lodge of the United Order of Carpenters was organized.

A German association of stone cutters has been organized in New York City.

The Wire Nail Manufacturers' Association has advanced prices fifteen cents a keg.

Northwestern lumbermen have decided to reduce the lumber out twenty-five per cent.

The Ellis and Leasing Iron Company, of Pottsville, Penn., has raised wages ten per cent.

Four hundred coal miners at Palmyra, Ohio, struck against screens, which they claim are not of the proper size.

Beginning April 1, the wages of miners in the Clearfield, Beech Creek, Cambria and Gallitzin coal regions was raised five cents a ton.

The latest thing in glass is a factory in Liverpool, England, built of glass bricks, with chimney, doors and sashings of the same material.

Unions connected with the United German Workers' Association of America went on strike in Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis.

London contains a quarter of a million working single women, whose individual earnings do not average more than twenty-five cents a week.

A project for compulsory insurance against accidents and sickness of its citizens whose earnings do not exceed \$600 per annum is receiving serious consideration from the Swiss Government.

Frank Sweeney, who was several years the head of the Switchmen's National Union and who signed prominently in the New York Central strike a few years ago, died a few days ago, in Chicago.

Charles E. Clark, for seven years a printer on the Omaha (Neb.) World-Herald, has been appointed Superintendent of the Child-Drexel Home at Colorado Springs. He is at present district manager of the International Typographical Union.

The 500 lithographers who had been on strike in New York City for seven weeks returned to work, pending arbitration by Bishop Potter. The men went back to work as the result of a conference between a committee of employers and a committee of the strikers.

As the K. of L. cigarette-makers refuse to admit women to membership in the future the Tobacco-Workers' Union, which is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, and many of whose local unions are composed of women, will organize the female cigarette-makers in New York City.

The Utah Senate has concurred with the House in passing a bill making eight hours a day's work in mines and smelters. An insurance bill passed by the Senate forbids the organization of mutual fire insurance companies and levies a tax of one per cent. on the gross receipts in the State of companies not organized under the law of the State.

"Fully three-fourths of our engineers are country-bred," said a leading New York City railway superintendent. "These are certainly the sort we prefer, although no stipulation is made on that point. Our experience is that their superior eyesight and general constitution, as also their keen devotion to duty, make them particularly desirable for the work."

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Thomas Nelson Page, the author, has decided to make his home in Washington, and is about to build a magnificent house there.

The Czar and Czarina of Russia will make a round of visits to the various European capitals after the coronation ceremonies at Moscow in May.

Dr. Floto, of San Francisco, Cal., who is ninety-four years old, is still in the active practice of his profession. He believes that he is oldest practicing physician in the country.

Senator Gorman, of Maryland, is fifty-seven years old. In 1852 he entered the United States Senate as a peer. Five years later he became the private secretary of Stephen A. Douglas.

Ex-Senator Edmunds, who is spending the season in Florida, caught a tarpon on Indian River, the other day, that weighed 115 pounds. He will have it mounted and brought to his residence in Philadelphia.

John M. Coulter has resigned the Presidency of Lake Forest University to become head professor of botany in the University of Chicago, which has been endowed with \$1,000,000 for the botanical department.

C. P. Villiers, "father of the British House of Commons," celebrated his ninety-fourth birthday recently. He was the recipient of a large number of birthday congratulations from friends of all shades of political opinion.

The Duke of Marlborough and his bride, formerly Miss Vanderbilt, of New York, arrived at their home, Blenheim Palace, Woodstock, from their honeymoon trip. They were enthusiastically received by the villagers and tenants.

Professor Henry Jones, who has received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Glasgow, was formerly a shoemaker. Later he became a school teacher, and finally succeeded Professor Caird as Professor of Philosophy at Glasgow.

The artist, George Henry Boughton, formerly of New York, has been elected a member of the British Royal Academy. There are at present three Americans on the list of Associates of the English Royal Academy, Boughton, Sarrent and Abber.

Osman Digma, one of the bravest and most brilliant of the dervish forces in the Sudan, is the son of a French nobleman, and was educated in the military school at Cairo. He is a Mussulman in religion, and an ardent hater of Europe and Europeans.

Professor J. W. Hoffman, of Tuskegee (Ala.) Institute, the only distinguished colored scientific agriculturist of America, has been elected a member of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society in recognition of the work he is doing for the race along scientific lines.

The belief so long entertained by many acquaintances of Bismarck that the latter is close-fisted in money matters is rudely disturbed by the discovery that for thirty years he has paid \$75 a year to such of three soldiers who lost their eyesight at the battle of Konigsgratz.

NEWSY CLEANINGS.

Cuba has a short tobacco crop.

Berlin has a population of 1,418,082.

The largest and most powerful harbor tug on the lake was launched a few days ago at South Chicago.

Shipments of cotton to Japan from the Southern States are being made by way of San Diego, Cal.

The Government of Peru has contracted to purchase 800 horses and 10,000 Mauser rifles for the army.

In Atlanta, Ga., the rate of losses by fire to premiums received in 1895 was more than seventy-five per cent.