



THROUGH BURDEN AND HEAT.

Through burden and heat of the day
How weary the hands and the feet,
The labor with scarcely a stay
Through burden and heat.

Tired toiler, whose sleep shall be sweet,
Kneel down; it will rest thee to pray;
Then forward, for daylight is fleet.

Cool shadows grow lengthening and gray,
Cool twilight will soon be complete—
What matter the wearisome way
Through burden and heat?

—Christina Rossetti.

BRAVE COLLEGE GIRLS.

BY H. C. DODGE.

WE were two girls home from college during the holidays. At least I was "home," and my room-mate and best chum at school was visiting me.

Taking advantage of the special privileges accorded to college girls on home vacations, we were having our own way entirely by sitting up late and alone in the big hall of my parents' country home long after the others had gone to bed.

The dimly glowing embers of a real old-fashioned log fire on the hearth gave the only light we had or wanted.

Now and then a little flickering flame, suddenly blazing and as quickly dying out, made dancing ghostly shadows flit about the spacious apartment, giving it the weird and spooky appearance our romantic minds desired.

At the foot of the winding staircase stood an ancient suit of knightly armor, complete even to its visor drawn and its mailed right hand grasping its battle spear, which, no doubt, had in its day unhorsed and pierced many valiant foe.

At the top of the first stair landing was a "grandfather clock" ticking its loudest as if trying to tell two giddy girls that after midnight it was proper for them to be in the land of dreams and not be wasting the precious slumber time in talking nonsense.

But its mournful "tick-tock, tick-tock" only made our hobgoblin surroundings more enjoyable and the old knight in armor grimly watching us saw but merry looks and heard only suppressed laughter, and, maybe, a few girl secrets for his pains.

Not another sound echoed through the big sitting-room hall save sometimes the rising wind outside slamming a shutter or moaning through the trees on the lawn or drearily whistling down the huge chimney before us.

Although the romance of our situation was delightful in the extreme, by and by it began to impress itself in all its uncanny spookiness upon our senses.

We became quieter, and though wishing to seek our cosy bed chamber above we dreaded going to it through the gloom of the long stairs and upper hall, and so, yet we lingered below by the dying fire.

"Say, Luce!" said my chum Kate, after a spell of dismal silence, "suppose that ugly old knight by the stairs should step down and come for us—what would you do?"

"I would just run for my life, I guess," I answered, while the thought made cold chills run over me, "and you'd run for yours too, brave as you are. Let's go to bed, Kate."

"O, no hurry!" she laughed, "I like it here immensely. I dare you to go up and touch the old fellow. Say, Luce, mightn't there be a real, live man inside that armor now. A regular bloody

burglar, for instance, waiting for us to pass him and then G-R-A-B us to choke our screams and cut our throats. I believe I saw it move. There! Look! I'm sure it made a noise." See its eyes staring right at you now.

I could feel my hair trying to erect itself and in spite of the ridiculousness of the thing being aught but an empty shell I felt awfully like screaming and then fainting dead away. Kate, seeing my terror, kept on.

"I'm sure it's alive," she whispered, "and watching us. There! it moved again."

"O, Kate," I gasped, more scared than I wanted to admit, "do please stop talking so. I'm not afraid, of course, but I don't think you ought to try to scare a person. It isn't right. Come, let's go to bed, it must be after 1 o'clock. What will my folks say when they know it?"

"Well, Luce, you go first and see if it's safe to get past that old barbarian.

There, he moved again. I'm sure a man's inside the armor."

"No. We'll go upstairs together," I spoke, "give me your hand."

Kate evidently had frightened herself more than me for her hand trembled as I took it. "Now!" I boldly whispered, "come." And away we dashed by the grim sentinel and up into my room.

After I had locked the door in the dark I found a match and lighted a candle standing on the dressing table, and Kate and I both looked into the glass—to see who was the whitest, I suppose.

Then we began laughing. "I never thought you was such a coward, Luce," said Kate, "where's all your college grit?"

"And where's yours?" I answered, "you were more scared than I. Why, you haven't nerve enough to nase a freshman or play tricks on a professor."

And so we bantered each other as we prepared for our needed rest.

Then blowing out the candle, we both said our shortest college prayer, and jumped into bed.

But we couldn't sleep till our excitement subsided, and so we talked.

"What would you do, Kate," I asked, "in real danger? Would you faint or go into hysterics?"

"Neither, Luce," she laughed. "I'm not built that way. I'd be as cool as a cucumber, and as brave as a lion in any emergency. I often wish I had a chance to prove it."

"That's my case, exactly," I earnestly said. "I may be frightened at—a mouse, for instance, but I don't think a man—even a robber—could scare me. There! I forgot to open the window for air. I'll do it now."

Out of bed I got and lifted the window shade and stood for a moment gazing on the lawn. The sky had been overcast in the early evening, but now the broken clouds were flying before the wind. The old moon, lately risen, shed enough beams on the soft snow to make the night effect of light and shade weirdly beautiful, particularly about the large evergreen trees swaying in the gale.

As I watched the dark shadows they cast on the snow when the moon peered through the cloud rifts, my attention was directed to the tree nearest my window. Its shadow seemed strange, I thought, and at times looked as if something or somebody was moving under or around the dense branches.

Finally I whispered to Kate to come take a peep, too.

"There's something alive there, that's certain," she said, after a moment's intense gazing, "but don't let it see us. Keep out of the moonlight. Goodness! it's a man—two of them. What can they be up to?"

"Mischief, Kate! They must be burglars going to rob us. See! That's the end of a ladder sticking out. Now, my college heroine! your chances to distinguish yourself has come—and mine. It's lucky we stayed up late. Slip on something quick, and we'll nip their design in the bud. I've got a pistol and you know how to shoot, if I don't."

It was my brother's revolver I referred to. During my absence he used the room, and that loaded weapon was in its case in a bureau drawer.

I showed it to Kate, and she grasped it fearlessly. "It's fortunate, Luce," (she spoke low and without a tremor) "that I'm tomboy enough to like firearms. They call me a crack shot down South when I'm home. But where's your gun?"

"I'm more afraid of a gun than a burglar. Stop! Yes, there's a hatchet in the closet. I'll take that," and I did.

"Now, then, Kate," I quickly whispered, "I'm in command, for I know the house. See! the fellows are taking the ladder around. They'll evidently try the back window of the fireplace hall. We'll sneak down and lay for them, one of us on either side of the window. While they are forcing an entrance you shoot and I'll chop—but not till I order. Remember if we don't capture, or at least, wound them so they don't leave tracks, no one will believe us. Instead, we'll be laughed at. Your nerves are steady, Kate! You don't want to yell for help, do you?"

"Lead on, I'll follow!" smiled Kate, with a look that showed a true college girl's courage.

"All right, then," I coolly answered, "Attention, company! Shoulder arms! Forward, march!"

Hatchet and pistol in hands we noiselessly made our way past the old clock,

whose "tick tock tick tock" in the darkness and stillness sounded like "go back, go back," past the ancient knight in armor, whose grim, ghostly form seemed bigger and fiercer in the expiring glow of our log fire, till we reached the rear window of the hall. Its solid shutters were tightly bolted, and in order to shoot when the time came we softly raised the shade and sash. Soon our strained ears heard the ladder go up and the shutter tripped.

In the almost pitch darkness of the ghostly hall we took our positions, Kate to the right and I at the left of the window, and waited, wondering how the burglars intended to break in. It seemed an age before we heard a slight sound of boring by some tool the robbers were using. Then it stopped and for a while we thought the attempt had been given up to find another and easier entrance.

The suspense was more dreadful than when we knew what the villains were doing. While enduring that awful terror, something I couldn't see touched my dress. In spite of myself I almost screamed. But, happily, it only was the cat and I whispered so to Kate for fear it might give her the shock I had received.

A faint noise of sawing on the shutters luckily came then to dissipate our panic and restore our nerves for action.

Scarcely perceptible was the sound as we listened with loudly-beating hearts and without knowing exactly what it portended.

Suddenly the moonlight shone through a small square opening in the shutter on my side and a huge, black hand inserted itself and fumbled around to find and unfasten the bolt.

Quickly I raised my hatchet to chop—then a more daring and less horrible plan of action came to me.

Dropping my weapon instantly, I grabbed the burglar's hand with both of mine and bracing one knee against the window sill I pulled that demon paw in farther and held it.

Had I hadn't pulled stroke oar in our college crew for nothing. Now my gymnastic lessons—hauling myself hand over hand up ropes and swinging on trapeze bars—served me well.

Vainly those coarse, hard fingers tried like snakes to wind about mine and hurt them. Vainly that strong, rough, murderous hand sought to tear itself from my college learned grip. The more it tried the tighter I held.

"Shoot, Kate! Shoot—right through the shutter! Quick—before I weaken," I yelled.

"Bang!" went a bullet. "Bang! Bang!" two more. I felt the muscles relax in the hand I clutched. Mine did, too. Then I let go, heard a fall and shouts outside—and (they told me afterwards) I fainted.

Kate and I both lay in heaps on the floor when father and my brother rushed to our aid.

One burglar was captured alive after a smart chase in the moonlighted snow. The other—was found where he fell. But they never told that to Kate till the coroner's inquest and then they had to.—Detroit Free Press.

Despised "Stone Coal."

At the beginning of the present century anthracite or "stone coal," as it was called, was not used at all except by blacksmiths and iron workers in the districts where it was found. It was believed that it could not be made to burn except by an artificial current of air, such as a bellows supplied. In 1803 two great boat loads of it were floated down from Mauch Chunk, Penn., to Philadelphia.

Not a lump of it could be sold, because people did not consider it of any use for fuel. The city authorities tried to use it for a steam engine at the water works, but it would not burn. Finally they gave it up, declared the coal worthless and caused what remained of it to be broken up and spread instead of gravel on the footpaths of the public grounds.

This failure put a stop to the mining at Mauch Chunk, but it was renewed in 1813, and in the following year an ark load of the coal was started down the Lehigh River to Philadelphia, by way of the Delaware. Its owners put up stoves in conspicuous public places in the cities, built coal fires in them and invited the people to stop and inspect them.

They went to private houses and prevailed on the inmates to be allowed to kindle anthracite fires in the grates which had been built for the use of soft coal. (They even bribed journeymen in blacksmiths' shops to give their coals a fair trial in the forges.—Washington Star.

ASIATIC EMBASSIES.

LADIES OF CHINESE, JAPANESE AND COREAN LEGATIONS.

The Wife of the Chinese Minister Dresses With Mongolian Magnificence—The Japanese and the Corean Ladies.

THERE are two ladies in the Chinese Embassy at Washington, says a correspondent of the Star-Sayings. The wife of the Minister, who has a name unpronounceable and unwritable, is called by the people in Washington, Mme Tsui. She never attends any of the social functions, never receives callers and never goes out unless she is closely attended.

Mme. Tsui, however, I found most interesting. It was through the courtesy of the First Secretary that I was allowed to see her. She came down to the parlor attended by the interpreter, two of the Secretaries and the wife of one of the Secretaries, Mme. Wang. She was arrayed in all her Mongolian splendor. Her petticoat of white silk was heavily embroidered with gold. A sort of tunic of black satin worn over this had also a heavy border of embroidery. Her sleeves were of white China silk, very full and very fine. Her feet were in embroidered satin shoes that were certainly not more than 2½ inches long, and the stockings just visible above them seemed to be of solid gold thread. Her straight black hair was worn brushed up from the forehead and ornamented with many golden pins. This coiffure was fearfully and wonderfully made and must have cost somebody a deal of time and patience.

Her hands were very plump and pretty. Upon the first finger of each she wore a mystical looking ring—one of gold flagee, set with a large catseye, and the other a huge blood red stone that resembled a carbuncle. I was told that this lady was considered a great beauty in China. Her eyes are black as sloes, and the corners of them have a decided downward curve. Her mouth is red and full, and her complexion is a clear olive tint. The breadth of the face just below the eyes is not according to the European standard of beauty, but this, I am told, is what renders her such a very great beauty in China. She wore huge ornaments in her ears, but they were held on by gold springs. Her ears were not pierced.

Mme. Tsui does not speak one word of English, but she talked very readily to the interpreter. I asked her how she liked this country. She replied guardedly: "It is very well. All countries are very well to those who live in them." I said: "Do you not think that women of America have much more freedom and independence than they have in your country?" The interpreter propounded my question in the queer, choppy language of China. The wife of the Minister looked down at her plump hands and then at the tips of her little shoes. Then she looked at the Secretary's wife, who smiled; then, looking back at me, she made answer: "Your country has its customs, and my country has its customs also. It is not for me to say which is best."

The Secretary clapped his hands, or rather he rubbed them together in a pleased way and laughed, as he said in very good English, "Is she not a true diplomat?" The little woman seemed utterly unconscious that she had made a clever remark. I asked her if she would not like to attend the receptions in Washington and the balls. I thought she looked a little wistful for a moment, but she answered readily enough: "It is not the custom of my country. We do not dance, and I do not understand English, and I know nothing of American manners. I think it is better that I stay at home." Then I asked her how she passed her time. This seemed to interest her. She took up the border of her black satin tunic and held it toward me, speaking eagerly in Chinese. She seemed to forget that I could not understand her.

"She says," explained the interpreter, "that she did this embroidery herself, and that she does a great deal of embroidery. She makes her baby's clothes." Then I asked to see the baby, and after some consultation it was brought down. It resembled nothing so much as a funny little brown doll. It squinted at me through its little slits of eyes and puckered its face into a grimace, which the fond mother called a smile.

I saw the ladies of the Chinese Embassy a day later out for their walk. They were veiled and closely attended.

They went down to the Central Market, which seems to have a great attraction for them. The two younger women seemed quite giddy. They gathered up a handful of potatoes from one of the market stalls and pelted each other with them.

Mme. Tateno, wife of the Japanese Minister, is a very different type of a woman. Not only does she attend all the social affairs in Washington, but she enjoys them keenly. She joined her husband a year ago last winter, in the middle of the season, and made quite a sensation. Not that there was anything sensational about the lady. It was because there was not that the people were surprised. She has the eyes, and the complexion, and the shining black hair of the Japanese women. But that is all. Her dresses all come from Paris, and they were sent from that city to Mme. Tateno's home in Japan, and she wore the same dainty creations of Worth and Felix long before she ever dreamed of coming to America.

Mr. Tateno, too, was well acquainted with broadcloth evening suits while yet he was Governor of the Province of Osaka, and he long ago discarded Japanese headgear for the Parisian silk hat. Mme. Tateno speaks very good English. She replied to my questions with some amusement. "Society is not a new thing to me," she said, "and the habits and customs as well as the clothes of England and America have been quite extensively adopted in Japan. We are a progressive people," she said. "Since our world men have begun to look at the young over high collars and getting engaged to Boston girls, we have lost much of our Old World simplicity."

Mme. Tateno's chief impression of this country is that it is big. The houses are big, the people are big and, more than all, she is impressed with the bigness of the railroad cars. She crossed the continent from San Francisco in a Pullman sleeper, and her conversation proves that she was very observant all the way. "The climate of Japan is not warm," she said, "but almost the same as that of Washington."

The home of the Japanese legation is much more modern than that of the Chinese. It is very tastefully and handsomely furnished. I imagine, as far as one may judge from outward appearances, that Mr. Tateno is very wealthy. The first Secretary, Mr. Satio, is one of the most cultivated men in Washington. He is a thorough gentleman and learned scholar.

Mme. Ye, the little wife of the Corean Charge d'affaires, is a tiny woman. She, too, goes about a great deal. At home and on the street she dresses like an American, but at all affairs of state she appears in the costume of her country, which consists of an odd little short waist and straight skirt, with a white sash tied round her waist just under her arms. Upon her head she wears a little round red cap with a button. She looks like a child, and is said to be under twenty years of age. She, too, speaks English, but was very much discouraged about it when she first began to study. She pronounces her words with great precision and very slowly. She never admits that she fails to understand English words.

When anything is said to her that she does not comprehend she invariably answers: "I—do—not—know." Sometimes the answer is apropos and sometimes not. She is quite averse to being written about, and has refused all interviews. She is inclined to be quite indignant when anyone expresses a desire to write about her. She is unable to understand why her private and personal affairs should interest the world at large. I asked her if she liked this country better than her own. She answered with a shake of her head and an uncompromising "No." And when I asked her why she said: "I—do—not," and when I pressed her with further questions she puckered up her little red mouth in a decisive manner and said: "I—do—not," and I was unable to make her say anything further.

Mme. Ye is a very diligent student. She spends six hours of each day in her study. Two lady teachers are employed for her all the time. She is fond of riding and fond of walking and of visiting, but she is not fond of talking, particularly when her listener is any one who is likely to write about her.

The Corean and Japanese ladies are very good friends, but there is no intercourse whatever between them and their Chinese neighbors.

Out of eighty-eight United States Senators there are sixty-four lawyers, one preacher, one doctor and one journalist.

FUN.

The economical housemaid is an artist to a certain extent. She "draws the purse strings."—Boston Courier.

No man ever loses his temper so that he could not find it before he found his collar button.—Galveston News.

The business man who occupies apartments over his store can't very well avoid living above his income.—Troy Press.

Until a man starts out habitually to look out for No. 1, he never realizes what a lot of other people are following the same idea.—Somerville Journal.

A.—"As I am told, you and Fanny are now married and happy?" B.—"Yes—that is to say, she is happy and I am married."—Humoristische Blaetter.

Mrs. Watts—"Are you anxious to earn a good dinner, my poor man?" Wary Watkins—"Not half so anxious as I am for the dinner."—Indianapolis Journal.

Tomdick—"Do you think American women are getting taller?" Hojack—"I don't know about that, but they are keeping American men as short as ever."—Detroit Free Press.

"Helen, what's wrong with the pie crust? It doesn't half cover the pie." "Why, dearest, I asked your mother all about how to make them to suit you, and she said to make the crust very short."—Inter-Ocean.

Father—"You seem to look at things in a different light since your marriage." His Newly Married Daughter—"Well, I ought to after receiving fourteen lumps and nine candelabras for wedding presents."—Brooklyn Life.

"What is philosophy?" said a charming young lady to a young savant. With a graceful bow the latter replied: "Philosophy consists in finding yourself in most delightful company without losing your presence of mind."

Mr. Snaggs (reading)—"A Western newspaper charges that many of the early girls of the country are in league with the Anarchists." Mrs. Snaggs—"That explains why Bridget smashes so many things."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A Trick That Failed.

An incident still fresh in the minds of some of our National statesmen occurred in the Fiftieth Congress, illustrating the need of all the minute precautions that are taken at the Government Printing Office. Just before the Mills bill was reported to the Committee on Ways and Means in the spring of 1888 the liveliest interest was felt everywhere as to the precise nature of its provisions. The Democratic members of the committee had assembled one night at the residence of one of their number to receive and revise the last proof sheets. The Government Printing Office people were particularly charged to be careful in guarding and transmitting the proofs. A coterie of enterprising correspondents were on the alert to obtain an advance copy, and were determined to get it by fair means or foul, on the principle, no doubt, that everything is fair in love, war and journalism. Somehow they received a "tip" concerning the plans of the committee, and took steps accordingly to accomplish their design. A special messenger from the printing office bearing a bulky package of proof sheets, appeared at a specified hour at the residence referred to and handed in the package, taking a receipt therefor. Another individual, employed by the correspondents, had shadowed him all the way from the Government Printing Office and a few minutes after the package had been handed in he, too, presented himself before the door, bearing a similar looking package filled with blank paper, with instructions to explain to whoever should answer his ring that the wrong package had been delivered through inadvertence by his predecessor. He was a moment too late, however, for the proofs had just been distributed among the Democratic Statesmen inside when he arrived and thus the ruse failed, notwithstanding its cleverness.—Washington Star.

A London Idea.

In certain London restaurants each customer is allowed to make his (or her) tea. The waitress lights the gas burner, which is affixed to each table and sets thereon a silver kettle. Then she presents to the teamaker a silver caddy divided into compartments and offering a choice of Southerg, Ceylon or green tea. Any one who is compelled to drink the lukewarm stuff called tea at restaurants will appreciate the new idea.

The musical horses are the latest attraction in Paris. They play several instruments with their feet.