



LOVE'S HERITAGE.

Dead o'er me, blue as summer skies,  
The azure splendor of thine eyes,  
And smile with lips whose murmur tells,  
Like lingering sound of far-off bells  
O'er shining seas, that thou for me  
Art skies and sound and summer sea!

Skies that contain the sun, the moon,  
The stars, the birds, the winds of June;  
And tones that, swelling far and near,  
Bear more than music to mine ear.  
And sea, above whose changeless hue  
The sun is bright, the sky is blue!

Art thou mine star? Sweet love thou'lt more  
Than all that ever twilight bore.  
Art thou my song? Dear love, from thee  
The whole world takes its melody.  
Art thou—nay! what can words impart  
To tell one dream of what thou art?

Thou art my all; I know that love  
Rains from the deepening dome above  
In silver dewdrops, that the earth  
Receives with hushed and solemn mirth;  
So thou—all seasons linked in one—  
Art flower, and bird, and breeze, and sun!

—William M. Briggs.

A MISSING BUTTON.

**A** CHEERFUL south room, with a bay window full of blossoming plants; a bright fire glowing behind a burnished grate, and a little gilded clock, which had just struck nine at night—all these things met Mrs. Chickery's eye as she laid down her book and yawned.

She was a plump and fair-faced young matron of some four or five and twenty, with bright auburn hair, soft blue eyes and a complexion whose roses stood in need of no artificial rouge.

"Fanny," said Mr. Chickery, looking up from his newspaper, "did you call on those Carters to-day?"

"No; I never thought of it."

"And they leave town to-morrow morning; and Carter is absurdly sensitive to all slights, fancied or real. Fanny, I desired you to make a point of calling."

"Well, I did intend to, Frank," pouted Mrs. Chickery, "but one can't think of everything."

"You cannot, it seems."

"It appears to me that you are making a mountain out of a mole-hill," said Fanny, rather tartly.

"It may affect my business very seriously. Carter's house carries great influence with it."

Mrs. Chickery was silent, patting the velvet carpet with her foot in a manner that indicated some annoyance.

"I shall have to leave here very early to-morrow morning," said her husband, presently.

"To go to Scenersville, about Aunt Elizabeth's will?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I wouldn't, Frank."

"Why not?"

"It's such bitter cold weather to travel in, and Aunt Elizabeth is such a whimsical old woman, it's as likely as not that she'll change her mind about making a will when you get there. I would wait a little, if I were you."

Mr. Chickery smiled.

"That would be your system of doing things, Fanny, but not mine."

"My system, Frank! What do you mean?"

"I mean that you believe in putting things off indefinitely, and not always in the wisest manner. I wish you'd break yourself of that habit, Fanny. Believe me, it will some day bring you to grief."

Mrs. Chickery contracted her pretty eyebrows.

"I don't believe in being lectured, Frank."

"And I don't very often lecture you, my dear; pray give me credit for that."

"You didn't think you were marrying an angel when you took me, I hope?"

"No, my love. I thought I was marrying a very pretty little girl, whose few faults might easily be corrected."

"Faults! Have I any great faults, Frank?"

"Little faults may sometimes entail great consequences, Fanny."

"If you could any more I shall get out of the room."

"You need not, for I am going myself to pack my valise. By the way, there's a button off the shirt I want to wear to-morrow. I wish you

would come up stairs and sew it on for me."

"I will, presently."

"Why can't you come now?"

"I just want to finish this book; there's only one more chapter."

And Fanny opened her volume so resolutely that her husband thought it best not to contest the question.

Sitting all alone in front of the bright fire, Mrs. Chickery gradually grew drowsy, and before she knew it she had drifted off into the shadowy regions of dreamland.

She was roused by the clock striking 11.

"Dear me! how late it is!" she thought, with a little start. "I must go up stairs immediately. There, I forgot to tell cook about having breakfast at 5 to-morrow morning, and of course she's abed and asleep by this time. I'll be up early enough to see to it myself, that will be just as well."

And laying this salvo to her conscience, Mrs. Chickery turned off the gas, and crept drowsily up the stairs.

"Fanny, Fanny, it's past 5, and cook hasn't come down stairs yet. Are you sure you spoke to her last night?"

Mrs. Chickery rubbed her eyes and stared sleepily around.

"Oh, Frank, I forgot all about speaking to her last night," she cried, with conscience-stricken face. "But I'll run right up—she can have the breakfast ready in a very few minutes."

She sprang out of bed, thrust her feet into a pair of silk-lined slippers, and threw a shawl over her shoulders.

Mr. Chickery bit his lip and checked her.

"No need, Fanny," he said, a little bitterly; "I must leave the house in fifteen minutes or miss the only through train. It's of no use speaking to the cook now."

"I am so sorry, Frank."

Mr. Chickery did not answer; he was apparently absorbed in turning over the various articles in his bureau drawer, while Fanny sat shivering on the edge of the bed, cogitating how hard it was for her husband to start on a long journey that bitter morning without any breakfast.

"I can make a cup of coffee myself over the furnace fire," she exclaimed, springing to her feet. "But Mr. Chickery again interposed.

"Sit down, Fanny, please. I would rather you would sew this button on the neck of my shirt. I have packed the others—those that are fit to wear. I have shirts enough, but not one in repair."

Fanny crimsoned as she remembered how often, in the course of the last month or two, she had solemnly promised herself to devote a day to the much-needed renovation of the husband's shirts.

She looked round for her thimble.

"I left it down stairs last night. I'll get it in a minute."

The housemaid had just kindled a fire in the sitting-room grate; it was blazing and crackling cheerfully among the fresh coals, and Fanny could not resist the temptation of pausing a moment to warm her chilled fingers and watch the greenish-purple spires of flame shoot merrily up the chimney, until she heard her husband's voice calling her imperatively:

"Fanny, Fanny, what are you doing?"

"Oh, dear," thought the wife, as she ran up the stairs, "I wish Frank wouldn't be so cross. He's always in a hurry."

Little Mrs. Chickery never stopped to think that the real reason was that she, his wife, was never "in a hurry."

The needle threaded, the thimble fitted on, an appropriate button was next to be selected.

"Oh, dear, Frank, I haven't one the right size!"

"Sew on what you have then, but be quick!"

But Fanny was quite certain there was "just the right button" somewhere in her work-basket, and stopped to search for it.

"There, I told you so!" she cried, triumphantly holding it up on the point of her needle.

"Well, well, sew it on quick," said Mr. Chickery, glancing at his watch nervously.

"That's just your worrying way,

Frank, as if anybody could sew a button on well in a hurry. There! My needle has come unthreaded."

"Oh, Fanny, Fanny," sighed her husband, fairly out of patience at last, "why didn't you do it last night, as I begged of you? I shall miss the train and what little chance we had of a place in Aunt Elizabeth's will will be sacrificed to your miserable habit of being always behindhand."

Fanny gave him the shirt and began to whimper a little, but Mr. Chickery had neither the time nor the inclination to pause to soothe her petulant manifestations of grief. He finished his dressing, caught up his valise with a hurriedly-spoken goodbye, and ran down the stairs two steps at a time into the street.

"There he goes," murmured Fanny, "and he's gone away cross with me, and all for nothing but a miserable button! I wish there wasn't such a thing as a button in the world!" (A wish which, we much misdoubt, many another wife than Mrs. Fanny Chickery has echoed, with perhaps better reason.)

Mrs. Chickery was sitting down to her little dinner a la solitaire, with a daintily browned chicken, a tumbler of currant jelly, and a curly bunch of celery ranged before her, when, to her surprise, the door opened and in walked her lord and husband.

"Why, Frank, where on earth did you come from?" cried the astonished wife.

"From the office," coolly answered Mr. Chickery.

"But I thought you were off for Scenersville in such a hurry."

"I found myself just five minutes too late for the train, after having run all the way to the depot."

"Oh, that was too bad."

Chickery smiled a little as he began to carve the chicken.

"Yes, I was a little annoyed at first; it did seem rather provoking to be kept home by only a button."

"What are you going to do?"

"Why, I shall make a second start to-morrow."

"I'll see to it that your breakfast is ready this time, to the second, and all your wardrobe in trim," said Fanny, rather relieved at the prospect of a chance of retrieving her character.

"You need not, I have engaged a room at a hotel near the depot. I can't run any more risks."

He did not speak unkindly, and yet Fanny felt that he was deeply displeased with her.

"But, Frank—"

"We will not discuss the matter any further, my love, if you please. I have resolved to say nothing more to you about reforms. I see it is useless, and it only tends to foster an unpleasant state of feeling between us. Shall I help you to some macaroni?"

And fairly silenced, Fanny ate her dinner with what appetite was left to her.

Three days afterward Mr. Chickery once more made his entrance, just at dusk, carpet-bag in hand, as Fanny sat enjoying the ruddy shine of the coal-fire and the consciousness of having performed her duty in the mending and general renovation of her husband's drawerful of shirts—a job which she had long been dreading and postponing.

"Well, how is Aunt Elizabeth?" questioned Fanny, when her husband, duly welcomed and greeted, had seated himself in the opposite easy-chair.

"Dead," was the brief reply.

"Dead! Oh, Frank! Of her old enemy, apoplexy?"

"Yes."

"Was her will made?"

"It was. Apparently she had expected me, on the day she herself appointed; and on my non-arrival in the only train that stops, she sent for the village lawyer, made her will, and left all her property to the orphan asylum in Scenersville, with a few bitter words to the effect that the neglect of her only living nephew had induced her, on the spur of the moment, to alter her original intention of leaving it to him. She died the very next morning."

"Oh, Frank, how much was it?"

"Ten thousand dollars. You see, Fanny, how much that missing button has cost me!"

Fanny Chickery sat like one condemned, by the utterance of her conscience. Not alone the one missing button, but the scores—nay, hundreds—of trifling omissions, forgetfulnesses,

and postponements which made her life one endless endeavor to "catch up" with the transpiring present, seemed to present themselves before her mind's eye. What would this end in? Was not the present lesson sufficiently momentous to teach her to train herself in a different school?

She rose, and came to her husband's side, laying one tremulous hand on his shoulder.

"There shall be no more missing buttons, my love," she said earnestly.

—New York News.

The Great Baltimore Tunnel.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad tunnel has just been completed under the city of Baltimore. Its length is about seven miles, there being double tracks the whole length of the line and four tracks on the same level for a small part. For 8350 feet the tunnel lies beneath Howard street, one of the most important in the city, lined on either side by buildings six and eight stories high, and the surface of which is used by a cable road and by lines of electric and horse cars. Howard street is eighty-two feet wide, except at the northern end of the tunnel, where it is contracted to seventy-two feet. The top of the tunnel is from three feet six inches to forty feet below the top of the pavement. The excavations were through hard rock, sand, gravel and Fuller's earth, and pockets of quicksand and water were struck, so that every condition was encountered and overcome.

The width of most of the tunnel is forty-six feet. The roof is of iron girder construction, with buckle plates overlaid with concrete and a covering of sand. The total thickness of the roof, including the pavement, is four feet ten inches. At some sections the roof of the tunnel is just beneath the cable trench.

What is of particular interest in the operation of this road is the use of electricity as a motive power. Electric engines weighing ninety-five tons haul all trains. There is a grade of .8 in some sections of the tunnel. These engines will run fifty miles an hour and are as powerful as steam locomotives. The weight is on eight driving wheels, sixty-two inches in diameter.

They are the largest electric engines ever built. The motors are of the gearless type, with a current of 2700 amperes under a pressure of 700 volts.

Electric locomotives have been successful before this. In 1891 the largest one built up to that time weighed twenty-one and a half tons, with driving wheels forty-two inches in diameter. The progress in four years in the construction of these engines has thus been remarkable.

The tunnel in Baltimore has been built by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to pass its New York and Washington trains, passenger and freight, through the city without ferrying them, as has heretofore been necessary.

—Washington Star.

A Crusty Old Philosopher.

Robert Louis Stevenson used to tell this story of his early days. He was entering in an absent minded way the famous second hand book shop of James Stillie, when he ran into a fuming old gentleman who was leaving the establishment. The latter ejaculated in an angry tone, "Man, can you not look where you are going!" Stevenson apologized for his awkwardness, and was then confronted by Mr. Stillie, who was also excited. The bookseller exclaimed: "The cratur has been trying to make out that an old book I sold him is spurious! He may be able to write, but he knows nothing about black letter books. He's the most disagreeable customer that ever entered my shop!" "Who is he?" asked Stevenson. "Oh, that's the great Mr. Thomas Carlyle," was the answer.

—New York Sun.

Latest Thing in Watches.

The latest thing in watches is a repeater which pronounces the hours and quarters, and so obviates the trouble of counting necessitated by the present system. M. Silvan, a Swiss watchmaker, is credited with having successfully adapted Edison's phonograph so as to produce this ingenious result.

—New York Post.

IN THE BIG HOTELS.

THE GREAT NUMBER OF EMPLOYEES FOUND IN THEM.

An Army of Twenty-five Thousand Persons Required in the New York Caravansaries Alone—Housekeepers' Duties.

**D** ID you ever think of that vast army of mortals whose labor, in so many different capacities, keeps the machinery of our big hotels in operation?

There are to-day 136 large transient hotels in New York City. New York besides has over 200 so-called family hotels with facilities for taking care of nearly 75,000 persons. It takes numerous servants to look after so great a multitude, and there are more of them in the large transient hotels here than there are soldiers and strikers in Brooklyn.

The hotel directory only gives the principal hotels. There are besides these hundreds of places, in each of which from forty to fifty servants and waiters are employed that have to be added to the list. It is safe to say that the great army of employes in the New York hotels is 25,000 strong. Over 15,000 of these work in the large transient hotels, which employ from 100 to 450 persons each at salaries ranging from \$8 a month up, with board, and in many cases lodging included.

Among the female employes of a hotel are some women of rare natural intelligence, executive ability and knowledge of human nature, as their services are considered worth as much as \$1500 a year and meals and rooms free. These are the housekeepers.

Most large hotels have also furniture repairers whose duty it is to see that casters are kept upon chairs, dressing-cases and bedsteads, and to take badly broken articles of the kind to the "hospital" in the basement or elsewhere. The chambermaids are divided into watches, short and long, or regular and dog-watches, as on an old-fashioned sailing ship. In the larger houses their work is so arranged that it is not very laborious.

In the linen room the housekeeper has under her seamstresses whose duty it is to keep the linen and bed clothing in order. Then there are the window-cleaners, the scrub-women, the curtain menders and hangers and a score of others which, summed up, would take a small directory to describe them and their various duties.

Then down stairs is the laundry, which is also under the charge of the housekeeper. Here are more men under her command. The chief, or boss, as he is called, has one or two assistants, three machine operators and forty laundresses who are mangle and handwashers, as no flannels or delicate fabrics are allowed to go through the machines.

The handling of the food takes another auxiliary force, which is under the supervision of that very important personage, the steward. It has been said that this individual can break the most prosperous hotel in the country, and many a genial boniface will tell you that the saying is a true one. Next to the proprietor, he is monarch of all he surveys, and his domain is vast, for he controls nearly a dozen different departments. He has on his personal staff one lieutenant, a bookkeeper, two receiving clerks, one checking clerk, from three to five storekeepers, who on order only deal out the stores, and a time-keeper.

It is not generally known to the layman that the kitchen, and consequently the chef are under the immediate control of the steward. The two decide at night as to the menu for the next day, but in case of a difference of opinion, what the steward says goes. The chef has under him at least half a dozen lieutenants, each of whom is generally an artist in his own particular line of cooking. Then, besides these, there are scullery boys, pot washers and scourers, who are generally termed omnibuses, as they can generally turn their hand to several kinds of work. In the best hotels there are very few women under the direction of the chef. Nearly all the work is done by men and the so-called "boys" may be fifty years old. Besides these there are the pastry cooks, who are quite independent fellows, and the ice-cream makers, etc., whose

creations can be seen every year at both the French and the German Cooks' balls, and which excite so much admiration.

There are also three or four shell fish men, who prepare lobsters, crabs, oysters and clams for the table, and who are experts in this rather difficult art.

Many hotels also employ one or two gardeners to attend to the lawns or terraces about the hotel, and also to the standing baskets and potted plants and ferns. He has under his control the sidewalk sweepers, whose duty is to keep the walks about the hotel free from rubbish.

In large houses the whole dining room force is under the supervision of the head waiter, or "captain," as he is called by his subordinates, and he, in turn, has a number of assistants, who are called ushers, and who seat the guests when they enter the dining room. There are seldom less than thirty or forty waiters in the grand saloon, and several omnibuses to remove dishes and perform any work they are told to do.

The retinues of employes in the office of one of these extensive abodes is increasing in number every year. There is the manager, the comptroller of finances, two or three bookkeepers, a cashier and an army of clerks, whose business is to be suave and never get ruffled. They are divided into three long day watches and two short night watches, which means from midnight until 3 a. m., and from that hour until either 7 or 8 o'clock. They have under them about forty bell boys and messengers and half a dozen porters or trunk carriers, who in turn are under the control of a head porter. This last individual is quite a big fellow about a large hotel. He grows to know all the important personages who frequent the place. He hob-nobs with politicians and expects a bow of recognition from the President of the United States if he has ever met the latter before.

Then there are the carriage callers, the door porters, and even the cab and hackmen all under the control of those behind the desk. At the Waldorf the bell boys are merely messengers. Telegrams, message letters, callers' cards, etc., are sent to each room by a perfect pneumatic tube system, which it takes about a dozen men to operate, including the engineer of the air-compressor in the sub-basement, and the hall man on each floor, whose duty is to see that each thing of the kind gets to its proper destination.

—New York News.

Ripe Apples as an Article of Food.

Those who have experimented upon and investigated the subject of apple-eating are of the opinion that the old idea that apples were the favorite fruit of the gods are reckoning on a plausible theory. It was said that the freshness of youth was ever possessed by those who made this their principal diet. Certain it is that as a medicine for brain-workers there are but few foods so valuable. Apples contain a large amount of phosphorus, and directly nourish the brain and spinal cord. They contain, in addition to phosphorus, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyll, malic acid, gallic acid, lime, vegetable fiber, and a large proportion of water. They are said to be a sure cure for gout and many rheumatic disorders, and to exercise a beneficent influence on the liver and stomach. Ripe apples and gluten bread as a regular diet would do more to restore health than half of the popular drugs in the market. They agree admirably with most people, and make the most delicious luncheons with bread and milk. Physicians say that apples, plums and pears, although themselves acid, unite with the juices of the stomach and produce alkaline carbonates, thereby counteracting instead of producing acidity.

—New York Ledger.

Still Useful.

Once upon a time a Bicycle accosted a Horse.

"Get off the earth!" said the Bicycle; "I am going to capplant you entirely."

The Horse smiled.

"Nay, nay," it rejoined, gently; "they can't make canned corned-beef out of you."

—Puck.

The Aleutian Islands were named by the Russians. The word means "black rocks."