

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY GERTRUDE M. CANNON. Beauty lies within ourselves, After all, they say: And, be sure, the happy heart Makes the happy day.

In a cool and shady garden Phyllis sat, The roses' scent Fanned a face whereon were written Restlessness and discontent, Lips nodded beneath twinkled, Birds sang sweetly in the trees; Merry talk and joyous laughter Sounded on the summer breeze.

In a warm and dusty city Janey, pinched and wan and white, Leaned against a heated building, Longing for the cool of night. Suddenly she spied a floweret, Pale and slender at her feet. "O," she cried, and stooped to pluck it; Looking up in rapture sweet Through the crowded housetops, Janey Gave a glimpse of blue o'erhead, And she kissed the little posy—"What a lovely day!" she said.

Beauty lies within ourselves, After all, they say: And the glad and happy heart Makes the happy day.

HE NAMED THE DAY.

His name was Jim Hitchens, and he was a carpenter "to his trade." Her name was Melia, and she was old Binks, daughter, and the little brass plate affixed to the door of her modest home bore the inscription, "Miss Binks, Dressmaker."

Miss Binks was a very genteel young woman, and in aspiring to keep company with her Jim Hitchens was considered to be decidedly "bettering" himself.

Keeping company being, it should be observed, a sort of intermediary process, something between mere ordinary acquaintanceship and that more definite and satisfactory condition which is assumed only on being actually invited to "name the day."

Consequently, when I repeat that Jim Hitchens and Miss Binks were keeping company, I do not wish to imply that they were by any means arrived at that blissful condition which in a higher walk of life, is known as "being engaged."

Oh, dear, no! Matters were not nearly so far advanced as that, though it was possible that, with time and care, they might reach such a point.

Jim Hitchens had not been keeping company with Miss Binks for more than 15 years at a scratch and those people who insisted on reckoning the time as 25 did not really know the ins and outs of the affair half so well as they pretended, the additional ten years which they thus indiscriminately tacked on to the period of probation having merely passed in a species of light skirmishing and entirely without prejudice.

And so they kept company. Every Sunday afternoon at 3:30 Jim, in all the unaccustomed glory of a clean shave and his Sunday suit— you could tell his Sunday suit at the end of the street by the creases in it— called for Miss Binks, and they made a solemn progress "down street" or "up street," as inclination or the force of circumstances directed.

There was not a great deal of conversation indulged in, because in order to converse brilliantly it is, if not necessary, at least advisable to have some topic on which to express opinions. Consequently, as Miss Binks had no opinions outside her own business, and always talked most freely with a row of pins between her teeth, and Jim Hitchens was equally circumscribed in his ideas, not many words passed between them on these occasions.

Just as the gentleman was on the point of taking his departure the lady would be apparently struck by an original idea.

"I s'pose you wouldn't come in and take a cup o' tea along o' father and me?" she would inquire with modest diffidence.

This unexpected invitation, though repeated Sunday after Sunday as the years rolled by, never failed to take Mr. Hitchens entirely by surprise.

"Well," rubbing his left whisker, "I dunno, but o' course if you puts it that way, Miss Binks, why?"

Then she would open the door, and he would follow her meekly into a little room where a little old man would be dozing peacefully in an elbow chair, with a blue cotton handkerchief spotted with white over his head.

Miss Binks would take off the kettle, and then turning to the little old man bend down and shout in his ear: "Fa-ther, here's Mr. Hitchens come to take tea along o' you."

Whereupon her little old parent would whisk the blue cotton handkerchief off his head and betray vast astonishment at the sight of the visitor.

It will be seen that the interesting pair had not yet arrived at that degree of intimacy that would warrant the use of Christian names.

One day, however, old Binks woke up from his afternoon nap, and drawing aside the blue veil of mystery in which he was wont to enshroud his wrinkled countenance during these periods of somnolence made the following remarkable assertion:

"Melia, my gal," regarding his daughter as she brought all the resources of her art to bear upon a dress she was turning out for the butcher's wife at the corner, "Melia, my gal," he piped, "you're a-gittin' on, ain't you?"

Miss Binks, with her mind engrossed with the subject of box plaits, to say nothing of having made a temporary pin cushion of her mouth, refused under these circumstances to commit herself to anything beyond a monosyllabic grunt.

"That young man o' yourn, 'Melia, he's been comin' 'ere gettin' on fur some time now?"

Again Miss Binks assented, or dissented, for the sound was noncommittal, and wondered what "father" was driving at—a question which he at once proceeded to answer for her.

"Is pose, 'Melia, he ain't begun to say nothin' to you, 'bout 'is intentions yet awhile?"

"No," snapped Miss Binks, taking a row or two of pins out of her mouth and stabbing a refractory box plait in its most vulnerable part, "not yet he ain't."

"Pears to me, 'Melia," continued her parent, who had apparently been thinking hard before he again spoke, "that it's time as somethin' were said by one o' 'o'ber. I courted your mother t'wenty year and three month, and though I don't go so far as to say I 'olds wi' short courtships as a rule, still I niver 'ad no reason to repent, though they dosay marry in 'aste and repent at leasure. Praps you'd like me to speak to Jim, friendly like, and put it to 'im? Not as there's no need fur 'urry, but somethin' might be said de'nie' as to the year arter next, or if that were considered too soon, the one arter that, fur, though I doesn't 'old wi' 'urryin' things on, neither, 'Melia, my gal, does I 'old wi' shillyshallyin'."

Miss Binks, before replying to her parent's proposition, bit off a thread and seemed to be turning the matter over in her mind and weighing its pros and cons.

Then, with merely some half dozen pins in her mouth, she "up" and spoke, and her words were the words of wisdom:

"Well, father, I won't go for to deny as I 'aven't thought as Jim Hitchens were a bit over backward in comin' forward, and I know the neighbors do talk, so praps if you could give 'im an 'int it might help 'im to know 'is own mind, which he don't seem to do not at present, and if it don't do no good I don't see as it could do much 'arm."

Here the clock, giving way to excitement, struck 11 without stopping to take breath.

"Mind you," continued Miss Binks, as soon as the clock had done speaking, and pointing at her father with her needle, "I don't want for you to be 'ard on 'im, only jest to find out what 'is intentions is, or whether he's got any o'rs likely to 'ave."

So in the morning old Binks put on his hat—or rather his daughter put it on for him, jamming his head well home—and took his stick and toddled off "down street," charged with the delicate mission of plumbing the unknown depths of Jim Hitchens' matrimonial inclinations.

What transpired in the course of this momentous interview has never been divulged. Possibly old Binks himself might have been to blame in that delicacy and tact for which it prematurely called.

At any rate, when he returned home it was plain that the little old man had been considerably "put about." This at once made itself evident to his daughter, who met him at the door, and taking from him his hat and stick inquired, in a voice in which not even the presence of pins between her lips could disguise the signs of interest amounting almost to eagerness:

"Well, father?"

"Not at all, 'Melia, not at all," was the tremulous reply. "I should say anything but sich!" exclaimed Miss Binks, with an attempt to quell her rising agitation by placing her hand on her heart—an attempt that was balked by a rampart of her favorite implements of extra large size. "Lor', father!"

She could say no more, but laying violent hands on her parent's coat collar she bore him across the flagged passage into the front room, where, depositing him in his elbow chair, she mounted guard over him. "Now, father speak your mind."

"Melia, my gal, it's my belief as he's bin makin' a fool o' you. Leastways, all as I could get out o' 'im when I puts it to 'im straight, was as he weren't prepared to go to sich lengths as to menshin any particlar date, as he couldn't abide being 'urried, nor yet drove—drove was 'is very words, 'Melia—as he niver see no good come o' it. All he could and would say was as he'd be round as usual come Sunday."

"Father," cried Miss Binks in a voice choked by emotion and pins, "jest you leave 'im to me!"

Sunday came, so did Jim Hitchens. Mr. Hitchens leaned against the fence and chewed a twig, wondering at the unusual time taken by his lady-love in putting on her bonnet.

courtsip, was abandoned as soon as formed.

Then the church clock struck the quarter before 4, and with a start Mr. Hitchens realized that his 'Melia was not forthcoming that day.

Mr. Hitchens was flabbergasted. As he slowly turned and left the gate it was to him almost as though the universe were turned upside down.

Mr. Hitchens rubbed his left whisker against the grain and opined that this "were a queer start!" So she meant to give him a go by after all these years, did she? And all because—at least, he s'posed that must be it—he wasn't altogether prepared to rush off and get married in about a couple of year's time!

On the whole, he wasn't sure that he hadn't had a lucky escape. Such a display of temper as he had just been treated to seemed to indicate plainly that she was not the sort of young woman to have made him comfortable. A party as would turn nasty over such a little thing as that wasn't the right party for him.

All the same, as he passed absently along, he was conscious that the prospect of commencing another lengthy courtsip at this time of life seemed a very uphill and doubtful sort of one.

As to the lady herself, no sooner did she realize that she had actually sent Jim Hitchens to the right about than she sat down and had a good cry and forgot all about putting the kettle on.

There was, as may be imagined, considerable comment in the town when it became generally known that the courtsip of Jim Hitchens and Miss Binks had come to an unexpected and untimely termination.

In fact, it was such a universal topic and source of comment and interest that wherever two or three, particularly of the gentler sex, were gathered together, they were sure to be engaged in discussing the latest authorized version of the affair.

Gradually, from the time that Miss Binks had refused to put on her bonnet for the benefit, Jim Hitchens' appetite steadily declined, so that his Sunday clothes, when he had sufficient strength of mind to don them, hung on him in bigger creases than before, his tendency to knockness increased, and he became more drab colored than ever.

Spring passed, summer came, autumn went and winter was at hand, when one day things went round that Jim Hitchens, who had for a month or two past been troubled with a little hacking cough, had taken to his bed.

"Melia, my gal," said her father about a fortnight later, "I've jest been 'earin' as 'ow the doctor's got but small 'opes o' Jim Hitchens, and—Lor', 'Melia, 'Melia!"

Miss Binks had uttered a sharp involuntary cry. But it was when she had assured her parent, only a pin that she had stuck a little too deep.

The same afternoon, however, she effectually ruined the kettle's constitution for life by putting it on to boil—empty.

The next morning—it was Sunday—she received a message. She had packed her old father off to chapel as usual, and was giving as much of her attention as was available to the dinner when it arrived.

It was to the effect as Mr. Hitchens presented he's compliments to Miss Binks and would be 'appy to see 'er if she would be so good as to step up that arternoon 'bout 3 o'clock o' half-past."

Jim Hitchens lived in a little drab colored corner house, about half way down High street. Since his illness a married sister had come over from one of the neighboring villages to look after him, else he had always lived alone, with a woman to come in now and then "to do for him."

He was so weak and such a ghost of his former self that Miss Binks' feeling became too much for her, and she, so to speak, boiled over at the sight of him, just like the kettle.

"Oh, Jim," she cried, casting etiquette to the winds, "Oh, Jim, my dear, whatever 'ave you been a-doin' to yourself?"

"Nothin', Miss Binks, nothin' to speak of," was the feeble reply.

Then, as she sat down by the side of the bed and listened to his labored breathing, her heart smote her more and more for her faithlessness and cruelty in the past, until the tears ran even down her bonnet strings, rustling all the pins they encountered and taking the starch out of her best collar.

Half an hour or so passed without another word being uttered on either side. Then the sick man made an effort.

"You'll be wonderin', Miss Binks, why I've took the liberty to send for you, only—you see—the doctor, he don't seem to think as 'ow I'll last much longer—but—before I go—I thought as I owed it to you—seein' 'ow long we kep' company—to"

Defender's Yaller Dog.

It Belonged to the Colored Cook In a Providence Restaurant.

No animal in contemporary history has reached the proud eminence of the Defender's yaller dog. Poems have been dedicated to the canine which triumphantly offset all the ill luck which hung to America's pride before the races were sailed, pictures of the dog in all kinds of attitudes have adorned the newspaper columns, and the entire patriotic country has taken off its hat to the animal which outstarred the black dog.

It is the purpose of this little tale to furnish a few facts concerning this yaller dog. A great many newspaper reporters asked Mr. Iselin where he got the canine, but the answers were usually vague. Now, however, it can be stated that the dog was from Providence and its owner didn't know until Monday what had become of his yaller beauty. As a matter of fact, to an unprejudiced eye it wasn't a beauty. It was the homeliest dog that ever was, but the man who mourns for it doesn't see it that way.

It isn't but a few weeks ago that Mr. Iselin decided that he wanted that kind of a mascot. He was in Bristol when he made up his mind to it, and he asked a number of people who the best man was to find such a dog as he wanted. There was but one reply, and it was unanimous.

"Blondie Rawson," they all said. So Mr. Iselin hunted up Blondie Rawson and told him what was wanted, and Blondie began his search. He hunted all over Bristol, but while there were plenty of dogs and plenty of yaller dogs in the town there wasn't the real yallerest yaller that he wanted. So he gave it up there and came to Providence.

He cruised around here for some days with an eye single to dogs. Every yaller dog was eagerly scrutinized, and many an inoffensive and humble canine came very near having fame thrust upon him by being selected as the Defender's mascot. But they weren't yaller enough.

Blondie Rawson had almost given up the search in despair when one warm day in the early part of the month he stood on the corner of Westminster and Union streets, wiping the perspiration from his brow. He turned around to look through Union street as the young women came out of the dry goods stores.

As he looked a big dog lying on the sidewalk in front of a restaurant arose, and in plain sight of Blondie Rawson ambled with all the grace of a cow into the restaurant. That little stroll settled the dog's fate and lifted him out of obscurity.

Blondie Rawson went through Union street and took a look at the dog. He was the deapest dyed yaller dog that ever was or ever will be. He wasn't really pretty as Blondie looked at him, but the chrome color of him offset every other lack of beauty which he possessed. Blondie Rawson went into the restaurant and found out that the dog was the property of Paul Batiste, the colored cook.

"Want to sell your dog?" he asked. "No, indeed," was the answer. "Don't want 'er sell him now."

It wasn't any use to tell Batiste who wanted the dog, because Blondie Rawson reflected that the price would go up out of sight forthwith. And besides the owner said he wouldn't sell the dog to anybody for anything. So Blondie Rawson, who had made up his mind to get that dog anyway, decided that he must have recourse to strategy.

He hunted up another colored man and told him to buy Batiste's dog. He said he must have that dog regardless of the price.

"I'll fetch that dawg, boss," confidently announced the new ally. "Ah never seed no dawgsons dawg ah couldn't get 'er ah set out o'."

Blondie Rawson went away with renewed confidence. The colored man looked as if he meant business, though before going Blondie Rawson enjoined the man to purchase the dog and not get any other way.

A few mornings after this Batiste showed up in the restaurant with a mournful face. The young women employed there asked him what the matter was.

"Somebody stole my dog," he said. "I'll bet a dollar that it was the fellow who wanted to buy him."

And at that time Blondie Rawson didn't know thing about the dog's disappearance. When the colored man showed up with the animal, Rawson did a joyful ghost dance.

"Did you buy him?" "Of co'se ah bo't him," said the colored man. "Don't think ah'd steal him do you?"

Blondie Rawson hastened to smooth down the ruffled plumage of his indignant assistant.

"Yes," went on the latter, "an ah never see such a man. He wouldn't sell that dawg nowoh an ah had to give him a pretty stiff price."

"New mind," sobbed Blondie Rawson. "I'll pay you back and give you a good present for the work you had." And he did so. Then he took the dog to Mr. Iselin, and the latter pronounced him just the thing. They carried him away on the Defender, far away from the Union street restaurant, to fame and glory such as he had never dreamed of.

A journal man dropped into the restaurant Monday morning and asked Batiste if he had lost a yaller dog.

"That's what I have," was the answer, "and I'd like to find him."

Are You Superstitious?

Are you superstitious? I pride myself that I am not. Nevertheless, I do not often pass a stray pin without picking it up and thinking of the old couplet about good luck. Neither, to tell the truth, do I escape a somewhat uncanny feeling when I happen to find myself in company with 12 other people. The fact is that all of us, no matter how much we may pride ourselves on our superiority to such things, have a hidden away somewhere more less deep, a vein of superstition which we won't acknowledge to any one except ourselves, and then only when we are feeling particularly honest toward ourselves.

But it is really astonishing the amount of superstition which, on the eve of the 20th century, still enters into the everyday life of the people, with the effect of making many more or less uncomfortable. In most parts of Europe it is considered unlucky for a bare to cross the road in front of a traveler. Among the Romans this omen was so unfortunate that if a man started upon a journey espied a hare on the road before him he would return and wait until the following day to begin his journey.

The old Roman superstition survives there, although it is the family cat instead of the hare which is the hoodoo. I knew of a man who said he hadn't any superstitions at all, but who finally confessed that he didn't like to have a cat cross his path when leaving home, and that it required all his resolution not to turn back. And there are many intelligent persons, of whom you would not believe such a thing, who really do turn back and put themselves to inconvenience when pussy happens to cross their way.

Carrying a shovel through a house is bad luck, but in this case, as in that of the pin picking, the origin of the saying is obvious, the superstitions being intended to teach the virtue of neatness and frugality. Akin to these is the English and Scotch superstition that if milkmaids forget to wash their hands after milking, the cows will go dry. This superstition, it is needless to say, is diligently fostered by the owners of the cows. The fact is that superstitions will often be found to be very useful agents in improving the condition of people who, but for their weird influences, would not be as admirable citizens as they are, and they also operate for good upon many who would publicly scorn to admit that they had been swayed in the slightest degree by them.

And, again, an apparently foolish superstition, when traced back to its origin, will often be found to be but the thick veil of some great truth.—Pittsburg Times.

Nine Days Adrift.

The Startling Experience of a Man 35 Years Old.

At Yarmouth, N. S., some days ago, a man was found on the beach on the northwest side of Briar Island, about exhausted, and close by in a gully was a hoop-rigged boat about twenty feet long. He was taken into Mr. Holland Graham's house, and Dr. White, of Boston, who had been as a vacation at Captain J. D. Payson's house attended him. In about twenty-four hours he fully recovered consciousness, but is still very weak.

The man is Peter Powers, of Long Island, Mount Desert, Me. He is 35 years old. He has been nine days adrift without food except a few apples, which he pounded and sucked the juice of, but had no water. He had sold some fish at a place called Bartlett's Island, or Bartlett's Landing. He left for his home, but put in at Tremont on Tuesday night.

Wednesday morning he left for home in the fog, and he says his compass must have been wrong, and he has since been drifting around till his boat ran ashore Thursday, on Briar Island, and he crawled ashore where he fell. He says on Wednesday he heard what he thought was a steamer whistle, but what was probably the fog whistle at Cape Porch. He tried to get toward it, and then the weather being fine he went asleep and knew nothing more till he felt the boat strike, and then crawled out, and finding a stream of water drank the first draft he had had for nine days and then fell exhausted where he was found.

Wise Words of Wise Men.

The leaders of industry, if industry is ever to be led, are virtually the captains of the world; if there is no nobleness in them, there will never be an anteroomy more.—Thomas Carlyle.

Morality is the object of government. We want a state of things in which crime will not pay, a state of things which allows every man the largest liberty compatible with the liberty of every other man.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Free speech is to a great people what winds are to the oceans and malarial regions, which waft away the elements of disease and bring new elements of health; and where free speech is stopped miasma is bred and death comes fast.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The peculiar evil of silencing the expression of an opinion is that it is robbing the human race—posterity as well as the existing generation, those who dissent from the opinion, still more than those who hold it. If the opinion is right, they are deprived of the opportunity of exchanging error for truth; if wrong, they lose, what is almost as great a benefit, the clearer perception and livelier impression of truth, produced by its collision with error.—John Stuart Mill.

The best we can do for one another is to exchange our thoughts freely.—James Anthony Froude.

Here is Gratitude for You.

During the great flood at Johnstown in 1889 Buffalo Bill contributed \$8,000 to the sufferers. The other day he had his wild west show there and they assessed him \$200 license. There's nothing like gratitude.

"She's such an old-fashioned girl." "Indeed?" "Yes; she has a Roman nose and a most pronounced Greek forehead."

Keeping Roads Good.

The Road Improvement Association of London, England, recently issued a circular containing seventeen rules for the guidance of roadmasters in keeping macadam and telford roads in proper repair. The rules are as follows:

(1) Never allow a hollow, a rut, or a puddle to remain on a road, but fill it up at once with chips from the stone heap.

(2) Always use chips for patching and for all repairs during the summer season.

(3) Never put fresh stones on the road, if, by crossing picking and a thorough use of the rake, the surface can be made smooth and kept at the proper strength and section.

(4) Remember that the rake is the most useful tool in your collection, and it should be kept close at hand the whole year round.

(5) Do not spread large patches of stone over the whole width of the road but coat the middle or horse-track first, and when this has worn in coat each of the sides in turn.

(6) In moderately dry weather and on hard roads always pick up the old surface into ridges six inches apart, and remove all large and projecting stones before applying a new coating.

(7) Never spread stones more than one stone deep, but add a second layer when the first has worn in, if one coat be not enough.

(8) Never shoot stones on the road and crack them where they lie, or a smooth surface will be out of the question.

(9) Never put a stone upon the road for repairing purposes that will not freely pass in every direction through a two-inch ring, and remember that smaller stones should be used for patching and for slight repairs.

(10) Recollect that hard stones should be broken to finer gauge than soft, but that the two-inch gauge is the largest that should be used under any circumstances where no steam roller is employed.

(11) Never be without your ring gauge, remember Macadam's advice that any stone you cannot easily put in your mouth should be broken smaller.

(12) Use chips if possible, for binding newly laid stones together, and remember that road sweepings, horse-droppings, sods or grass and other rubbish, when used for this purpose, will ruin the best road ever constructed.

(13) Remember that water-worn or rounded stones should never be used upon steep gradients, or they will fall to bind together.

(14) Never allow dust or mud to lie on the surface of the roads, for either of these will double the cost of maintenance.

(15) Recollect that dust becomes mud at the first shower, and that mud forms a wet blanket which will keep a road in a filthy condition for weeks at a time, instead of allowing it to dry in a few hours.

(16) Remember that the middle of the road should always be a little higher or than the sides, so that the rain may run into the side gutters at once.

(17) Never allow the water-tables, gutters and ditches to clog up, but keep them clear the whole year through.

Every roadmaster and supervisor should cut these rules out and paste them in his every-day hat. To make a good road is one thing and to keep it in good repair is quite another thing.

The fine roads in Europe are the result of a splendid repair system where every defect is promptly corrected, before it has time to cause serious damage to the highway.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

A Bloody Battle in Cuba.

General Antonio Maceo Reported Seriously Wounded—Fell in Front of His Troops in a Desperate Fight in Santiago de Cuba.

The most bloody battle of the present war was fought recently in the country between Soa Arriba and San Fernando, in the Holguin district of Santiago de Cuba. The insurgents were commanded by General Antonio Maceo, while the Spanish troops were commanded by General Exchague. The insurgents, numbering 3000 infantry and 300 cavalry, laid in wait for General Exchague, who put in an appearance at the head of 1300 infantry and 300 cavalry. The Spanish troops also possessed one field cannon.