

LOVE THAT LASTS.

Love that lasts a lifetime. Hears that travel lightly. Eyes that choose the sunny view. Lips that laugh so brightly. Happy they that hand in hand Thus go onward singing. All their world a fairyland. With magic chim-bells ringing!

THE LOBSTER.

We called him Lobster from the first. He was overgrown and stupid, his trousers bagged at the knees and were too short—I suppose he never dreamed of creasing them—and he wore celluloid collars and cuffs and any kind of necktie. He attended school with us, but, aside from mathematics and physics—which he seemed to know without studying—he could not learn. His mother tried to teach him how to dress, but he took no interest—had absolutely no idea of what makes a gentleman. As for his sister, she said that she preferred him as he was, for then he was natural; but that was just like her.

He had a most disagreeable manner, too. He would look you right in the eyes until you got through talking, and then say nothing at all, or turn his back on you. We did not care to associate with him, and he spent most of his spare time wandering about the woods with an old gun, or down in a little shop that he had rigged up in the garden. Here he would hang about for hours in some kind of jim-crackery—first one thing, then another. One day—we were all about twenty then—he brought out after school hours what he called a model flying machine—a lot of wings and fans and clockwork about three feet long—and Charlie and Jack and I followed along to see it. He wound it up and was just ready to start it when Charlie pushed me, and I fell against Jack, who fell over the machine and smashed it. Lobster looked awfully cheap, and I laughed until I cried, but Jack did not. He coaxed Lobster to fix it up and try it again so that we could see it go, and he helped him carry it back to the shop. After a while they brought it out, and this time I pushed Charlie and he pushed Jack. The machine was totally wrecked, but we did not laugh much, for Lobster got into a terrible rage. He grabbed Jack and held him so that he could not move; then, when he had recovered his breath—for Jack was nearly as big and strong as he was—he pounded his face until Jack was nearly dead before he let him go. He did not touch Charlie and me. Luck for him, too, for we would have had him arrested. That was what we hoped Jack would do, but when we proposed it on the way home he just kicked us both and said nothing. I thought it was very unkind, and I never knew him to act so strangely before; for, the first thing in the morning, he apologized to Lobster in the presence of the whole school, and told Charlie and me that he would take it upon himself to keep him from harassing him, and that if anybody in the school ever called him Lobster again in his presence he would break that person's head.

So after that we called him George, and only used Lobster in the third person, and when Jack was not around. They became great friends, and I could not understand, for Jack was a gentleman and his father had millions. He was a good rider, swimmer and yachtsman, and owned the fastest catboat on the bay, while Lobster had neither money, brains nor refinement. But his sister Jennie was very pretty, and very nice. I could not help quarreling about it, but Jack came home to the brother while I was calling on her. But there came a time when she told me I had better not call on her any more, and after that I did not care how I treated him, for I think that he influenced her.

Charlie took my place and seemed to get on very well with her. I could not see him do great deal of boasting, though it may have been just to tease me. However, after Miss Swinton, Jack's sister, came home from abroad I did not care what he said.

Jennie was one of those blond, fluff-haired girls, but Miss Grace Swinton was tall and dark-eyed, and I could not help being attracted to her. She had finished her education in Europe, and was very self-possessed and accomplished—as much an athlete, almost, as her brother—and she had such a dreamy way of listening while you talked that you hardly knew what to say, and when you were through talking you could not tell whether you had interested her or not.

We graduated, in time, and Jack went to college, while Charlie and I secured positions in the city, going to business early in the morning and going into society every evening. I got on swimmingly with Miss Swinton. I knew she liked me because, after we had become well acquainted, it was so easy to make her laugh and I should most certainly have proposed to her if Charlie had not interfered so much. Something had happened between him and Jennie, for he stopped calling on her, encroaching on my preserves instead. We almost quarreled about it, but Jack came home at vacation time and spoiled both our chances, for he took up with the Lobster and brought him to his house. Then Miss Swinton seemed to lose all interest in Charlie and me, and developed a most unaccountable interest in Lobster, going down with her brother to Lobster's shop, where he would talk mechanics with her and show her his inventions. His last was a chainless bicycle which he had just patented.

He made frequent trips to the city on this business, and would come back with new collars and other things to make himself appear better, but he could not succeed in this, no matter what he wore, and neither Charlie nor I could understand what Miss Swinton saw in him. They would take long walks together just the same as though he was her social equal, and Charlie did not want to show a short way back until, one day—well, we got tired of following them. We told Jack, however, that he ought to look out for his sister and not allow her to go walking with such a ruffianly brute, but he merely said something about the Lobster's selling his patents for twenty thousand and royalties, and said something more about folks minding their own business. So we stopped trying to meet Miss Swinton in society.

When the term began Jack went back to college, and a few days later something occurred which prevented the Lobster from meeting Miss Swinton in society. Charlie and I overtook him as we walked up from the station in the evening. He was gone and he was muddy, damp and disheveled. He could barely stumble along and every few yards he would stop and cling to a tree or paling for support. But he was not intoxicated, as we thought at first. He told us, when we inquired, that he had been out with his gun, and when in the day had fallen into a swamp. Then, to prevent catching cold, he had bought quinine in a neighboring town without getting directions, and, as he had never taken it before, he ignorantly swallowed the whole purchase—thirty grains. It would have killed Charlie or me, but only weakened him along, for his way home led past the Swinton place and we wanted to see any possible results. Sure enough, there was Miss Swinton at the window. That evening we met her—accidentally—and she inquired about Lobster. Now if we had told her the truth, she would have simply said, jokingly too, that he had taken too much of something or other, which was the truth. Miss Swinton merely smiled a little and turned the subject. We never supposed that she had taken us seriously until, a few evenings later when Lobster had recovered from his business, she was "not at home" to him, and all in all we agreed to let the matter alone. He had been told to mind our own business, and it seemed him right for his presumption. Next day Miss Swinton left for the city to spend the winter.

Though both she and Jack were back for the Christmas holidays I am sure that neither the Lobster, who had taken to his old clothes again and become more unattractive than ever. During Holiday week he found urgent business in the neighborhood where they were making his bicycles, and of course Jack was puzzled and called repeatedly at his house. But Jennie could not tell what ailed him, and I supposed Miss Swinton had never spoken of the matter at all, while the Lobster, of course, was too stubborn to tell anybody. So things went on in this way—Charlie and I going into society every evening, and calling on every young lady in town except Miss Swinton and Jennie—until the following summer, when Jack came home on his vacation again and his sister returned from the city.

Jack hunted for Lobster, but the big fool was still on his dignity, taking long bicycle rides and getting up early and returning late, so that all Jack found when he called was Jennie. However, he persisted, which at the time seemed strange in Jack, and after a while Miss Swinton, who was very friendly with Jennie, and the three were always together—so much so that Charlie and I began to fear that Jennie was concocting some scheme for her brother's benefit. But the Lobster himself, in his own peculiar way, reassured us. He was in town one day, and Charlie and I were right behind him—he was going our way, but of course we did not join him—when Miss Swinton came around the corner and met him face to face. We saw her start slightly and flush a deep red, but Lobster swung by her with his long stride as though not conscious that she existed. He was anything but a gentleman: he did not know that a young lady is not to be taken too seriously. Miss Swinton was so shocked by his manner that when she passed Charlie and me she was frightfully pale, and did not even see us. And we were so agitated ourselves by this occurrence that we did not make ourselves known, as we might have done under other circumstances.

Then came that awful trip in the yacht. Jack had fitted out his boat, and we learned in a roundabout way that he would take his sister and Jennie for a sail down the bay. So we put on our yachting suits that morning and managed to get to the club-house when they came down. Jack invited us, but in a rather unkind way, I admit. He said: "Come along, and if there's any wind I'll take the starch out of those dudds."

We accepted, of course, though we would not have gone without Miss Swinton, for we did not like yachting any more, they were like Jennie. Miss Swinton was very agreeable and Jennie tried to be, but found herself almost ignored, for we addressed ourselves only to Miss Swinton and Jack. It was lovely weather and we sailed miles and miles down the shore until long after midnight, then dropped the anchor in a little bay to have lunch. Then, just as we had finished and were lighting our cigarettes, and were having the most enjoyable time, who should appear on the beach but the Lobster with a smashed bicycle on his shoulder!

Jack was all excitement at once, and hailed him, but the Lobster started to go the road with his wheel, paying no attention whatever. So Jack jumped into the little boat and pulled ashore. We saw them meet, shake hands and talk a little, then turn back to the beach. Out they came in the boat, talking earnestly, and Charlie and I were awfully afraid that they were explaining things concerning us. But it was only Lobster's way of telling how he had left his repair kit at home and smashed the wheel. He was still talking as he lifted the machine over the rail and climbed up, saying that this meeting saved him a ten-mile tramp to the station. Miss Swinton had gone right down into the cabin when she saw him coming, but my friend and I greeted him decently, and Jennie made some sisterly comments on the condition of his clothes—all dust and mud. He just nodded to Charlie and me, told Jennie to stop sousing, and asked Jack where he was to put his wheel. "Down below," said Jack, and down went Lobster. Charlie and I strained our ears, but there was nothing said, and soon he came up, red as a beet. Miss Swinton, equally constrained and embarrassed, followed in a few moments. In fact it was very embarrassing for all of us except Jack and Jennie. They did not seem to mind.

We started back now, but had not gone far before the wind died away, and it began raining. The young ladies went below, and Charlie and I followed to close all the little round windows in the cabin to keep the rain out. Then we stayed there, in spite of Jack's remarks, for we did not want to spoil our clothes. Lobster, however, remained up in the rain. His clothes could not be spoiled. But we found his old bicycle was right in everybody's way and his sister called to him to take care of it. So he came down too, and was just putting it into a berth—all dirt as it was—when Jack yelled down: "Stand by for a squall. Come up, all of you."

Before we could get to the steps there was an awful sound of wind, and the boat began to tip. We all slid over to the side of the cabin, then a lot of water came down

the steps, the door closed with a bang, and we were in darkness with the floor and ceiling perpendicular. The boat was on her side.

Of course every one screamed—all but Lobster, who swore. He groped his way to the door, but could not open it. Then he growled: "What fool built this death-trap? Door at the side never opening outward."

Just then all the little round windows that were under water opened and let in a perfect rush of it. Lobster yelled to close them, and we had to get right down almost under water in order to do it. But most was broken, and when Lobster bursty of his men to climb up and make the upper ones were screwed tight. When this was done the cabin was half full of water, and we sat on the centre-board-box, which made a broad shelf in the middle. Jennie was awfully frightened—crying like a baby, and she asked her brother if there was any real danger. "We're not sink unless air leaks out," we're floating on compressed air; that's what makes our ears buzz so. The door is under water, and so is the broken deadlight, but the upper ones seem to be tight and the centre-board opens a crack, so not a drop more of water can get in; and before long Jack can get up and make the door tight, and we must remain as quiet as possible."

Then I heard him mutter: "It happened once before." But at the time I did not know what he meant.

We could hear the sound of the storm all about us, and the heels on the door as though he was trying to kick it in. Lobster climbed back and played a tattoo on the ceiling with his knife-handle, and we learned afterward that he was telling him by telegraphy, which both of them understood, to cut away the mast if he could, but to keep the pump going, for it would sink the boat and drown us all.

I was a little frightened, I admit; and I knew Charlie was too, for I heard him saying his prayers, and after a while I heard him crying. He said afterward that he did not cry until he heard me cry, but I know that I did not cry until I heard him cry. I was not so much as Miss Swinton's lips. Lobster had not spoken to her nor she to him.

By this time we could see things by the little light which came through the round windows, and Lobster led the steps and climbed toward his bicycle, which he carried over his shoulder. He was badly damaged, but the big foot-pump which he always carried under the top-bar was intact, and also the tire valves. He unhooked the wire which held one of the valves to the tire and cut off the coupling-screw at the end of the pump-hose, replacing it with the valve, which he had been bound to the neck of the tire. In spite of our danger he was the same ill-mannered boor, for when I asked him why he did that he answered, without looking at me at all: "To make little boys ask questions."

He unscrewed the head of the pump, took out the plug, put it back, I did not understand until afterward that he was changing an air-compressor into an air-extractor—a contrivance to pull air into the cabin. When he had talked with Jack again by his telegraphy, he dived under water and secured a small pump. Now he stood by the pump, telling Charlie to stand by with the pump, he bored a hole in the cabin over our heads, stopped the hole with his finger until Charlie had reached him, and then screwed in the valve—which had an outside thread and was just the size of the hole. Next he firmly pushed the pump into the hole, and it hung upside down. He pumped carefully a few strokes, found that it worked, and said: "Good enough. No present danger of suffocation, though we'll have to pump against two atmospheres at present. Now listen, all of you. One must pump, the rest as quiet as you can consume as little oxygen as possible. You two Miss Nancys will take turns with me at the pump—and if you don't stop that sniveling I'll hold your heads under water until you do."

He was always the same. No extremity of danger or excitement could make him do anything but the best improvement in him. Then began that horrible labor for life which lasted eighteen hours, while Lobster made new plungers for the pump, as they wore out, from the leather in his shoes, and afterward from Charlie's and mine. Jennie stopped crying after a while, and Miss Swinton sat with their arms about each other, while Lobster, Charlie and I took turns at the pumping. By lying face upward on the centre board-box we could just reach the handle and pull downward, but it was awfully hard work, and every breath of air that we pulled in came charged with the odor of the lubricant in the pump.

After a time—a long time, during which Jack, up above, occasionally hammered—the boat began to pitch and toss, and Lobster said that if she were not half full of water she would right herself now even against the weight of the mast and sail. Either the motion of the boat affected me, or it was the bad air, and I became so deathly sick and weak I could not pump. The others continued until Charlie, too, gave out. Then Lobster pumped alone. I noticed how hard and heavy he breathed, and that Miss Swinton was the same. Perhaps it was because they were much larger than the rest of us and really needed more air. I know my own suffering was fresh in my mind. It was afterward that I learned that Miss Swinton was unconscious in Jennie's arms and that I had confessed to Jennie.

I think I went to sleep or fainted after this incident. I know that I did no more pumping, and have a dim recollection of being pushed about; but it seemed to be a week, after the boat tipped over, when I was painfully and severely injured on Saturday afternoon last, when he was bumped off the platform of a car, falling to the track. He succeeded in withdrawing his body from the rails, but his left arm was caught below the elbow and run over at almost right angles. Singular to relate, while the flesh and muscles were badly crushed and torn, the bone was not splintered nor broken.

—Fred Hatfield, employed as car inspector at Long Side, near Huntington, was painfully and severely injured on Saturday afternoon last, when he was bumped off the platform of a car, falling to the track. He succeeded in withdrawing his body from the rails, but his left arm was caught below the elbow and run over at almost right angles. Singular to relate, while the flesh and muscles were badly crushed and torn, the bone was not splintered nor broken.

—Subcribe for the WATCHMAN.

he seemed to be choking. "Are you alive? I can't see—speak, somebody!"

"Here, Jack," said Jennie's voice behind me. "Take Grace."

I looked around, and there was Jennie supporting Miss Swinton and barely able to hold her own head above water. Charlie was climbing out of a berth, and Lobster and quiet and blue in the face and with the awful look of a dead man on it—was leaning against the slanting centre-board box with one hand extended to the handle of the pump.

It did not take us long to get to the door you may be sure; but quick as we were, Jack was ahead of us with his sister, whom he carried as he might have carried a child. He placed her on the deck above. She was breathing, though unconscious. Down he went again and brought up Jennie, who had fainted in his arms, and whom he was kissing as though she were the only girl on earth. Then, taking a long breath, he carried her to the door, and when he brought him he brought the pump too; for though Jack had strength to carry him he had not strength to twist his fingers from the pump handle.

He was not dead, but might have been had the boat ground ten minutes later. While he was going down the tide that righted her, sliding us off the centre-board box, and afterward enabling Jack to open the door. A little pounding and shaking brought Lobster to a breathing condition, and a little cold water dashed in her face revived Jennie. No one talked or wailed or wept, while the eyes were sunken, deep and staring. He had whittled half way through the masts.

Lobster was breathing in great, convulsive sobs, his chest heaving four inches high, and Miss Swinton was not much better. But she came to her senses first, and Jack assisted her to sit up. She looked around in a dazed kind of way, then, spying Lobster flat on his broad back, she pushed Jack away, crawled to Lobster's side, and looked into his face a moment as though she could devour him with her eyes. Then, with a little whimpering moan, she fainted beside him. But Lobster did not know it. He kept telling me to get up and hold her back to consciousness; and when Lobster came to himself, afterward, and sat up, he simply shook hands with Jack and kissed Jennie without saying a word. But he paid no attention to Miss Swinton, nor to Charlie and me; in fact, he never did notice Charlie and me, unless we spoke to him directly. Miss Swinton kept her big dark eyes upon him until his manner became too apparent, then they filled with tears, and she did not look at him any more.

Although we had not eaten for nearly twenty-four hours we were not in the least hungry, but we were very thirsty. We kept telling her to get up and hold her back to consciousness; and when Lobster came to himself, afterward, and sat up, he simply shook hands with Jack and kissed Jennie without saying a word. But he paid no attention to Miss Swinton, nor to Charlie and me; in fact, he never did notice Charlie and me, unless we spoke to him directly. Miss Swinton kept her big dark eyes upon him until his manner became too apparent, then they filled with tears, and she did not look at him any more.

On the way, Jack and Jennie paired off ahead and seemed to be talking earnestly. Lobster, who could not walk with Miss Swinton, and I, who did not care to just then, walked together, leaving Charlie to follow on with Miss Swinton. Suddenly Jack and Jennie stopped, stared hard at Charlie and me, and called to Lobster. He joined them, and they talked for a few moments while I followed Miss Swinton and Charlie; then Jack called his sister and she went back, while Charlie and I walked on. I had to explain now, for he was very curious to know what was going on—and I knew. I knew that Jennie had heard what I had just meant Miss Swinton to hear, and that she was telling me to get up and hold her back to consciousness.

Of course, Charlie called me all kinds of foolish—it is a habit he has—but I would not listen, and turned my back on him to look at the others. Miss Swinton was standing close to Lobster, with one hand on his shoulder. She was talking excitedly, while he looked at her face and then at her eyes that she was crying, and though I could not hear what she was saying I guessed—she was pleading forgiveness. I turned on Charlie and was giving him just as good as he sent when I heard a snarling sound behind me; then Jack was upon me.

His horrible eyes blazed in his horrible face; he was in a perfect fury of rage—certainly insane—and before we could escape he buried his bloody hands in our hair and—never uttering a word, remember—just bumped our heads together. It was torture. He held us while we called for help, and bumped and bumped and bumped. And Miss Swinton and Lobster and Jennie merely looked on—never offering to interfere. At last, just as I thought I was going to faint, let go and Charlie went one way while I went the other. We swooned in earnest then, and when we recovered they were gone; so we went home without them.

We have not seen any of the four since then, as we have not gone into society very much lately; but we have learned that the two weddings will come off together. However, there is one thing that Charlie and I are agreed upon—if we are invited we will just send our regrets.—By Morgan Robertson in Saturday Evening Post.

—By the accidental discharge of a gun James Barry, aged 19, son of Henry Barry, of Mount Airy, Fulton, lies at the point of death. He started out to enjoy the first days' gunning of the season. Before crossing a fence near his home he rested his gun against a post, when the top of the rail broke and Harry fell on the weapon, which struck his shoulder and his right arm fell helplessly at his side. Pluckily holding the member to his side he ran to his home, a quarter of a mile distant. There are no hopes of saving his life.

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Wonderful Growth of Many Cities.

Figures That Show Notable Facts as to 159 Municipalities. Of These 28 Have Over 100,000. Pittsburg, Seattle, Los Angeles, Kansas City, Kan., Portland, Ore., Birmingham and Other Places Make Great Advances. Nebraska Has Decreased. Three Places in the State of Washington Indicate the Most Significant Advance in the Last Decade.

The Census Bureau summarizes the returns of population of cities having 25,000 inhabitants or more in 1900. There are 159 of these, and the bulletin shows that the percentage of increase in their population from 1890 to 1900 was 32.5, as against 49.5 for the same cities in the previous decade. The absolute increase in the population of these cities from 1890 to 1900 was 4,839,136, or 82,426 less than the absolute increase from 1880 to 1890, when it was 4,921,562. The 159 cities combined have a population in 1900 of 19,694,625 against 14,855,459 in 1890 and 9,933,927 in 1880.

Of this 159 cities, divided into four classes, 19 had 200,000 and over, 19 had 100,000 and under 200,000; 40 had 50,000 and under 100,000, and 81 had 25,000 and under 50,000.

In 1880 there were but 20 cities which contained more than 100,000 inhabitants, but in 1890 this number had increased to 28, and in 1900 to 38.

In 1900 there are 78 cities of 50,000 inhabitants or more, as compared with 58 in 1890 and 35 in 1880.

NINETEEN FIRST-CLASS CITIES. The combined population in 1900 of the 19 cities of the first class is 11,795,509, as against a population in 1890 of 8,870,105, representing an increase during the ten years of 2,916,704 or 32.8 per cent. The same cities showed an increase from 1880 to 1890 of 2,567,452 or 40.6 per cent.

The 19 cities of the first class comprise New York, which with more than 3,000,000 inhabitants, properly stands by itself; two cities, Chicago and Philadelphia, each of which has a population in excess of a million; three cities, St. Louis, Boston and Baltimore, which have a population of half a million each; five cities, Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh, which have a population of between three and four hundred thousand each, and eight cities—New Orleans, Detroit, Milwaukee, Washington, Newark, Jersey City, Louisville and Minneapolis—which have a population of between two and three hundred thousand each.

SOME NOTABLE CHANGES. Since the announcement through the newspaper press of the population of cities having 25,000 inhabitants or more at the present census, some changes have been made including these: Philadelphia, population of ward 22 decreased from 64,832 to 64,655, and the population of ward 24 increased from 53,023 to 53,200. This makes no change in the total population of the city.

York (Pa.) population increased from 33,675 to 33,708, owing to an increase in the population of ward 12 from 4540 to 4594.

Cleveland and Buffalo have both increased materially in population during the last ten years, and now take precedence over San Francisco and Cincinnati, which, in 1890 were the seventh and eighth places in order of population.

Pittsburg is now the eleventh largest city in the country, having exchanged places with New Orleans.

BIG JUMPS IN POPULATION. Among the most notable changes in the rank of cities which has taken place in 1900, as compared with 1890, may be mentioned that of Seattle, which has advanced from the one hundred and fiftieth to forty-eighth place; Los Angeles, from the one hundred and thirty-fifth to the thirty-sixth place; Duluth from the one hundred and fifty-sixth place to the seventy-second place; Kansas City, Kansas, from the one hundred and fifty-third to the seventy-sixth place; and Portland, Oregon, from the one hundred and sixth to the forty-second place.

Other notable changes in rank from 1880 to 1900 are Birmingham, from 154 to 99; Tacoma, from 155 to 103; Spokane, from 157 to 105; Dallas, from 137 to 68; and Saginaw, from 136 to 59.

STATES WITH NO BIG CITIES. The following named States and Territories in 1900 do not contain any city with a population of 25,000 or more; Arizona, Idaho, Indian Territory, Mississippi, Nevada, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Vermont and Wyoming.

Of the whole number of cities having 25,000 inhabitants or more in 1900, 70 are found in North Atlantic division, 48 in the North Central division, 18 in the South Central division, 12 in the Western division, and 11 in the South Atlantic division. Massachusetts has the largest number of such cities, namely, 20, and is followed by Pennsylvania, with 18, and New York, with 12.

MOST SIGNIFICANT GROWTH. The most significant growth of cities is that for the three cities in the State of Washington, namely Seattle, Spokane and Tacoma. These cities combined had only 4981 inhabitants in 1880, but their population had increased to 98,765 in 1890, and to 155,233 in 1900, the increase during the past decade being equivalent to 57.1 per cent.

Nebraska is the only State in which the combined population of the cities contained therein showed a decrease from 1890 to 1900.

Of the total population represented by the 159 cities in 1900 (19,694,625) 10,108,696, or 51.3 per cent, is contained in the 70 cities situated in the North Atlantic division, and 6,071,861, or 30.8 per cent, in the 48 cities situated in the North Central division, leaving only 17.9 per cent for the remaining cities situated in the other three geographical divisions.

Wilkesbarre Miners Hold a Jubilee. The miners of the Wyoming Valley had a celebration on Saturday in honor of their victory. In Wilkesbarre there was a parade of the members of local assemblies of United Mine Workers. Ten thousand men were in line and music was furnished by several brass bands. The men all carried banners of patriotic colors. Entire good nature prevailed throughout the march, and when the officers of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal company were reached the men gave three rousing cheers, thus showing the good feeling which exists between the men who are nearly all employees of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre, and the officials of the company.

The Mine Workers of Georgetown and vicinity had a monster demonstration Saturday evening to celebrate their victory.

The World's Largest Toy Factory. The largest toy factory in the world is in New York, where playthings in tin are manufactured literally by the million. It stands five stories high, and turns out 1,807 distinct varieties of tin toys. The output of circular tin whistles is 2,000,000 per annum.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

The indiscriminate collection of a variety of dishes does not constitute a good menu, no matter how abundant the various eatables may be in themselves. The selection requires to be made with a view not only to variety but to a proper sequence of courses and diversity as regards appearance flavor and garnishing. To the ordinary diner, and perhaps to the majority of women diners, the absence of these points may not be conspicuously apparent. But the gourmet regards and studies them just as the artist studies color harmonies, and it is as much distressed by a poorly arranged dinner as he is of the brush by a miserable composition.

Position soup should be followed by a fish, plainly fried, roasted or grilled, accompanied by a sauce that in no way resembles the soup. Or if clear soup be chosen, the fish may be supreme de truite. When selecting the entrees, care should be taken that the first at least is entirely different in character and appearance from the first and second courses, as they are in every way a contrast to the first. And if one of the entrees is of the croquette order, that is without sauce, it should be served before the salmis or vol-au-vent. Be careful that the sherbit in no way resembles the ice pudding and appearance from the fish and the second course, as they are in every way a contrast to the first. And if one of the entrees is of the croquette order, that is without sauce, it should be served before the salmis or vol-au-vent. Be careful that the sherbit in no way resembles the ice pudding and appearance from the fish and the second course, as they are in every way a contrast to the first. 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