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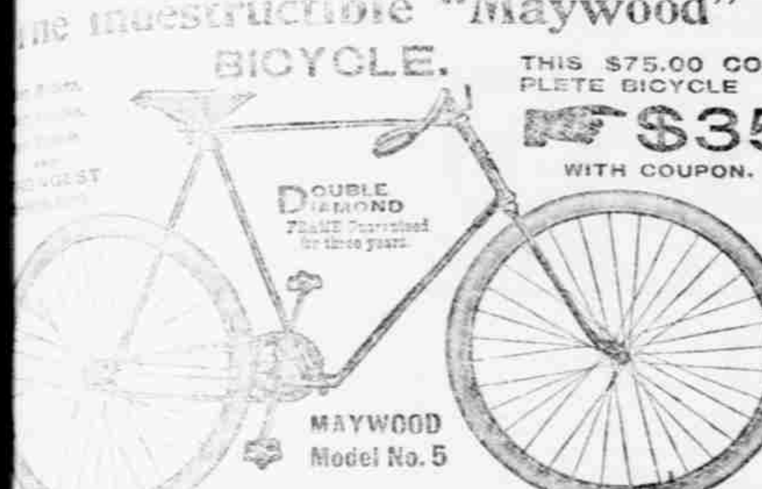

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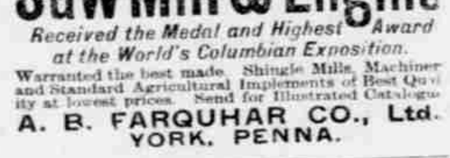

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THAT LITTLE ROOM, TOP FLOOR.

Our dream came true, and we own—we two—
The beautiful home we planned
In the old glad times of the sweetest rhymes,
When I sought your fair, white hand—
When my heart's request was to build a nest,
"Next thing to Heaven!" I swore;
And it was, for oh, Love dwelt, you know,
In that little back room, top floor.

It seemeth well we here should dwell,
And settle us down and sup,
And sing our lays to the good old days
When we could not settle up.
"With thanks" came back my rhymes, alack!
And our hearts were sometimes sore
When the landlord sent for his past due rent
Of the little back room, top floor.

Like a fleeting year it seems, my dear,
But I know it was long ago,
For your tresses rare are now more fair
Than they were at the time—you know—
(The months my brain in a wild, deep pain,
Refused to serve us more)—
They were sold to stay the wolf away
From the little back room, top floor.

The gods have brought the gifts we sought,
For we own our vine and roof;
But my heart still strays to the strange, sweet days
When the Muses held aloof.
And my thought's fleet ship makes many a trip
To a far-off golden shore,
While I steal the themes for all my dreams
From that little back room, top floor.
—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

SOCIETY AS IT IS.

Characters: Frank Blair, a husband; Mrs. Blair and Alan Kemble, friends; Laura Kemble, a wife.

Scene: Veranda at "Nolleys," Blair's country residence. Time: After lunch. Temperature 80 degrees in the shade. Mrs. Blair and Alan Kemble are discovered in wicker chairs.

Kemble (glancing at the tennis court)—What energy! but there, at 20, one is willing to play tennis under any conditions. Myself, I am—

Mrs. Blair (fanning herself)—I should say, 40, if you are a day.

Kemble (starting nervously, but recovering himself quickly)—I was not meditating any reference to my age, but for the sake of accuracy, if you will refer to your Browning Birthday Book, you will discover that I was 35 on the 1st of April last.

Mrs. Blair (doubtfully)—Thirty-five!

Kemble—The perfect age! In the full bloom of manly—of manhood!

Mrs. Blair—Thank you! If I desire an impression, I will consult Laura.

Kemble (hastily)—Do no such thing. No man is a hero to his—wife.

Mrs. Blair (laughing)—Look at those dear old sillies!

(Kemble looks. Sees his wife and Frank Blair through an open window; the two figures sitting at the further end of a dimly-lit room are just distinguishable. They are engaged in a game of chess.)

Mrs. Blair—I draw the line at playing chess with Blair.

Kemble—Chess is Laura's pet nuisance.

Mrs. Blair—Nuisance?

Kemble—Yes, it is a cultivated vice. I do not play myself, but being a perfect husband—

Mrs. Blair—A man who periodically realizes that a wife may possibly have a wish she would like gratified.

Kemble (treating the remark with the contempt he thinks it deserves)—But, being a perfect husband, I do not care that she shall pine away for want of her favorite recreation. This is the sole reason of my coming to the "Nolleys" so often.

Mrs. Blair—You mean it is why I tolerate the frequency of your visits. We are of mutual assistance to one another.

Kemble—Exactly.

Mrs. Blair—"A week's chess for Frank" scribbled on my mental diary completely subdues any feeling that he may have been hurt by my—

Kemble (murmuring)—Neglect.

Mrs. Blair (frowning)—Compulsory attendance to the demands of social life.

Kemble (enthusiastically)—And Laura, she is such a quiet little thing, with perfect simplicity of taste! She cares little for the glamor of a London season, much preferring her country home, and completely happy in the society of her—

Mrs. Blair (quickly)—Now, Frank, he would positively go nowhere unless I made—unless he thought it would give me pleasure.

Kemble (who wanted to have finished his sentence)—I wonder what a man of his disposition saw in you?

Mrs. Blair—Probably what a man generally sees in the woman he falls head over ears in love with.

Kemble—In that case, nothing; his powers of perception are temporarily removed.

Mrs. Blair (with a becoming blush)—You cannot expect me to fathom the mystery.

Kemble—I suppose not. Anyhow, you are fortunate; he is a good chess player.

Mrs. Blair—How should I know? I have only played a few games with him—soon after we met.

Kemble—Ah! I remember your infatuation for the game that week; the next you were engaged.

Mrs. Blair (thinking it is time to change the subject)—Frank thinks Laura a sensible woman.

Kemble—I have a fairly good opinion of her myself.

Mrs. Blair—And it is so convenient that they agree so well; the old dears are simply started with chess, a microscope or cribbage, and we are left entirely free to—

Kemble—Discuss politics.

Mrs. Blair—And the agricultural question. Not one little bit of anxiety. I can even have girls like Alma Stafford in the house.

Kemble—Yes. Laura and Blair give absurdly little trouble.

Mrs. Blair (thoughtfully)—They would not have been badly matched.

Kemble—Ridiculous! Married people should never be of a similar temperament. They would wish to be always together. When is a woman to know what perfect freedom is unless it is when she is married?

Mrs. Blair—You mean freedom to devote her attention entirely to one man—her husband.

Kemble (glancing at the chess-players)—Exactly.

Mrs. Blair (toying with her chatelaine)—Have you ever considered a different marriage for yourself?

Kemble—No, not since I have been married.

Mrs. Blair—You are satisfied?

Kemble—Absolutely! (With enthusiasm.) Mine has proved a perfect union.

Mrs. Blair (after some hesitation)—And yet—

Kemble (reflects for a moment, then in a decided tone)—Yes, I will assist you. You wish to recall a period prior to your week's infatuation for chess-playing.

Mrs. Blair (tolerably successful in a look of blank amazement)—What are you talking about?

Kemble—Yes, it was very absurd.

Mrs. Blair (her memory reviving)—Pardon me, you were.

Kemble (chuckling)—To think I wished to marry you.

Mrs. Blair (laughing)—Ridiculous!

Kemble—How absolutely tired of one another we should have been by now.

Mrs. Blair—Bored to death! It was Providence that sent Blair just then.

Kemble—And Laura a month after!

Mrs. Blair—We have both been very clever.

Kemble—Clever is the right word. It was a fortunate event in our lives, and as such revealed an astounding vein of common sense. If we had married, the "remorseless hand of fate" would have been clearly betrayed.

Mrs. Blair—To sum up, we have been provided with admirable partners to share the responsibilities of life.

Kemble—To bear the responsibilities, and provided ourselves with companions to share the irresponsibilities.

Mrs. Blair—What are the irresponsibilities of life, pray?

Kemble—Material for paragraphs in the society papers.

Mrs. Blair (with an attempt at severity)—I think it is time to join the "admirable partners." (Turning round and calling to the chess-players.) Have you nearly finished your game, Frank?

Another Voice—Your husband is not here, Mrs. Blair.

Kemble (laughing)—Why, I declare, it's young Trollope and Miss Steadman? I wonder where the others are.

(A short interval. Frank Blair and Alma Stafford have strolled up.)

Mrs. Blair (not altogether pleased)—Whatever have you two creatures been doing?

Alma (frankly)—Mr. Blair has been telling me such delightful fairy tales in the conservatory!

Kimble (softly)—Fairy tales in the afternoon! O! Blair, I thought you were playing chess with Laura.

Blair (stroking his mustache nervously)—I was only recounting a few folk-lore stories, and Miss Stafford was good enough to be interested in them.

(Kemble gives him a kindly shake of the head. Laura comes across the lawn to the veranda.)

Laura—O! Alan, whatever do you think—I have been learning?

Kemble—My dear girl, how should—?

Laura—Capt. Strickland has been teaching me ecarte in the summer house.

Kemble—Has he? (Gratefully.) How extremely kind of him! (He recollects that he does not particularly care for Strickland.)

Laura—O! he's delightful, Alan!

(Later: Mrs. Kemble and Blair are alone again.)

Mrs. Blair (thoughtfully)—I am not sure, Mr. Kemble, but that I shall not take up some interesting study, such as—

Kemble—Chess, or folk-lore stories?

Mrs. Blair—Perhaps; and you?

Kemble (airily)—O! I shall go with the tide.

Mrs. Blair—Yes?

Kemble—And teach my wife poker and the three-card trick.—Black and White.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

Carrots are delicacies to horses and cattle. When animals are sick and refuse food they may sometimes be tempted to eat carrots, which shows that they stand at the head of all root crops as food for the stock.

The freezing point of potatoes is 30.2 degrees, and they must not be kept in the light. Keep them at a temperature between 34 and 40 degrees (the lower the temperature the better), so as to prevent sprouting.

When large numbers of stock are fed together the stronger will continually crowd away the weaker ones, who fail to procure enough food to be in good, thrifty condition. Such an unequal division causes an increase in the cost. It is better to divide up into reasonably small lots, according to size, age and condition.

A veteran broncho breaker gives the following as a sure way to cure a horse of kicking: "Tie one of his forelegs with a rope to his hind leg on the other side. As soon as he starts to kick he jerks his front leg off the ground and he goes down in a heap. Two or three doses of that kind will cure the worst case you can find."

The larger the animal the more it costs to maintain it, as a rule, hence it will cost much more in proportion to weight to produce a hog weighing 300 pounds than one weighing 100 pounds. Consequently there is a larger profit per pound from the small hog than from the large one, and the farmer can keep more small hogs than he can of large ones.

THE SENTIMENT OF WORDS.

Tears—The perspiration of grief.

Smiles—The visible expression of unspoken texts.

To Love—An irregular verb never conjugated without an auxiliary.

Society—A tribunal composed of friends where one is condemned only for contempt of court.

Scales (practicing)—Studies which exercise the fingers of the pianist and the patience of the neighbors.

Second Marriage—A second edition with additions from the note book of experience, but few corrections.

To Live a Holy Life—As some people would have it. To make a hell of earth with the expectation of a recompense in the hereafter of a paradise in Heaven.

—I respect the man who knows distinctly what he wishes. The greater part of all the mischief in the world arises from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labor on the foundation than would be necessary to erect a hut.—Goethe.

NAMES WRIT ON WATER.

Evanescent Reputations of Persons Who Flitted on the Stage.

"Theatrical reputation is the most evanescent of all glories of life," sadly observed the old actor, drawing his last summer's overcoat around him a little tighter, according to the New York Herald.

"That's so," responded the agent, "and nothing reminds one of this more than an acquaintance with the bill-rooms of the old theaters about the country. You know they have a way of posting up bills and lithographs in the bill-rooms—that part of the theater in which the bills are laid out, and which is the lounging place of the traveling agents, the billposters, advertising men, etc., and preserving a sort of record of the celebrated actors, companies and scenes that have been at that particular house. Sometimes this is done systematically, with an idea for general pictorial effect, and then looks very pretty. But more often it is the freak of some billposter, who slaps up a full length figure, or a lithograph head, or something grotesque, the whole collection forming a curious and sometimes nightmarish jumble.

"In the older bill-rooms will be seen pictures of bygone favorites of the American stage—of many persons who were famous the other day and who today are quite forgotten. They are usually represented in their favorite costume and part. Some of these were the rage but a few years ago—drew big salaries and had everything their own way. There are women who actually queened it over the whole country—made thousands and drank champagne and wore a princess' diamonds. Why, their very names are forgotten! I am not an old-timer, though I'm familiar with the stage, and I tell you I've been actually startled suddenly to come across these pictures on the bill-room walls, and to be thus reminded what they had been, and to be set to thinking what had become of them!"

SAVED FROM DROWNING.

The Heroism of a Miller in Rescuing a Little Girl.

The brave work of a miller in saving a little girl from drowning is described by the Indianapolis Journal. The mill-owner and his wife, it appears, had gone to the city, leaving an eight-year-old girl at home. With other children she went down to the mill to play, and by some accident fell into the sluice which feeds the turbine wheel.

The head miller heard a scream, and not knowing what had happened, applied a brake and stopped the machinery. Then he ran out, found the little girl just disappearing under the water, and in he went after her.

Then he found himself in a hard place. The water was eight feet deep, and he was four feet below the top of the sluice, the sides of which were as smooth as a polished floor. The girl was unconscious. How was he to get her out?

It took one hand to hold her head above water, and the other to keep himself from sinking. He must try to throw her out, and this, by a great effort, he did. But the rebound drove him under water and against the wheel, where he was in great danger of being caught and held. He came up again, however, and now a new difficulty confronted him. How was he to get out himself? He sank to the bottom, gave an upward spring, and as he came up half-blinded, succeeded in catching the top of the sluice. Then, by the greatest exertions, he drew himself out.

The girl was still unconscious, but by vigorous measures was at last revived.

PERSONNEL OF THE NAVY.

Desertions from Uncle Sam's Ships Are Few and Far Between.

The report from Washington to the effect that 4,000 bluejackets are needed to man the new vessels of the American navy about to go into commission recalls a remark made by Admiral Bunce one day last summer, says the New York Mail and Express. The North Atlantic squadron lay at anchor off Staten Island and Father Knickerbocker and his country visitors were going down to quarantine daily to look at the splendid fighting ships. A reporter went aboard the flagship one morning and enjoyed a pleasant chat with the gallant admiral. Said he:

"The type of man-of-war's-man of to-day is far different from the old time bluejacket. Desertions are almost unknown from the navy now. Here is a vessel which cost in round numbers $2,000,000. The men consider it their home and they take an immense amount of pride in it. How many men are there ashore who can sleep and eat in a house which cost as much money? Look about you and note the faces of the bluejackets here."

The sailormen in sight were certainly a fine-looking lot. The admiral surveyed them admiringly and then said: "So far as the personnel of the crew goes the vessels in the American navy are away ahead of those of any foreign power."

DISCREDITING THE HUMANITIES.

The College Bought "Mugs of the Old Greek Duffers."

It is charged, with a good deal of vigor and generality of statement, that the college fills the mind with useless knowledge and trains it in antiquated methods of thought and action, says the Forum. In the same breath it is added that the scientific school gives practical knowledge and that its training is vital. The comparison between the dead languages and the modern is made—always to the credit of the modern. The value of modern history and of economic science is made to appear greater than that of ancient history and of philosophy. Scientific studies are lauded as by far the most precious. The humanities are discredited. I remember hearing at a hotel table a conversation between two recent graduates of the scientific school of a rich and famous university. "Mr. ——," said one, "gave several thousand dollars for any use the officers wished to make of the money. And what do you think they did with it? Why, instead of buying something useful, they spent it all in buying some mugs of the old Greek duffers." It was evident that the study of the humanities had not seriously influenced the manners nor the linguistic tastes of the graduates in question.

AN ARMY COQUETTE.

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

In civil life, the good old days were at a time not nearer than 50 years apast; but in the service, a sun that rose ten years ago shone on a good old day. There are railroads now, and big garrisons near towns, and there are no Indians (as good old soldiers, understood Indians), and gambling is in discredit, and colonels whose orders are obscured by liquor fumes have decreased 98 per cent., and there are houses with every improvement instead of wall-tents and adobe huts, and the men have as many rights as women in Wyoming, and the officers have fresh oysters and don't pay a dollar a bottle for beer, and their wives have more interesting subjects to consider than each other's most sacredly private business—wherefore there is no longer war in time of peace. Nevertheless, 10, 15, 20 years ago—when all these things were not—was the good old time before the service had begun to go to the particular bow-wows.

This that I am going to tell happened in the good old days. It could not very well happen now, because, as I say, things have changed. At the time Betty Mandeville's father was in command at Apache and Betty was engaged to be married to an unusually fine fellow whose name is not part of the story. He was a second lieutenant and he was in love, with all the beautiful disregard of the facts of life that is characteristic of the enamored state.

Of course the post knew of the engagement before either of the two most interested parties did. This was because this happened in the good old days. For the same reason—though it can occur sometimes even now—opinions on the match flew thick and fast and obscured the sky of charity. They said that the second lieutenant was making a fool of himself, which was the only unkind remark he fell heir to. But Betty fared worse. She came of a bad strain. There were things in the histories of both her parents that every one knew and no one was supposed to know. Her father was English and had been a jockey. He was the son of a concert-hall singer and a man whose only nobility was his birth.

Miss Mandeville, who was more Mexican than Spanish—bore a good Castilian name which covered a multitude of sins.

There were any number of Mandeville children younger than Betty, and all unmistakably favoring their swarthy mother. They were so dirty that they were a disgrace to the post. But Betty was tidy—as to dress—and was blonde; fluffily, curlily blonde, with a fine skin and innocent blue eyes and a rosebud mouth. It was said she looked like an English professional beauty; but there was no one to recognize the startling likeness to the concert-hall grandmother. She had a taste for laces, and hosiery, and high-heeled slippers, that may have been either a Spanish or theatrical inheritance. And she was beautiful beyond a question, with a beauty that was only skin deep.

After she had promised to marry the second lieutenant, Betty went down to Lowell to visit her aunt, who was her mother's sister and was the wife of Capt. Locke. Betty knew that she would enjoy herself more if the engagement were kept a secret. She could keep it quiet, because it was in the good old days and news traveled slowly and distances were great.

On the second day of her stay her aunt took her to stay over night with Senor Franquelo in Tucson. Which was the beginning.

The Franquelo family was large, and most of it dwelt in the one house—an adobe with the external whitewash broken off in oddly-shaped pieces, and built as all adobes were built in the good old days—one story around a courtyard. There was nothing in the courtyard but chickens and ollas—broken and otherwise—for the soil of Tucson is not fertile. Outside, where the narrow doorway faced upon the street, hardly less white under the burning sun than the whitened walls that lined it, a mocking-bird cage of willow hung against the house, with a red chile stuck between its bars. It was the first time Betty had been under the ancestral roof.

Besides her grandmother, who was more unpleasant than the aunts, there were many cousins, male and female. Of these, two—second cousins—were in love. They were Carlos and Ines. In less than ten minutes Carlos had deserted black-browed Ines and was languishing at Betty with his two soft eyes. Ines was openly wretched, Carlos openly infatuated, Betty openly flirting. But Carlos did not know that.

Betty and her aunt went back to Lowell the next day, and the same evening Carlos rode over to the post to see her.

There were six officers calling on Miss Mandeville, so Carlos sat apart and sulked; but he outstayed them all. When they had gone, after a supper of canned oyster stew and tamales, he drew his chair close beside the sofa upon which Betty was half reclining.

"Wy do you like doze ooffeecers better dan me?" he asked her.

"I don't," said Betty; "they're a bore."

"Do you noot, truly?"

"Of course I don't; how could I?"

Carlos was not accustomed to Betty's like, and, as even those who should have known better, had believed her, because of her round, blue eyes, he was not to be blamed for his faith. "Would you rader talk to me?"

"A great deal rather."

"But dey haf stayed so late dat I must soon go."

"It's not late. It's only half-past twelve. It would be too bad of you to go just when we begin to get a chance to settle down to a nice, cozy talk."

Carlos persisted coyly. "But you weel weesh to sleep."

"Very well," Miss Mandeville shrugged her shoulders, "then you had better go. Ines may get angry if you stay, and you like her more than you do me."

Carlos denied this in words that were neither kind nor just to Ines; but Betty damned her with faint praise.

She was not a clever conversationalist, nor was Carlos Franquelo, but they kept each other interested until very late, and when Carlos went home Betty stepped out to the front porch with him and put her hand in his, with the least bit of a pressure.

"Can I kees you?" Carlos asked, baldly.

"I suppose so—because we're cousins, you know," Betty assured him, as she raised her innocent face to his handsome Mexican one.

He whispered: "I lofe you, oh! I lofe you. You are beeutiful, beeutiful," and Betty laughed a little, and told him he was silly, when they had only known each other for two days.

Now, with Betty's beauty and other attractiveness, it was natural that she should have a great deal of attention from the bachelors, but Carlos' devotion was so marked that they drew off one by one, leaving the field pretty much to him. They resented Betty's permitting the young Mexican to follow her about incessantly, even though he were a second cousin. As for the girl, until it was too late she did not see the harm she was doing. Then all the officers had deserted her and there was only Carlos. Well, Carlos was handsome and good enough game, so she led him on.

It was not her fault, surely, that she didn't know the ways of Mexican lovers. She had told plenty of other men that she loved them, and nothing had happened. But one night she told this to Carlos at his urgent request, and the next day, at about "stables," as she was swinging lazily in the hammock on the porch, she saw three buggies, containing two men each, coming up the line. In the first sat Carlos and his brother, in the others, remoter male relatives.

Betty guessed the truth at once, and her pink cheeks turned white. She ran into the house, and screamed loudly for her uncle.

"Oh! Uncle Nat," she begged, when she found him in his room, "Carlos, and Jose, and all his nasty old relatives are coming here. Send them away, won't you? Please do." She clung to his arm.

"Why shall I send them away? Are they going to murder the poor little girl?"

"No, no, no. But I think they're going to ask you to let me marry them!"

"All of them?"

Betty lost her temper and flew into a white rage. "Stop your fool joking, and do what I say! You tell them I'm sick, and tell that—Carlos that I hate him." She ran and hid just as the bell clanged.

Carlos found the captain, and made his demand in due form. The young lady's father not being there, he felt that her uncle could take the place of a parent. He wished to ask the hand of his beautiful niece, knowing that she herself was willing to bestow it.

"How do you know that?" the captain asked.

"She tell me so."

"When?"

"Las' night. She tell me dat she lofed me, so to-day I come for to ask her from you."

"Are you sure she said she loved you, Franquelo?"

"Oh! yiss, sairtinly. She kees me, also."

The captain left the room and went to find his niece. "Elizabeth, that fellow says that you told him you loved him. Did you?"

"The old fool!"

"Did you?"

"Supposing I did? He made me. He's an idiot to think I mean every little thing I say."

"Did you kiss him?"

"No."

The captain's face cleared—then he bethought him of the ways of women. "Did you let him kiss you?"

"Perhaps. I don't know."

He caught her hand. "Come in here to Franquelo and explain yourself. You'd better say you'll marry him after that proceeding."

Betty was frightened. Her defiance changed to pleading. "Please don't make me see him, Uncle Nat, dear. Please."

"Come on."

"But, Uncle Nat, I can't say I'll marry him. I was only fooling. I'm engaged to another man."

Capt. Locke dropped her hand and returned to the sitting-room.

"Franquelo," he said, coldly, for he disliked his nephew sincerely, "I regret that this unpleasant thing should have happened to you under my roof. My niece tells me that she was not in earnest, and she is soon to marry another man. However, she will not stay another day with me to trouble you or anyone else. I shall send her home to-night."

Carlos' face, as he silently left the room, was an ugly sight.

Betty was sitting sulkily in the waiting-room at the Tucson station about 7:30 o'clock the same night. Her uncle was seeing to the checking of her trunk outside. When he came back, a man whom he recognized even in the late twilight as Carlos Franquelo ran past him, toward a horse that stood in the street a few yards away; and, going hurriedly to where he had left his niece, he found her lying full length on the floor and dead. Her yellow curls were wet and dark with blood, and her face was quite disfigured because the pistol had been held close to it.

When the news was broken to the second lieutenant, he called Providence a great many hard names. Which is frequently all the thanks Providence gets for doing us a good turn.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Roast Turkey with Giblet Sauce.

Select a fat young hen turkey. Singe and wash. Fill with rich bread or cracker dressing, well seasoned, and if liked, two onions may be finely minced and added to the dressing. Stuff both body and breast with this. Lay the turkey in the basting pan and pour two cupfuls of hot water around it. Bake slowly but steadily, basting frequently. Allow from 10 to 12 minutes a pound, if the fowl is a young one, but 15 or more if it is an old, tough one. To make the giblet sauce, boil the heart, liver and gizzard in two quarts of water for two hours. Take up, chop fine and return to the gravy with a spoonful of flour. Season with salt and pepper, and pour in the pan in which the turkey was cooked, and stir, and serve. Serve this sauce in gravy boat.

CURIOSITIES.

Each salmon produces about 20,000,000 eggs.

Sugar is an ancient luxury. The Chinese have been eating it for at least 3,000 years.

The only woman's face that has ever adorned United States paper money is that of Martha Washington.

Central park, in New York city, is two and one-half miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide; it covers 862 acres.

In some parts of Syria, Palestine and Arabia fig trees and date palms are counted, and a tax is levied on each tree.

The oldest university in the world is El Azhar, meaning "the splendid," situated at Cairo. It is the greatest Mohammedan school, and has clear records dating 975.

The method by which sponges are propagated (when left to themselves) is one of those mooted scientific questions. Some declare that they are reproduced from true eggs; others are equally positive that they are propagated from buds.

Looking-glasses were used by Anglo-Saxon women, slung to their girdles. The same custom obtained in the time of Elizabeth and James I. They formed the center of many fans at that period and later. Before glass was invented horn was used and metal.

It is said that the leaf of the Mexico pineapple is very valuable, inasmuch as it furnishes a fiber of such strength and fineness that it can be made into ropes, twine, thread, mats, bagging, hammocks and paper. A fabric as fine and beautiful as silk is made from it too.

Her majesty's ship Simoon was two days out from Cape Good Hope, when a squall came up which precipitated a veritable shower of ice. In his report Capt. Blakiston says: "It was not a hailstorm at all, but a shower of irregularly-shaped pieces of solid ice of different dimensions, some of them as large as a paving brick."

FACIAL SYMPTOMS.

Indications That Tell a Doctor What You May Be Suffering From.

When a doctor looks at you in the street he may know your ailments. Facial expression can and does to a considerable extent indicate the character of disease from a diagnostic and prognostic point of view.

Pain is invariably clearly written on the face. Contraction of the brow indicates pain in the head. Sharpness and contraction about the nostrils indicate pain in the chest. A drawing of the upper lip indicates pain in the abdomen.

The upper third of the face is modified in expression in affections of the brain, the middle third in diseases of the chest and the lower third in those of the abdominal organs. Heart disease is indicated by blue lips, high-colored, mottled cheeks, paleness about the nose and mouth and puffiness of the face generally.

Kidney diseases are shown by puffiness of the lower eyelids and pale face. There is a drawing of the muscles of the mouth as if the patient were laughing in a sardonic way in tetanus or lockjaw, an intense expression of mingled fear and anxiety in hydrophobia and of deep anxiety in asphyxia.

Then there are the flushed face and bright eye of typhus and pneumonia, the bright cheek and pale face of consumption and the dull, heavy, stupid expression in the faces of children suffering from swollen tonsils or growth at the back of the nose.—N. Y. Journal.

SHE WAS THRIFTY.

One Woman Made $2,200 with a Thrashing Machine.

A woman thrasher is a novelty—that is, outside of the schoolhouse or home. And the one in question is a genuine thrasher of the golden grain of the northwest, says the Minneapolis Journal. She came into one of the Minneapolis farm machinery houses the other day to make her final payment on her machine. This was startling and marked her as a woman of business capacity; for the man who makes a full payment on a thrasher this season is regarded as an exceptionally good man. That the lady in question had a business head is further evidenced by the fact that she succeeded in "working" the manager of the establishment for $2.50, the amount of her fare home.

She innocently told him that to pay her bill in full would take every cent she had and she must take out enough to get home. While the manager gently demurred at receipting the bill in full with this discount off, she ingeniously hinted that it would cost more than $2.50 to send a collector after the balance, and he tumbled to the situation as gracefully as possible. Mrs. Thrasher (or perhaps it is Miss) said that she had made $2,200 out of her machine and had 187 stacks of grain to finish this winter, which she proposed to do if the snow was hub deep. Considering the fact that many machines are being taken back on mortgages this year, no one can successfully maintain that a woman is not adapted to this new field for woman's activity.

TURNS OUT BESSEMER STEEL.

Oxide Successfully Extracted from Rock by Edison with the Use of Electricity.

When Thomas Edison began experimenting with electricity as a means of extracting iron oxide from rock a shiver ran through the spinal columns of iron mine owners. Then the matter was forgotten and the public heard nothing more about magnetic separators until a few days ago, when the news came out that the method was not only perfected, but that by it 5,000 tons of bessemer steel were being turned out every day at Edison, N. J. Mr. Edison has been developing his newest discovery quietly, and now his smelting works and their appurtenant buildings cover many acres among the Jersey mountains. The rock is blasted out of open quarries, 5,000 tons at a time, and carried by enormous electric cranes to rollers which crush the largest bowlders as if they were lump sugar. After passing through a series of these rollers the fine rock falls past 700 magnets, which extract the ore, sending it along to the furnaces almost free from extraneous matter. From the furnaces the ore issues in nuggets of bessemer steel ready for the mills.