See the wheeler with his wheel, How many murderous thoughts pass through our mind as past he steals;

As he glides along the pave With the silence of the grave, And the cry-tallinio glittering of nickel plated steel

Bursts upon the enraptured sight, As it flashes dazzling bright, Till the gamins with delight (Which the ordinary mortal and pedestrian

cannot feel), Yell out; "See the blooming hijit on his altitood'nous wheel," On his lofty and exalted and velocipedie

On his wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel, On his lofty and velocipedic wheel,

Hear the tir kiing of his bel!, Lattle bell. As it warns the folks to give him room before be gives them Tophet.

And he dings it all the while, With a feeble, vacant smile, As he works nis number twelve in a rhyth mic kind of style,

And the people, ah! they think, As they hear that tinkle tink : "Here comes old Darwin's lost one! here comes the missing link." And they positively feel Like smashing up his wheel,

And implanting on his pantaloons wounds that wouldn't heal; That would cause him to stand upright as he takes his midday meal, And would give him heaps of trouble as he

sat upon his wheel, On his wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel. On his nickel-plated, highly-polished wheel.

A Gambler's Wife.

"What new beauty have we here, Carl?" I asked, taking a small colored picture from among the mass of papers, pamphlets, wrapping paper, etc., that covered the table and floor of the library and which would have told plainly enough to all acquaintances that Carl was at home once more, after this, his longest ramble in foreign lands, without the corroborating testimony of cigar smoke, or the lounging figure in the rockingchair.

For this brother of mine never spent over six months of the year in the beautiful country home of his childhood, giving the other six to whatever place or people promised most entertainment on short notice. The last three months had been spent in Paris, so I conjectured the little gem of art I held in my hand was a French beauty; the pure outlines and exquisite complexion looking most lifelike as they smiled up at me from the tinted eard. But notwithstanding the great beauty of contour and feature there was a frightened, almost hunted look in the dark eyes that told of tragedy, or at least anticipated it.

"Who is she, Carl? The eyes affect mestrangely, with their wild frightened look. There is a reign of terror in them equal to the one her ancestors passed through. I almost see the shadow of the guillotine in their vel-

vety depths." "Let me see; ah, my little sister, may you never know so hard a fate as this poor girl encountered and succombed to. No, she is not French-a Russian-but married to a Frenchman." And Carl took the picture from my hand and placed it on a small easel above his desk. "I will tell you about her, Louie, if you have an

hour, and I will you why I told you. "It was while Tom Barnes was with me last June, and when we left Versailles for Paris, that I first saw Madame Literre-though I think the name an assumed one. We had to run to prevent being left, I remember, and Barnes, out of humor because of it, plunged his face into his book and left me to my own resources.

"As soon as I was comfortably settled I, as usual, began scrutinizing my traveling companions, and to try to imagine who and what they were There were four besides ourselves in the carriage. One a quiet, middleaged Englishman, who was soon asleep in his corner. The two who sat next myself were evidently man and wife, though he paid her none of the attention and politeness usually accorded in public, even if dispensed with privately.

"He was a pale, quiet man of twentyfive perhaps, richly but quietly dressed, and seemingly taking no notice of any one around him. The wife, too, was pale, and much as she looks in that sigh broke from him as he felt first in little picture. Her dress, though simple, was perfect, and evidently the production of some first-rate artist. room. The playing went on for a Her whole style proclaimed her at while longer, and then one by one ence to belong to the higher order of they went out, leaving only the at-

"She seemed to be suffering and frequently put her hand to her forehead; and I observed upon the delicately-formed, ungloved hand a costly diamond. It was a beauty; and I e joyed looking at the flashing gems as she careesed a small English dog that often looked up at her with affectionate recognition.

"The other passenger I could not make out at all. He was elderly, commonly dressed, and with scant gray hair and heavy whiskers. His piercing eyes were frequently placed on the silent young married couple. And then he seemed as utterly oblivious of them as they of him. What was his nationality? Was he with them or a stranger like myself? I could not tell. And the more I looked the more

there seemed an effort at disguise. He kept his face averted all he could, consistent with his watchfulness of the quiet young husband whom he eyed at times so persistently.

"We sped along over the beautiful road, each absorbed in his own reflections, broken only by an occasional low sigh from the lady, and soon arrived at our destination. The train s odped, and, as none of my companions showed any disposition to move first, I aroused Barnes from the depths o' his romance and we left the car-

"Dinner over, we went to the theater, and afterward by the persuasion of a friend, to a private gamblinghouse. I was greatly surprised, on companion seated at the table, his eyes and manner keen as ever, and deep in a game of rouge et noir. It was early yet, and very few people were present; but every sound was hushed and the the game went on in dead silence, broken only by the voices of the dealers, calling the result of t'e games, and the rattling of the gold as it was raked from one to another. The old man

seemed in luck, for the time being, and won ev ry game. I thought a gleam of satisfaction shone over his face as the door opened and our other traveling acquaintance from Versailles—the quiet, careless husband, entered and sat down to play.

"I did not play that night; and my whole attention was given to those valuables to risk at the gaming table two. The young man lost from the first deal. Rouleau after rouleau was swept from the table by his watchful old opponent; but still he played on. The large sums he lost, and his pale, excited face, deeply interested me, and I stayed on and watched him until late at night, when he left the room, his last napoleon gone.

"After supping at a coffee-house I went back to my room at the hotel, but for some cause could not sleep. The heat was oppressive and my room small; besides, the game I had been watching had excited me strangely, and I only fell into a troubled sleep near morning.

"I was awakened about daylight by voices in the adjoining room—those of a man and woman, evidently. The and the woman seemed to be crying. I could hear enough to understand that she was refusing him some say:

and your ewn. I have no more gold -and I must have the diamonds to retrieve myself.'

Hysterical sobs were the only answer he received, and he contin-

"Something tells me I shall win to night, and I must have the ring."

"'Never, Charles! I cannot give it up. It is all I have left. It was my mother's, and I will not let it leave me.'

"The man's voice was so choked with passion that his words were inarticulate, but with a burst of wild anger he left, slamming the door after him. The woman's sobs became lower, her crying ceased, and I fell

"I saw neither of my gambling acquaintances that day, and the night of the night before—and again I saw a gleam of satisfaction cross his face as his victim of the previous evening came in and got ready to play.

"Make your game-the game is made up!" cried the dealer, and was about to deal the cards when the young man who had just entered called out in a loud voice:

"Fifty napoleons upon the red!" Seeing he placed no money upon the table, the croupier paused a moment, then said:

"Sir, you must stake the money." The gambler started and turned paler than ever, a long, shuddering one pocket, then in another, and finally grasped his hat and fled from the tendants, the old keen eyed gambler and myself present. Something-an undefinable feeling of interest in the unhappy young man who had left the house in such despair a short time before-held me there. I must see if he returned.

"Suddenly the door opened and he ran in, as if fleeing for his life. I shall never forget that sight, Louis. His face was ghastly, his dress disordered, and he trembled as though with ague. As he rushed up to the table, in the strong glare of the lights I saw great drops of perspiration standing on his brow. He thrust his hand in his pocket and tossed a ring down before his opponent.

"There! it is worth 10,000 francs. Now cover my stakes," he cried. "I instantly recognized the beauti-

uncertain I became. I thought, too, ful diamond as the one his wife had worn in the cars, and the conversation I had heard that morning came back to my memory, and I knew my fellow travelers were the man and woman I had heard disputing in the early morning hours. But he had succeeded in overcoming her deter mination, for he had the ring, and my heart ached for the poor wife as I wondered how he had obtained it.

"Red! I bet on the red!" again shouted the young man; and in a moment the croupier called "Black wins!" and the ring was no longer

"With a wild cry the wretched loser fled from the house; and completely unmanned by what I had seen, I returned to my hotel, hoping entering, to see my elderly traveling the young man would soon follow

> "I found them all-travelers, proprictor and servants, wild with excitement over the murder of a beautiful Russian lady. An hour before her maid had gone to her room and found her deluged in blood from a wound in her head, and dead. The husband had been in and left some few moments before. I went up to her apartment and to the bed where she lay. Her exquisite face was fairer than in life, for it had lost the unhappy look, and seemed at peace. As I turned to leave the room I saw this picture among a heap of things turned out of a man's traveling case, and appropriated it. Probably the husband had tossed it there in his search for some

"The miserable man took his life before he was at prehended for his crime, and the old gambler who, first in one disguise, then in another, had follow. ed the easily-duped victim from city to city and won many thousands from nim, left Paris before the husband and wife were carried to their last resting place in the beautiful burying ground where his forefathers slept.

"Louie, this is why I refused to play even with Howard, last evening. I have never touched cards since, and I never can again."

A Milanese Beauty.

Yet I cannot help being inflamms. ble, especially in the neighborhood of Milan, which is surely responsible for man's voice was low and pleading, the prettiest women in the world. With their wavy figures, nut-brown eyes, marble-veined complexions, and rich, black dresses, they would move request, for his tone became loud and an anthropobiologist (whatever he threatening and at last I heard him | means in English), let alone a poet. So it was I fell in love, in and for ten "'If you refuse me, you seal my ruin | minutes, under Mrs. Balbus' eyes, at an open-air breakfast on the Isola Bella-and that my passion was returned. We never spoke, but we loved. She was obviously engaged to the gentleman who was with her, but that did not matter. She was so pleased with my frank, but I trust respectful, adoration from the next table, that she changed her seat, and put herself, with a grace beyond the reach of art, in the light best calculated for me to study her. When she left she made a Parthian turn, and gave me just one bow and smile, in which the most presumptuous of men could have detected nothing wrong-which were a privilege. I rushed to the strangers' book, and found her name was Antonietta Cinto another nap, not waking until of Milan. Surnames are as Charles Surface says, too formal to be registered in love's calendar. Besides, the gentleman looked flery and might see found me again in M. Carlo's rooms. this. And Italians fight duels, and I The old man was again on hand, not do not. But the surname was even satisfied, I thought, with his winnings more beautiful than the Christian. And, oh! Antonietta C---, If ever you should read this, remember a poet who for that one glimpse would go to the world's end for you, if he had not so many other things to do, and if Mrs. Balbus did not say : "Tom, you are simply foo lish!"

The Philosophy of "Getting Mad."

"I don't believe in bein' afraid of your temper," said Mrs. Johnson, enconquer it. If the Old Harry comes into my family I want to meet him right off. The other night my boy came home ugly as sin. He was all tired out; somebody had been sassy to him, and he had been nursing the devil all day long, preparin' an overpowerin' reply. I went up to his room, Now, he's never cross to me; but that night he growled out: 'Mother, a wish you would go down stairs and mind your business.' I sat down and took hold of his hands, and toen I boxed his ears a little. I wanted him to realize my presence before I began wasting my breath. Then I scolde. him. I scolded him steady for an hour and a half, and when I got through I could wind him round my little finger. 'Mother,' he said, 'I sup pose I am sort of hot-headed.' 'Hotheaded !' says I, 'you're just like a little busted pepper.' Folks ask me why I don't get mad. I tell 'em I ain't rich enough. It's as disablin' as a fit of sickness. When I keep my own carriage I'm going to stir up just as many rows as my neighbors; but as long as I no time for temper or tears."

Ancient Toilets.

The use of cosmetics 'n connection with the bath prevailed among the wealthy women of a very remote period At the magnificent court of Ahasuerus, in the seventh year of his reign, the following elaborate processes of "purification" were prescribed for the maidens destined for the King's harem: Being "gathered together into Shushan the palace.....to the custody of Hegal, keeper of the women," they abode in the "women's house" and 'so were the days of their purification accomplished, to wit: six months with oil of myrrh, and six months with sweet oders, and with other toings for the purifying of women" (Esther ii. 8 12). The Song of Songs is rich in figurative allusions to these "sweet odors," its last rapturous note echoing from "the mountains of spices," myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant," "camphir, with spikenard and saffren; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices ;" "my hands dropped myrrh, and my fingers sweetsmelling myirh;" "his cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers; his lips like lilies, dropping sweet-smelthe "pleasant fruits."

It is most interesting to learn, in connection with another couplet of this equisite song, "My beloved is un to me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of En-gedi," that En gedi is the one only place in all Palestine where camphor still grows. This plant is better known by its Arabian name henna; it is a tall shrub, whose white and yellow flowers grow in clusters, like our familiar lilac. The Eastern women are still fond of wearing these fragrant blossoms in their hair or their bosoms; but it is as an ancient dye that the plant has come into special notice. The dried leaves of the henna were crushed and made into a paste with water, and applied to the palms of the hands, to the nails of fingers and toes, and to the hair, if the discovery of gray threads should be unwellome. It was used by the men to dye the hair and beard, and even applied sometimes to color the mane and tail of a favorite horse. The antiquity of this custom is demonstrated by its frequent mention by writers of a very early period, and even more conclusively by the fact that the nails of some Egyptian mummies (especially those of women) still retain the stain

Painting the eyebrows and eyelids with kohl was another Eastern fashion (not yet extinct) of equal popularty. The large languishing black eve shaded with long dark lashes, has doubtless always been the distinguishing feature of beauty in the dusky daughters of the East; and it is not surprising that they have tenaciously retained a practice supposed to enhance its size and brightness. The black powder called kohl was made of several substances; stibium, or antimony, with zinc and oil; or burnt almond shells, mixed with libau, a sort of frankincense, also burnt; ancertain medicinal properties. This kohl was kept in boxes or vials of wood, stone or pottery, having several compartments, and often highly orna-

It was applied with a small stick of wood, ivory or silver, which was first wet in rose water dipped into the black powder, and drawn carefully along the edges of the eyelids, both upper and under. In the same way the arch of the eyebrow was darkened patible with continued attention to tote the milk. and elongated. This practice of eyepainting must have been in great popularity as early as the time of Job; for risk of secidents happening to both Keren-happuch, the name of the youngest of his three beautiful daughters, signifies "a horn for paint;" that is, "a bottle for kohl," It was esteemed a great mark of beauty that the eyebrows should meet over the nose in the form of a bow : and it was common to imitate nature ergetically. "I say fight it out and in this respect by the use of kohl; but this had to be removed in seasons of mourning, and, if the hair actually

grew there it must be plucked out. In the toilet of that rare Jewish beauty of the apocryphal story, Judith, the widow of Mansses,-which was made in the highest interest of religion and patriotism, as expounded in the day of that historical fiction,there is so full a recapitulation of the several customs in connection with women's dress, that it seems appro priate to introduce the description in closing the subject. The narrative reads thus: "She put off the garment of her widowhood, and washed her body all over with water, and anointed herself with precious ointment, and braided the hair of her head and put a tire upon it, and put on her garments of gladness. She took sandals upon her feet, and put about her her bracelets and her chains and her rings and her earrings and all her ornaments, and decked herself bravely."

Why is a caterrillar like a fresh that makes the butter fly.

Human Wear and Tear.

It is not desirable to enter very fully into the duties of railway men, for these must necessarily be tedious to the reader. With regard to the work of signalmen, engine-drivers, and guards, it may be well to point out that the pature of their employment is more difficult, and involves a geater mental and physical strain than the work engaged in by the ordinary artisan, while it is also very much longer continued. A signalman is often called upon to work a stretch of twelve hours (many signalmen work their whole number of hours at one stretch), during which he can barely find leisure to swallow his food. He has to manage the levers (many are extremely heavy), the disk, bell, and single-needle instruments, and the line-clear book. Not only does his work involve great physical fatigue, but it is also harassing and anxious to a degree incomprehensible to one who has never been inside a signal-box, and who, consequently, cannot realize how easily a mistake may occur. The signalman knows the terrible results that may follow upon an act of carelessness, and when he is depressed or ling myrrn;" the "mandrakes" and out of health the verdict of manslaughter looms before him,

The engine driver must look out for signals, regulate the running of the train, and keep his engine under control. He remains standing the whole length of the journey, exposed more or less to snow and storm, lightning and burning sun; sore feet and rheumatism are frequently the result. The guard is obliged to watch the write light or all-right signal, the green light or caution signals, and the red light or danger signals; to regulate the breaks of the slip coaches attached to some express and fast trains, and in case of accident to protect the train by going back one mile to place detonators on the rails. The day's work of the artisan is nine hours, and his week's work fifty-four hours; the day's work of the railway servant varies from ten to twelve hours, and his week's work from sixty to eightyfour hours. The artisan's nine hours are done regularly in each twenty-four hours, while the railway servant, owing to the exigencies of his occupation, is sometimes called upon to perform two days of work, or twenty to twenty-four hours, at one stretch, and then he is sent off duty for an equal period. The artisan is paid at a greatly enhanced rate for time worked on week days over his nine hours, while the railway servant, with some exceptions, is paid at the ordinary rate for such time: and on some railways, and in some grades, he is not paid at all.

o'clock on Saturday, and resumes duty at 7 o'clock on Monday, after enjoying a day and a half of uninterrupted rest; the railway servant's week is often without beginning or ending, and he cannot be said to possess one regular day free from toil. The evil consequences resulting from the systematic overwork of railway other sort was made of powder of lead | men may be summarized as follows: ore, and was considered not only or- Increased mortality and ill health namental, but beneficial, by reason of from alleged natural causes, overwork being without doubt productive of premature death and premature old age; loss of regular rest and neces: ary recreation; non-participation in home life and consequent non-fulfillment of than he is in the morning? Because the functions of heads of families: loss, wholly or the part, of the rest and | the morning. privileges of Sunday; demoral zation, the outcome of physical fatigue and exhausted energies. Systematic overwork, it will be allowed, is not comdifficult and important duties. It produces listlessness, and this adds to the railway servants and passengers; for his claws, another sprouting immediexcessive periods of labor cause men ately and growing in its place. to fail asleep at their posts, and force them to neglect the constant care and unceasing watchfulness necessary in ordir to insure the safety of their own lives and the lives of the public.

The artisan ends his work at 2

It cannot, therefore, be doubted that many of the casualities on the line are indirectly caused by the demoralization produced among railway men from excessive toil and want of rest. A man who works sixteen hours daily, when the strain is over, returns to his family too tired to take interest in home matters, too cross to attend to wife or children, only fit to drone over the fire or to creep worm out to bedagain, after a few hours of sleep, to be roused, half-rested, with aching body, heavy limbs, and jaded spirit, for the renewed performance of a round of monotonous toil. Such a man, living a teaspoonful of anchovy mustard. at a mile's distance from his place of | Set the sauce upon ice to become cold, employment, is roused at five o'clock | and pour it over the sliced cabbage in the morning and reaches his work' just before serving. Celery is often by six o'clock. He returns at ten mixed with the cabbage for this salad. o'clock in the evening, and if he goes straight to bed obtains six hours of sleep. How can the habitation of that man be called a "home?"-The Nineteenth C. enryut

Which is the most wonderful anikeep boarders for a livin' 1 hain't got loaf of bread? Because it is the grub mal of the barnyard? The pig, be- tions are on collossal blocks of stone

Small Jokes.

Perhaps you like conundrums? Very well, here is a few dished up just on purpose. We have lots more that we may let fly some other time; Health journals insist upon reposing on the right side only, and claim that it is injurious to lie on both sides; but we don't know where they will find a healthier set of men than lawyers.

They were out sleighing. "Gussie, dear," said she, as she leaned a tender cheek on his manly-checked ulater, 'why are these snow flakes like your mustache?" This pleased him, even to have it noticed. "I don't know, pet," he murmured innocently, "Why are they?" "Because they are slow coming down." He dreve with both haude, after this.

An Iowa paper has supplied a longfelt want by giving to the public an obituary notice that bears upon its face the stamp of honesty. It says: "He gained his riches by loaning money and handling notes and mortgages, had a state-wide name for his litigation in various counties and im the Supreme Courts, was grasping and heartless in his transactions, became divorced from his wife, and died with-

A livery stable-keeper named Spurr would never let a horse go out without requesting the lessee not to drive fast. One day a young man called to get a turnout to attend a funeral. "Certainly," said Spurr, "but," he added, forgetting the solemn purpose for which the young man wanted the horse, "don't drive fast." "Why, jest look a-here, old fellow," said the somewhat excited young man, "I want you to understand that I shall keep up with the procession-if it kills the horse."

An old story is being revived of a prayer-meeting held for a poor fellow's relief who had broken his leg. While Deacon Brown was praying a tall fellow with an ox-goad knocked at the door, saying, "Father could not come, but sent his prayers in the cart." They were potatoes, beef, pork and

"I can't give you this paper, Tommy, to read, because there are some things you mustn't see." "Well, Auntie, just put a mark against the m. and I'll know which they are.

Tit-Bits of Humor.

What is that which a cat has but no other animal has? Kittens.

What is the difference between a girl and a night cap? One is born to wed and the other is worn to bed. Why is it easy to break into an old

man's house? Because his gate (gait) is broken and his locks are few. What is the difference between a

hungry man and a glutton? One longs to eat and the other eats too long. What is the difference between a

cashier and a schoelmaster? One tills the mind while the other minds the till. What is the difference between a

fisherman and a lazy school boy? One baits his hook and the other hates his What is the difference between a

tube and a foolish Dutchman? One is a hollow cylinder and the other asilly Hollander.

Why is a watch dog larger at night he is let out at night and taken in in

W. D. Banks, of Clayton Ga., has the boss cow. He says a man can pick her up and tote her; then set her down and milk her, and he can't

A woman has suggested that when men break their hearts it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of

When a boy falls into the water what is the first thing he does? He

Women seldom stop to think. True enough, but they never fail to stop and talk.

The husband who finds himself confuted in argument by his wife instantly begins to out-roar her.

COLD SLAW .- Beat the yolks of four eggs to a light cream, then stirgradually into them five tablespoonfuls of cider vinegar. Add two or three teaspoonfals of sugar and stir the mixture over the fire until it begins to thicken like boiled custard; then remove and add a teaspoonful of butter and nearly a

Hittle inscriptions never before noted have been found by two Germans, Drs. Sester and Puchstein, on a lofty cliff of the mountain called the Nimrud Dagh, a part of the Taurus range in Asia Minor, where the Euphrates breaks through. The inscripause he is killed first and then cured. on the terraces of the mountain.