But both together make man strong. Who loves for Beauty, loves not long,

Who loves for Lucre, loveth wrong; For Beauty dieth, And Fortune flieth But both together make love strong.

Who loveth Virtue, loveth long, Who loves the Right, sure loves not wrong; For Virtue's golden, As truth is olden, But both together make love strong.

AT SAN PEDRO.

He saw her the first time in a Mission street car, and his impressions were not prepossessing. There was something too imperious in the quick wave of her hand as she signalled the car, and her wery step was positive and aggressive. The perfect health which blossomed in her cheek, sparkled in her eye, and revealed itself in the easy carriage of a firmly molded figure, in his sight possessed an element of unlady-like au-

David Woodbury had been in San Francisco only a fortnight, but he had already made up his mind, with the swift decision which sometimes characterizes Massachusetts men, that he did not admire the women of California. They were an innovation upon the type of womankind to which he had been accustomed. The women of his family and of his acquaintance had all partaken, more or less, of a certain delicate, spiritual cast, not uncommon among old Eugland families. He reflected now, with an invalid's fretful persistency, that he could not recall one who had even remotely approached the buoyant health and generous physique

For he was an invalid. His stalwart form and iron muscles had proved of no avail to resist the pitiless onslaught of hereditary disease, and the deceptive flush upon his cheek was but the presage of decay. Yet he had, so far, attained only the interesting stage of a sick man's existence, when the tender sympathy and concern of friends create a subtle separation between him and the outside world, and the nerves are easily jarred by contact with the unac-

customed or unexpected. Lost in reflection, he failed to observe that a gray-haired woman, meanly clad and carrying a heavy bundle, had entered the car, and stood leaning wearily against the door. The car was closely packed from front to rear. There seemed a singular lack of the customary gallantry which appears to be a second nature to most Californians. Several newspapers were lifted higher, to shut out the appealing glance from their readers' lines of vision; a few men gazed stolidly through the windows. Several well-dressed women, occupying seats, smiled in a superior way.

There was a swift movement opposite. David Woodbury raised his eyes to see the old woman gently urged into the seat the young lady had vacated, and to be himself included in a scornful glance which swept the car from end to

Other men obstinately retained their seats in a very la dable effort to mainman, feeling an obligation to vindicate his own gentility, in defiance of his bodity infirmities arose and tendered his seat to the combative young woman. The courtesy was firmly repulsed:

"You must take my seat. I can not allow you to stand," he said, clumsily enough.

"I would not deprive myself of the pleasure for the world," returned the

The voice was a surprise-musical and vibrating, with intonations that he had been accustomed to associate with ideas of refinement and culture. But he at once realized that he had blundered. This dauntless creature, with the self-consciousness characteristic of western girls, had promptly attributed his courtesy to the influence of her charms. He writhed beneath the con sciousness all the more because of his atter inability to defend himself. The very triviality of the episode rendered

him powerless. The recollection of this vexations ipcident still pursued him six months later, when he returned from the Sandwich Islands, his fair skin tanned and burned by a tropical sun, but with health restored, and ready for a season of relaxation before returning to New England. He was at an evening party one night in March, conversing idly with a lady acquaintance, when his attention was attracted by a couple who her had entered the room and stood chatting with the hostess. He saw a dignified Of what philanthropic society are you dderly gentleman in the undress of a military officer, and on his arm a queenly girl who might have stepped from some old-time picture. A shimmering robe of rich texture was draped with classic elegance about the graceful form; not a scrap of lace or patch of welvet marred the beauty of the costume; but in the folds of filmy tulle which crossed the bosom a cluster of egiantine roses was hidden. A single diamond, in a setting of antique silver, gleamed like a star amid the waves of her abundant brown hair, and in her pers.

hand she carried a curious inlaid fan. David Woodbury's sensation was one of positive delight, With returning strength had come a new appreciation of the royalty of health, and he reveled in this picture of perfect womanhood. He thought of his sister, who had a mild enthusiasm for art, and for its sake loved the beautiful in nature, and wished she stood by his side that moment, and could feast her eyes on the scene before him; the lofty room, with its rich appointments, not more costly than tasteful, the wealth of tropical plants and blossoms making the air heavy with perfume, and in the fore-

"That is Gen. Laugdon and his daughter Stella," whispered his friend. "His wife died three years ago, leaving two daughters, one a mere baby. They say Stella's devotion to her little sister is something beautiful to behold. But

come-let me introduce you,"

car," she said, gravely. An under current of satire cut like a two-edged sword. To have attempted excuse or explanation would have appeared like the consciousness of guit. His thoughts turned back to their old channel. The elegant simplicity of her reflected that the women in whose society he had been bred had no need of parrying any such approaches. The air of icy reserve in which they enveloped

themselves was impregnable. During ensuing weeks he met her frequently, but his original conception her character remained essentially was a gay, brilliant girl, always cheerful and animated; but dwelling alto- night, as she could never have been at gether in the shallows of life, like others | home

of her class. One morning these opinions received a shock and a surprise. Turning down Pacific street, after an early stroll on Russian hill, he encountered Stella Langdon going down town on a forenoon shopping campaign such as young and stylish women affect, he inwardly decided. He joined her, and they were soon launched upon an idle discussion | bathing?" of plans for the coming season. As they progressed down the hill, they came to a quarter whose dingy and rickety abodes proclaim the poverty of its denizens. Sauntering carelessly along, Miss Langdon suddenly bent over two children, rather more ragged and dirty than the average of the street. Her face grew tender and pitiful as she questioned the little people, and, after a brief parley, bearing the viler of the two urchins aloft in her he was for the time completely torgotten, with a compassionate smile for the freaks of San Francisco women, he continued his progress down town.

The little land and sea-locked port of San Pedro is oddly situated. Where the water has in past ages hollowed a crescent from the cliffs and then receded, years ago a little village was founded. Two miles north, on the crest of the cl ffs, the last battle between the Mexicans and the United States soldiers took place, and in ghoulish grave-yard, far from any habitation, repose the bones of the slain of one army, while out in the bay, on a rocky emineuce called Dead Man's Island, the dead of the defeated warriors found their sepulchre. One by one these graves have been rifled of their contents by the encroachment of the restless waves, until only a couple now remain, with a snowy cross above to mark their burial place. Half a mile to the south is another long, low stretch of land, with shores of glittering white sand, studded with curious pebbles and strewn with shells. to which a little steamer daily plies, as well as to the distant mountainous islands, rising like pate blue clouds for out upon the ocean, where earth and

sky appear to meet. The little modern town of San Pedro nestles in the crescen-shaped hollow it is a child." facing the sea, with precipitous cliffs tain consistency, but this Massachusetts rising like steep walls in its rear, and embracing it north and south almost to the water's edge. The entire village lies so low that a tidal wave of modest dimensions could with one mighty surge obliterate it from the face of the earth. But its quiet mhabitants dwell on in peaceful security, and many restless city people find in the quaint spot, so shut off from the everyday world, the repose and isolation which they annually seek as salvation from the wear and tear of petty cares. And so it has come to pass that every summer finds the lonely little cottages overflowing with city guests, and the low ground at the north angle of the crescent and front ing the sea is dotted with gray tents all

the season. Here it chanced that one day in August, when the waves were lapping the shore with a sleepy surge, Stella Lingdon and David Woolbury encountered each other. She was sunning herself on the saud, and her little sister built a mimic fortress by her side. A book lay untouched in the girl's lap, for the book of nature spread out before her was infinitely more enchant-

He reverted at once to the occasion when last they met, for, struggling against the growing admiration he fe t for this girl, with all the perversity of an obstinate man he had converted even that incident into an argument against

"Miss Langdon, pray enlighten me. a director?" "Of none, sir," There was unmis-

takable surprise and inquiry in her voice. But he went on in a quizzical "Then you are one of the hard-workbut preside over committees, and inaugurate fairs and carpivals-all for the

ing members who do not accept offices, purpose of enticing from the pockets of an unwilling public money for the support of establishments which are mere hot-beds for criminals and pau-

"I do not understand you, sir." Her lips tightened and her eyes sparkled with a daugerous fire.

"Be honest. In the interest of what reformatory institution did you pursue that wretched little beggar we encountered on Pacific street a month or two ago?"

"Mr. Woodbury, did you notice the condition of that child? When I took hold of her emactated arm it seemed as if it would melt away in my grasp. Did you see the cruel blows the older child was raining upon her? And do you think a woman could pass by such a sight? I wish you had seen that ground a glittering constellation, with nome as 1 did. Two miserable rooms this superb figure for its central sun. for a father and mother and seven children. The woman was at the wash tub, and when I told her way I had picked up the little mite, she burst out crying, telling her troubles in such a discouraged way that it made one's heart sche. The oldest boy and girl were at school, sister as she removed her wet garments,

ny as he bowed before her. "I have next that sickly baby, and the oldest met Mr. Woodbury before-in a street the 7-year-old boy in whose care she had placed it that morning."

"Where was the father?" "He is only a poor laborer-sober and hard-working, she assured me; but his work is not steady, and his small wages are insufficient for their support. So the poor little things had to be neglect dress he regarded as a bid for notoriety. ed and sent out on the street to get the Her unconventional manner received his sunshine, while the mother toiled away mental condemnation. Observing how at home, or sometimes went out with neatly she parried all attempts at famil- her baby to do a day's cleaning. The iarity on the part of her admirers, he tiny girl we saw had been suffering with a severe cough for six months, and they could do nothing for her but watch her fade away before their eyes.'

"What did you advise?" "I persuaded them to take the little one to the Children's Hospital, where I have a friend-and a noble, good woman she is-who is a director. There the unchanged. He told himself that she little thing was put straight to bed, as she need to be, and nursed day and

> "With what result?" "I have a letter to-day from the matron, who tells me my patient has grown plump as a partridge, and will be discharged in three weeks more, completely cured. The father has pro cured steady work in the country, and takes his family there this week. Let us change the subject. Do you go in

> "No; I am afraid-" "Of stingarces?" She laughed merrily, and before he could finish his explanation somebody had come up and swept her off on a marca for sea ferns, whose delicate fronds were borne in by the tide.

He stood for an instant, irresolute. Two crushing revelations dawned upon him in that moment. He had learned to appreciate at last this noble, sympathetic woman; and he knew, by a swift, arms, she disappeared down a dark unerring intuition, that she despised alley-way, Her companion halted a him. He asked himself what else he moment irresolute; then, realizing that | could have expected. A man irreverent of age, indifferent to the sufferings of childhood, and, above all, a coward! He summed up his credentials with a bitter laugh, as he flung himself down on the beach.

After this passage at arms they mu tually avoided each other. Save when they met face to face they never exchanged a glance of recognition. Yet both were resolved to conclude the season at San Pedro. One day Miss Langdon rode down to Wilmington to take the train for Los Angeles. She left her little sister in the care of friends at the beach, with many charges and cautions, which the child promised to

Early that afternoon David Woodbury wandered along at the foot of the cliffs. chipping away at the rocks with a small pick he carried. He was something o an amateur geolog st, and there were some irregular, amber-like c ystals imbedded in the rocks, which he had determined to subject to microscopic analysis. Absorbed in his task, he was aroused by the sound of a lady's voice close by.

"What is it fluttering on the top of that rock, Henry. Is it a bird? Give me that glass, and let me see."

A little child out on a narrow point had risen." of rocks, with a surging sea all around, and the tide coming in! Every one understood how it happened, recalling the chain of moss-grown rocks that lifted their heads above the sea at the ebbing of the tide, and over which the more venturous had sometimes clambered, but every vestige of which was now effaced by the sea. The tew men about stood dazed at the sight. No boat could make a passage of those sharp and treacherous rocks, and strong swimmers dared not breast the pitt less swe ! of the tide, maddened to fury by its rocky barriers.

One man set his teeth firmly together at the sight. Years ago, in his college days, he had been a daring swimmer. Once before he had breasted just such a sea to reach a boat which had overturned with three men. As David Woodbury threw off his coat, he remembered the parting admonition of his Hawaiian physician:

"You are all right now, my boy, but guard vigilantly against any sudden shock or violent exercise of any kind," | ings.

He mustered all the nerve within him to meet and bear without recoil the plunge into the boiling element. Oace breasting the waves his strength came back, and he battled with a vigor he had never known before. Flung now against some rocks, which bruised his limbs or tore his hands; now sucked lown by some eddying current, which all his strength only sufficed to conquer; now faint with the shock of some mighty incoming breaker, he reached, at last, the rock where a little girl clung in fright, and took her in his arms and soothed her till her wild sobs ceased. He bethought himself then of what he had not recalled before-that between this rock and the breakwater. which afforded a safe retreat to shore, lay a comparatively open stretch of sea, And so, plunging again into the water, carefully supporting the little one, but swimming with long, masterly strokes, he bore his precious burden safely, at last, to the shore.

As he stepped upon the beach, Stella Langdon met him with outstretched arms. Silently he placed the child within thom, and she received it without a word; but he was strangely stirred by the one full look that fell from her brown eyes like a benison upon him, A hero in dripping garments, he stood deeply moved, as even shallow natures

deed. He tried to meet their effusive praise with easy indifference, to make light of the perils through which he had passed, But a choking sensation in his throat overpowered him; a weakness, which was more than the faintness of exbaustion, seized upon him; and it was not sea water that gushed in a crimson flood

from mouth and nostrus. Stella Langdon, sitting within her tent, and softly crying over her little and there are five little ones-the lifted her face with a sudden pallor as The girl looked at him in calm scrut- youngest an infant at the breast, the she heard the measured tramp of men some convenient loophole of escape.

carrying a heavy burden, and a voice saying, regretfully: "Poor fellow! He's done for this

time." If he had been taken to an ordinary habitation, and there submitted to the confined atmosphere, unnatural restraint, and artificial remedies which invalids are usually obliged to undergo. it is doubtful if he would have survived the ordeal. But after he had been placed upon the comfortable bed in his tent, the physician who was summoned wisely concluded that it would be dangerous to run the risk of removal. And so he lay in the open air, the cool sea breezes finding their way through many a rift in the canvas. Close contact with Mother Nature accomplished more than doctors or physic, and after several weeks of rest and quiet, the inward tissues that had been ruptured did their work of healing, and he rose from his couch, if not absolutely sound, with chances for a long life about as good as the average man's.

The season at San Pedro was unusually prolonged that year, More than one party of campers lingered on, loth to leave while the life of this brave young fellow hung in the balance. The Langdons lingered among the rest, and when, one day late in September, David Woodbury finally emerged from his tent, walking somewhat feebly at first, he did not disdain to stay himself a little by the poble strength of the young girl whose arm he had taken.

Slowly they strolled along the beach, and various gay groups nodded smiling approval as they passed. He drew her at length to a little nook in the cliffs sheltered from the wind. Below them great breakers beat themselves upon the rocks with a sullen roar. The sharp outlines of the mountainous islands in the distance were veiled in a blutsh mist. Far on the horizon the whitewinged sails of an incoming ship could be descried. Some rare bird, with knocked at the gate. The men came out golden plumage, wheeled down over the cliffs, and darced, swift and sure, to its | wast for Charlie and let him have somenest in a hiputian bush, clinging to a thing to eat. They tried to reason with cleft in the rocks.

But the young man wore a troubled look, and seemed oblivious of the charming scene before him. He turned to his companion at length with a weakly, embarrassed smile,

"I do not like to think there was a time when I seemed contemptible in your eyes. I was not quite so hard- that the factory has been running. Sun hearted as I appeared-about that little child, you know --" "So I was fully persuaded when I

learned that an unknown friend in San Pedro had forwarded a hundred dollars for my poor people that very week." "I didn't mean that you should know of that," looking momentarily chagrined; 'still. I do not know that I care now,

possessing himself of her hand with an air of proprietorship, and drawing her nearer to him. "But I wonder if you will believe me now," he persisted, following up his chain of reminiscences, "about that miserable affair in the street-car, the

first time I ever saw you. You remember? You thought me zealous to offer my seat to a young lady when I wouldn't yield it to an old woman. I wouldn't make such a distinction for "No, my dear, my eyes are better the Queen of Shebs. The fact is, I was than yours. I will look. By heavens! in a brown study when she came in, and positively did not see her until you The girl looked at him in gentle

amazement. "David Woodbury, I never dreamed of mi-judging you so, I understood it all perfectly at the time," she said.

Brass Knuckles Hanished.

Brass knuckies are last going out of ashion, and in good society they are no longer tolerated. At a recent reception in New York it was noticed that not a gentleman wore these at one time all-the-rage ornaments. This change in style has been seen on the way for a long time past, but nobody twenty years ago would have believed that the end could have come so soon. When they first came into style they were made in useful patterns, but afterwards resolved themselves into ornsments. At one time no party or ball was considered complete without their aid, and all those little differences in opinion which are bound to arise even in the most polished society were settled on the spot without the delay and amount of talk which now characterize and belittle such gather-

By some unaccountable means the handsome brass knuckles went under the ban, and nothing has been found sufficiently worthy to take their place. But, seeing this crying need of male humanity, a benefactor has evolved a direct successor to the knuck'es, which combines innocence with usefulness, beauty with good works. The gruament consists of four seal-rings connected with each other by invisible links hidden between the flogers The seals are of different metals, to suit the taste of the wearer, the hardest variety being an alloy of copper, lead and iron, polished up in the highest style, making a variegated seal as beautiful as it is hardened. In rest the rings are ornamental in the highest degree -in action they are four rings with but a single thought, and that is to make a de cided impression on the gentleman opposite, whose doom even is sealed if he continues the argument any length of

"Oh, aren't they sweet, pretty?" simpered a young lady at a reception at Delmonico's recently.

"Why, certainly they are," said the wearer: "and they're not only pretty, but they're good," "But what is that red mark on the edge.

Algernon?" she continued. 'Oh, that is a piece of blood-stone,' was the reply

"I should like to take that one home as among the idlers upon the beach, all a pattern for Father Sidney," saying which the belle gently pulled at the third will be, by the sight of a truly gallant ring. To her surprise and his disgust four rings began to move from the gentleman's hand. He had forgotten to wear his safety-ring, and the real character of the cordon of rings was thus given to the world.

The innovation threatens to be widespreading in all circles.

SCORNFUL young ladies who in the funny colums of the newspapers during the past one hundred years have promised their sweethearts that they would marry them when the Washington Monument should be finished are beginning to look around now for Ramance of a Dinner-Pail

Just after the stroke of noon Saturday, a Chelsea and Boston car was going up Broadway past a large manufacturing establishment, when the attention of the passengers was called to a queer little woman in an old-fashioned poke bonnet, who hurried down the street with a tinpail in her hand and went to the factory gate and knocked for admission. An o'd gentleman who sat in the forward right-hand corner of the car looked up and said:

"Hello! there goes Dolly again." "Dolly who?" asked a girl at his side. "Why, Dolly White-Crazy Dolly, as she is called by all who know her."

"What makes them call her crazy?" queried the girl, puckering up her little mouth until it looked like a period under her hooked, interrogation point of a nose. '-Oh, it was a long time ago, when she and Charlie hadn't been married but a few years, and she used to come down

here every noon and bring him his dinner, that the story commences. They lived in a house on Washington avenue and had two little children to take care of, and they were just as happy as they could be, for Charlie was making a good living and had the promise of a boss-ship in the fall. "Well, one day at noon she came with

his lunch, as was her custom, and just as she got to the gate it flew open and out came four men bearing the dead body of her husband, who had just been killed by a falling timber. Dolly fainted away at the sight and fell into a fever that did not abate until long after poor Charlie had been buried and nother took his place in the factory.

"As soon as she got able to go out she went to work and scoured up the old dinner-pail and put up a meal for her dead hueband just as though he was alive and working as usual. At fifteen minutes before 12 she put on her bright new shawl and gay bonnet, and, taking the pail in her hand, tripped off down the street and and she told them she wanted to go in and ber, and told her that he had gone away on a long job, and would not require any dinner for many a day-never, perhaps. But she would not listen to them, and waited there until the bell rang for the men to go to work again. Ever since then-and that was nearly 10 years agoshe has done the same thing every day days, holidays and in vacation time she stays at home, but all the rest of the time she puts on the same old shawl and bonnet -they are faded and threadbare-and starts down the street with a tin-pail in her hand."

"Does she carry the same old dinner, or is it fresh every day?" asked the girl. "It is fresh and hot every day."

"But what does she do with the old when she finds that Charlie don't come out to est it?"

"Well, she takes it home and sets it down on the table, and, going into her chamber to take off her shawl and bonnet, she stays there and cries, and cries and cries. Before she comes out her two ask no questions."

"Oh." said the girl, relapsing into silence, and losing all interest in the story.

Concerning Tapestry.

A new summer fabric is a revival of old worsted damask which is made of silk and wool It closely resembles satin damask and is suited both for town and c untry houses; its most favored shades are capote blue, copper, gold, red and capucine. Another material similar to cre'onne, is also in wool, being called worsted tapestry, and copying the better manufacture in early English groups and other designs. Its use is largely in portieres and table covers; an mexpensive style for one of the latter articles -but which may be no longer strictly a novelty-is that combining a central inedallion in cretonne with bordering of plush or cloth showing an additional strip of cretonne with fringe at the edge. A style distinguished as Teniers tapestry shows a running design of leafy luxurance, with Dutch figures seen at intervals in openings of the foliage, the color being strongly tinctured with

Flemish quality. The cretonne printed Gobelin tapestry, with such designs as that of the Iron Dake, previously copied in rich velour, is exhibited with almost as fine a coloring as the latter. A line of momie crepe apestry cretonne, d s'inquished as l'Art, 19 a so handsome in its designs, representing sculpture, painting, etc., while anoter series illustrates the sciences. Among different designs is a tournament scene, suitable for a wall hanging, in this material, while representations of Faust, Marguerite and Mephisto are adapted for screens and cushions. Another showy design is from a French opera, "Tribut de Ramora." Some of the most beautiful prints are from the Wattesus, a lake scene being extremely clear and delicate. Both for turniture covers and draperies extensive use is made of Oriental and large floral designs, as of wild flowers, tulips, roses and lilies. A pleasant new style of hanging in jute and linen, and which is much better than jute tapestry, is known as Dentelle de Clery, the design of which is in imitation of Colbert lace. In delicate colors, as of gold or blue in combination with white, it forms a desira ble summer cartain.

Lustre Painting.

This is the term applied in England to a new decorative process which is said to be so easy of acquisition that it is readily learned by ladies who possess no skill in drawing or painting. It is made to yield results rich in color and closely resembling in effect the more laborious productions of the needle in crewel work embroidery. prepared on furniture velvet, coat velstances reduced to a state of fine powderare mixed with a medium and applied durable, and to be scarcely at all effected the hangings are placed. Among many beautiful pieces of work recently exhibited is a pair of velvet curtains ornamented with reeds, flowers, and birds, realistically treated-a replica of a pair presented by Mrs. Bassing to Prince Louis of Battenverg on his marriage. Table covers, pormany other decorative articles exhibited. | year,

A Man of Appeals.

Soon after the train left Louisville Junction the conductor came to a passenger in our coach who had no ticket. He didn't claim to have lost it, but leaned back, looked the official square

in the eye and said: 'I'm dead broke and have a hundred miles to go," "You must pay or get off," was the

'Oh, certainly. I know the rules of the road by heart. I am now about to appeal to the generosity of the man in

the next seat." He appealed. He said he was an unfortunate man who had failed to strike a job in Louisville and wanted to get back home to starve to death with his family. It was a vain appeal. The man said he was in the same box himself, but was going to kill his family instead of waiting for hunger to do the work.

"Come-you must pay," said the conductor.

"Oh, of course, but I will now ap-

peal to the passengers en masse." He rose up and made a little speech full of pathos, misfortune, hunger, cold and several other unpleasant ingredients, but nobody seemed interested.

"I can't fool with you any longer," remarked the conductor. 'I'll stop he train and off you go." "Hold on just a minute, I am now

about to appeal to you personally." For five minutes he flung his soul into a grand effort to melt the conductor. He quoted the Bible, eulogized charity and appealed to humanity, but when he had finished the conductor reached up for the cord and said:

"I must obey the rules or lose my place."

"Say, lemme appeal once more."

"No-can't do it." The train stopped and the man bowed good bye to everybody and got off, Nine miles up the road, where we stopped at a station, there was a rumpus outside about something, and directly the man of appeals was hauled out from under the last coach, where he had been riding on the trucks. He was dirt and slush and mud from head to foot, and the conductor looked at

him and said: "Now you want to quit this business or I'll turn you over to the first constable! You look as if a mule had dragged

you twenty miles." "Exactly, but I couldn't give it up

without one more appeal." The platforms were crowded, and he lung down his hat and began his appeal. In three minutes the passengers had thrown him about \$12 in cash, and when the train moved on the conductor slipped him into the baggage car as a dead-head.

Not Dangerous,

It was a Cass avenue car. There was such a lovely young man got in, and, parting the tails of his Prince Albert coat, sat down and drew forth from a breast pocket a rose-tinted mouchoir de poche. This he nourished under his delicate, children steal into the room and eat the sensitive nose a moment and returned it to dinner all up and leave nothing but the its pocket. Then he drew off one kid empty pall. They are hearty children, glove, dropped a fare in the box, displayed their mother is poor, and a good hot dinner a diamond ring and fell to sucking an isn't bad for anybody; so they eat it and umbrella handle for mental nourishment. Next, he looked in another pocket, found a yellow silk handkerchief and toyed

with it. "Robbed a clothes-line?" suggested one

passenger to another.

"Naw! been to Parce," was the answer in a disgusted tone. In a few moments a third silk handkerchief, this time a blue one, was displayed, but at that moment the sweet thing discovered that he had reached the s reet where he was to disembark, so be pulled the strap with his umbrelia handle, stopped the car, and took his patent leathers up and out. The passengers drew a breath of

reisef. "Tisn't dangerous, gentleman," said the old passenger. "I think I never saw a more beautiful specimen."

"Dude you never see one before?" asked the innocent-looking passenger. "Ah." said the Teutonic passenger, "punishment."

Running a Hole Out of Town.

A friend who has been traveling in Mexico brings back a good story illustrative of the peculiar lack of inventiveness of the people of our sister republic. A church was lately built at Lagos, on the main line of the Mexican Contral railroad, and when finished the fathers were annoved to find that a big hole, from which the clay for the adobes used in constructing the edifice had been excavated, remained directly in front of the main entrance. Orders were given to have the unsightly hole filled up. This was done by shoveling into it earth and clay from the nearest bank. Kut this, of course, left another hole, and so the painstaking Mexicans went to work and filled that up in like manner, leaving another gap in the ground, which was then filled, and the operation was repeated until the hole was run out of town, so to speak, and the good fathers congratulated themselves on being rid of an useightly nuisance. People who wonder that the Mexicans are not more enterprising than they are, will find in this little tale one explanation of the difficulty which stands in the way of a rapid development of the coun-

Irishmen in the British Army.

In 1880, for the first time, Irishmen were admitted into the British Army without forfeiture of their creed or nationality. They eagerly accepted what was then styled "this boon." Not only did they wholly fiel the regiments which bore titles associated with their native land, but the English and Scotch regiments held them in great number. Between 1807 and 1811, more than 400 Irish of the 1,000 which constituted a Outlines of the pattern to be produced are regiment were in the ranks of the Seventy-first Highlanders. In 1810, 443 of veteen, satin, or whatever material is the Seventh Highlanders were Irish. chosen, and the pigments-metallic sub- In 1809, 666 of the Nunety-fourth Highlanders were Irish, and in the record of the Royal Scots 464 are registered as with a stiff brush. The colors seem to be Irish. Speaking in the House of Lords fourteen years after Waterloo, the Duke by the use of gaslights in rooms in which of Wellington said : "It is mainly owing to Irish Catholics that we owe all our proud prominence as an empire and I owe the laurels with which you have been pleased to deck my brow.

ONE of the best mulching materials is salt hay, as it contains no seeds or weeds and can be stored away for use another