## IRISH LULLABY.

I'd rock my own sweet childie to rest in cradle of gold on a bough of the willow, To the sho-heen sho of the wind of the west and the sho hoo lo of the soft sea billow. Sleep, baby, dear, Sleep without fear, Mother is here beside your pillow.

I'd put my own sweet childle to sleep in silver boat on the beautiful river, Where a sho-heen whisper the white cas-cades, and a sho hoo loo the green flags

shiver. Sleep, baby, dear, Sleep without fear. Mother is here with you forever.

Sho hoo lel to the rise and fall of mother's bosom 'tis sleep has bound you. And O, my child, what cosier nest for rosier rest could love have found you? Sleep, baby, dear, out fear, Sleep with Mother's two arms are clasped around you.

# THE YELLOW ROSES.

One evening about two years ago, 1 went to spend a couple of hours with dear old friend and neighbor, Madame de Lorgeri, Aware of her extreme fondness for flowers, I took with me a bunch of yellow roses, her been guilty of. Old people may call it especial favorites. On this evening, as no nonsense, but perchance the nonm many another, I found her with an sense is theirs. If the girl loves you, old gentleman, who had about a year you must sacrifice all for her-tis stubefore come into that neighborhood to pid maybe, but right. We must first take possession of an adjoining property heft him by a distant relative on condi- is the time, for they seek to marry tion he would change his name to that of Descondrais. I was quite jealous of and grow pale! You long to have your the intimacy that soon had sprung up rival at sword's point, as we used to between him and my dear old friend. say in my young days. Well, courage;

were busy over a game of "tric trac." are richer than she, her intended husentered softly so as not to disturb band is richer then you, besides having them, and waited until the game was a title and being quite ready for the over to present my roses. Madame de ceremony; her trousseau 15 even being Lorgeri's face was brightened with made. You are not prepared; go to genuine delight, but to my astonish- her, declare your love-she knows it ment, Monsieur Descondrais' become but one is expected to make the demost strangely abstracted and thoughtful.

"Would you believe it my friend," he said, at length, "those flowers have so in a letter which I may keep; then I evoked, as if by enchantment a whole will prevent this other affair, get your epoch of my youth. For a few moments exchange, and in three years marry you I was again twenty years of age and in to Naomi in spite of your father-in love with a woman, who, if hving, must now be fully sixty years old. will tell you the whole story, one that Influenced my whole after life-even now, when old age has left me barely energy enough to play at tric-trac, the remembrance of my youthful love fills me with emotion."

"Over forty years ago just after I had left college, my father, without consulting me, sought to obtain a post there was no time for indecision, so I for me in a certain regiment quartered in the little town of X-, for which place I received orders to depart at once. This was distressing news for more than one reason; I had no special love for the army, though that objection was no great one, as at that time of my life the mere sight of a gay uniform, or the sound of martial music, sufficed to fire my ambition into becoming a Cæsar or an Achilles. But, worst of all, I was in love, and dared not tell my father, whose answer I knew, would have been an order hastening my departure. Fortunately, I had an uncle and what an uncle! At that time he was as old as I am now, though still retaining all the vigor and freshness of evening. I was desperate, and in my youth. He was the confidant of our misery sought to take my life. My follies, loves, debts and aspirations. I went to him:

for three months every year until the term of probation is over." "Well if it must be- But how shall I know if she loves me?" "Why ask her of course." "Oh, I should never dare."

"Well, then, obey your father, and pack off at once." "Ah, uncle, you do not know Naomi.

A hundred times have I tried to declare my passion; I have even composed speeches, and learned them by heart; but at the moment of speaking my courage wanes, and each word chokes me. Her expression is so sweet, but yet so grave. The man worthy of her is not born! Writing was useless. When my effusions were penned and ready to be sent their utter foolishness struck me so forcible that I was at pains to tear my notes into small pieces." "Nevertheless you must make up

your mind to speak at once. Your father has not told you all; he sends you to Clermont because his friend the colonel's daughter is destined to be your bride. It would indeed be a good match-no protestations-all this is nothing if you are really in love with Naomi. Love is folly-but it is a kind of folly I should regret never having scertain if she loves you, and now her. Ah, ha! that makes you shudder On the evening in question they face your beautiful Naomi. If you claration. If she loves you-she must,

for you are handsome, young and clever. If she is willing to wait, write me spite of the devil himself!"

"Uncle, I have an idea."

- "Well?"
- "I will write to her." "Very well."

After leaving my dear uncle 1 set about writing that note. The writing was no difficult matter, for I had done it a hundred times before; the puzzle was how to give it to her. However, soon made up my mind, and, having

purchased a bunch of yellow roses, I slipped my declaration in among the flowers. I still recall the words of that note. After declaring my passion, I besought Naomi to love me a little in return, and to wait three years for me. If she consented, I asked her, as a sign, to wear one of my roses that evening. Then would I dare to speak of my-do our future plans.

"Ah! you hid that note in the bouquet?" breathlessly interrupted Madame Lorgeri.

#### "struck a New Lay."

A young man in natty attire, and having the general air of a "shoestring" gambler, strolled down Fifth avenue, Chicago. At the corner of Adams street he was stopped by an old lady. She was feeble and bent with age; her shoes were full of holes; her dress was soiled and torn; her general appearance denoted the pauper. "Son," she said, 'which one of these houses does the County Agent live in? I want to see him, for he will help me. I am very poor. They told me Mayor Harrison was a kind man, but when I went to see him he was not to be seen, and a young man told me to go to the County Agent, It must be a long way there, for I am so tired. Can't you show me the way, son?" "Well, now, old girl," said the young man, "you are on the wrong steer for the County Agent. He is about s'teen blocks west of here, and at the gait you are traveling you will get there about fifty minutes to 6," and the young man elevated his cigar. "Please take me there," said the old

lady; "I don't know the way." "Not this eve," said the young man. You are too much of a la-la for me,"

and he turned away." The old lady looked after him. "May be I can find the way" she said, with a sigh, "but I hope, son that your mother

will never be like me." He stopped. He looked into the old, wrinkled face, and thought of his own mother. He pulled out his watch and saw that it was 2 o'clock. He had an appointment in ten minutes, and had the promise of a bottle of wine. He hesitated a moment, then threw away the cigar, and said: "Come on; I will take you there if I lose." She leaned upon his arm, and when they had walked a little way she looked up and said: "I am so faint; I wish I had a cup of tea son."

He put his hand in his pocket. He had a silver dollar and two dimes. He thought of the chances of thirty-six to one on the double O, and then turned to a lunch counter. He seated the old lady and told the waiter to give her all she ordered. The waiter looked at both of them and smiled. When he paid for her lunch the cashier punched him in the side, and said: "Where did you catch onto the 'mash,' Jim?'' "That's an old woman that's hungry, and I'm giving her a square meal," said the young man, somewhat sullenly. "You shouldn't guy a man when he's doing the charity." The cashier's smile disappeared and he handed back the price of the lunch. People on the street looked curiously at the old woman and the flashy young man, but he bravely faced them, although he feared that he might meet some one who knew him. A mail carrier and the conductor helped him put her on a car at Madison street, while a police man kept back the teams with his club. Two young girls looked at him, as he sat by the old lady's side, and tittered. He scowled at them and savagely spat out of the window. When they got out of the car the old lady said:

"Where's the church? I want to pray."

The young man was startled. "No,

## influence exerted by the will united

with nervous energy. Louis XI is a. striking instance. Richelieu is a more familiar illustration of the principle. Beaconsfield, Gladstone and some literary men of our own times prove conclusively the value of vital force as com-The first is like a Fabian army, fighting a little and all the time retreating adroitly; the last like a strong fortfication, which having been surmounted was to make the arrangement of the by the enemy, all is lost.

It follows, then, that the length of

seldom pass much beyond middle age? First, because their physical and nervous forces are not usually in proportion, and second, because, presuming on the and intemperate indulgence.

the stomach is invariably in a morbid sults of confinement and sedentary habits must be counteracted, but beyond | reporter as to his peculiar vocation. the point of cultivating a healthy appetite no one should ever go. The diges- this work before you engaged in it tion may be kept in less troublesome regularly?" ways than by writhing and wriggling on the trapeze and crossbars. Food would have been to be temperate at a table. Even the digestive pill of the dresser." gourmet is a more sensible remedy for over-feeding than the barbarous meth- | bled upon it?"

ods of modern athletes and acrobats. When will human beings learn the absolute necessity of putting a solid bar than everybody can be a painter. One of sleep between two days, or that has to born to it. A dull, unpoetic every exertion must be followed by a soul will set and reset his pieces several corresponding period of repose? The times before they give satisfaction, but

## Window Dressers.

No branch of the mercantile business has grown to such proportions in the The lives of Voltaire, Queen Elizabeth, past five years as the dressing of show windows. Before that time goods for display were thrown into the window recesses without any special regard for pared with mere physical strength. harmonious blending of colors, and it seemed to be the impression that the way to catch the public eye and call attention to the beauties of the goods

articles displayed as incongruous as possible. Suddenly an artist appeared human life depends, first, on the amount in a well-known Boston house, and out of this vital force, and, second, on the of his love of art spent his time, at a care with which it is husbanded. It is small salary, in decorating the windows probable that it is oftener found in per- with displays that fairly dazzled the sons of medium stature and of no great Bostonian's eyes. Beautiful grotto physical strength, though it may co- scenes with wax figures for the subterexist with the amplest physical devel- ranean inhabitants, and somber-hued opment. Let any one run over in his stuff to make the effect of the gloom; mind a list of all the old men he has Santa Claus' jolly representative, Cinever known. How many of them were derella and the Prince and various six feet in height? How many of them other unique and novel representatives were men of superior muscle when they showed that a field requiring peculiar were young? A small proportion, we originality and a fertile imagination

presume to say. Why is it that young was opening up in a business that for-men six feet tall, or who are athletes, mally seemed altogether devoid of anything but the dryest details.

Competition spread to other cities and young men in large numbers turned their attention to what prompted better superabundance of their strength, they | wages and more variety of labor. Withexhaust themselves in over exertion in the past two months several stores in St. Louis have contained very attrac-It may be stated as an incontroverti- tive exhibits and a counterfeit of a ble principle that any amount of exer- suspension bridge, constructed of comcise more than is necessary to keep the mon pins and rubber hair pins and digestion perfect has a tendency to extending a length of lifteen feet, drew shorten life. The digestion is the fuel many a beholder. Folds of tarleton under the engine, the oil which lubri- were artfully substituted for the clouds, cates the points of friction in the ma- and gray gingham quite faithfully prechinery of the body. We cannot imag- sented the appearance of rocks, over ine a person mortally ill while the diges- which the products of a millinery store tion is good. While it is perfect the turned and clustered in a wilderness of health is perfect. When it happens false vines and mosses. The effect that any part of the body is diseased from across the street was surprisingly realistic, and imagination would not condition. Therefore systematic and have been startled had some veritable unnecessary exercise in gymnasiums is Lilliputians skipped across the frail likely to prove injurious. Professional fabric swaying backward and forward athlets are rarely long-lived. Abnor- behind the glass. The spectacle was mal development of particular muscles such a refreshing innovation in the mois attended or soon followed by weak- notony of the stale shows to which the ness or deterioration. The fatigue that eyes of shoppers had long been treated, follows excessive exertion is a sheer that it seemed hardly conceivable to waste of vitality, which may not be at some that the work had not been done once felt, but whose loss is perceptible after a long effort. It was, however, later in life. Exercise must be regula- the result of two days' work on the part ted by sound discretion. The bad re- of the regular dresser, one of the most skillful in the West, who was seen by a "Did you make a special study of

"Well, I can't say that I did. You see, some years ago, while engaged in a should be according to personal habits smaller store, I got to experimenting in and the strength of the digestive organs. | window designs, and became so expert If a person's diet is coarse and heavy it that our store became the attraction of may sometimes be necessary to work in the town. Then I moved to a larger a gymnasium like a blacksmith, or like | city, took some time traveling East and a horse on a treadmill, to enable the noting some other features from the system to dispose of it. The better way masters, you might say, and after that toek the regular position of window "Then you don't claim to have stum-

> "Certainly not. It isn't everybody that can become a dresser any more

On the Box.

It was the poverty and not the will that consented in the case of the driver who lent me his forder, his badge and his license to enable me to spend a dozen hours or so on the box, and see what life was like from the point of view of the 10,000 cabbies who ply their calling in the huge metropolis. It is a nervous kind of thing to find yourself at the back of a handsom cab for the first time, even if you profess to be something of a whip. The roof shines before you like a great wet housetop, and, as to the horse, of which you can see no more than the head and a few inches of neck, its distance is quite startling. The wheels cannot be seen, so the difficulty of estimating the width of spaces that you dare drive through is very considerable; there is a feeling of slippery insecurity about the legs, too; so that, beyond the danger of being flung right over the whole thing, as cabbies often are in falls and collisions, it does not seem at all impossible to slide out side. ways.

My first fare was an old lady to the Royal Academy bound. She gave me a shilling and left her Academy Notes in the cab. In driving into the yard of the Burlington House I noticed the Bishop of Durham going up the steps. I then prowled along Piccadilly and picked up another very uninteresting shilling fare, a youth who wanted to go to Albert Gate. In the neighborhood of the place just named I was hailed by a gentleman whose face, expressive of mingled merrimentand anxicty, I well remembered, but whose name I could not bring to my tongue: He ordered me to drive across the park to Paddington station. En route I heard him singing, "When other lips and other hearts," with the characteristic intonations of Mr Sims Reeves, and for a moment I imagined that I had been fortunate enough to secure the greatest living tenor as a fare. But the melody was sharply transformed. Yes, it was clear that I had the great J. L. Toole on board. He was mimicking Mr. Reeves as very few can, and singing snatches of "Paw Clawdian." told him who was his driver when he alighted, whereupon he said that, although he was a Toole, he had not thought that he being instrumentalized for the benefit of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. 'Ah, well, don't chisel me out of the fare!" I said: "I want my screw, you know!" "Yes, I saw that you were a screw driver," he answered with a wink; "that was plain, young shaver! Perhaps it will auger well for your inside if I ax you to supper at the Beefsteak Club instead of giving you the 18d. You'll want a bit in stock, after a day on a hansom?"

I had an advesture with a touch of pathos in it after driving away from Paddington station, whence Mr. Toole had gone scampering away to Henley regatta. At the corner of Edgeware road stood rather a faded-looking old lady, whose visage was puckered into some hundreds of wrinkles by a life of care, I should think, such as no woman should have to endure. Leaning with extreme feebleness upon her arm was a girl, hardly more than a child, in the lectic roses of whose cheeks read the sentence of an early death by consumption. How long could you drive my daughter in the park for a shilling, cabman? The doctor has ordered her to get fresh air, and she can't walk far; I can only afford a shilling. said the gentlewoman, in a tone of well bred candor. I begged them to get in at once, declaring that I was doing very well that day and could afford to give them a good blow. In the park the old lady alighted and walked at the side for a time, telling me by degrees a few of the details of her troubles. At the end of about an hour I dropped these unfortunate ladies at the spot where 1 had taken them up. To their very great wonder I did not take their shilling. I asked the little girl to do me the honor of accepting a bright cluster of flowers that I had been wearing in my buttonhole, which she did with much blushing and bewilderment. "If you would only let us give you the shilling," she stammered, "we would ask you to come and give us a ride some other day." I said that I could not, and hurried off. These ladies were neither stiff nor patronizing in their manner to me. I am disposed to believe now that a touch of nature really may make the whole world kin, including even the unromantic cabbies.

"Uncle, I am most unhappy."

"I bet you twenty louis you are not!" "Ah, uncle do not jest-besides you would lose your bet."

"If I lose, I pay. Perhaps that might help to console you."

'No; money has nothing to do with my wretchedness. Father has just accepted a lieutenantcy for me in the-Regiment."

'A misfortune indeed! The uniform is most becoming, andall the officers are gentlemen."

"But uncle, I do not wish to be a soldier."

"Not be a soldier! Are you a coward, by chance?"

"I do not yet know, uncle nevertheless, I know you are the only man might dare doubt my courage."

"Well, Cid, my boy, what is your objection to the army?"

"I wish to marry."

"Nonsense!"

"Nonsense or no nonsense, I am in love.

"And you call that a misfortune! wish I were in love myself. Who is she?"

"Oh, uncle! an angel!"

"Of course-I knew that before; they always are angels. What I ask is as to what name your angel answers when they call her?";

'Naomi,' "Humph? Naomi. may be enough for you: but I would like to know to what family this angel belongs."

"She is a Miss Amelot?" "Indeed! Then she is truly an angel

A tall, graceful brunette, with dark eyes, soft as velvet. I approve your choice."

"And if you but know her"----"I do know her. Does she love you?"

"I do not know."

What! not know! You are unworthy of me. At her house every evening, and yet not know if she loves you!"

"She does not even know of my love." "Pshaw! little you know about it. She knew you loved her at least fifteen minutes before you knew it yourself."

"What I do know at all events, is that I will die if she be not mine!" "Oh, no! Softly my boy. There are many reasons why she should not be

yours. Your father is far richer than hers, and would never consent to the match.'

"In that case, uncle, I know what I will do"\_\_\_

"Nonsense! Do nothing silly. Listen to me. You, cannot marry at twenty." "Why not?"

"Because I do not wish it, and without me this marriage can never take place."

"Oh, dear uncle. I beg----"

"If the girl loves you, and is willing to wait three years-----

"Three years !" "Peace, or I shall say four. If she is

will join your regiment-"Oh uncle?"

"But not this one. I will have you

"Yes, madame." "And then?" "Well, Naomi wore no flowers that

good uncle took me to Clermont, stayed there two months, and did all in his power to distract my thoughts from Naomi, declaring she never could have really cared for me."

"But, uncle," I used to object; "she always seemed so pleased to see me, and reproached me so gently when I came later than usual."

"Women seek the love of all men, but care for very few."

At length I succeeded in banishing Naomi's image from my heart. I mar-

ried the colonel's daughter, who eight years later, left me a childless widower: my dear uncle has been long dead, and I am now alone in the world. Would you believe it, my friends?-I often to this day think of Naomi, and she is still to me, though now quite an old lady, the Naomi of my story-my first

love-a tall, graceful girl, with auburn hair, and so my uncle used to say, black velvet eyes.

"You know not what became of her?" "No, madame."

"Then your name is not 'Descoudraies?"

"No; that is the name of my uncle's estate; mine is d'Altheim."

"I knew it!"

"Why?-how?" "I will tell you what became of Na-

omi-she loved you." "But the note-the roses?"

"She never found your note. Your sudden departure cost her many bitter tears, and then she married Monsieur de Lorgeri,"

"M. de Lorgeri!"

"Whose widow I am."

"Then you-you are Naomi Amelot?"

"Yes; just as you are, or rather, as you are not, the Edmond d'Altheim of my youth."

"To think we should meet one day as strangers?"

"Yes, and then only to play at trictrac."

"The roses-"

"Are here. I always kept them." And Madame de Lorgerel, with hands that trembled slightly, drew from an ebony cabinet, near by, the withered bunch of yellow roses.

"Unfasten them quick!" exclaimed Monsieur Descoudrais. She did so, and there among the flowers, now al-most dust, found the note, where it had lain concealed for two and forty years.

"Spare that Tree."

In the Adirondacks the lumberman has done his work. Not a single white pine of the picturesque kind which we used to see along the shores remains, and the spruces have been thinned out men of the country alike from farms, truth of all that was claimed for the until it is hard to find one of average counters and counting-rooms. The weapon, and purchased it. Here is the natural size, and we have all the fuel city regiments and country regiments certificate which accompanies the we need for our camp-fires in the litter encamped side by side, enjoying at first sword." The following inscription was which the trimming of the trees has the same degree of health. It often written on parchment: "This claymore left." Besides this business destruction, happened that the last died like sheep, was used in the wars of the Covenantthere is an abuse which it is as much in willing, then, to wait three years, you the interest of the lumber proprietor hardships and simple complaints incias of the state to stop, which is the dental to camp life, while their neigh- Roy." peeling of the spruce trees for summer bors from the city grew strong and camps. The guides and hunters, when lived to do duty afterward on a score

exchanged into one quartered with- they go into camp, ordinarily construct of battle-fields. "Itad and you may come home their shelter from spruce bark.

ou're off again. said he, but he "You want to see the didn't smile. county agent,"

"So I do; so I do," said she. "I am so old that I forget. But I feel so thankful, and you are so kind, that I wanted to pray. Are we nearly there now? I think my boy will come back to me some day, don't you? He went to California years ago, and then I heard he was dead. But I never got a letter from a doctor that said he was dead. Oh, dear! I am tired again. Do you think the county agent will send me to Elgin? And I want him to give me a new pair of shoes, and then I will be happy. I know a good woman in Elgin who will let me live with her a little while. Have I any friends? No. not one, and I have no money."

He put his hand in his pocket. The silver dollar and one dime were still there. He put it in her hand, and said: 'Here, mother, catch on. I'd like to give you more, but this is my pile. Play it close, and you'll win; and now, right over there, on the coiner of the alley, is the joint you are looking for.' He left her while she showered blessings upon him; and when he again reached the south side, and found that he had missed his appointment, he invested his solitary dime in a cigar and said to himself: "Well, if I did get left on one lay, I caught onto another kind of queer. I'll just tell this story to the old woman, and maybe she won't kick so hard for awhile if I get home late tonight."

Vital Force.

There seems to be an active and enduring energy in man that is not pure Robert Roy MacGregor's father. Mr. physical strength and yet aids in the in- MacGregor is 82 years old. He was definite prolongation of life. It is not away from home but his daughter-inthe mysterious vital principle, though law led a reporter into a dining hall closely related to it. It is not firmness ornamented with stag's heads and weaof muscle nor suppleness of limb, though pons of war and the chase. From one these are useful attributes of the body. corner she dragged forth a straight-Neither is it the will, though this may bladed, double-edged, two-nanded claysometimes help to keep the vital spark | more, with a strong iron basket hilt as for a time within the mortal frame. It big as a fencing mask and twice as deep. is sometimes called nervous force, be- The blade is four feet long and two and cause it is more observable in persons a half inches in width. The reporter of nervous constitution. Whatever it tried to draw the blade from the scabmay be it is quite as valuable as mere bard, but it resisted all his efforts. strength, and by judicious management |"The scabbard ought to come off," it may be made to keep the possessor in | said the young lady. "I know it used health and to extend his life far beyond to, and the blade was bright and in the allotted term of man's usefulness. good order. There is said to be only Young men reared in the country are one sword like this in the world now, large, muscular and healthy. Beside and that is in the tower of London. them, young men reared in the city That sword came into our family twenseem pale and sickly. But this differ- ty years ago. Mr. Robert MacGregor, ence of appearance need lead no one to | who is now dead, was then a dry-good suppose that the city youth has not merchant of Philadelphia. He heard equal or greater powers of endurance that a family of MacGons who had than those who have grown up among lately come over from Scotland, had in green fields and breathed the purest their possession the sword of Rob Roy's mountain air. When the war of the father, and he went to investigate the Rebellion broke out it called the young matter. He became satisfied of the because they were unable to endure the ers and Cavaliers by Colonel Donald

History furnishes examples of the twice as much.

speedily taken. The nerves will endure a certain amount of tension if they are soon relaxed. But in bodily fatigue or nervous excitement it is easy to pass the point where the loss of vitality beomes irremediable.

Men sometimes say that they do not wish to live to old age. It is a matter for a rich, elaborate and complete diswhich does not depend on their wishes | play. unless they choose to commit suicide,a death preferred by few. But if old age is to be endured it can only be renderaccidents, the book of health is simple knowledge and self-restraint. Its primary lessons are rest and recuperation. and simple remedies set the disorganized functions again in healthy motion. No man is so stupid as not to be able to learn the amount of vital force that is in him. Its loss is quickly shown in the lassitude and physical disorder that follow excessive bodily or mental labor. or the demoralization that comes from excessive indulgence in nerve stimulants. These are plain warnings that he neglects at his peril.

Rob Roy's Father's Sword.

body can be recuperated from a certain with the properly qualified decorator amount of physical fatigue if repose is one setting is sufficient." "Are windows made in a different way for such purposes?" "Oh yes. The change has been made quite extensively in the East, and now they are built deeper. Where ours are only eight or ten feet deep theirs are over twenty. This give a fine chance

"Is that all you do?" "Well, I should think so. D takes me a day or a day and a-half to work ed tolerable by carefully guarding the up an ordinary design, and, as we have weak points of the citadel in youth and four windows ranging in size from early manhood. Barring unavoidable | thirty-six feet to fifteen feet, the lay-out of each of which must be changed once and easily learned. Its alphabet is self- a week, I consider that I am kept busy enough to earn my salary. Besides, during the summer it is like working Even a little forethought may guard in a furnace to stand u the sunshine against chance disorders and accidents | that pours through the panes and in winter the cold draughts of air make it equally unpleasant. The variety and change, however, compensate somewhat for some of its ills."

"What are the average salaries paid?" "They range from \$30 to \$45 a week, and some experts receive \$60. Wages have been steadily going up the past year, as a number of incompetent young men have dropped out, convinced that it calls for a natural capability which can't be replaced by determination.'

"Do you outline or sketch your design before working it out?"

John MacGregor has at his home, at "I don't, but I know those who do. Brooklyn, a sword which belonged to It is not the best plan to do it, though, as it tends to limit one's powers. invariably let one combintation or idea suggest another so that I never have the same style used twice. It is best to do the work by inspiration and then you know its fresh. I shall put over a week in to decking out the company's exhibit at the exposition. How would it look if I should make any attempt to put it on paper previously?"

## Face Fowder.

A young married man discovered a freshly opened box of face powder on his wife's toilet table. "To this complexion have we come at last," he said, and flung it out of the open window. It alighted safely on the head of a gentleman who was going to church in his Sunday best, and enveloped him from head to foot like a spring storm. "Come down and be murdered," he yelled up to the man in the window. shaking his fist and describing a war dance.

"Come up and I'll fight you," shrieked the powder magazine above.

The wife appeared as a pacificator; armed with a whisk-broom she descended to the sidewalk, and her husband had the satisfaction of seeing her carefully dust off the strange man, while she made soothing apologies in invisible

And the husband has concluded not to interfere with his wife's toilet relations in the future.

The average ocean steamer burns a The man who knows you well may hundred tons of coal a day, and some forget all about you when you are ill.

With my Boots On.

The railroad passenger who leaves from any depot in Detroit must show his ticket at the gate. The idea is to keep dead-heads off the trains and prevent people from making mistakes, but it's a poor day when a dozen kickers don't show up.

Recently a man with a very, very iron-jaw and lots of width between the eyes reached one of the gates with a parcel under either arm.

"Ticket, sir."

"In my pocket."

"Show your ticket!" "Can't you take my word that I've

got a ticket?" "Please show your ticket."

"Am I liar?" demanded the passen-

"Ticket, sir; show your ticket."

"I'll be hanged if I do." "All right; please stand back,"

"Look a-here," said the man with the metal in his jaw, "I'll stay here a thousand years before I'll show my ticket at that gate."

A dozen people laughed at him, but he let the train go out and walked around with his parcels under his arm, He got no consolation for a long two hours Then a chap with a battered white plug hat, run-down boots and last year's clothes, slouched up to him, held out a greay paw and said:

"Pardner, put it than! Both of us dead-broke. Both of us want to get out o' here. Both of us got left at the gate. Pardner, I'll toss up to see whether you pawn your red whiskers or I spout my old hat for two schooners of beer

The wide-eyed man laid down his bundles and kicked the other with such force that he fell flat. When he had picked himself up he walked straight to the gate, exhibited his ticket, and passed through with the remark:

"There it is-there it is! but I'll beat the conductor or die with my boots on!"

tones.

MacGregor, of Argyle, father of Rob