The sun that paints the flower to-day Will fade the flower to-morrow; The lorgest joys will pass away, And end at last in sorrow.

That souls are filled with fear; It is that nature is unkind That starts the bitter tear.

It is that thought informs the mind

The passing air by which we live Still bears our breath away; The hand which unto life doth give, Prepares the bed of clay.

The darker falls the shade; The colors most divinely bright Are still the first to fade It is because all ties must part,

The brighter beams the steady light,

That farewell words are spoken; It is the love that fills the heart By which the heart is broken.

#### JACK'S LESSON.

"He positively neglects you, Nannie; I wonder you stand it.

Lena Biair touched the light-brown hair of her brother's betrothed very tenderly, but a shade of annoyance crossed her fine, haughty face. "You love him far too well, little

one," she said, rapidly. "If you were not so willing to accept any sort of treatment from him, I'm sure he'd not act as he does. Now, last night at the hop I saw your pretty eyes turning toward him wherever he was-and he wasn't very near you often-I noticed that, too-full of the most transparent devotion, Why didn't you do as he was doing? He was deep in a flirtation with Nell Glynn. Why didn't you try the same amusement? You might find it as pleasant as he did, or seemed to; and when Roy Lexon tried to be civil to you, you actually snubbed him, O, you little goose! So long as you submit to this sort of thing, so long will you find it continue. You are too patient dear. I am sure you never say word to Jack about all his flirtations, do you, Nannie?"

"The pretty grey eyes fell, and a flickering color, sweet as that of the wild primrose, came and went in Nannie May's cheek. It was a very dainty and flower-like face that Lena watched so closely, yet with a touch of impatience in her own dark eyes.

"I couldn't say anything unpleasant to him, Lena," she said, softly; "and I am sure he loves me best always."

"Of course he does; but his conduct sometimes pains you. I know it does,' There was a slight contraction of the low, white forehead and a sudden quiver of the girlish lips, as they said simply;

"Sometimes." Then they added, hastily: "I know he doesn't mean to make me miserable. He does it all in thoughtlessness, Lena dear."

"Then it's about time you taught him to consider a little. Your patience will make a confirmed flirt of him," "What can I do. I never could

quarrel with Jack. It would kill me, Lena, if I spoke to him at all on the subject, I know I would cry.' "And then he would kiss you, and call you silly and jealous without rea-

son; and you would ask his pardon, and -he would flirt more than ever." "Well, what is there for me to do?" "Make him jealous,"

"I never could; I am no flirt, and I love Jack too well to make him miser-

"And Jack ought to love you too well to want to make you miserable." "He doesn't think," "Then teach him to think!" impa-

tiently. "I have a plan, Nannie, which will work splendidly if you put it in execution, Sandy Anderson comes here to-morrow, You know him?" "O, very well, indeed! He is an old friend, in fact.'

"Well, a secret: He is-is my lover. We are betrothed," "Lena, dear!" with a girlish delight. "I never even suspected! Let me kiss

you. Does Jack know?" 'No, you child! Do you forget the old feud between them since one-I forget which-gave the other a good

drabbing at college. And Jack isn't to know just yet, either. I told you not, at me?" my plan before you, and see if there isn't more of the comic than tragic in my plot." They were walking slowly along the

beach, within sight of the hotel at which both were guests; both were with their parents at Atlantic City, spending a very delightful summer by "the sad sea waves."

Jack Blair had joined the party two weeks before, and still had four weeks left of vacation given him generously by his senior partner in their Baltimore

The two girls talked for some time, and when they had finished, both were langhing heartily.

While their faces were yet dimpling with mirth, they came suddenly upon a couple sitting on the sands, in a very agreeable—to them—depths of an ani-mated conversation. They had a huge light sunshade overthem; and the young man-none other than Jack Blair himself-was quite pronounced in his desire from the sun, while he was industriously swaying a great fan to and fro, quite near, in fact almost tenderly near the pretty, petulant, pink and white face of Nell Glynn, said to be one of the most unscrupulous and industrious of flirts, and certainly enjoying her sojourn

beside the sea. Lena and Nannie nodded to them and passed on. Lena laughed mischiev-

Nannie blushed a deep red, but swiled The next evening there was to be a

and Nannie. He was waiting for them as he had promised, on the terrace, when his sis-

ter approached him alone.
"Ten't Nannie ready?" he asked,
"Everybody has gone; Miss Glynn and body is dry.

THE BLOOM UPON THE BRANCH MUST her mother went more than half an

hour ago."
"And Nannie has been gone more than half an hour," Lena responded, easily. "With her mother. I understood that

Mrs. May was not going."

with Mr. Anderson."

Jack started. "She was to go with us." "I told you so, but I was mistaken, you see. We will be late, Jack." Jack offered his arm, and led his sister across the terrace and along the

"She is in the parlor. Nannie went

sands, looking a trifle grave. "Nannie will be the belle to-night, I'm positive," Lena continued, cheerfully. "She looked beautiful in a white satun dress, with pearls on her arms. If I were you, Jack, I'd be a little bit afraid. You see, Sandy Anderson has admired Nannie for a long time, and he is so very agreeable and handsome—rather handsomer than you

are, my dear brother."
"A fop and a fool!" Jack exclaimed, disgustedly, and Lena only smiled. They were late, and found the floor

filled with waltzers. While they stood watching the cir-cling couples, Nannie floated by, light as a zephyr, fair as a flower-held by Sandy Anderson, whose head was bent -rather too tenderly, it seemed to Jack-over the fair one of the girl.

She was smiling shyly, and, as her eyes met those of her betrothed, she flushed in what struck him as being a very guilty manner. Then the other waitzers hid them,

and Jack, with a most unaccountable sense of injury upon him, stood moodily near the doorway, although Miss Glenn had sent a signal across the room to

As the hours went on, he found it impossible to get near enough to Nannie to say even a word to her; and this was so unusual that he felt confused, njured, indignant and angry altogether. Miss May had certainly been a belle that night.

And Sandy Anderson had been her onstant attendant, When Jack walked back to their otel with Lena, he was perfectly silent, and his sister asked him at last how he liked the hop. "It was a beastly bore!" he said, half

"Didn't Nannie look lovely?" she pursued. "Ask Anderson," was the civil an-

swer. "He never took his eyes off her "I don't think he ever cared for anybody else," Lena said unblushingly.

"I pity the poor fellow." And Jack tugged very savagely at his mustache.

The following morning, directly after breakfast, he was standing on the terrace when Nannie and Mr. Anderson crossed it, on their way to the beach.

They did not return until lunch hour, and he noticed how bright and pretty the girl looked in her white flannel dress and broad sun hat; and he had been no more particular about the preservation of Miss Glynn's complexion than seemed Sandy about his companion's.

Then Jack became blindly, insanely salous, and he sent Lena to induce his betrothed to go for a turn on the ter-

He followed Lena, and then, when Jack had drawn her arm through his, Lena left them and went in; and Jack commenced upbraiding her pretty love until he melted her to tears.

Surely Nannie May would never have become a queen of tragedy, for she owned everything then and there, and dried her tears on Jack's broad bosom, and she even informed him of his sister's engagement in her excited con-

"Lens thought you neglected me, and that I took it too meekly; so she arranged and planned it all," sobbed. "She thought you might not spend so much of your time with Miss Glynn, if you knew how badly I felt about your doing so, and she bade me try to make you jealous. But you're not, augry, Jack? You're not angry

"His anger didn't seem very terrible for he kissed her.

"Lena ought to be ashamed of herseif," he declared; "and I think I'll forgive Anderson all old scores. He'll not find lite full of flowers if he becomes my brother-in-law. But, my pet, you ought not to think of being jealous of Miss Glynn, nor anybody else. There is no girl in the world so sweet and loveable as yourself, and even Lena shall not say I neglect you hereafter.'

"And you are not jealous?" "Of a fellow like Anderson? Non-

### But he had been very jealous. ----Throw Up Your Chin.

The following bit of advice is well worth heeding by our young girls and boys. There is nothing like a strong pair of lungs, with every muscle in its right place and training, to promote perfect health of body and mind, Moreto protect his companion's complexion over, an erect carriage will produce an elegant and refined appearance. The whole secret of standing and walking erect consists in keeping the chin well away from the breast. This throws the head upward and backward, and the shoulders will naturally settle backward in their position. Those who stoop in walking generally look downward. The offend by refusing to accept it. proper way is to look straight ahead. upon the same level with your eyes, or if you are inclined to stoop, until that tendency is overcome look rather above "Strike just such an attitude some tendency is overcome look rather above time for his benefit," she said; and than below the level. Mountaineers are said to be as "straight as an arrow," and the reason is because they are obliged to look upward so much, pleasant hop at a neighboring hotel, simply impossible to stoop in walking if and Jack had promised to escort Lena you will heed and practice this rule. You will notice that all round-shouldered persons carry the chin near the

breast and pointed downward.

An Alpine Idyl.

Frank de Vaud was climbing up a particularly stiff part of a particularly stiff hill. Sometimes he called in the ssistance of the Alpine-stock he held in one hand, but just as often he clam-

ered on and up without it. Frank de Vaud was going to see pretty little bright-eyed Johanna, the goat-herd's daughter, and Johanna loved honest Frank, and he knew it right well. They were going to be married before a great many months were over, and his chief reason for visiting her cottage to-night-she dwelt a long, long way up the hill-was to press her to "name the day, the happy day," as the song says.

"Well, Johanna was waiting for him, and they met as true lovers wno are betrothed and soon to be wed usually do meet. They did say that Johanna was the prettiest girl in all the canton, and I think they were not far wrong. Her dress became her so, too, and the modest way her bair was done up, and her sweet voice and deep blue thoughtful eyes, and the blush upon her bonny face, and-and-but there! suffice it to say, she was a charming little mountain maiden, and no one could blame Frank

a bit for loving her. But could she name the day, think you? Not she, "Oh! I don't know," she always answered bashfully. "Well, then," she added on this particular eve-

ning, "say in six months time." "Oh! dearest, we don't know what might happen before then," said Frank,

somewhat thoughtfully. Frank de Vaud was out almost every hunter, he! And a very successful one the sun was beating so warmly as allow at; it had many little eccentricities; in a crevasse far down beneath him. how."

"Recruiting is running very light army," he said, "for I am sure they now and we are taking, by instruction, will never take me. You can marry us only the very best men that apply. day in the mountains. A very daring but as Frank knew them all and made | Presently he saw the something move, allowance for them, he wouldn't have given that old gun for one worth

double the money. One beautiful afternoon, when high up among the Alps, he shot a chamois a long way down beneath him. It was no easy task to reach it, but he succeeded at last. He sat down beside it. He | gles. Revenge is sweet." lit his pipe and began to dream and build castles in the air, or, if he did not build castles, he imagined one sweet little chalet, which would be all his and

crevasse far, far below? He listened. Yes, there it was again, ringing and clear, though, owing to the distance, no ouder than the voice of a midget. "Help! Help! Coo-ee. Help! Help!"

De Vaud looked over the ledge and saw a dark figure in the snow. "Hullo!" he shouted. "I'll go back for assistance. Keep up your heart.

And away went Frank, leaving his gun beside the slain deer. Wait, indeed!" growled little Mr. Poddlesby to himself. "I'll have to

wait! What a fool I was to come away without a guide! I shall lose a good dinner, too!" Little Mr. Poddlesby hailed from all kinds of fine things, his uncle hav-

ing died heirless and left him wealthy. So Poddlesby required to be a clerk no longer in the city. He determined to see the world! A very vulgar, self-conceited little In the afternoon, they-Nannie and fellow, I'm sorry to say, was Poddles- betray during their processes of devel-Anderson-went driving on the sands; by. He had had an idea, even when a opment the instincts and habits of their and, when they finished, Jack heard a poor clerk, that he was rather attract- prehistoric progenitors. Apply this

pienic planned for the following day, to | ive than otherwise to the fair sex, but which Sandy asked Miss May if he now that he had riches he deemed hummight be her escort, and she smilingly self irresistible. He joined an Alpine club, and it used to be his boast that he never required a guide. the crevasse, where, had he not been

> certainly have perished before morning, and become food for the eagles. In three hours time Frank was back with assistance, and Poddlesby was brought safe to the brink, more dead

found by Frank de Vaud, he would

than alive. He was then carried to the nearest chalet, the goat-herd's, where advertising cards, buttons and monopretty Johanna lived. "I'll be as fresh as a daisy to-mor-

row," said little Poddlesby, as they put him to bed.

But he was not so. He was down 'twixt death and life. When at last he became convalescent, nothing could ex-

to him, nor, indeed, of Johanna herself.
"But, of course, I shall pay them well for it," said Poddlesby to himself, terest increases as the Poddlesby was somewhat surprised when, on bidding his host and hostess good-bye, the crisp bank note he tried to slip into the hand of the latter was firmly but respectfully deelined.

They had only done their duty, said this honest couple; if they deserved any mentary branches of learning. His eye girls in front every time. I imported reward at all it would come from hea-

"Well," said Poddlesby to himself snug in his hotel in the town down the valley, "I don't feel over-strong; I'll the civil to that charming Johanna. A less after all their kindnesses. I'll take thing. She is too good for that lout of a Frank. I'm not sure that I won't

marry her myself." Have you ever seen a tiny cloud, reader, rising over the sea, or even the hills in a mountainous land? Up and up and up into the blue sky, getting bigger and wider and darker every minute, till at length the storm breaks and the thunder roars, and all is chaos and destruction. Just such a little cloud began to rise between Frank de Vaud and Johanna on the very day that Poddlesby commenced paying attentions to our innocent Swiss maiden. brought a gift of rare fruit, more lusclous than any which Johanna or her parents had ever eaten before. It must have cost golden gulders. She couldn't

After this Podalesby asked Johanna's parents-and he asked so prettily-if now and then; he was studying botany, he said. Old fraud that he was, he did

not know a fir-cone from a hazel catkin! I have now come to the disagreeable very great favorite with Johanna's parents, and they always thought their child safe when with him. Meanwhile jealous of the insinuating Saxon; and educated men.

at last the storm burst and—the lovers

quarreled and parted. Frank spent most of his time among the mountains now. He loved that somewhat ancient gun more than ever. But Frank seldom sang. The joy and the happiness seemed clean gone away from his big heart for ever and a day.

He gave the little chalet, at which he had spent so many a pleasant evening, a very wide berth, indeed. He could not bear the sight of it. He would not of Palneca did not dare to wander near have gone near it for worlds. He dread- the hillside of Santo-Pietro. ed to look upon Johanna, lest the old love should return with such force that at last the father relented. he might be constrained to make a fool of himself-that was how he phrased it and unjust in his jealousy.

But was he unjust? He often and often asked himself that question. What right had she to accept the gifts of that hateful Saxon? How dared she the affianced bride of Frank de Vaud -accompany Poddlesby in his wanderings among the hills, and go on excurhad been wronged; he never, never, never would forgive her.

Simple-minded innocent Johanna, she from Poddlesby, and she did not like to and severed three fingers. seem ungrateful. What harm could Now let the military there be, she often asked herself, in take place! acting as guide for the poor little Englishman in his rambles over the hills and in his studies?

Ah! but many and many a night, for all that Johanna sobbed berself to sleep. One autumn day, Frank, lying on his side on a bank of snow, upon which next he heard it halloo.

"It is," cried Frank; "no, it can't be-but by everything that is remarkable, it's nobody else but Poddlesby! Ay, scream away, my little man. I took you out of one crevasse; now, indeed, you shall become food for the ea-

Yes, reader, revenge is sweet, but vengeance does not belong to man. Frank lay there for two whole hours watching Poddlesby, then, his better - Hullo! was that a shout from this nature prevailing, he went straight away and got assistance, and in a short time the Englishman from Ealing was out of danger. When he saw who had again rescued him, Poddlesby positively burst into tears. "Come with me, come with me," he cried, "I shall die

> And he led Frank straight to Johanna's cottage and dragged him in, and he had effectually settled this love aftook his half-unwilling hand and placed fair. it in blushing Johanna's.

"I have done you both an injury," he said; "I have now to crave forgiveness, which I sincerely do." Well, there was some good in little

Poddlesby's heart after all. I need not say that Frank and Johanna were married. Yes, and Podhad was Poddlesby's.

## Small Boys and Stamps.

suggested that the young of any species | herd, tired of the world. theory to the small boy and it becomes plain that one of man's earlier states was that of the bower bird. Restless, inquisitive and acquisitive, the bower bird collects every brightly colored or Hence we find him at the bottom of oddly shaped object it can find, and, with this plunder, decorates its bower. So the small boy at the bower bird period wanders up and down the face of the earth after birds' eggs, stamps, coins, postmarks, newspaper headings, autographs, monograms, buttons, advertis-

ing cards and seals. Of these various collections those of grams are simply useless. They have not only no limit, but no purpose. Postmarks and newspaper headings are little better. Coins are too costly and too bulky. Autographs have no limit in with a fever, and for weeks he lay number, but are instructive. Seals are not common enough to be popular, birds' eggs are only within reach of the ceed the kindness of Johanna's parents country boy, but stamps are the ideal

Their number has a limit, so that interest increases as the collection grows complete. They come from all parts of the world, and are of varied grades of "rareness." They are bright in color, attractive in design, and by their inboy into an attentive study of many ele- curl papers over night, and kills the is trained to detect colors and delicate shades. His fingers are schooled to there. Then we have the 'Harvard quickness and gentleness of touch. He bang,' with the 'Boston annex.' These that evening, when he found himself is forced to master words in many different languages, to know at least the stop here a few months and fish and do a smattering of knowledge about their that's a good, sensible cut. It's style coins and to recognize their flags, emsweet child she really is, and I can't do | blems and rulers' faces. Finally he comes to educate his eye to the detecher everywhere and show her every- tion of bad workmanship in engraving and to the analysis of delicate lines in the case of those Alsace-Lorraine, where in one issue the tracery in the groundwork has angles pointing upwards and in another angles pointing downwards. It is less than half a century since

postage stamps have come into use, but already no collection of a thousand or ria at every age. The French, begin-The stamps of Naples, Parma, Tuscany, Sicily, Modena and the Papal States reveal by their dates the rise of This was the thin end of the wedge. Italy. Those of this country imprint upon the mind the faces of our most eminent soldiers and statesmen, while she might be his guide among the hills our official stamps tell in outline the story of our frame of executive administration. For the past few years the small poy has not manifested the same eagerness for stamps that he once did, portion of my little tale, and will has- Floods of counterfeits have chilled his ten over it. Poddlesby made himself a zeal and quenched his confidence in very great favorite with Johanna's pa-mankind. But there will come a day when he will return to his first love, child safe when with him. Meanwhile the cloud grew and grew 'twixt Frank de Vaud and his betrothed, for he was dation of a new generation of stamp

### The Village Romance.

A little shepherd of the forest of Palneca loved a young girl of Santo Pietro. the cool mountain village where the fashionable ladies of Ajaccio go to spend the summer.

The young girl loved the youth. At the first word of marriage the father of the young girl flew into a terrible passion, so terrible that the flock But on the fifth day the girl fell ill, and

"We will see about that,' he said, "after he has drawn his conscript's -make a fool of himself, trample on number and has served his time. I do his pride, and own he had been wrong not want you to have a husband who will be compelled to leave you as soon over the stairway entrance. as you are married."

How came it that in this country, where there is no telegraph, the shepherd an hour afterward knew what had been said?

The fact is that on entering the vil-

lage he had only one idea uppermost in sions with him on the lake? Nay, he his head-escape from his term of military service. The next day, while cutting wood in the forest, he, as if by accident, gave and her parents had accepted presents his hand a smart blow with his hatchet

> Now let the military examination He went home and tended his hurt as well as he was able, and when the house in Washington or Detroit if he rightly and duly exempted, he went to | tions."

Santo Pietro and bravely repeated his "I am not going to serve in the

But the father stopped him by a word.

"Never," he said, "will I give my daughter to one who is malmed," And it was apparent by his tone of oice that he meant what he had said. In spite of his daughter's illness he remained inexorable.

It was quite clear that this old man did not like a maimed son-in-law. He made but one reply to the pray

ers and tears of this young girl. "Never, you thoroughly understand, never! And don't let him come hang- In cases of re-entistment the soldiers ing around here any more. Cripples are usually given choice of location, and ought to marry cripples. Let him mar- are especially favored if they desire to ry the little blind girl of Palneca, or the | go back to their old regiment." hunchback of Sant' Andrea,"

The young girl did not reply, and not once during her illness did she speak of er shepherd.

But so as to put an end forever to the poor shepherd coming and making love to his daughter, he went and found a future husband for her-quite old, and,

'awfully rich." The young girl, however, was not to be sold like that. When she was convalescent, she was Ealing, where he had a fine house and dlesby was at the wedding, too, and seized with a longing for the forest and sell, although no man except a soldier, the most charming gift that Johanna the open air, and every day took long or honorably discharged soldier has a

> road that her flocks knew so well. One morning, after a long search,

'Show me your wounded hand," she He showed it to her bashfully, and piously she pressed it to her lips. "Show me," she said to him again,

"the hatchet which wounded you." He took it and showed it to her. Then, raising it, and placing her you did it, isn't it? This is how the accident happened?"

"Now, shepherd," she said, "show me how you healed your wound "

she radiant. What could her father do? Had he not imprudently sald that cripples ought to marry cripples? The wedding was celebrated soon afterward.

# Philadelphia Twist.

"What is there new in barbering?" repeated the barber to himself. "Well, the latest thing is called the 'pompamostly by specialty actors. It is a sort scriptions and devices seduce the small of bang, very artistic though, requires it from New York. It's all the go are somewhat ancient, but are still in names of the nations of the earth, to get or perhaps you'd like a 'natural straight,

without foppery." 'How much do good men earn now?' "All the way from \$10 to \$15 per week. The average is about \$12." By this time the artist was preparing

to adjust the patient's mustache. ning with the republic, pass through the various stages of the third Napo- a wavy appearance of the mustache. If leon's career, and return to the republihe silky appendage is long enough a a very artistic curl makes a sort of eyeglass to it. This is the Philadelphia

> Efforts are now in progress for the purpose of forming a society having for its objects the union of all branches of the textile industry of Great Britain and Ireland, The advisability of such an institute was strongly urged by Mr. B. P. Thwaite, C. E. at the last Social cience Congress,

M. Carnot announces to the Paris Academie des Sciences that he has de-tected weightable quantities of phospho-rus in the fossil plants embedded in

## The Recruiting Service.

Before the United States recruiting office on Woodbridge street, Detroit, there may be seen every day a man, arrayed in the blue pageantry of the American soleer's uniform and carrying an army rifle. It is not the same man each day nor at different times of the day. The irregular manner in which the men pace up and down show them to be illy schooled in the profession of arms. In fact they are raw recruits and this standing guard over the entrances to the recruiting offices is their first service. The only other external evidence that the American eagle, in its martial maje ty s located thereabouts, is a narrow American flag that projects

Capt. King, the new recruiting officer is a slight but soldierly-looking man of about 40 years of age. He has been in the service about twenty years altogether, but only the last six months at his present post. He is an agreeable conversationalist, and cordially welcomes visitors at the office. His "staff" consists of two non-commissioned officers one of whom acts as his Secretary.

"There are a great many laughable things that occur in the recruiting service," said Capt. King. "Some of the letters that we receive are very funny. I got one the other day from a man who wanted to know if he would have his wound was healed and he had been enlisted. They ask all manner of ques-

> "How many soldiers are being recruited now?" "Recruiting is running very light

Last month I accepted only twenty-one out of seventy that applied.' "What do you do with the newly en-

listed men?" "Keep them here until there are a dozen or so and then send them in charge of a non-commissioned officer to Jefferson Barracks, at St. Louis, where they are drilled for a few months and then sent to different posts at the front." "Are the recruits given any assurance of what parts they will serve in, when

enlisted? "No, we are entirely unable to tell.

"Do any of the old soldiers who reenlist have much money saved?" "Only a few. But they could save more than any laborers. They have practically no expense, and while their The old man seemed now to imagine pay is not large they can save nearly all

of it by a little effort." "What classes furnish most of the applicants for enlistment?"

"No particular class, though there are many city laborers and farmer's sons. Tramps frequently try to work the recruiting office. You see if they pass the examination they get a uniform. This they go on the streets and walks by the hillside of Palneca, by the | right to have a uniform in his posses ion. They take the money get drunk and never return. But we usually get Scientists and their imitators have she again came across the little shep- on to a tramp right away. We fire a few of them into the street every day. Just come around some day and see ar examination."

# The Society Girl.

The society girl is her own worst enemy. She lacks common sense. The hand on a stone, she said. "This is how aim of her girlhood is to capture a husband, and her every act is to frighten the men off. She poses as a useless, And before the shepherd was able to delicate creature, whose mind never reply, the hatchet had fallen, the stone rises above trifles, and her every coswas reddened, and beside it lay the fin- tume advertises that it takes a fortune gers of the pretty maid of Santo Pietro. to dress her. And she is useless, deliberately so. Every useful thing she regards as beneath her, and systematical-And together they returned to Santo ly shuns it. And she is delicate because her manner of life make her so. Pietro, he with tears in his eyes and She does pull her corsets too tight, and she does have the heels of her shoes in the middle of the soles, say what she will to the contrary. It would be hardly possible for her to be more reckless of her health. The promenade and dancing is her only exercise, and we know under what circumstances she dances, how she gets overheated, and then goes out into the chilly night air. We know, too, the absurdity of her ball dress in the coldest weather. If she is comparatively poor her dress shows dour.' That is a new wrinkle, used that she has turned every corner, spent every penny she could lay her hands upon to make it as elaborate as possible.

# The Men Who Succeed.

The young men who receive promotion are the men who do not drink on good demand. Give you one or both, the sly. They are not the men who are always at the front whenever there is any strike, nor are they the men who watch for the clock to strike twelve and leave their picks hanging in the air. They are not the men who growl if they are required to attend to some duty a few minutes after the whistle has sounded. They are the men usually "Will you have the 'Boston curl' or who pay the closest attention to the de-the 'New York curl?' The Boston is tails of their business, who act as done with the fingers, the mustache though they were trying to work for twisted into a knot, then combed out. their employer's interest instead of to This operation is repeated until it beat him at every crook and turn. They stands out straight with a slight up- are the men who give the closest attenward tendency, a delicate separation of tion to every practical detail, and who without thereby obtaining an outline the curl is complete. The Gotham can do any better or not. This class of style is somewhat different. The hair glish and colonial stamps show Victo- is tied up in papers and allowed to re- scarce, they never strike, they never main so ten or fifteen minutes, then loaf, and they do not ask for their pay

> The following is said to form a good enamel for east-iron, wrought-iron or steel, and we are imformed that it will not crack on being subjected to moderate changes of temperature. When an opaque enamel is required, let us suppose as a basis for vitrified photographs, about eight parts of oxide of tin should be added. Take about 125 parts (by weight) of ordinary flint glass frag-ments, twenty parts of carbonate of soda and twelve parts of boracic acid, and melt. Pour the fused mass out on some cold surface, as of stone or metal, and pulverize when cooled off. Make a mixture of this powder with silicate of soda of 50° B. With this coat the metal to be glazed, and heat in a muffle or other furnace until it is fused,