

Oh, Weep Ye Not for The Dead.

Oh, weep ye not for the dead, For the soul whose pain is done, But weep, if ye will, instead, For the new lives just begun.

The spirit of man aspires, As a moth to a candle flame— Until it sinks and dies, And life—the pitiful dream, Far better the lot of the dead, Of the hill or the clouds or the stream.

AN IMPRUDENT KINDNESS.

It was a terrible affair. I remember seeing different reports of the thrilling and tragic events in different papers at the time, but none of them strictly correct.

As I think the matter will be interesting to readers in every section of the country, I have decided to narrate the facts as they originally presented themselves to my knowledge.

I was one evening sauntering up Chestnut street, in the city of Philadelphia, when I presently came up behind a fine looking couple, a lady and gentleman, walking arm in arm.

At that moment they stopped; and the lady, pointing to a little dog curled up against a store door and trembling all over as if with fright, observed, in a tone of sweet, gentle sympathy:

"Poor, lonely thing, it has evidently been hurt!" There was a whole heart of kindness in her remark.

But, oh, if she had known, she would have shrieked with terror. If we only knew to the end, what pleasure would there be in life?

"I think the poor thing has been run over," said the gentleman, in a pitying tone, in reply to the lady.

As he spoke he turned aside to the dog and stooped down to examine it. I stopped to note the result, as also did several others, the lady looking on with the feeling interest of one who cared for all God's living creatures.

The young gentleman—for he was a gentleman in every respect, dress, manners and gentleness—was in the act of coaxing and carefully examining the little dog, to see if either of its legs had been broken, when it suddenly made a sharp, vicious snap, and bit his thumb almost to the bone.

house in Havana; and his fair companion, Miss Mary Dupensor, his lady love, his affianced in fact, was the daughter of a French merchant, with whom the Havana house had large dealings.

They were not only engaged lovers, but the wedding had been fixed to come off on the third day from the evening on which I met them.

Owing to the misfortune the young man had met with, and the fears for the future thus engendered, the wedding was postponed for an indefinite time.

As I not only felt much curiosity about the result, but a deep, sympathetic interest in Philip Florenza himself, I made it a point to drop in on him whenever I chanced to be in the vicinity of his business office.

He was a fine, generous, kind, noble fellow, every inch a gentleman; and, having taken a liking to each other from the start, we grew to be fairly intimate.

He was greatly depressed at first, and the indefinite postponement of the wedding was a heavy blow to him.

"Ah, my friend," he more than once sighed, "it is hard to find that through one's kindness of heart, peril, disaster and perhaps a horrid death should be sent to afflict the deer of God!"

I could not but agree with him that it was hard, very, very hard; but I did my best to console him with the fact that out of what appeared the darkest of the brightest good had often come.

As the days and weeks and months rolled on, and the now long-healed wound showed no trace of virus, he grew more and more hopeful, and gradually regained the cheerful spirits he had lost.

Although the nuptials had been postponed, his lady love still remained true to him, and with him looked hopefully forward to the day when their cruel probation should be over, and her parents should once more consent to a union which she would gladly have had consummated months ago.

One day, when I entered the young Cuban's place of business, he fairly bounded up to me, grasped my hand and shook it with the fervid gladness of one meeting a dear friend after an absence of years.

"Give me joy," he cried, "give me joy! Evil has done its worst, and good has triumphed, just as you predicted it would! Again I am free—gloriously free!"

such a terrible dream, in which I seemed to be a fiend, rending and devouring my darling Marie! Tell me! Have I been mad? Ha! there is a fire in my veins now, that runs up into my brain and makes it seem a heated furnace.

The best physicians were sent for, and soon appeared upon the scene, and everything was done for the poor sufferer that human skill could suggest.

Forty-eight hours of more or less frightened agony closed his earthly career.

His poor, maimed wife was not able to attend his funeral, and she never saw him again.

She is living yet; but her beauty is gone, and her heart is in the grave of her beloved Philip.

Oh, the misery that came, and the hearts that were torn, and the lives that were lost or wrecked, by an imprudent attempt to show kindness to a worthless cur!

ARTEMUS WARD'S FORESIGHT. He Couldn't Afford to Work on a Newspaper That Was Unreliable.

There is an unlimited amount of humor on tap in the average newspaper office, and the other day some historian unearthed an anecdote of Artemus Ward's first experience as a reporter on a Cleveland newspaper.

There was before he became known as a humorist, and he was pressed into the harness as the Jenkins of the establishment.

One evening he was sent out to write up a "swell" entertainment to be given by the leading club of the city. On his way to the hall Ward met a friend.

"Which way, Charles?" "Going to write up a sort of fly sheet."

"Let's go in and take a bowl. I'm going down that way pretty soon."

HOW GLOBES ARE MADE.

A Process Requiring Much Patience and Skill.

The factory that turns out these wonderful geographical spheres, says a Boston letter, which are sent hence to all parts of the civilized world, is a shabby little building up an obscure alley-way, called Mount Vernon avenue.

The first process in making a globe is to cover the model all over with a thick layer of pasteboard in a moist state.

When it has dried a sharp knife is passed around it so as to separate the paste-board coat into two hemispherical shells, which are then taken off the model and united at the cut edges with glue.

The hollow sphere thus formed is the skeleton of the globe that is to be. The next thing is to cover it with a coating of white enamel about one-eighth of an inch in thickness, composed of whiting, oil, turpentine, glue and other things.

At the conclusion of the process it looks like nothing so much as a highly magnified white marble, such as a giant might play knuckle-down with.

Now the globe is done and ready for mounting. A beautiful thing it is, too—its printing as clear as copper-plate can make it, the colors, vivid, and, above all, correct in every detail according to the very latest geographical information.

Women and Their Pocketbooks. "It is a matter of great wonder to me that women will carry their pocket-books in their hands," remarked a police officer to a Baltimore News reporter.

"Scarcely a day passes that a case of pocket-book snatching is not reported to one or the other of the police stations, and the newspapers generally publish all such cases as a warning to the fair sex."

"In some instances a rich harvest is reaped by the snatcher, but sometimes he gets left with nothing but an empty purse as a reward for his dexterity."

Since I was ten years old there are a few things that have always made me mad, and one was to ask me the minute I mentioned approvingly a man's name whether he was married or not.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—A voice from the next room—What does baby want of her muzzer? Come and let me pet her. Poor little baby.

Bobby's friend—I tell you, old man, you ought to be very happy. Such sounds as those coming from the next room, showing the power of a mother's love, are touching in the extreme.

FASHION NOTES.

—Delicate mesh veils should always accompany stringless bonnets.

—Braiding is still quite the thing for jackets and redingotes, in designs of Byzantine figures—wheels, Greek key-patterns and Gothic arches.

—A novel combination for a bride's tea gown is amber gray Henrietta cloth and amber crepe de chine in damasce or plain weaving.

—A warm and elegant hairy camel's hair material—moore cloth—is very fashionable for long coats and cloaks.

—The English mania for coin jewelry has brought forth a gold wire bracelet of three strands, united here and there with little gold balls, and having for a pendant a Roman coin.

—According to fashion authorities the habit of wearing removable trains is growing. They are fastened to the waist by handsome clasps and buckles, which are ornamental as well as useful.

—A muff made of black corded silk, with many gaugings flying out into a large frill on one side, had moulton fur arranged round the other, under which a bow of black ribbon fell nearly to the feet.

—Embroidery is used everywhere—embroidery in steel or nickel on gray cloth morning dresses, in silk and gold on silk and evening dresses, on long cloaks, on sorties de bat, on slippers and even on gloves.

—Silver shot black silks for "second" mourning are novel and effective fabrics. They will be trimmed with jet and silver galleons or cut steel passementeries and fringe showing a mixture of steel and black.

—Stockings, when not black, are chiefly worn in tan and bronze shades to match the shoes. Black silk stockings may be covered in front with black jet, or a still more expensive kind has broad insertion of Brussels lace.

—The latest novelties in sealskin garments are wraps made wholly of this fur, cut with seams, darts and jacket back, exactly in the style of a dress waist. They are lined with tufted silk and finished with pointed peplum fronts. These wraps are becoming to slender forms only.

—A very "ultra" style is the loose flowing robe, which devoid of all drapery, envelops the form. However, very few care to adopt this style as it is extremely trying, except to slender graceful girls, and even then only those society belles who have rather an exalted opinion of their figures care to adopt this style.

—A modification of the large Directoire shape, is a black felt hat with its brim cut away in the back and made smaller and rather pointed in front.

HORSE NOTES.

—The Birmingham (Ala.) Jockey Club has been organized.

—The price paid for Arab, 2.15, by John Shepard, of Boston, is said to have been \$10,000.

—Mr. Griffin, the noted race track shaper, says he will make Belmont track faster than it ever was.

—The sales of young stock at the Forest City Farm during the month of January amounted to \$12,100.

—Andy McCarthy was not allowed to ride at New Orleans because of having been ruled off at Guttenburg some weeks ago.

—John S. Clark has sold Prodigal, the 3 year old brother of Patron, 2.14, to Marcus Daly, of Anaconda, Mont., for \$10,000.

—The bay gelding Ten Doy, 6 years, by Regent, dam Miss Ella, died at New York recently from inflammation of the bowels.

—The St. Louis Jockey Club will hang up a \$10,000 guaranteed purse for 2.30 trotters, the race to be decided during the fall meeting.

—"Dan" Green, brother to "Jimmy" Green, who is located at the Gentleman's Driving Park, is with Mr. J. P. Shultz, at Parkville, Long Island.

—The Messrs. Morris, of Westchester, have purchased of Mr. Wynchester Walden the chestnut filly Holiday, 3 years, by imp. Hopeful—Minnie Mac, by Planet.

—Thirty-six horses, the get of Rayon d'Or, last season started 526 times, winning 89 races and \$75,595. Gypsy Queen, with \$13,070 to her credit, heads the list.

—The price paid by Clay & Woodford for Sir Dixon is said to have been \$10,000. The Dwyer Bros., will not deliver the horses until he shall be through racing.

—The famous brood mares Reina Victoria and Flora Belle died on the same day, February 1. The latter was 25 years old, and her record of 2.22 1/2 was made seventeen years ago.

—In addition to the two \$5000 stake races to be given in the fall, the Driving Club of New York has decided to give a Four Year Old Stake for foals, 1885, \$100 entrance and the club will add \$500.

—The gray mare Noontide, 2.20, by Harold out of Midnight, dam of Jay Eye See (2.10), was sold as a yearling at Woodburn's auction sale, in 1875, for \$80 to a colored man, who afterward sold her at a slight advance.

—J. C. Twymen, of Lexington, Ky., has purchased of Thomas C. McDowell, the 4 year old gelding Arzyle, by Strathmore, dam by Knight of St. George, that won the match race with Marmoset at Lexington on Friday, February 1st.

—The gray gelding D. K. W., that trotted last season in California and credited to A. W. Richmond, is none other than Monte Cristo, 2.29 1/2, son of Malta, by Switzer. He was sold two years ago by Ed Bither, driver of Jay Eye See, to California parties.

—A bill has been introduced in the New York Legislature by Mr. Kent amending the Laves Pool bill by making it unlawful to sell, make or register French pools or combinations, or make or register bets by bookmaking or by any similar system or plan of pools and bookmaking.

—Buffalo Park will give three stake events of \$5000 each for its meeting in August. The classes are 2.22, 2.24, 2.27, and horses eligible on May 20, when subscriptions close, will be eligible for the races. The horses must be named on July 15, when the third payment falls due.

—Recently W. B. Allen made another addition to the brood mares at the Allen Farm, having purchased from J. V. Strzyker, of Springfield, Ill., the 7 year old bay mare June Rose, by Kentucky Prince, dam Atlanta, by Messenger Duroc.

—Matt Storms, who was seriously injured in the Shohola railroad accident last August, in which a number of Mrs. Langtry's and Fred Gebard's horses were killed, is still a cripple. He is back in California, but was forced to send away or dispose of his horses.

—J. W. Gray, as one of the committee appointed by the National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders to take charge of the Hambletonian monument fund, has issued a circular calling for subscriptions. It is proposed to erect over the grave at Chester a life size bronze statue of the great trotting horse progenitor.

—The stallion Mohican, record 2.34, owned by Mr. McKeen, of Terra Haute, died at Edgewood stock farm on Thursday February 7th. The horse caught cold and death resulted from congestion and kidney disease. In February, 1887, Mr. McKeen purchased Mohican from J. D. Yeomans, of Buffalo, paying \$7000 for him.

—At the annual meeting of the Detroit Driving Club, held on Tuesday February 5th, D. J. Campau was elected President; G. M. Vail, Vice President; and Mayor Fridgen, Treasurer. Directors, J. M. Mullen, F. A. Baker, D. J. Campau, Mayor Fridgen, G. M. Vail, I. Freund and A. E. Brush. Mr. Campau is the right man in the right place. The Treasurer's report showed a net profit of \$7000 for 1885.

—The Chicago stable of George Hankins represents an outlay of close to \$100,000, he having paid for the following twelve performers no less than \$83,000; Terra Cotta, \$17,500; Egmont, \$10,500; Galien, \$10,000; Wheeler T., \$7500; Little Minch, \$6000; Huntress, \$5000; Kaloobah, \$4500; Billy Pinkerton, \$4500; Girondist, \$4000; Robespierre, \$4000; Santalene, \$3500, and Florence B., \$3000.

—The Directors of the Charter Oak Park Association were re-elected unanimously as follows: Morgan G. Buikley, Henry Keney, Henry Kennedy, William H. Goodrich, L. R. Pimpton, L. B. Merrill, J. R. Hills, H. W. Hills, A. O. Hills, George Best, Burdette Loomis, J. O. Capen, S. M. Wales, F. G. Waltham, B. N. Seyms, Leander Hall and T. O. King. Messrs. A. C. Hills and B. N. Seyms were also chosen auditors.