There's a girl ever peering with curious eyes, In hopes of a "find" to amuse or surprise. Your letters she holds to the flare of the light To see if the signature's somewhere in sight. Upon her demise, if our guess we don't miss, the'll return to our view in a shape like to this:

Another is fair as the lily that nods A salute to the sun as through heaven be plods. But astonishment has her held tight in its She's filled with surprise o'er each fact that With "Goodness!" "Oh My!" and the like she's That some day like this she will certainly be:

And one has a temper like pepper, cayenne; Hurls angry explosives with tongue and with Each word is as sharp as the sting of a bee, Each sentence as long as a wind from the sea, Keenest satire condensed has its home in her A form like to this she will certainly find.

But one is as tenderly soft as the light Which beams on the earth from the sky's vaulted height.

No star in the heavens has radiance more Than this acme of all that can charm and en-Her likeness? The types are in woeful dis-For this is the best to be found in the place: -Washington Post.

She was spreading towels and table-Diana-like young creature, with large, limpid eyes, a brown skin not entirely innocent of freckles and a mass of jetty shining hair, which had broken loose from its coarse horn comb and fell in ink-black ripples down her back. There was a little brook twining its transparent sparkles around the gnaried roots of an ancient tree, and a back-ground of black-green laurel, which with the sun-bathed meadow in front, made a sort of rustic picture that struck Paul Gessner's artistic fancy as he crossed the wooden bridge.
"I should like to sketch her," he

thought to himself. "I wonder, now, what she would say to it!" But before he could get his pencil

and mill-boards out the young Diana had poised her empty basket lightly on ber head and was gone. "I'm sorry for that," soberly pon-dered Gessner. "She had a brilliant

Charlotte Corday sort of a face that would have stood the test of perpetuation on paper!"

And then Mr. Gessner went into the ian and set himself at work to elaborate the notes of his lecture on "The Literature of Queen Anne's Time." which was to be delivered the next evening at the village hall.

There were plenty of people at the inn. Brookbridge was a wild, sylvan sort of place, which attracted people in the summer season. Every farm and cottage in the vicinity was crowded, and a 'lecture" was something to stir the stagnation of their every-day life. Moreover, Paul Gessner had a reputation for scholarly polish and graceful wit which had reached even to Brookbridge. In our New England villages the cooks are often sesthetic, and the hired men critics, and everybody was talking of the lecture.
"Can't I go?" said Natty Purple.

"Oh, I wish I could go!" The towels and table-cloths were all bleached whiter than snow, between the daisied grass and the July sunshine, and Natty was sprinkling and folding them now, with quick, deft fingers, in an obscure corner of the

"You go, indeed!" said Miss Carry Podham, who condescended, to wait at table during the crowded seasons "You've too much to do in the kitchen. and besides the tickets are fifty cents

Natty Purple sighed dolorously. "Fifty cents!" she repeated. "Oh. then of course it's out of the question!" For Natty's slender wages were all of them expended in the support of a good-for-nothing old grandsire who. when he was not drinking a great deal too much whisky, was suffering un-heard-of agonies with the rheumatism. She never wore anything but calico, and drudged away in the inn kitchen like a modern Cinderella, without any of the eclat which, in ancient story, ap-

pertained to that young person. But later in the evening the head stable-man looked into the kitchen, where Cinderella was darning a well-worn table-napkin and Mrs. Podham was preparing brook trout for a breakfast for the morrow's early travelers. "Where's Jim?" said the head stable-

out," said Mrs. Podham. "Gone eurtly.

"I want some one to row one of the boarders out on the lake," said the stableman. "He's a picter-painter, I guess. He

wants moonlight effects, he says" (with a chuckle.) "I'd a deal ruther hev feather-pillow effects myself. Then where is

"Dick never's on hand when he's wanted," Mrs. Podham replied. "I haven't seen him since supper."

"Then he'll lose a 50 cent job," said

the stableman, "Well, I s'pose I can bunt up some one somewhere." "Fifty cents!" cried Natty Purple, springing to her feet. "I'll go, Thomas! I'm handy with the oars, and I'm just perishing for a breath of cool air from

'Them napkins isn't mended." eroaked Mrs. Podham, discouraging. "I'll finish 'em when I come back," said Natty, coaxingly. 'Do let me go,

just once! So that when Mr. Gessner came out to the edge of the lake with his pictursque Spanish cloak thrown across one oulder, and his sketching apparatus ter his arm, Nattie Purple sat in the

at ready to row him whether he ould go. "Hello" said Paul. "Why, you're "Yes, I'm a girl," apologetically con-fessed Natty. "But I'm a good hand

to row, and I know all about the lake. I can take you straight to Echo Cove, where the water-lilies grow thickest, and past the Old Indian rock, and-" "Agreed," said Paul, good-humor-"But was there no man about

the place to undertake this disagreeable "Oh, it isn't disagreeable," said Natty, earnestly. "I like to row! And, besides. I do so much want to earn 50

"Do you?" said Paul. as the little soat, propelled by Natty's skillful strokes, vanished into the deep shadow of the overhanging birches that fringed the lovely tides. May I venture to ask

Oh, ves," said Natty. "It's no secret. I want to go to the lecture to-morrow night."

moonlight, as he sat there like a Spanish gondolier. "Do you suppose it will be very in-

teresting?" said he. Mr. Gessner is to deliver a lecture on the literature of Queen Anne's time.'

ed the young man. course you can't be expected to know." place now, they tell me."

"Is he?" said Paul. "You are the landlady's daughter, I presume?" "No, I am not," acknowledged honest | billiard-balls. "I help in the kitchen. "I am Natalie Purple,"

Well, then, to be honest with you. cloths on the crisp, short grass to bleach, when he saw her first—a slim, of conscious, "I am Paul Gessner!" end is the crest of the firm and the size Nattie gave such a start that the boat careened dangerously to one side

"You!" she cried. "Yes, I! Now, if you will take me complimentary ticket. So there!" If I am to have a ticket at all I

prefer to to earn it. Paul was silent. In truth, and in fact, he felt a little ashamed in the presence of this flute-voiced, independent voung beauty.

"You must have read a great deal," said he at last. "Oh! I have," said Natty. "We are not so busy in winter, you see, and be-

"I hope he comes up to your expec-

tation," said Paul. "I must have time to make up my mind about that," said Natty, with all

good faith. And once again our hero found himtides like emerald carpets, his tongue was loosened once again, and before exceedingly sharp. they came back, he and Nattie Purple

were on terms of the pleasantest acquaintanceship. But he had not sketched half so much

as he had expected. "The light was so uncertain," he said, "he could reproduce it better by

the next day's memory." Nattie went to the lecture with her 50-cent piece and listened with a grave and critical intentness, which spurred Paul Gessner on to his highest elocutionary effects.

"It was very good," she said the next day, "very good, indeed. It has given me something to think about. And, oh, dear! I have so much time for

"Natty," said Mr. Gessner (everybody called the girl "Natty" here), "I have been wondering why you stay here at all."

"Where else should I stay?" she questioned him, with simple direct-"Why do you not go to Boston and

teach school?" he questioned. "Oh!" cried Natty, clasping her hands eagerly, "do you think there would be any possibility of my obtaining a situation there?" "We must see what can be done,"

said Paul, reflectively. So Grandfather Purple was left in charge of a thrifty neighbor and staid by himself that winter, while Natty went to Boston to try her luck in one of the grammer schools. In the spring she came back, apparently transformed into a new creature.

"I didn't want you," growled the old man. 'The Widow Malley takes good enough care of me. To tell you the truth, we was married last week, and Mrs. Purple she don't want no stepgranddarters around.'

"Oh. grandfather, I am so glad!" cried Natalie, turning pink and white in one breath. "Because I am not coming back to stay, Mr. Gessner-"Oh, I understand," said Grandfather Purple, chuckled hoarsely. "You're going to be married, too.

"Yes," said Natty, "I'm going to be Thus ended the little Brookbridge idyl. Natalie was happy. So was Paul Gessner. As for Grandfather Purple and his elderly bride, let us hope that they were not very unhappy. For the roses and nightingales of life can not be enjoyed by every one and the springtide of the world comes but once-Amy

The Blame Where it Belongs. 3

Randolph in N. Y. Ledger.

Here is a chance for a lively discus-sion over a provincialism. A New England woman thus writes in the Boston Transcript: "I am a Yankee, born and bred. I have lived much in the country, and I never heard a New Englander say 'haow' or 'caow.' On the other hand, I have never met a Philadelphian 'haow' or 'caow.' On the other or a Southerner who did not say 'haow,' 'haouse,' 'caow.' Lay the blame on the shoulders of the culprits. Don't malign us poor Yankees. We 'guess' that we are faulty in many ways, but we know that we do not commit the erime with which you charge us." Now, what are the facts?

MAKING BILLIARD BALLS. A Description of the Delicate Processes in Their Manufacture.

city there is suspended in nets from the ceiling, undergoing the process of drying and seasoning, a small portion of what represents \$60,000 worth of bill- | and diamonds and sealskin sacque, and iard balls carried the year round by told me a story. She had come all the the firm. Of course the insurance on a stock of this kind is very high, but no billiard-ball manufacturer will get any recompense for the destruction of a mass of balls through intense cold or intense heat unless it is that the damage or loss is the direct result of a Let a draught of frosty air strike the balls, and they are ruined, so far as their initial purpose is con-Paul Gessner smiled to himself in the To thoroughly understand this indus-

try of making billiard balls one must begin at the very bottom, or, in other words, make a flying visit with the writer into the jungles of Asia and Af-"Interesting!" echoed Natty. "Of rica, where the elephant abounds. We course it will be. Haven't you heard? all know to some extent how the pachyderm is captured, or killed, as the case may be. The tusks are removed, and "And who is Mr. Gessner?" demand- save for a brief washing at the hands the young man. "If you don't read the magazines, of one of the trading stations. Thence the tusks are forwarded, when the said Natty Purple, with some natural amount is large enough, to firms in impatience. But I have read ever- London, Amsterdam, Hamburg and thing he writes. He is stopping at our New York. Most of it goes to Hamburg, and it is from that city that the manufacturers in this country obtain the supply that is directly intended for

The firm in Hamburg that handles this article has such portions of the tusks as are suited to billiard balls cut of the ball intended to be cut from that particular piece-2 3-8 inches in diameter-and on the other end is a number indicative of the particular portion of safe to the Echo Cove I will give you a the tusk this lump of ivory once formed. This latter fact is of immense "No," said Nattie, with true woman- value to turners, for by it they are enly pride, "I accept no favors, even abied to select four pieces of the same ough I am nothing but a working grain, a fact that will be appreciated by experts who demand that the balls used in matches shall be out of the same

In shipping the ivory to this country the pieces are carefully packed in hogs-heads. The import duty is high, and to this item alone must be attributed the high price of a set of billiard balls. The firms engaged in manufacture of the balls in this country must of necessides, all the girls lent me their news. sity keep a large stock in order that papers and magazines. But I never the ivory may be thoroughly seasoned. rected to see a gentleman who wrote Ivory is a gelatinous substance and reat the end grain-that is to say, in the way the tusk grows-but always in the

diameter. The process of manufacture appears to be very simple, but as a matter of fact it requires great skill. The jourself at a loss for something to say.

Aut when he came out into the moonbathed glories of the Echo Cove, where apprentices before they became fullall the world was steeped in silver soft. of ivory is called, is placed in an ivory from Long Branch. The second letter The Texan's "wash" failed to be reness and the matted masses of water. chuck, one-half or a fraction more of fixed him. He planked down two turned as ordered, and consequently lilies were swinging to and fro on the the ball is turned, the instrument used being of the finest tempered steel and

The ring that is taken off is often used as a coupling ring for a pair of horses. Sometimes the surplus piece can be used for cue tips. One may be assured of this much-no piece of the ivory, no matter how small, is wasted. Even the shavings and saw-dust are burned and used in the manufacture of ivory black.

To see a billiard ball turner work is a great treat. He is silent and taciturn to a remarkable degree, but he devotes himself most assiduously to his labor. Ask him a question and he'll answer in a monosyllable, as though he was tired of the world and of the questioner in particular. There is reason for all this, or his position, though it does not strike one forcibly at the outset, is one of grave responsibility. When it is considered that out of dozens of pieces of ivory twenty-one days. Aliens are foremost only four or five perfect sets can be ob-tained, one will instantly appreciate the distrait, cutting manner of the this country. The representative turner.

After the second balf has been turned it is hung up with its fellows in a net for a year to dry. No artificial ed during the year was \$477,031. prevent extreme heat or cold reaching the nets.

Besides the size the weight must also be exact, for this is essential to the cor rect playing of the game of billiards. Balls of the same tusk vary considerably judged by the density of the pores, and so there must be a careful selection. After the balls have been thoroughly seasoned they go through what is a great deal of it indulged in up is really the most delicate part of the process of manufacturing-that is, the final turning and polishing. The polwater with a good deal of elbow grease. A ball always retains its beautiful pol-

The life of a billiard ball is very uncertain. It will not remain true no matter how much it is seasoned because of its continual concussion, which causes the pores of the ivory to close up. If a ball is played with frequently in a hot room it is liable to crack and become untrue. It is not an unusual thing, notwithstanding the care taken in manufacturing, for a ball to become untrue in a match of a thou-sand up. Once this thing happens the ball is returned to the factory and not more than one-twentieth part of an inch is turned off it, but thereafter used in a match game. If the core does not run straight through the ball, because of being cut out of a circular

Population of Berlin.

Berlin now has 1,530,000 population, to which should be added the suburban pulation of 175,000. The mass of the inhabitants are persons of very modest incomes, and living is very cheap.

Watch thy tongee, out of it are the issues of life. Speak not till thy thought has silently matured itself. Speech is human; silence is divine. No idlest An unousely guideboard is a danger-

A Female Lawyer's Case.

"I was sitting in my office one day In a little room of a factory in this trict Attorney Lipscomb to a Washington Post man, "when a beautiful young woman flounced in, all tears way from the state of-well-Booerumgummy, to get married to a wellknown congressman, who now sports an ex-, only to find that her confidence and trust had only been betrayed and that he wouldn't marry her at all. She had a big bale of very incriminating and red-headed letters which she was prepared to swing on him as right and left bower, both aces, and the joker. I didn't want to tackle it, so I calmed her grief, wiped away her tears, gave

her some smelling-salts, and said; " 'You want revenge? "'Yes, revenge!' " 'And damages?'

"Yes, heavy damages r "'Ah! my dear young lady, I will make your cause my own.' I scribbled s few lines on a sheet of paper, folded, inclosed, addressed it. 'Take this let-

ter to the address given. This lady is at the head of the Washington bar as a representative of her sex. She will pursue this man to the bitter end. She will be a tiger on his track.'

"The young woman departed in as good spirits as could have been expected, and my learned sister at the bar took the case. I heard nothing more of it for a month, and concluded it had been settled outside. One day I met the sister.

"Well, what has become of my young lady?" I asked.

" 'Oh! she has gone back to Booer-

umgummy with \$1,000." "The deuce you say! How did

"'Oh, I sat down and wrote that base villain and betrayer of innocence a letter. He paid no attention to it. It is only the fifteenth case of the sort I have had. Ob, these wicked congressmen. They seldom pay any attention to the first letter. I don't ond one. My, he couldn't get round neymen engaged in it spent years as soon enough. He telegraphed and ments of town and enjoyed all the fun then raced the telegraph all the way usually to be found in New Orleans.

" 'How much did you say the girl took away?'

"Two thousand dollars. I didn't charge the poor dear one red cent."

Treasury Arrests.

The total number of arrests made by agents of the treasury secret service ast year, assisted in some cases by ocal officers, was 437, the great majoriny of which were for manufacturing, dealing in or passing counterfeit American money and raising treasury notes. The fines imposed by courts in these cases aggrecated \$14,848, and the sentences imposed to 372 years, six months and among foreigners as counterfeiters in value of counterfeit and raised notes and other imitations of money captur-

Sat Upon.

The Young Woman (on top platform of Eiffel tower)-Doesn't it seem strange to you, Spoonamore, that so little oscillation is noticeable up here?

The Young Man (eagerly)-Not at all, Miss Ethel. I have no doubt there here, but it can't be seen from below. The elevation is too great. And now, ishing is done simply by whitening and Miss Ethel, you will-I am sure-you will pardon-

The Young Woman (arresting his -I said oscillation, Mr. Spoonamore, not osculation. (After a depressing silence). I think, Mr. Spoonamore. it is time for us to descend .- Chicago

An Objectionable Baby

A tiny baby made its appearance on Cass avenue the other day. It was a very small baby. The children after a time were invited in to see it. They the ball thus operated on cannot be looked at it carefully, but it was evident that they were not very favorably impressed with the new-comer. After tooth, it always runs untrue .- N. Y. a long silence the eldest of the two said: "If I'd known papa hadn't pennies 'nuff to get a big baby I'd lent him some of my pennies that's in my bank."

"Yes, and get a fite one, and not a yed, yed brudder," said another voice.

Hiram Small, digging in Henry Miller's farm at Chappaqua, N. Y., un-earthed half a bushel of old English has silently matured itself. Speech is human; silence is divine. No idlest word thou speakest but is a seed cast long sought treasure. Kidd, however, into time and grows through all eternity. seeking fever has broken out at Chap-

WILL POWER.

come years ago," said Assistant Dis- Three Instances of a Very Remarkable Nature.

Three stories were told over afterdinner cigars the other day, says the rich. Boston Gazette, showing the power of man's will. One was of a young officer in the English army who was peculiarly stubborn and irascible. He had been confined to his bed after a se-tion. vere attack of the heart, and was unable to move. His physician asked one sleep. of his fellow-officers to warn him that he would never get out of bed again, goods. that he might arrange his affairs before death. When the sick man was told what the doctor had said he arose in bed excitedly and said: "I will never get up again, eh? I will walk to the doctor myself and show him." He jumped to the floor, walked across the room and fell dead.

The second was about a sheriff out West, who, when arresting a man, was stabbed through the heart. He seized everybody. the man by the shoulders after the blade had struck him, pressed him to the ground, drew his revolver, and deliberately thrusting it down the struggling prisoner's throat, pulled the trigger at the same instant he died.

The third story was regarding another officer, who was hunting down a thief. The man thought he had given along well together. his pursuer the slip, but just as he entered one door of a railroad car the the big head. officer appeared at the other. The thief instantly fired the bullet penetrating the pursuer's brain. The officer, however, returned the fire, bringing his man to the ground. He then dragged himself along the aisle of the car, firing as he crawled, until his revolver was empty. He was dead when he was picked up, a second after he neased to shoot.

On a Hunt For His Shirts. A gay young blood of Texas, visiting New Orleans, put up at the St. Charles Hotel, and as a first step in the direction of personal comfort as well as decoration, gave out what in professional language was called a "wash." Included in said "wash" were some very nice shirts. Our Texan friend entered into the amusethe shirts were missing. The day which ushered in the mishap placed also in the visitor's hands a neat little envelope, directed to our hero in his proper and full name. Breaking the seal he read: "Get your shirts at Moody's, No. 77 St. Charles street." onous. Dressing himself in hot haste, the man of lost shirts presented himself at the store of the man who made shirts and whom he was informed had his.

"Is Mr. Moody in?" asked the

Mr. Moody was in and desired to know of what service he could be to his visitor, all expressed in Mr Moody's politest manner.

"I want my shirts," quoth the

"Certainly, sir. Your name?" "Ovode," replied the Texan, giving the initials as well.

Whereupon diligent search was made for Mr. Ovode's shirts. The first search was a failure.

"Are you sure, Mr. Ovode, that your shirts are here? "Positive."

Search number two resulted in a failure.

"Mr. Ovode," said the immortal Moody, "are you absolutely positive that your shirts are here? There must all night trying to get the people to go be some mistake."

"No mistake at all," rejoined the Texan-"no mistake at all. Stopped at St. Charles Hotel and lost my shirts. forward movement by a freezing look) There is your printed note, telling me to go to Moody's and get my shirts They must be here somewhere!"

> Then the advertising dodge was explained to the Texan youth, and he concluded to look for his "wash" elsewhere.

No Boquets,

A circular has been addressed to the artists of the Dresden State Theatre warning them that for the future it will be considered a breach of discipline to accept offerings of flowers and other tokens of admiration, or in any way to recognize the presence of the audience during the course of the performance of serious operas and dramas. This regulation has been in force for some years at Vienna and at other places in Germany.

Really great men have a curious under sense of powerlessness, feeling that the greatness is not in them, but through them; that they could not do or be any thing else than God made them.

Some people fancy they can make themselves reformers by first making themselves critics; but critics are the shaky timber out of which the dovil

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Hold fist that which is good.

Two of a trade can never agree. It is better to live rich than to die

Love is like a s'lk shirt with burrs in

Make money and money will make

Allow yourself some innocent recrea-Never abridge the usual hours of

Better be rich in good than rich in

All is but lip wisdom that wants experience.

Love knots should be tied with a single beau.

Dip the pen of the tengue in the ink of the heart.

Love has no strap around her pocketbook. Worry is a good friend to the grave-

digger. Love speaks the mother tongue of

The man who travels down hill makes rapid progress. Unselfish love is the only thing that

can be truly great. The one who is willing to be kind can always be busy.

Nothing can be given that has not cost you something.

Fools and victous people never get A small foot often gives a young man-

Some proble only understand enough o' a t uth to reject it. What we ought not to do we should

not think of doing. It is a good sign when praise makes a man behave better.

Believe not half you hear, and repeat not half you believe. Leave your business behind you when

you go to your home. What we can't own is about all that we are not jealous of.

The lion is the king of beasts and the leopard is the ten-spot. Proverbs are like arrows-they fly not only fast, but straight.

Question and answer is a clever thing and so it is reckoned. Love never turns back for lions or

stops for mountains. Before doing a foolish thing remember that the world likes to laugh.

Cunning is the dishonesty, and therefore the weakness, of wisdom, Man's life's a vapor full of woes, he cuts a caper and down he goes.

The more we help others to bear their burdens the lighter our own will be. The trouble with justice is that she

does so little beside holding her scale. Contradiction animates conversation that is why courts are generally monot-

To one person trust thyself, not to a second, the world knows what is known

Many persons criticise in order not toseem ignorant; they do not know that indulgence is a mark of the highest intelligence. A foolish man thinks he knowsevers-

thing while he needs not the knowledge; but he knows not how to make answers when he is questloned. Long is the journey to a deceitful

friend though he dwell near thee; but direct lies the path to a friend faithful though he dwelleth far off. A foolish man lies awake the night

through and resolves on many things: thus he is weary when the day cometh and the old care remaineth. A queer thing about a strike is that

get in working order. As the sweetest rose grows upon the sharpest prickle, so the hardest labor brings forth sweetest profit.

it always comes to an end as soon as it

A willingness to divide with his captor has protected more thieves than the law has protected honest men. A great many of our would be reformers are like the man who stays up-

to bed. It is a melancholy fact and much to be regretted that good people who want only what is right often get what is left.

Modesty weighs a pound, impudence only six ounces. This accounts for the diffidence of the one, and vivacity of

A man may get a big foot or a pug nose by birth-right; but nine-tenths of his virtues are the effect of association or education.

You can't praise a man for having done a great thing without hearing from the little man at his side who advised him to do it. It is easy enough to tell on Sunday

who belongs to church and who to the world, but it is not so easy to disting. uish church members during the week. Eloquence is not confined to oratory. There are eloquent painters and eloquent sculptors, canvasses and marbles that

thrill us with vivid expressions. One person may not succeed in dispelling all the miasms of the earth, but if he can only cleanse one little corner of It, if he can but send through the murky air one cool, bracing, healthy gale, he will do much better than to sit under his vine, appalled by the greatness of the evil.

The world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth whole-We call our children and our lands by their names. Their names are wrought into the verbs of language. their works and effigies are in our houses and every circumstance of the day so calls an aneedote of him.