

Short-Lived Love.

He that loves a rosy cheek, Or a coral lip admires, Or from star-like eyes doth seek, To feel to maintain his fires; As old time makes these decay, So his flames must waste away.

NATELLA.

There was genuine welcome in the delicate voice. "Theodore, Pauline, dear girls. How glad, how very glad I am to see you." "Cousins, this is charming." A tall young man courteously kissed their hands. The house was a mansion at the South. "Jetty, stop that whistling and run in to mamma."

ready the wind was banging doors. The night was of a piteous blackness. Pauline, in her dark dress, was not visible on the veranda where she stood. A strong blast of wind coming suddenly buffeted against her. Frightened she turned to enter the house, when, in one breathless second, she could not move. Leaning against the pillar where he had been before was Harold, with a face of fearful anguish. His head was bowed and fallen, was a look of deep despair. His eyes sought beyond the veranda, cutting the very blackness with their intensity, and yet with a distant look about them. His lips, tightly compressed, were blanched, as were likewise the cheeks, the brow, above them. The only hand she saw hung stiffly by his side; between the fingers of which was crushed a half smoked cigar. She tried to speak, to walk, but could not, when, with a mighty effort, she made her way to a door near by, sprang up the stairs and sank exhausted on the floor of her room. She lay there how long she knew not, trembling with that suffering face before her, when she crept to bed. Her sister coming in later was surprised to find her sleeping.

Why had she deserted them this last night, when they had been so jolly, and Harold had kept them laughing with his songs? Theo smiled as she thought. When at last she slept, Pauline opened wide her eyes and stared at the darkness. "Harold, what was the matter with him? What did it mean? That dream, how plainly she remembered it, the first night there by the window." She shivered. How cold she was! Theo would she wake Theo? She lay and thought. An hour passed. She had slept and awakened; it was about midnight. She slept again and, waking, found the darkness half gone. Her wrapper lay on a chair close by. Under the blanket, even, she was shivering; and it looked warm. She rose and wrapped it about her, went to the window and looked out. Listening there she heard voices in the distance. They came from the negro quarters, so she knew they had returned. She tried to leave the window to go to bed but something held her. The half light was painful to her eyes and, shielding them with her hand, she waited for the sun to burst. She would see it for the last time in all its splendor in the Southern land. A gleaming bit of white stuff caught her sight. It appeared to be wound around the tree's trunk. Some remnant of the ball, she thought. She still was looking at it when the sun directed her powerful rays full upon it—on a face with eyes wide open meeting it undimly—on parted lips and still brow. With a cry which woke her sister, Pauline pointed to the dead face of Natella, staring at her—at the sun. The birds had begun their fighting and their songs. The acorns still were dropping and the leaf swept not the cheek of Pauline but the cold glass of the closed window, and seemed to mind not. The servant knew nothing, and could but sob and wring their hands. "Lord, Almighty! Lord, Almighty!" was their refrain. Tante sternly, with the tears running down her cheeks, questioned separately one and all as they gathered together in the drawing-room. Up-stairs was the doctor. He now came and, with his hand resting on the door, bowed to Tante. "The girl has been poisoned. She was overtaken, my dear lady, without doubt, by the spasms in the spot where she was found. As the servants tell me, she left them apparently well at their quarters to come to her room in the house." The doctor bowed solemnly and was shown out. Tante motioned the frightened group away. "No crying, no screaming, near this house." She said it fiercely they went by. "Tante, dear, but it is better we should leave to-night, for you see how excited Pauline is, and the change is necessary at once for her." Theo stroked the white hand gently. "Yes," the answer came sadly. "Pauline is not herself." Harold went with them to the station, and Pauline wondered why it was that no one saw, as she did, how old and harsh looking he had grown. "Harold," they were standing alone together at the station. "Harold," I found this in the cushion of the carriage coming here. He caught her hand which held the ring and pressed it tightly. His face was turned from hers. The ring pierced her cruelly, and involuntarily he exclaimed: "Cousin, sweet little cousin, a thousand pardons and as many thanks." The ring was on his finger. His hat was close drawn over his eyes. The train coming in, Pauline hastened for the last time to bid good-by to Tante. "Your car, dear, give it to me. I must whisper." She drew her down. "Pierre, you know Pierre, my handsome coachman. He has not been seen since last night, and I heard he was in a bad temper at the ball because Natella proudly refused to dance with him. He must have mixed the poison at the supper. Natella, my beautiful Natella," and weeping bitterly Pauline left her, with the curtains of her carriage closely drawn. Harold Graham, a week after the girl's departure, sailed for Europe, to be gone for several years. Tante, dear soul, was broken-hearted about it, as well as—Theo. Professor Mail says that there are to be found associated with seams of coal, and especially with the underlying shale, the flattened impressions of creatures which once had life, though at first strenuously denied. Paint which has become dry and hard may be removed by rubbing the spot with oxalic acid diluted with water. Try a weak solution first, and it does not remove the stain, increase the strength. A process has been recently introduced for making phosphoric acid and mineral phosphate for slag—especially the slags produced by the Bessemer and Siemens processes. These phosphates are of course valuable as manure, especially as guano is said to be becoming scarcer.

A SOBERING MACHINE.

Bucks County, Pa., Has a Scheme for Reforming the Jolly Good Fellows. The winter crop of tramps in Bucks and Montgomery Counties is so abundant this year that ordinary measures for driving them out have proved futile, and the county authorities are studying how best they may dispose of the troublesome vagrants. On account of the extremely mild winter the tramps who usually seek a warmer climate in the cold months are hovering about the comfortable barns and haystacks in Bucks and Montgomery Counties, and are lodging also in the railroad stations and conveniently open freight-cars. The sober vagrants are troublesome enough, but the hundreds of intoxicated tramps are even worse to deal with, and they not only defy the orders to "move on," but also threaten violence to county folk who farms they invade. An old-time Bucks County farmer has suggested that a revival of the sobering machine that did efficient work in Doylestown thirty or forty years ago might have a wholesome influence on the hordes of tramps and make them shun Bucks County as they would fire in terror from soap and water. Not many of the present generation in Doylestown are familiar with the sobering machine, but men who lived there in the '50s and early '60s readily remember the unique apparatus, and probably there is more than one man in Doylestown to-day who would hesitate to tell how well he recalls the old sobering machine. The famous mechanism was nothing more nor less than the shafts and front wheels of a light wagon gear, with a big wooden box fastened firmly upon the axle, making a rough kind of a cart. The machine was kept in a convenient dark alley, and whenever one of Doylestown's good citizens came home so filled



with ardent spirits that he could not handle himself the machine was run out from his hiding place, the tipsy man was seized and dumped upon his back in the box, and with three or four burghers at the shafts he was given a ride over the rough streets that was enough to shake every drop of liquor out of him and make him a soberer and wiser man. This heroic treatment was often applied to intoxicated strangers, but the moral influence of the machine was all-pervasive in preserving the sobriety of the townspeople. The circumstances now are such that many Bucks and Montgomery County men believe it would be well to revive this old-time useful institution.—Philadelphia Record.

A Region of Perpetual Frost.

The altitude of the Stevens mine on Mount McClellan (Cal.) is 2,500 feet. At the depth of from 60 to 200 feet the crevice matter, consisting of silica, calcite, and ore together with the surrounding wall rock, is a solid frozen mass. McClellan is one of the highest eastern spurs of the snowy range. It has the form of a horseshoe, with a bold escarpment of felsparic rock nearly 2,000 feet high, which in some places is nearly perpendicular. In descending into the mine nothing unusual occurs until a depth of eighty or ninety feet is reached, when the frozen territory begins and continues for over 200 feet. There are no indications of a thaw summer or winter. The whole of the 200 feet of frozen walls is surrounded by massive rocks. The miners being unable to excavate the frozen material with pick and drill in the usual way, found that the only way to mine in this peculiar lode was to kindle a huge fire against the "face" of the tunnel, and in the morning take out the ore that had been thawed loose during the night. In fact, this was the only mode of mining used while going through the frozen hell some ten or fifteen years since. The tunnel is now many hundred feet deep, and still there is no diminution of the frost. There is, so far as can be seen, no opening or channel through which the frost could possibly have reached such a depth from the surface. Besides this there are many other mines in the same vicinity in a like frozen state. The theory is that the rock was deposited in glacial times, when there was cold enough to freeze the very earth's heart. In case the mine is an ice-house, whose stores have remained unthawed for at least 80,000 years. The phenomenon is not uncommon or inexplicable when openings can be found through which a current of air can pass; but cases which, like the Stevens mine, show no opening for air currents must be referred to imbedded icebergs of the glacial period.—Baltimore American.

The Symptoms Alarmed Him

Party on outside—Ah, Hector, why do you not come forth and share the cheese with your own Andromache? Party on inside—Speak not of cheese to me! I've got the grip, and I know it!

A Bad Hand.

The widow had just said so. "Life is a game," said Mr. Up-downs, reflectively. "I thought it was drawn, and I drew for a queen, but it seems to be eucher for me."

The Supply of Parents.

Lucy (aged 11, who is reading a paper)—"It is perfectly dreadful!" Father—"What's dreadful, Lucy?" Lucy—"Another faithless wife, the mother of six children, runs off with a married man, who leaves a large family behind. Dear me, if this don't stop pretty soon there will not be any parents left."—Texas Siftings.

A Heavy Drop.

At Waterville, Mo., a 1,000-pound weight dropped from the clock in the Unitarian church, crushing the costly church organ beyond the possibility of repair.

At the primary scholarship examination in Bengal eight out of twenty scholarships were awarded to girls.

THE BOY.

He is Being Crowded Almost Entirely Out of Employment.

What is to become of the boy if the present tendency to crowd him out of employment goes on? asks the N. Y. Tribune. Messengers with beards seem to be growing more numerous all the time, and the elevator boy has been largely replaced by the elevator man. Cash boys, once common in the city, have given way to cash girls to a great extent. The uniformed, brass-buttoned call-boys at the hotels are little more than a memory, and in their places are men. It is true there are still newsboys about the entrance to the bridge, and other places where there are generally crowds of people, but news-women and newsmen are competing with them in ever-increasing numbers. Uptown the newsdealer has virtually driven the boys out of the business. With bootblacks the story is the same. A few of them still pursue their calling, but grown Italians have seized hold of the best corners, and with their big armchairs easily take away the business of their youthful rivals, whose customers have to balance themselves on one leg against a sharp corner of the building. There are a few boy peddlers of shoestrings and handkerchiefs, but this occupation is far more appropriate to those who have arrived at years when an amble is the natural gait. On trains there are still many lads who go about distributing illustrated papers, light novels and candy, and then go about again collecting them, incidentally selling a few of the articles, but even here the men are getting ahead of them. Yes, what shall become of the boy is a serious question. If the present movement toward his displacement continues the only thing left for him to do will be to grow up and become a man, but unfortunately this takes time.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE NEW GENIUS OF LIGHT.

A Description of the New Statue Set up in Edison's Laboratory.

Among the many objects of interest to the visitor at the great laboratory of Thomas A. Edison, in West Orange, N. J., the first to attract attention is the remarkable statue that has recently been placed in position in the library. The statue attracted Mr. Edison's attention at the Paris Exposition, where it occupied the place of honor in the Italian Department. He was so much pleased with it that he purchased it, and it was shipped to this country, and now occupies the place of honor in the center of the magnificent library. It is entitled "The New Genius of Light," and was the work of an Italian artist, B. Bordiga of Rome, and was finished late in the fall of 1888. The subject is an allegorical one, and typifies the triumph of electricity over other means of illumination.



NEW GENIUS OF LIGHT.

It is the life-size figure of a graceful youth in the full vigor of early manhood, posed in a half recumbent position and partially supported by half extended wings, on the ruins of a broken gas lamp. The right arm is extended high above the head and holds aloft an incandescent lamp of fifty-candle power, the connecting circuits from which extend downward, and, partially supported by the left hand, continue to the base of the statue, where they are joined to a voltaic pile. About the base of the statue are grouped a telephone transmitter, a telegraph key, and a gear wheel. The whole is mounted on a pedestal three feet high. The modeling of the central figure is singularly strong and firm, and the finish is almost perfect.—N. Y. Herald.

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FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The fearful unbelief is unbelief in yourself. Love rules his kingdom without a sword. A neglected opportunity never gets over it. A good conscience makes an easy couch. It is pleasant to hear the truth—about other people. A stoic is a man who never had the toothache. Possibly the meanest man in this world is the devil. Joy is like ague—one good day between two bad ones. Severely bredeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate. The love of change is as natural to man as it is in nature. Virtue is a kind of health, beauty and good habit of soul. An acre of performance is worth the whole world of promise. It is mighty hard to respect the man that he wate to forgive. Ah! if you only knew what peace there is in accepted sorrow. Jealousy is an awkward homage which inferiors render to merit. Any person can enter vanity fair on his magnanimity alone. A man's repentance is always the size of the whip produced. The birthdays of his children are a man's landmarks to old age. There is nothing so easy to find as fault—There is so much of it. Erosin consists in doing one's duty at the cost of personal sacrifice. Courtesy is the oil which makes the wheels of conduct run smoothly. Beware of any faith that does not indicate itself in the daily doing. Don't mock God by asking him in prayer for what you do not want. In many transactions the middle man very soon gets into the first place. It is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren. The hardest thing God has to do is tell a sinner that he loves him. The great strength of simplicity lies in the words, not in the ideas. A scandal-monger is a person who talks to our neighbors about us. The wise man expects everything from himself; the fool looks to others. Any person who will deliberately flatter you, will deliberately defame you. An extraordinary haste to discharge an obligation is a sort of ingratitude. Better to be unborn than untaught, for ignorance is the root of misfortune. Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties. What I have been taught I have forgotten, what I know I have guessed. There are more people in the world honest from policy than from principle. A man's heart is blamed for lots of things for which his liver is responsible. In matters of conscience first thoughts are best, in matters of prudence the last. The average man cannot understand why all other men do not vote as he does. An entertaining talker is a person who tells us mean stories about our neighbors. Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues. Fear of sin has made a great many more Christians than the love of virtue has. All women are by nature flirts, but those who are the most so have the least sense. The love of praise never made any man worse, and has made many a man better. A woman has been known to bend a man's will during life and break it after his death. Evil thoughts intrude in an unemployed mind as worms generate in a stagnant pool. 'Tis the hardest thing in the world to be a good thinker without being a good self-examiner. Every man should bear his own grievances rather than detract from the comforts of others. God's hold on a man is uncertain as long as the devil's claws run clear through his pocketbook. It is a glorious thing to resist temptation, but it will be money in your pocket if you avoid them. Those people who are sick and disgusted with themselves are the ones who suffer from ennui. When we hear some people talk we regret that the Lord did not provide a man's ears with shutters. There are two kinds of hypocrites—the bold, and the humble; and the humble ones are the worst. Men like a clever woman better than a handsome one, they are so much safer. Marrying rich widows, like drinking liquors, is often done solely for the effects. When a man finally succeeds in making himself famous his wife gets the credit of it. It is the easiest thing in the world for a woman to feel religious when she has good clothes. The happiness of life is so delicate a thing that it shrinks away even upon thinking of it. A man who cannot mind his own business should not be trusted with the business of others. Every man is worth just as much as the things are worth about which he bustles himself.