

WORDS.

Words are great forces in the realm of life; Be careful of their use. Who talks of hate, Of poverty, of sickness, but sets rife These very elements to mar his fate.

When love, health, happiness and plenty hear Their names repeated over day by day, They wing their way like answering fairies near, Then nestle down within our homes to stay.

Who talks of evil conjures into shape That formless thing, and gives it life and scope, This is the law; then let no word escape That does not breathe of everlasting hope. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Woman's Home Companion.

Bridget's Blueing Bottle. BY MARGARET JOHNSTON MERRILL.

"Dear Jim:—Cousin Clara has another bad spell, and I have been sent for this morning, so I must go to her. We had all our arrangements made to return to the city tomorrow, but this changes our plans. Fred was obliged to go last week to attend to business, and cannot be back here this season. Can't you manage to spend your nights here until I return, which will be in two weeks? Little Mabel asked if I would get Uncle Jim to stay in the house at nights. Bridget is a capable, intelligent girl; and is quite willing to stay alone with Mabel; and Mabel wished to stay with her rather than go with me; so, you see, my Bridget is a jewel. Do not give her any trouble if you come. I believe she does not care to have young men in the house. Please answer as soon as possible. —Your loving sister, FLORENCE."

"Dear Florence:—I will try to give your paragon, Bridget, no trouble. But how about me? If she wakes me up at 4 o'clock, thumping up and down stairs, I suppose I am to consider it no trouble. Where did you pick up the jewel? But I will not tease you—I shall spend every night at your house until your return, and I shall keep out of Bridget's sight. Don't overwork taking care of Clara. —BROTHER JIM."

"How good Jim is!" mused Mrs. Campbell, upon reading this letter. "Now I leave the house without anxiety."

"Will Uncle Jim stay here nights, mamma?" asked a little girl of seven. "Yes, dear. It may be you won't often see him, as he will probably come late. But Bridget will allow you to wait up tonight till he comes. Tell him that many things were packed up and sent to town, so he must excuse the condition of the place. I forgot to speak of this in my letter to him. Now, good-by, darling. I must go to poor Clara."

That evening, as Jim Hamilton entered his sister's summer cottage, his name was joyfully called by Mabel. As he passed into the sitting-room, he was conscious of a retreating figure at another door. "Say, Uncle Jim, mamma says to tell you she's sorry so many things are sent to town; but I like to live this way. Bridget is so good and funny, I don't get lonesome."

"I dare say she's funny. I knew an old woman named Bridget, who was very funny, and she wore the funniest caps—"

"Oh, your Bridget isn't like that! She's as pretty as mamma. And now, Uncle Jim, won't you write the words of that song for me? You promised to. Bridget can play it, but she hasn't the words."

Jim laughed. "It's good that you are not a musical critic; probably anything in the shape of noise suits you for a tune."

"No; it does not. Bridget can play better than you," was the answer. "Well, get me pen and ink, and I'll write the words," he said. "The ink is gone, and I used the last pencil all up this afternoon; there's only the little one Bridget has on the string to mark the account book. I can get that."

"No. I don't want a greasy kitchen pencil. I'll see if I can find any kind of a marker in my pocket."

He found nothing, as he had lent his pencil to a boy on the car who failed to return it. "Better go to bed, Mabel. If I find one anywhere tonight, I'll come in early in the morning and write out your song. Good-night, dearie." Jim found no pencil; but before going out next morning he went into the sitting-room to take another look. A bluing bottle was on the table and a part of its contents poured out into a small glass. A note addressed to himself lay beside it. He read: "I have before now used liquid bluing as a substitute for ink, and found it very good. BRIDGET."

"I thank you very much for your suggestion. J. E. HAMILTON." In the evening he managed to get in somewhat earlier than before. The same vanishing shadow was seen as he came into the sitting-room. For six consecutive evenings this was repeated, and his curiosity was aroused. He could no longer doubt Bridget's musical ability. Mabel could already play the air of the song under her instructions; and he at length expressed a desire to see her.

"Can't you ask Bridget to stay in the sitting-room until I come in tomorrow evening?" he asked. "I don't believe she would stay. She doesn't care about men—I mean not as much as she does about little ones. If she knew you, I'm sure she would like you. Can't you come in for supper? Then she would have to see you."

"No, no! I do not want to give her any trouble. I owe her my thanks for not pounding up and down stairs at 4 o'clock, as my Bridget did."

"Uncle Jim, I do wish you'd stop talking like that. You must see Bridget," said Mabel, excitedly. "Thank you. I can live if I do not see her, but it would be interesting to hear her talk. Immigrants are always amusing."

Mabel did not know what immigrants were, but felt that Uncle Jim would not mention them if they were not nice, so she was satisfied that he meant nothing really disrespectful toward her Bridget.

Next evening he came earlier than ever, but the figure was gone before he had crossed the threshold. "Mabel," he asked, "do you and Miss Bridget ever go to the lake after supper?"

"Yes, sometimes. We are to go soon again and bring our supper with us. You see, Cousin Clara is better, so mamma will be home in three days, and we shall go to town."

"Then I'll tell you what I can do. I will meet you at the lake after supper. Do not tell Bridget of this. I can carry your lunch basket home. Is that satisfactory?"

"Yes, it's grand! I shan't say a word to Bridget, and I'll introduce you to her myself."

As Jim Hamilton approached the lake shore next evening he saw a graceful figure seated upon the rustic bench. Mabel was playing near and immediately went toward the lady. "Where's Bridget?" he whispered.

"Here," answered Mabel, taking him by the hand. "This is Uncle Jim, Miss Bridget Loftus," she said breathlessly, fearing that Bridget might escape. "Uncle Jim will carry the basket and the stones and shells I picked up," she added in a coaxing tone to Bridget.

Mr. James Edwin Hamilton was not a conceited man, neither was he self-conscious. Yet at this moment he felt more foolish than a school boy in the presence of a new teacher. He stood hat in hand, bowing politely, scarcely knowing what to say, and wondering if she had heard his rejection of the greasy kitchen leadpencil. At length he stammered:

"It was very kind of you to give me the writing fluid, Miss Loftus."

He could not bring himself to say "bluing bottle" to this refined, lady-like woman.

"I had found the bluing good in more ways than one, so it was only right that I should recommend it when I had allowed Mabel to waste the pencils," she replied.

They returned to the house, Jim did not intrude further upon Bridget then, but asked permission to come early the following evening to sit with her and Mabel.

teach music. My aunt conscientiously taught me to work and I am thankful to be able. In another year I shall be legally qualified for school teaching. Then I can go on with my music and finally make it my life work."

A year from that time Bridget Loftus was duly enrolled upon the teaching staff of her native city. Mrs. Campbell rejoiced in her success, and told her brother that Bridget was the bravest woman she had ever known, "and I said so a year ago," she added. Jim smiled. He was not given to speech when Bridget was the subject.

This year the Campbells are again in their summer home, expecting company. "Here they are, mamma!" calls Mabel. Uncle Jim, and dear Aunt Bridget! And listen, Aunt Bridget! I've kept the bluing bottle all this time, just because it made you and Uncle Jim first know about each other."—Waverley Magazine.

Forgot Her Wedding Day. The married man was hurrying down the steps from the elevated station; the other man, the friend who had stood by him as best man six years before, was hurrying up the same steps. Necessarily they met.

"You're just the one I wanted to see," said he, who was going down. "We are going to have a few friends in to dinner on our anniversary evening and we want you to come. You will, won't you?"

"Of course I will," and the one rushed on up to his train and the other hurried down to the street.

But on the evening when the two or three friends came in to celebrate, the best man who was didn't put in an appearance.

"It's very strange. You are quite sure you told him to come?" asked the wife of the married man. "But he was so sure on that score that the mystery remained unexplained."

"I never knew him to forget an engagement," sighed the woman, as she looked at the vacant chair, and thought how nicely she might have filled it had she but known in time that he was not coming.

The next evening, however, found her resentful. "It seems to me," she said, "that he might have let us know by this time if anything detained him."

Just then the bell rang and then in came the delinquent. "What was the matter, and why didn't you come?" were the remarks that greeted him.

"Come? Why, I have come." "O, but last night was the anniversary night." "No such thing. It's to-night."

And it was. This is the first case on record of a woman forgetting the day on which she was married.—New York Sun.

She Was Superstitious. "Superstition has not entirely died out, and often is found where least expected," said a conductor who runs into Galveston, telling of an incident of his latest trip. "This was brought out very plainly the other day. A well dressed, intelligent looking woman, a woman whose every action denoted refinement and whose appearance and speech indicated that she was highly educated was the one who exemplified this. At a station where we wait about ten minutes the incident occurred. We stopped as usual, and I left the train and went into the ticket office to speak to the agent. While there I noticed this woman as she was leaving the ticket window to board the train, having just bought a ticket to the next station. As she went out on the platform she bought a daily paper from the news agent and, just glancing at it, saw that it was dated Friday, whereupon she rushed back to the agent and asked that he cancel the ticket and refund her money, saying that upon the receipt of a letter that morning she had decided to visit a friend at the next station, but had forgotten that it was Friday, and, as she did not care to travel on that day, said she would wait until the next, and asked that her money be refunded, or the ticket extended. She was getting her money back just as I left to go on the train. She waited until Saturday, and no doubt has been thinking ever since of the great danger she escaped."—Galveston News.

A Peculiar Girl. "That Miss Bradish is one of the most peculiar girls I ever saw. She and I met in Florida last winter, and we've been very good friends ever since—until a couple of weeks ago. Now she barely speaks to me. I can't account for it. We were talking one evening about clever women. We both agreed that talented women are seldom beautiful."

"You probably made some break that she didn't like." "No, I was careful about that, and she showed no sign of her unaccountable coldness until I asked her whether, if she could have her choice, she would prefer to be talented or beautiful. She never answered the question, and has been different toward me ever since. Most peculiar girl I ever saw."—Chicago Times-Herald.

GREAT STRASBURG CLOCK.

Some Facts Concerning the Remarkable Timepiece of the Present Day.

Rabbi Mayer talked to the pupils of the Central High School yesterday morning at their weekly entertainment of "The Strasburg Clock." The Rabbi is a fine speaker and held the closest attention of his audience during his talk. The clock is one of the oldest in the world, dating back as early as the middle of the fourteenth century. It is in a way, however, like the old doll that has had a new head at one time, new arms at another, and finally an entire new body, but still remained the same doll. The clock itself is the third one that has been placed in the cathedral. The first one kept its place for about 200 years, when something got out of order, and as no one could fix it, it was taken down; the second one occupied the opposite side of the transept from the present one.

This last one is only about seventy-five years ago. The most remarkable thing about this clock is that it is self regulating. On New Year's or St. Sylvester's eve, as it used to be called, there is a great whirring and buzzing in the old clock, and when this has ceased the clock is regulated. It used to be that on St. Sylvester's eve the good people of Strasburg would gather by the thousands when the old clock readjusted itself for another year's work, and look up in awed silence at this wonderful masterpiece, almost divine to them. But the crowds grow so dense each year that the gatherings were finally prohibited.

There are six tiers of the clock's structure. The first tier, or face, shows the sun and stars in a firmament of blue. These move as do the stars in the heavens. On the second tier is the chariot of the sun, which makes its circuit once in every twenty-four hours. On the third tier is the clock itself, much smaller than its great setting. Above this are two chubby little angels belonging to the Renaissance period and looking strangely out of place among their majestic surroundings. One of the angels holds an hourglass in his hand and the other a hammer. Still above these is a dial plate, which represents the days, weeks and months. Above this is a skeleton representing Death, and past this figure pass hourly four others, one at each quarter of the hour, the first one infancy, the second childhood, and third middle age and the fourth old age. The clock strikes as each figure passes. When the child appears the angel below does the striking with his hammer. Youth, manhood and old age each strike a note as they pass by, and when the hour is ended the second angel down below slowly turns his hourglass over in his hands.

On the next tier stands an image of Jesus surrounded by the twelve apostles. These appear but once a day, just at 12, when each passes slowly before the Master, and He raises His hand and blesses them.

After these have disappeared there is revealed the oldest existing part of the clock, and that is the great rooster, that appears and makes the harsh and discordant noise supposed to be a crow. It has probably looked down upon the streets below for some 500 years.—Kansas City Star.

When Animals Are Scared. "Is there any animal beside a horse," a horseman asks, "that looks its best when it is scared to death? Take a man when he is scared. He's a sorry sight, and knows it. There's nothing in the world more obnoxious to himself and others than a scared man. A dog isn't much better. His spirited, gay air is all gone. He cowers and grovels, with his tail between his legs, and altogether he's a disgusting object. His head is thrown back, his eyes roll grandly, his whole attitude is full of life and strength. The oldest, dullest cart horse, if you give him a good scare, becomes temporarily fine and noble. Can you explain this? Well, I can. The horse isn't really frightened at all. He is simply aroused, and determined to look out for himself. In his noble pose, the pose we call a scared one, he might, to be sure, run off, but he might also, if he had the chance, kick or bite a man to death. Fear, cowardice, is never beautiful, and a scared horse, if you could find one, would be as loathsome a sight as a scared man. But horses are brave as a rule. They may become frantic, they may lose their heads, but these noble and good animals do not become afraid."—Philadelphia Record.

The Courtesy of "Bobs." Here is a story illustrative of "Bobs" courtesy which I have received from an officer in Pretoria. The greatest difficulty (he writes) has been experienced here in finding remounts for the cavalry and mounted infantry, and the officers entrusted with the duty of finding them has been reduced to sending men out to scour the town and neighborhood for all sorts and conditions of horses, from those that drag drays to those that ladies make pets of. One of the Pretoria ladies, whose husband is at present a prisoner at St. Helena, has two such magnificent carriage horses that the exigencies of the service made the men who discovered them turn a deaf ear to their owner's remonstrances. Whereupon she had them put into her carriage, and drove off to a British residency and sought an interview with Lord Roberts. She spoke

of herself as a defenceless woman, whose husband was a prisoner in the hands of the invaders, and how she had driven the Boer commandoes away from her house with a pistol. Then she invited his lordship to go out and see for himself whether they were not too good for the veldt. He went, and five minutes afterward she drove away triumphantly, with her "protection" signed by Roberts, field marshal.—Mainly About People.

The Dear, Sweet Bride.

They had just been married. That was plainly evident to every passenger who watched his tender, protecting air as they stood on the corner waiting for the car to stop. She was a pretty creature, with no end of fluttering-blue ribbons decorating her white frock, and though the car was crowded, the passengers made room. But only two seats were vacant, and these were far apart. He placed her in the most desirable one, and then, with evident sadness, seated himself at the far end of the opposite side of the car. But she would not have it so. She returned his look of wistfulness, and protested in a tone of plaintive sweetness distinctly audible to every passenger: "But I want to sit next to you, dear," the emphasis on the last word being especially marked. In an instant half a dozen men were on their feet, which gave the happy groom a chance to place her next to himself in a corner seat. Then she nestled close to him, utterly unconscious of anything unusual in her expression of preference, and, as his arm rested behind her shoulders, she knew that he was being envied by every man on board.—Philadelphia Record.

High Mountains in Alaska.

Henry Gannett, chief geographer of the United States geological survey, tells me that he has just completed the measurements of the mountains of Alaska and has taken the altitude of 325 peaks within the limits of that territory. The highest is Mount McKinley, which rises 20,464 feet above the level of the sea and 2,440 feet above Mount St. Elias, which until now was supposed to be the highest peak in the United States, and is so given in the geographies. The following are the peaks in Alaska that rise above 10,000 feet: Mount McKinley, 20,464; Mount St. Elias, 18,064; Mount Wrangell, 17,500; Mount Crillon, 15,900; Mount Vancouver, 15,690; Mount Fairweather, 15,292; Mount Hayes, 14,500; Mount Sanford, 14,000; Mount Cook, 13,758; Mount Drum, 13,300; Mount Tillman, 13,300; Mount Blackburn, 12,500; Mount Black, 12,500; Hlamuna, 12,000; Situya, 11,832; Laperouse, 10,740; Mount F' 'all, 10,000.

Chinese Mormonism.

The law and custom allow a Chinaman to have as many wives as he can support; but only the first wife is regarded as the legitimate mother of the household. She is the ruler of all the children, who will mourn for her a hundred days. The husband, who can remarry as often as he likes, does not show any sign of mourning for his wife to the outer world, but a woman who marries again after her husband's death is not considered respectable. Should she, on the other hand, commit suicide on her husband's grave, then a Pailau, which is an ornamental gateway or arch, will be erected as a sign of transcendent loyalty and virtue. But the great majority of Chinese do not adhere to polygamy. They have a proverb, which says that where one woman reigns there is peace; two women under the same roof signifies a fight; and three women means intrigue and disorder.—Collier's Weekly.

Last of England's Rustics.

Here is a readable lament (with a lesson in it) from English Country Life: In the only heart of the country left to the home counties, so far from the appurtenances of town life that the rattle of railway trains can only be heard faintly when the wind is in a certain quarter, or the night very still, you may find, even yet, genuine rustics. They are old folk, full of old wisdom and old civility, and they dwell among a younger folk full of new information, and infinitely less civil. It is strange and unreasonable that after a few years' study of the primers of the board school, harmless enough little books, a man should find it derogatory to give you a civil "Good evening" as you pass but he does.

A Right Honorable Diversion.

When Mr. Chamberlain has an evening entirely free (which is very rarely the case) he may be seen, says a writer in the London Gem, paying the greatest attention to the varied attractions of a certain music hall known as the "Alhambra." "It does me good," he said once to one of his supporters, "to sit for an hour or two and watch the clever antics of, say, Dan Leno. Of course I am quite aware that a 'Right Honorable' should be above such a form of amusement. Be it so!"

President Van Buren's Hat.

The hat worn by President Van Buren during his inauguration ceremonies has just been presented to the museum of Illinois College. It is a great beaver of the style since associated with President Harrison.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

The Grumbler. The grumbler growls at Nature's plan; He's sorry that he's human, He does n't want to be a man, Nor yet to be a woman, He'd hate to be a beast or such As share the fish's lot. In fact, 't would not annoy him much If he were not.

He takes you by the button-hole And grumbles in your ear, And tells you that his very soul Is shriveled up and sore. He wishes he were dead and gone; But, whew! you'd make him hot To hint the world would still jog on If he were not. —Catholic Standard and Times.

Hint to the Mesger. She—It is gentle woman's part to lean. He—Yes; but she ought not to be too lean. —Somerville Journal.

Certainly Not. Cholly—I shall never marry a strong-minded woman—never. Mierva—No, of course you won't. The woman you marry will be weak-minded I'm sure.

Forever. "There is but one kind of rock that grows," said the professor. "Can any of you mention it?" "Yes, sir," replied the Irish boy; "th' shamrock."—New York World.

Deserved It. She—I do hope I'll have a fine day for my wedding. Goodness knows I deserve it! He—You do, indeed. You'll have plenty of stormy ones after it.

Willing to Get Out of It. "Didn't I promise you a whipping if you disobeyed me?" asked his mother. "Yes, but I'll release you from the promise, ma," replied Johnnie, diplomatically.—Tit-Bits.

A Restful Change. "You'd naturally think, wouldn't you, that so much singing would tire my daughter's voice?" "Oh, I don't know. It seems to me that a little singing would be a restful change."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Prepared For Future Events. "You've given up swimming, haven't you?" "Yes. I don't mean to cultivate a talent that will put me in a position some time where the drowning fellow who can't swim will be sure to drag me under."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Makes Up a Misunderstanding. "Jane, how do you feel towards me?" "John, I can't tell you until I know how you feel towards me." "Well, but you know that all depends on how you feel towards me."—Indianapolis Journal.

Indeed He Did. "Work!" scornfully echoed the woman at the kitchen door, to whom he had been relating the hardships of his checkered existence. "Work! You don't know what work is." "You bet I do, ma'am," said Tuffold Knutt. "That's w'y I ginerly avoid."

Had the Elements of Success. "You think we ought to undertake the publication of this novel, do you?" asked the head of the publishing house. "Well, I think it would be a financial success," cautiously replied the reporter.

"Why?" "Because it was written by a girl, and deals with subjects of which she ought to know very little."

A Far Look Ahead. Papa—Yes, my dear, I insist on your learning to swim. The danger of losing one's life in the water is an appalling one. Daughter—Oh, I'm not afraid. When I get married I shall expect my husband to rescue me.

Papa—But remember you are just as likely to get shipwrecked after you get to be a mother-in-law.—New York World.

Not Servile Surf. Canute protested against the flattery of his courtiers, but at last they had their way. "I will do it, then," he said "to please you." "Stop!" he cried to the ocean. "I command you!" "Huh! You command!" retorted the ocean, snorting. "Command don't go with me. I ain't that kind of a serf."—Philadelphia Press.

Averting Trouble. Maid (breathlessly)—Oh, miss! both the gents you is engaged to has called, and they're in the parlor, and, somehow or other, they've found it out; and, oh, miss! I'm afraid there'll be trouble!

Miss Flirtie—Horrors! Oh, dear! What shall I do? Maid (after reflection)—I'll fix it! I'll run an' tell 'em you're crying y'r eyes out 'cause y'r father has lost all his money.—New York Weekly.