THE LITTLE WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Her platform is only the cradle,
Her speeches are funny and few—
A wise little head
But all that is said
Is only a vague little "goo."

But how baby's rights are respected!
One nod of her dear, downy head,
Whenever she thinks she's neglected,
And down to her feet we are led.

She lifts up her voice in a minute—
Her protests are loud and are long!
Each household affair she is in it,
To see there is nothing goes wrong.

The right to twist limbs that are dimpled,
In every extravagant way;
To maul and to tease
The cat at her ease—
To crow and to creep all day.

The right to love that is purest—
The right to a mother's own love!
The right to a guide that is surest
To lead her wee footsteps above.

Her sweet little mouth she upraises,
As pure as a rose, dew impearled;
The rights to our kisses and praises—
Oh, these are her rights o'er the world!

—Pittsburg Post.

BETTY'S BET.

I SUPPOSE that's a fresh victim, Miss Betty," drawled a stout man from the depths of a garden arm chair.

Miss Betty was a slender young person in green muslin who stood near the arm chair with a racket in her hand and turned as the speaker waved his cigar towards the tennis lawn below.

"I dare say," she answered composedly, stooping to tie her shoe.

"Bet you he isn't," returned the stout man quickly, and a couple of bystanders joined in his laugh.

A delicate flush rose in the girl's cheeks, but she answered coolly, "Why do you suppose he is exceptional?"

"Oh, he's a man of the world, he is!" answered the stout man jovially. "And he's a swell—not like us poor city Johnnies—had lots of experience," he added with a laugh. "Come now, you look so jolly confident, what'll you bet on it? You must bet or I'll believe you are climbing down."

"I don't care if I do," she returned, with a look of scarcely veiled contempt at the laughing group of men. "What will you go?"

The fat man pulled himself up in his chair and his eyes twinkled. He knew Ralph Pyne pretty well, and he knew he would not easily be made a fool of. Also he did not at all wish Pyne to fall into the snares of Miss Betty Langley. There was a certain lovely Rebecca Cohen, his own niece, who would make a more satisfactory Mrs. Pyne to his thinking. But Betty was dangerous—decidedly dangerous, unless she could be induced to cut her own throat.

"Well, I'll go as far as a pin."

"Diamond?"

"Hum—yes—hanged if I won't stand a diamond pin."

"Done, Mr. Juarez," answered Betty as she moved away, and Mr. Juarez chuckled as he sank back among his cushions. "If Miss Bet tries any of her games on with that Johnnie he'll bolt, and, possibly, I may have the catching of him."

Ralph Pyne had already spent two days in Betty's company, and had enjoyed himself as most men did under the circumstances, and he was not at all loath to escort her home by the short cut through the covert after she had superintended the shooters' tea at the gamekeeper's cottage. Betty was uncommon good company, as good as a younger brother, and much better to look at. Probably it was because she was so brusque and boyish that most men found themselves proposing to her—quite unexpectedly to themselves, for no one could think of sentiment and Betty Langley in the same hour. "No humbug about her! regular good sort," the blinded victims used to say, and played on—lawn tennis, billiards, hide and seek—regardless of their doom, and their doom never varied.

"How hot it is," cried Betty suddenly; "don't you think there is going to be an earthquake?"

"Is it hot before earthquakes?" returned Mr. Pyne. "That is an interesting bit of general information."

"Oh, people always say they feel queer before earthquakes——" but a sharp rustle among the leaves interrupted her lecture. "Good gracious, it's raining! And there is thunder! Now we are in a fix," and gathering up her skirts she started to run.

"All right, there's a pile of fagots just beyond," cried Pyne, "no end of a fine shelter. See?" as they dashed on side by side, and he pulled back the dripping branches and showed the pile which the woodcutter had arranged as a sort of wigwam.

Crouched down in shelter Betty soon regained her breath and began to chatter again. "Now this is romantic, and it will end in my getting bronchitis and you'll get pneumonia, and we can't go to the Lorimers' dance."

"But, alas! I shan't go to the Lorimers' dance anyhow. I am off to-morrow."

"Oh, I say! What for? What a shame!"

"My sister has wired she's coming back from India and will be at Southampton, and an earthquake would be a trifle compared to the tempest if I didn't meet her to-morrow night."

Betty is silent. He is going to-morrow, and she has just remembered her bet. She feels rather sick at it—and yet, no, that odious Mr. Juarez would chuckle. He has always hated her, she knows, since she had said no to him and his shekels, and he would hate to pay up his bet; and how she would like to own—just one—diamond! Betty's face is her fortune and has not brought her any diamonds as yet—only offers of them, for an equivalent. But she can't flirt with Ralph Pyne. She has, she knows, amused herself a little sometimes with some men, but they are such idiots. Mr. Pyne is different; she can't treat him so. And then she recklessly determines to make a clean breast of it.

"Mr. Pyne, I wish you'd do something for me."

"With pleasure."

"You can get me a diamond pin if you like."

"Delighted, I am sure; but how?"

"I want you to propose to me. Don't be frightened; I'll say no, and I won't tell till you're gone."

"Oh! a bet, I presume?" he answered a trifle grimly.

"Yes, that odious Mr. Juarez. They are all odious, but he is the worst. He bet you wouldn't propose, because, you see, they all do; and then, of course, they sulk and uncle swears at me. But we've been kind of friends, and you're too good sort for that," she ended a trifle incoherently, "so I thought I might as well tell you about it."

"Yes; uncommonly good natured of you. And he's bet a pin," and Mr. Pyne considers what a charming uncle Miss Rebecca Cohen owns.

"Yes; I haven't any jewelry, and I do want to score off that beast," and Betty suddenly grew scarlet from anger. Her blushes were not in the habit of intruding themselves.

"Miss Elizabeth Langley, I lay my hand and heart at your feet."

"Declined, with thanks," cried Betty with a peal of laughter. "Now shake hands," and they shook hands.

The shower had ceased and Betty rose to her feet and shook the dead leaves from her skirts.

For a little while Ralph Pyne walked on in deep meditation. Suddenly he spoke. "Miss Betty, what assurance have you that Juarez will admit you have won your bet?"

"What assurance! Isn't my word enough?" she returned.

"It would make it a good deal surer if you told him you were engaged to me," he answered calmly.

Betty sprang back, her face pale and her eyes blazing.

"How dare you! How dare you! And I thought we were friends," she ended with a smothered sob and vanished among the trees, and Mr. Ralph Pyne muttered something between his teeth about an unmitigated fool and went back to the house.

An hour later a very pale and subdued Betty came gliding through the shrubberies. It was already evening, and the house was brightly lit up and the sound of voices and the click of balls sounded from the billiard room. As she put her foot on the veranda Mr. Juarez strolled out of the open billiard room window.

"Hullo, Miss Bet," he shouted hilariously, "I've got news for you."

"I am afraid I cannot stop to hear it; the dressing gong has sounded."

"Oh, but you've got to stop," he laughed, laying his fat hand on her shoulder. It was obvious that tea had not been the afternoon refreshment in the billiard room.

"You've got to stop and hear my news. Pyne is off. Says he's sent for by telegram and must be off by the 8.10. We know better, don't we? He's scared. But don't fret, my dear," he continued, changing his tone to one of maudlin tenderhness, "you shan't be a loser by him. You shall have your pin all the same. Now doesn't that deserve a kiss for thanks?"

His odious arm was round her. Betty gave a cry of disgust and twisted herself away. At the same moment a gentle push sent Mr. Juarez staggering to the end of the veranda, and a cool voice said, "I'll thank you to treat this lady with a little more respect."

"What the dickens have you got to say to it?" shouted Juarez, who was brought up short by the trellis at the end of the veranda and stood leaning against its friendly support.

"Only that she has done me the honor to promise to be my wife," was the quiet reply in a different tone to the impassioned whisper that implored, "You won't go back on me now, Betty?"

Betty was sobbing too heartily on his shoulder to say no, and silence gave consent.—Dorothea Townshend, in the Tatler.

"Jim" Farley's Overdose of Cocaine.

The biographer of "Jim" Farley, the strike breaker, gives an interesting incident in the life of this now famous and successful man. About fifteen years ago Farley was keeping a hotel in New York, near where he was born. One day he went to a dentist to have an ulcerated tooth treated, and accidentally swallowed an overdose of cocaine. He recovered consciousness twenty-four hours later, possessed of an insane desire to smash everything animate and inanimate within reach. He was chased into the woods and hunted for weeks as a wild thing. As often as he was caught he broke away from his captors, until finally his right senses returned, and he went back to hear the stories of his crazy doings and to be hailed as a "wild man." He sold out and went to Long Island, and took a job as a common laborer. Today his wealth is estimated at $1,500,000, all obtained by big fees in breaking railway strikes.

An Exalted Office.

If any M. P. desirous of putting a question of a humorous character and yet appropriate to the penitential season, through which we are—or are supposed to be—passing? The question must be framed thus: "Whether there is still in existence an official known as the 'King's Cockcrower;' whether he discharges his duties faithfully, and what are the emoluments appertaining to the office?" A contributor to the current Notes and Queries seeks for information concerning this personage, whose alleged function it was to crow every night during Lent.—London News.

Seeking the Golden Dross

Then have ye seen the mining camp
They're building over yon?
'Twas suddenly created there
Between the night and dawn.
They built it by the glinting light
Of gold, beside the street,
And they built it on the desert
Where the desolations meet.

And mountain rocks and lesser rocks
Berib the rugged scene,
And some are hard and golden rich,
And some are hard and lean.
There's not enough of water there
To bicker down a rill,
But stronger drink, of vicious red,
Flows ever up the hill.

The homes of mud or canvas—like
The dice of fortune's throw—
Are scattered on the ups and downs
Of rush and fever row.
And fifty hundred men are there,
And twenty hunderd mules,
And twenty dozen gambling halls
And twenty hundred fools.

And have ye seen the fling of chance—
The men that luck will choose—
The tyros here who win the gold,
The pundits there who lose?
And have ye seen the ancient shame
Of women lost to hope
That may not even walk to hell,
But weakly toward it grope?

And have ye counted half the sum
Of pity and applause
The gods record who traffic not
With puny, human laws?
And wot ye aught of tragedy
And comedy—the twain,
So fair and dark, and dark and fair,
That march beside the train?

Yet when you see that mining camp
(You can not miss the trail;
It's blazed with empty bottles and
With signs of fierce travail),
Reward the homes—the garden spots—
That on the desert press
Where men of strength, with woman's aid,
Subdue the wilderness!

—Philip Verrill Mighels in Harper's Weekly.

Last Moments of Moliere

There is a pathetic account of Moliere's last appearance, which shows the supreme courage which sickness could not dissipate and which was a part of him till death. His health had long been failing and he had suffered for years with a distressing cough, which rapidly became worse. On the day of the third presentation of "Le Malade Imaginare," 1673, he was so ill that his wife and friends entreated him not to perform. But he was deaf to their appeals. "What can I do?" he said. "There are forty workmen who have only their daily pay to live upon and they will lose that if I do not act. I should reproach myself if I neglected to give them their bread for a single day.

Though more than usually indisposed he went through his part with great difficulty. Once during the performance the company could not but see that he was convulsed, but he passed it off with a forced laugh. When it was over he left the stage, saying to his friends, "The cold is killing me." He was wrapped up warmly and his chair man sent to convey him to his home. No sooner was he in bed than he was seized with a violent fit of coughing which brought on a hemorrhage, and he died before his wife could reach his side. His last words were to assure his friends that the hemorrhage was not alarming in any way and urging them to take courage.

MAGNET AS PLAYTHING.

With a common bar or horseshoe magnet, such as may be had at a toy store, very interesting experiments may be made. First, test the poles of the magnet with a common pocket compass, and mark them north and south. If they are already marked, test them anyhow, as French magnets marked N. and S. mean just the reverse of what they mean to us.

To test the poles, see which end of the magnet attracts the north end of the compass magnet; that end is the south pole of your magnet, and it should repel the south end of the compass magnet. Mark it S., and mark the other end N., testing it also for your own satisfaction. It will, of course, attract the south end of the pocket compass and repel the one like itself, the north end.

Magnetize a number of long-eyed needles of the same size, so that their points will all be north poles, by placing them, one at a time, on a table and drawing the north pole of the magnet over each needle several times in the same direction, beginning each time at the point. Now float the needles in water vertically by sticking the eye of each into the smallest piece of cork that will support it, letting the upper part of the eye just project above the cork.

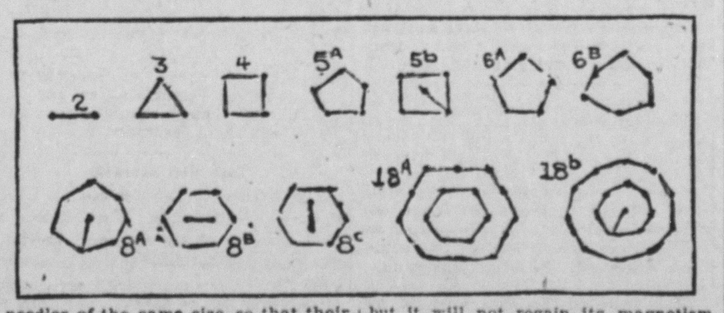
Hold the north pole of your magnet above the floating needles, and they will arrange themselves into regular figures, according to the number of needles used. Sometimes the same number will form more than one figure, and by jarring the vessel containing the water you may make one figure change to another. In the illustration a number of these groupings are shown, with the number of magnets used marked in each case, and with a letter also showing those in which the same number makes more than one figure.

Try to magnetize pieces of soft iron, like nails, for instance, and they will magnetize instantly as soon as the magnet touches them. You may thus have a long string of nails, hanging one to another, if the magnet be strong enough. Now pull the first nail from the magnet, and all the others will fall, as they all lose their magnetism the moment they leave the magnet.

Heat one of the nails red hot, and try to attract it by the magnet; it will not be possible to do it, but as it cools it will be gradually attracted, until, when it is cool, it will be attracted as strongly as ever before.

If you heat your magnet in the same way it will also lose its power, but it will not regain its magnetism on cooling; so you had better refrain from the experiment unless you desire to lose the magnet.

Now pass an inch or two of thread through the eye of one of your needles and magnetize the needle by rubbing it in the same direction several times over the same pole of your magnet. Place the horseshoe on the table, and, holding the thread between your thumb and your first finger, let the point of the needle be directly above the pole that attracts it and about a quarter of an inch distant from it. Then make a circular sweep with your hand, so that the point remains in its position and the eye is brought down toward the other pole. If you become skilful in doing this, the needle will remain suspended just above the magnet in a horizontal position.



Compass With a History.

E. H. Doughton of Barre, Vt., has a surveyor's compass which may be the first ever made in America. It was built by Peregrine White, who was born on the Mayflower as the vessel lay off the coast waiting for a chance to make a landing. The compass is encased in hand hammered brass and the needle is said to point as true to-day as in the day of its maker.