

The Hearts of Trees.

I lie at ease amid the glade
Where late my random steps have strayed;
The branches tenderly are swayed;
Vicissitudes of shine or shade
The plectrous grasses feel.
Yet here in this idyllic place,
Gloomed from the crystal blue of space,
No longer does my vision trace
What outward symmetry and grace
The foliage may reveal.

For dearer still the boon I prize
To pierce with contemplative eyes
Recesses of the trees that rise
Above me, in luxuriant guise
Of twinkling green arrayed;
To mark the gladsome birds explore
Each growth to its cool central core,
And note their quick shapes dart and soar
Through many a leafy corridor.
Dim gallery, deep arcade.

Oh, feathered favorites, blithe and fleet,
Whom the calm woodlands love to greet
With hospitality more sweet
Than man, how'er he may entreat,
Can make their boughs dispense,
To you the allegiant trees have told,
In fond confession, shy or bold,
In cloistered music richly rolled,
Rare special secrets they withhold
From man's intelligence!

Ah! human life too often sees
Great realms of thought or dream, like these
Great shadowy hearts of yonder trees,
Fleeting fantasies on the breeze
More eloquent than words!

But we, whose earth-bound smouldering fire,
Watch with regret's long-smoldering fire
Those interdicted bournes aspire,
While fate forbids that our desire
Shall wear wings, like the birds!
—Edgar Fawcett, in *Youth's Companion*.

JESSIE'S LUCK.

"Girls, its quite too horrible for anything! There isn't a bit of white sugar in the house. I shook the old paper sack until I shook it in two pieces, and nothing appeared but a crazy black ant. I can't make the cake I had set my heart on for to-morrow, nor anything, and there's the ground under the Redstone beach plum trees just flaming purple with them—plums I mean—and all gone to waste because there's no sugar to preserve them in. Ain't it harrowing?"

Daisy Fenton, an industrious dot of a girl, with her black eyes and a dimpled chin, twitched herself into the sitting-room where her sisters were vari-ously occupied, and plumping herself upon the arm of an easy-chair waved the rolling-pin and challenged sugges-tions.

"Poor victims of fallen fortunes and the freaks of fate," sighed sentimental Hortense, hacking at a cedar pencil with a dull dinner-knife, for Hortense was "literary," and wrote lovely stories and poems that short-sighted editors always declined—with thanks. "Wait till I get paid for my novel."

"We'd be somewhere soon, if we de-pended on that," was the encouraging observation of Miss Aurelia, a family Xantippe whose bark was worse than her bite. "Victims of fate, indeed?—victims of a lot of unfeeling relations that considered it fun to get all our property away from us, and leave us with hardly a house to live in."

"I was left a trampled orphan," quoted Hortense, plaintively, "and a selfish—"

"Pity you hadn't been left some common sense," Aurelia cut her short. "It makes my blood boil to think of the way we've been treated—and half that good-for-nothing Ernest Grey's fault for not succeeding better with the suit. But, of course, he don't care. It's little enough he knows of what poverty is or cares for those that do."

Here little Jessie Fenton, who had been patiently trying to mend a large hole in a small slipper, with a thick needle, made herself heard:

"It's a pity we couldn't sell part of the plums and get sugar enough to use and to preserve the rest. I am sure Mrs. Hopwood would buy them; she said she couldn't get anything to make jelly of."

"But who'd take them?" asked Daisy. "I've got a lot of bread to bake this afternoon, so I couldn't."

"I wouldn't!" averred Hortense. "I am sure it would kill me to go and ask people to buy plums."

"I shouldn't," declared Aurelia, in whose eyes any plan not formed by herself seldom found favor.

"All right," announced Jessie, bit-ting off her thread and flinging her slippers in a corner; "I'll go myself. Dick will harness Prince for me, and the road is good, and I'll take the quart cup to measure the plums, and Uncle Tom's big pocketbook to put the money in, and I'll—"

"Don't be too brisk," interrupted Aurelia, cheerfully; "you ain't such a wonderful phenomenon, you know."

"You won't have any luck," sighed Hortense; "you never do."

But it was nevertheless a very sunny face that sparkled under the little gray rose-crowned straw hat an hour afterward as Jessie stepped into the old trap, with her wares arranged in open baskets sprinkled over with grape leaves, through which the fruit glowed like lurid coals of fire; and the two small brown-gloved hands holding the

reins were brave, though they trem-bled a little with the responsibility of driving even slow old Patience down the broad country road. But she was careful that this should not be sus-pected by Aurelia and Hortense, each holding back a corner of the window curtain to gaze after her; nor Daisy, who stood at the gate waving the roll-ing pin, and shouting:

"Be sure you ask eightpence a quart, they're worth it."

When Jessie reached the great gloomy residence wherein abode Mrs. Hopwood, the wife of a county court judge, and herself cousin of a barris-ter, she found it necessary to call up all her courage to explain her business to the majestic lady who swept down the walk, surveyed the plums with much dignity and languidly inquired the price.

"Eightpence," began Jessie, now as red as the plums herself, and then for-got to finish the sentence as a dark gentleman with a piratical black mustache stepped from a veranda and raised his hat, and she recognized Mr. Ernest Grey, Mrs. Hopwood's cousin, and the lawyer who had under-taken and lost the cause for herself and sisters in their late law entangle-ment. But let it be understood that though Aurelia might unjustly blame him for the failure, Jessie did not, be-cause it was quite against Jessie's code of reasoning and propriety to blame Mr. Ernest Grey for anything.

"How much did you say, Miss Fen-ton?" asked Mrs. Hopwood, in her frigidly calm voice, which confused the poor girl the more.

"Eightpence," she repeated, with a side glance at Mr. Grey, in whose gypsy eyes she was sure she detected a sly gleam of amusement, which made her wish (with great reason and con-sistence) that she could throw all the plums at Mrs. Hopwood's head, and between feeling awkwardly embar-rassed, and at the same time angry with herself for being ashamed of what she was doing, she nearly lost her senses.

"Eightpence for how many?" asked Mrs. Hopwood, her chilly tones grow-ing rather impatient. And Jessie be-gan again:

"Eightpence—"

Oh, what was it Daisy told her? She could not think to save herself; presence of mind was gone; she must say something.

"Eightpence a gallon," she fluttered, turning away, that the tears she knew were coming could fall unseen.

"Oh," said Mrs. Hopwood, "I'll take them all." And she snapped them up so eagerly it almost looked as if she was afraid Jessie would change her mind about the price.

But Jessie was only intent on getting away as fast as possible, and dropping the bits of silver Mrs. Hopwood handed her into a peck basket, she set off, and would not let herself think until she reached home all in a flutter.

"Did you make your fortune?" asked Aurelia.

"Or meet your fate?" inquired Hor-tense.

"How much sugar did you get?" asked Daisy eagerly. "I've scoured up the preserving kettle and gathered the plums so I can go to work pre-serving them."

And then Jessie for the first time thought of the sugar, and remembered too well what she was to get for the plums.

She told the story bravely and then ran away.

"Just her luck," murmured Hor-tense; "I told you so."

"Luck, indeed!" retorted Aurelia; "it's her folly, and, as usual, the fault of that villainous Ernest Grey."

Jessie was sitting upon the front step in the shadow, weeping despair-ingly, when no other personage than Ernest Grey himself appeared sudden-ly before her, and captured her little tear-wet hands without so much as asking her consent.

"Jessie," he said, "my sweet, brave little Jessie, so long and desperately as I have loved you, I never loved you as I do to-day. You quite shattered my heart down there, at Cousin Emily's to-day, with your brave though not successful attempt at business, and I could not resist the temptation to fol-low and tell you so. My love, I could not save your fortune. Will you ac-cept mine?"

"Ah, Ernest," sighed Jessie, "why don't you ask me to accept you? Do you suppose I think of your fortune?"

"No, I don't," he said, sitting down beside her, "but I suppose Aurelia does. She hates me like a Turk, but maybe she won't now. She and the rest shall come and live with us, and we'll have lots of fun."

The three sisters were overwhelmed with astonishment at the turn affairs had taken.

"And so," observed Daisy, "Jessie did make her fortune and meet her fate."

WOMEN AS SPECULATORS.

Feminine Brokers in New York Who Do a Large Business—An Interview With One of Them.

A New York paper says: One of the best known women in this country is a heavy and successful operator in Wall street. And she is not the only woman who puts up margins and takes the risk of their being wiped out in the fickle, fluctuating course of the market. Seized with the mania which has made and unmade many men, women are plunging into the vortex of specula-tion. There are more places than one would imagine in New York where women can consult the "tape" and give their "orders"—places that were established for their exclusive accom-modation, and where the sterner sex are not expected to intrude. There are "bucket shops," as they are called, for female dealers, too—places where no actual transactions are made, but where money changes hands on the quotations without making purchases.

Half a dozen wires run from the net-work strung on the Western Union Telegraph company's poles in Sixth avenue, over the roof and down into the back parlor of a house in West Thirty-seventh street. The house is like the others in the row. It is a brown-stone front with modestly cur-tained windows. There is an iron bal-cony in front. Green ivy climbs up the heavy balustrade leading to the entrance and entwines itself in the iron-work of the balcony. The present occupants have been in the house only a short time, and it is within the past few weeks that the wires have been put up. Were it not for the wires, which are discreetly trained like honeysuckles up the back of the house, no one would take it for anything but a private residence, and as for that matter the casual observer would even now take it for nothing else. But the wires have thrown the neighborhood into a ferment. They have wondered what their purpose was, and time has not only increased their curiosity, but excited their suspicions as well. They have not made bold to go to the house and find out, and have consequently lived in a state of perplexity. The people in the neighborhood even went so far as to seek the owners of the property, but they, too, were ignorant on the subject and could throw no light on the mystery.

A reporter called at the house one day lately to solve the mystery. A woman answered the bell, and the caller was shown into the front parlor. The door of the back parlor was partly open and through it came the sounds of a "ticker," such as are seen in the offices of brokers to register stock quotations. There was a telephone and a messenger call in sight besides. There was a desk near the "ticker," at which sat a woman, and there was something of an air of business about the room. The front parlor was handsomely furnished. Fine engravings hung on the wall, and a grand piano stood in one corner. Near the front windows was a large desk with a rolling top, which was closed. The woman who admitted the caller was a middle-aged person with blonde hair. She wore glasses and a light, well-fitting dress, and was brisk in her airs. She explained that the "ticker" was put in for her own use. "I have dealt in stocks for ten years," she said. "If ladies want me to buy stocks for them, I will do so. I require an advance of ten per cent., and I will buy no less than 100 shares. I charge one-eighth to buy and one-eighth to sell. I defy you to find any lady who has lost any money in deals with me. If any one has I have yet to know it. You can see what kind of a business I do," and she exhibited re-ceipts for purchases through a well-known house downtown, which were made out to Mrs. C. B. Morse. "As I said, I will take no orders for less than 100 shares. I charge ten per cent., so that if the stock goes down a point or two or three the margin will not be wiped out. Here is an advertisement of what is known as a bucket-shop," she went on, point-ing to a notice in a morning paper.

"Do you suppose a legitimate business is done on a margin of two to three per cent.? No indeed—that is simply gam-bling. No stock is bought or sold. I do no advertising and I want no puff in the newspapers. If the neighbors wanted to find out about the wires, why didn't they come in and ask about them. I have leased the house for three years and have a right to put in as many wires as I like."

The woman asked the person at the ticker how a certain stock stood, and the reply in a pronounced French ac-cent came back, "64 1/2, madame."

"Hasn't it reached 65 yet?"

"No, madam."

A decline in another stock brought forth the remark, "Well, I am glad I am out of that."

A lady in black, evidently an in-

vestor, was in the parlor when the re-porter called.

Inquiry revealed the fact that the number of female investors was rapidly increasing, and that they risk their money, many of them, quite as boldly as the men.

Baseball Superstitions.

At the Worcester Chicago game Mr. A. G. Spaulding, manager of the Chi-cago club, was seated in the reporters' stand at the ball park. He occupied a chair near the east end of the stand while the first five innings of the game were being played. The Worcester had gained a run in the fourth inn-ing, but the home team had been success-fully retired for five straight innings. The Chicagos were playing their best, but "luck was dead against them." At this stage Dalrymple, the veteran left fielder of the Chicago nine, came over to where Manager Spaulding sat and said: "Mr. Spaulding, will you move over in some other chair? That was the seat Harry Wright occupied during the games we had with his club." Spaulding laughed, but hurried out of his place to a chair further down the line. The home team made three runs in that inning, and won—five to one.

"Are ball-players very supersti-tious?"

"Somewhat," replied Mr. Spaulding, and he proceeded to explain some of the incidents and conditions supposed to influence the play.

The players as surely believe that ducks or geese on the home ground presage defeat for that team as they do that an umpire can materially add to the discomfort of a nine. Daly had great belief that Spaulding in Harry Wright's seat would throw all the bad luck imaginable on the Chicago side. Captain Irwin always spits on the coin he tosses up for a choice of position in a game. Jack Rowe pulls the little finger of his right hand for luck, and all sorts of chance omens are seized upon by a club for indications of the great triumph they would like to win.

The time of the great Troy-Buffalo game, which lasted for fifteen innings, early in the season, the score stood three to four for fourteen innings, when the Buffaloes, seeing a single gleam of sunshine which burst through a mass of surly clouds to light upon the bench upon which they sat await-ing their turn at the bat, took heart at once, went vigorously and confidently to work, and by hard hitting and great luck brought in the run which gave them the game. So superstitious were they that it would be hard to convince them that the rift in the clouds was not their lucky "streak."

An old legend that formerly prevailed among the pioneer players was to the effect that a white horse seen by a player on the day of the game, followed by bell ringing of any sort, was a sure omen that the club would suffer in-glorious defeat. It has been tested too often, the early birds used to declare, not to come true. The entire team will never sit down at one time on a bench, neither will they allow a dog to cross the diamond before a ball has been batted if they can help it.

Larkin, now of the "Mets," had an idea that he would get hurt some time for playing on Friday, and sure enough, in a game one year ago with a college team, he was struck with a ball in the stomach and was so badly injured that his life was des-paired of for a time.

The Chicago team thought that by donning their old tri-colored caps again in their games with the Providence team they would defeat them, and sure enough they won three straight games. Whether it was owing to the caps or not, no one is rash enough to explain. Daly had an idea that he must say nothing until he had been to the bat (if on the batting side) for the first time. His golden silence was a proverb among the boys.—*Chicago Herald*

A Queer Name for a Town.

Hangtown is a railroad station in Washington Territory. "I dunno jest how we cum ter git such a name, cos it were named afore we cum ter live yere," said a gloomy resident to a tourist; "but we ain't goin' ter keep the doggoned thing no longer'n we git a postoffice an' the legislatur meets. We ar older nor Rathdume or State Line, but we don't seem to grow a bit. People won't settle here, somehow, an' we think as how it's all on account of the name. They say as how six or seven thievin' Cayuse Injuns was strung up on that ar tree in front of my house. They stole a lot o' horses down ter Spokane, an' wos cotched here. But that's no good excuse for callin' us hangmen an' our place Hangtown, is it? We ar thinkin' of movin' away from here, cos the town is just as good as killed, an' all on account of its name."

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says "an editor's vacation consists in leaving the sanctum ten minutes earlier than usual and taking a walk around the block."

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

CURE FOR EARACHE.—Place a little black pepper upon cotton batting, and roll up the cotton with the pepper in-side. Then dip it into sweet oil, insert in the ear, and put a hot flannel cloth over the ear, or hold the ear over a cup containing hot water poured upon to-bacco leaves.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly*.

WHAT DO YOU SLEEP ON?—Do you sleep upon a feather bed? We hope not. Years ago a feather bed was sup-posed to be an important part of a housekeeping outfit. If you have a feather bed put it in the spare room, lock the door and lose the key. A curled hair mattress of the best quality makes one of the most desirable couches, but curled hair is expensive and all cannot afford it. The next best thing, indeed, almost as good, is af-forded by the plant so dear to every American farmer—Indian corn. Who-ever grows corn need not lack for the most comfortable of beds. We are aware that ticks are sold filled with husks with the stem part left on. A bed of this kind is not the kind of husk bed we have in mind. To make the very best possible husk bed save the husks from the green corn as it is daily used. The husks are coarse and should be slit. An old-fashioned hatchel, where there is such an implement, answers well, but a substitute can be made by driving a few large nails through a board and filling them sharp. Drawing the husks across these will slit them into shreds an inch or less wide. An old carving fork may be used to slit the husks. Then put them to dry in a garret or some airy loft. If the green corn season is past, then, at the regular husking of the field crop, secure a stock for mattresses. Reject the weather-worn outer husks, taking only the thin papery ones.

The Oldest Newspaper in the World.

The oldest newspaper in the whole world is the *King-Pau*, or "Capit-al Sheet," published in Pekin, and, since the 4th of last June, issued in a new form prescribed by special edict of the reigning Emperor Quang-soo. It first appeared A. D. 911, but came out only at irregular intervals. Since the year 1351, however, it has been pub-lished weekly, and of uniform size. Until its reorganization by imperial decree it contained nothing but orders in council and court news, was pub-lished about midday and cost two kesh, or something less than a half penny.

Now, however, it appears in three editions daily. The first, issued early in the morning and printed on yellow paper, is called *Hoing-Pau* (Business Sheet), and contains trade prices, ex-change quotations and all manner of commercial intelligence. Its circula-tion is a little over 8,000. The second edition, which comes out during the forenoon, also printed upon yellow paper, is devoted to official announce-ments, fashionable intelligence and general news. Besides its ancient title of *King-Pau*, it owns another designation, that of *Shuen-Pau*, or "Official Sheet."

The third addition appears late in the afternoon, is printed on red paper and bears the name of *Titani-Pau* (Country Sheet). It consists of extracts from the earlier editions, and is largely subscribed for in the provinces. All these issues of the *King-Pau* are edited by six members of the Han-Lin Acad-emy of Sciences, appointed and salaried by the Chinese state. The total number of copies printed daily varies be-tween 13,000 and 14,000.—*London Tele-graph*.

The Aborigines of Dakota.

The Indian chiefs were arrayed gen-erally in buckskin leggings of their own manufacture. They were fringed at the sides and at the bottom met their beaded moccasins of the same material; they were generally supplied with a waistcoat or other garment which they had not disdained to ac-cept from Uncle Samuel, over which was thrown a scarlet blanket. Their heads were arrayed in a shock of feathers and plumes of the wild turkey, from which extended a tail of the same material that fell down their back, reaching nearly to the ground; their necks and wrists were ornamented with beads, the claws, bills and lucky bones of birds and animals. Queer rings of pipe stone or of metal were in their ears, noses and upon their fingers, and their cheeks, arms and hands were decorated in Dolly Varden fashion. The paint is of their own production, obtained by the steeping and mixing of certain roots and herbs with which they are familiar. Others of the male Indians were often simi-larly dressed, but the chiefs excelled in so-called splendor all the rest. The men were of stalwart, athletic forms, erect in bearing, reserved, not alto-gether ill-looking. Some of the squaws were haggard in appearance and pre-maturely old, caused by the burdens of work and exposure which their proud lords invariably impose upon them.—*Correspondence Pittsburg Commercial*.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

The granite hills are not so change-ful and abiding as the restless sea.
When honesty is sleeping let the alarm clock of conscience wake up.

What renders the vanity of others unbearable to us is the wound it in-flicts on ours.

Knowledge will always predominate over ignorance, as man governs the other animals.

Man cannot dream himself into a noble character; he must achieve by diligent effort.

One thing obtained with difficulty is far better than a hundred things pro-cured with ease.

No life can be utterly miserable that is heightened by the laughter and love of one little child.

Ideas are the great warriors of the world, and a war that has no ideas be-hind it is simply brutality.

We think our civilization is near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cock crowing and the morning star.

Nothing makes the world look so spacious as to have friends at a dis-tance; they make the latitudes and longitudes.

There were never in the world two opinions alike, no more than two hairs or two grains. The most universal qual-ity is diversity.

If you have built castles in the air your work need not be lost; that is where they should be; but put founda-tions under them.

Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses and disappoint-ments, but let him have patience and he will see them in their proper figure.

He that waits for an opportunity to do much at once may breathe out his life in idle wishes, and regret, in the last hour, his useless intentions and barren zeal.

The First.

Anesthesia was discovered in 1844.
The first steel plate was made in 1830.

The first lucifer match was made in 1829.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

The first balloon ascent was made in 1793.

The entire Hebrew bible was printed in 1488.

Ships were first "copper-bottomed" in 1783.

Coaches were first used in England in 1569.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-27.

Gold was first discovered in Califor-nia in 1848.

The first steamboat plied the Hud-son in 1807.

The first watches were made at Nu-remburg in 1477.

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

Omnibuses were first introduced in New York in 1830.

The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829.

The first copper cent was coined in New Haven in 1687.

The first telescope was probably used in England in 1608.

The first saw-maker's saw was brought to America in 1819.

The first almanac was printed by George Von Furbach in 1460.

The first printing press in the United States was introduced in 1620.

The first chimneys were introduced into Rome from Padua in 1368.

The first steam engine on this con-tinent was brought from England in 1753.

The Printing and Publishing Trade.

We give below the census returns in this branch of trade for twenty cities. The capital employed in printing and publishing and the value of the prod-ucts are as follows:

	Capital.	Product.
New York	\$14,750,000	\$21,690,000
Philadelphia	5,795,000	6,835,000
Chicago	2,885,000	5,895,000
Cincinnati	2,925,000	4,981,000
Boston	2,495,000	5,425,000
St. Louis	2,585,000	5,555,000
Baltimore	1,954,000	1,974,000
San Francisco	1,745,000	3,997,000
Pittsburg	1,567,000	1,425,000
Louisville	1,354,000	1,788,000
Washington	974,000	2,894,000
Brooklyn	889,000	1,095,000
Detroit	867,000	996,000
Buffalo	819,000	975,000
Cleveland	692,000	665,000
Milwaukee	495,000	656,000
New Orleans	395,000	64,000
Newark	374,000	422,000
Providence	322,000	327,000
Jersey City	68,000	106,174

The total value of this class of prod-ucts for the twenty cities here enu-merated is \$64,000,000.

A certain scientific paper defines a malady which it is pleased to term "writer's cramp." We have read the article, and cannot say that we agree with our extremely E. C. The only writer's cramp we ever heard of was located in the wallet.—*Puck*.