

THE GRATEFUL HEART.

I thankful am for all good things;
For every blithe song that sings;
I thankful am for May and June
When most my life with life's in tune;

Great good and solace come to me
From flowers upon the dogwood tree;
An unknown warbler sets me wild
With wonder like an eager child;

I thankful am for all fair things;
For life and all the bliss it brings;
My soul is very glad thereof
Because God made me out of love;

-Danke Dandridge, in New York Independent.

HER ROMANCE.

BY S. A. WEISS.



THOUGHT that you loved me, Elaine.

"I do love you, Carol. You know that I do."

"Then why are you so unwilling to have me ask your father's consent to our marriage?"

The speaker was a blonde young man, faultlessly attired in the latest style, and apparently very much in earnest.

His companion was a young girl with dark, wistful eyes and a pensive droop of a pretty mouth.

Her baptismal name was Ellen, but being of a highly romantic turn, she had lengthened it into Elaine; and also preferred to call her lover, Mr. Charles Northrop, by the name of Carol—having learned that Carolus was the Latin of Charles.

With a sigh she replied to her lover's question: "I must tell you the truth, Carol. I do love you, and can never care for any one else; but I think I should love you more if—if you were poor."

"Poor?" he echoed, in surprise. "You see, the whole course of our love has been so prosaic and commonplace and conventional that it hardly comes up to my idea of what love should be. We fell in love with each other at a party which Aunt Minturn gave purposely to bring us together, and we are both rich—at least, you and papa are, and pa will be sure to give his consent the moment it is asked—and there will not be a single thing to give a tinge of romance or poetry to it all. Isn't it disappointing?"

The young man looked into her eyes and thoughtfully stroked his blonde moustache. He was doing his best to take in her view of the case.

"Do you mean, Elaine, that you would prefer for us to be poor, and have everybody opposed to our marriage, and obstacles placed in the way of our happiness?"

"Don't put it in that practical way, Carol. I wish you could understand me better, and had just a little more poetical sentiment. You, who are an artist—"

"An artist! Why, darling, I have never touched a brush or palette except to paint scenes for our amateur theatre."

"But you did that so nicely, which shows that you have talent and some knowledge of the art. And I like to think of you as an artist."

Just here they were interrupted by Master Eddie, the youngest of the Minturn household, suddenly kicking open the door and flashing a Kodak upon them, and then refusing to give up the picture until Mr. Northrop had promised him a circus ticket. And so their conversation was put a stop to for the time being.

But next day Elaine met her lover with a radiant light in her eyes. "Oh, Carol, I have thought of the loveliest plan! You know I'm going home next week, and you must follow me, and pretend to be a poor artist—"

"I could be any other kind," he interjected. "But she went on, breathlessly: "And set up a plain little studio, and paint landscapes and portraits—"

"? Elaine!" "Oh, just the kind of things you paint for the stage, and nobody in Riceville will know the difference—or if they do you can say that they are only sketches, or beginnings, and will look differently when completed. And you are to fall in love with me—"

"I've done that already." "And ask papa for my hand, which he will be sure to refuse, so then we will have stolen interviews, and finally run away and get married. Everybody will be talking about us, and papa will get up a dreadful row. And only think how delighted it will all be, especially when we come back and let them know that instead of a poor artist, I have married a rich man! Papa will forgive us then, of course, and we shall have had such a charming little romance!"

He couldn't exactly see the charm of it at all, but she was so enthusiastic over her plan, and so tender and coaxing, that it was more than he could do to raise objections.

So Miss Elaine Fitzsimmons returned home to her father's elegant residence, overlooking the little town of Riceville, and in due time there arrived a handsome young artist with blonde hair and moustache (she had allowed them time to grow), who established himself in a small room

which had been a barber's shop, and daubed away upon canvas from morning until night.

People came in and looked dubiously at these productions, but he had only to direct their attention to several "completed" pictures (purchased at an art store) to impress them with an idea what these sketches would be "when finished."

And, meanwhile, it was observed that he appeared immensely struck with Miss Fitzsimmons, and never took his eyes off her at church, and that finally he secured an introduction and became a daily visitor at the big house on the hill. And then people who knew Mr. Fitzsimmons began to predict trouble.

It came at length sooner than had been anticipated. Carol Northrop became wary of his artist life, and impatient for the happy ending promised by Elaine, and the consequence was that she found herself to give her consent sooner than she had intended to his proposing to her father for her hand.

When he preferred this modest request Mr. Fitzsimmons, who had made his fortune in the tannery business, looked him over from head to foot with a supercilious air.

"You are a poor artist, I understand?" "Yes, sir," he answered truthfully. "And you want to marry my daughter?" "I love your daughter, sir!" he replied, with fervor.

"Ugh! I confess that I never expected much better of Ellen. At school last year she fell in love with an Indian chief belonging to a traveling circus, decked out in war-paint and feathers, and I verily believe would have married him if he had not turned out to be a Welshman. But if she is a fool, I am not, and I now tell you candidly, young man, that I will never consent to my daughter marrying a poor artist."

Carol was, of course, prepared for such an answer, and he appeared so little affected by it that Mr. Fitzsimmons's ire was aroused. "With this understanding," he resumed, scowling at the young man, "you will, of course, discontinue your visits here, and no longer presume to Miss Fitzsimmons's acquaintance."

Carol smiled, remembering the real state of the case. "Sir," exclaimed the hot-tempered old gentleman, "do you consider that I am in jest that you presume to laugh in my face? Now, to convince you that I am in earnest, I will give you just half a minute to get out of my house!" and he pointed to the clock on the mantle.

"I have no desire to remain, sir, where a gentleman is subject to such treatment. But I love your daughter, and—"

"Get out, sir!" shouted the irate father. And he took the young man by the arm, and leading him to the front door, thrust him out into the rain, and flung his hat and umbrella after him, to the unspeakable delight of a lot of urchins on the opposite pavement.

Elaine, who had witnessed it all from the landing, ran to a window and dropped a rose at her lover's feet as he stooped to pick up his hat.

Such ignominious treatment was more than either of them had anticipated, and the young man, in great disgust, ventured a remonstrance with his beloved.

They had, by her arrangement, met at twilight in a flowery lane, she wearing a red shawl and a coarse straw gipsy-hat as disguise.

"But, Carol, dear, if we marry now, we shall miss these delightful stolen interviews, which are so much sweeter than a formal call and a tete-a-tete in a parlor!" she pleaded.

"But we can't meet here every day. People would talk, you know; and only see how that old woman is staring after us!"

"I have arranged about that," she answered, with great animation. "My dearest bosom-friend, Josephine Waymack, has promised to help us all she can; and she is to go to your studio every day at a certain hour, accompanied by her grandmother, to have her portrait taken—"

"Great Jupiter!" "Oh, only as an excuse, you know, though you must pretend to paint it all the same! Her grandmother lets her do as she pleases; and so every day while they are there I can slip in, you know; and, oh, won't it be delightful!"

"But when are we to be married, Elaine?" "Oh, well—in about two weeks, I suppose! Only think what a row pa will make when he finds us gone! And how people will talk, and how astonished they will all be to find out at last that I have married a rich man instead of a poor artist. Why, it will be just lovely!"

He did not appear to see much loveliness in the prospect, and she fancied him a little sullen and discontented.

Yet he dutifully acquiesced in her plan; and thenceforth Miss Waymack and her grandmother daily repaired to his studio, and the artist daubed away at a painting supposed to represent Miss Waymack—who was a very pretty and lively girl—and in which, as it had blue eyes and golden hair, the old lady soon began to perceive a striking likeness to her granddaughter.

It was not, however, every day that Elaine could come, she being closely watched at home; yet she enjoyed the affair all the more for the obstacles thrown in her way, and imparted sweet confidences to her dearest bosom friend, Josephine, who in turn described how her lover was mourning over her absence, and pining for love of her.

But at length the stipulated two weeks came to an end, and on a certain day Miss Fitzsimmons sent her

lover a note, requesting that he would have a carriage in waiting in the shady lane at eight o'clock that evening, to take them to the nearest railroad station.

How delighted the dear boy would be to find his troubles ended at last; and surely he would prize and love her all the more for the trials through which they had passed.

It was a rainy evening, yet punctual to her appointment, Miss Fitzsimmons was in the lane as the town clock struck, disguised this time in a cloak and sunbonnet over her handsome traveling suit.

There was no carriage in sight, and after waiting an hour, she concluded to go to Carol's studio, feeling sure that he could not have received her note.

She found the door open, and stepping within discovered everything as usual, except that the artist's palette and brushes lay strewn about the floor as if purposely thrown there, while Miss Waymack's portrait, still mounted on the easel, was adorned with a pair of spectacles, and a moustache daubed across the upper lip.

While Elaine gazed wonderingly at this singular conception, there entered the old woman whose duty it had been to keep his studio in order. "Where is Mr. Carol?" inquired Elaine, hastily.

"Dear me, miss! you don't mean as you haven't heard the news?" answered the old woman, with something of pity in her tone. "What news?"

"Why, that Mr. Carol's gone away, miss! Went away last night by the nine o'clock train—and Miss Josephine—to get married, miss." "Married?" shrieked Elaine. "To be sure, miss; the which it's my opinion they ought to be ashamed of themselves, though he did tell me I was welcome to all he left behind, and give me besides—"

But Elaine heard no more. The shock was too great for her, and she fainted.

Mr. Fitzsimmons took his daughter abroad with him that summer. On her return she married the sensible, practical son of her father's business partner, who had long been devoted to her, and to whom she makes a good wife.

She has never been known to allude to the pretty and fanciful little romance which she had arranged, and which ended in a real one upon which she had not counted.—Saturday Night.

Grub or Plant?

The most curious of all objects in New Zealand is that which the Maoris call "aweto." One is uncertain whether to call it an animal or a plant. In the first stage of its existence it is simply a caterpillar about three or four inches in length, and always found in connection with the rata tree, a kind of flowering myrtle. It appears that when it reaches full growth it buries itself two or three inches under ground, where, instead of undergoing the ordinary chrysalis process, it becomes gradually transformed into a plant, which exactly fills the body and shoots up at the neck to a height of eight or ten inches.

This plant resembles in appearance a diminutive burrush, and the two, animal and plant, are always found inseparable. One is apt to relegate it to the domain of imagination, among dragons and mermaids, but then its existence and nature have been accepted by the late Frank Buckland.

How it propagates its species is a mystery. One traveler, after describing its dual nature, calmly states that it is the grub of the night butterfly. If so, then the grub must also become a butterfly, or what becomes of the species?

One would be ready to suppose that the grub does really so, and that some fungus finds the cast-off slough congenial quarters for its growth. But as far as present observation goes, the grub never becomes a butterfly, but is changed in every case into a plant.—Chambers's Journal.

The Fallacy of a Theory.

There were many strange incidents in connection with the sinking of the Victoria, but perhaps the strangest of them has not yet been recorded. After the ship foundered two articles which had been lying in Admiral Tryon's cabin were found floating, were picked up and have been brought home. One of these articles was the Admiral's telescope; the other was his dispatch-box. Now, this box was of peculiar construction. It was made according to special service regulations in order to contain the code of signals. It is essential that these signals should not fall into the hands of an enemy. The box is therefore lined with lead and perforated with holes at the bottom to insure its sinking as soon as it is thrown overboard. But what happened? The great ship, constructed with all the ingenuity of modern science on purpose to float, sank like a stone. The lead-lined, perforated box, specially created to sink, floated, and now lies at Whitehall, a testimony to the fallibility of two sets of designers.—Toronto (Canada) Empire.

The Balfal Lambkill.

The leaves of common laurel or "lambkill" are so poisonous to sheep that some farmers believe that even the grass beneath the shrubs is rendered noxious by the drippings from its leaves. This may be a mistake, but the leaves are certainly rank poison, not only to sheep, but also to cattle. And yet, so careless are the cultivators of the soil in this respect that in almost every field in the Northeast may be found specimens of this balfal plant. If farmers would consult their own interest they would form a united effort to stamp it out.—New York Journal.

A GREAT MONEY FACTORY.

THE WORK OF THE BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING.

How Uncle Sam Guards Against Theft—Valuable Sheets of Paper—Making National Bank Notes.

I WALKED through the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, says Frank G. Carpenter in the Washington Star, and watched the fifteen hundred employes working away making untold sums of money. I asked their wages and I was told that they ranged from a little over a dollar a day up to several thousand dollars a year. It seemed strange to me that they could resist the temptation, and I inquired into the safeguards which Uncle Sam has placed about his money.

It seemed so easy to slip away with a \$1000 note or to take home one of these steel plates and print enough to last you a life time. My investigation, however, showed me that no miser's hoard has ever been guarded as is this money of Uncle Sam's. This bureau must cover several acres. It contains three stories and a basement, and it is packed full of machinery and engraving material. Every bit of this material has to be accounted for every night before any one can leave the building. In the corridor as I went in I saw a metal plate set in a frame in the wall. It looked much like the electric button plate at a hotel office. It contained twelve round holes, and each hole was labeled with the name of one of the departments of the bureau. There were no pins or buttons in the holes, but I found that they all had to be filled before any one could leave the department. As soon as an inventory has been taken of the work of a department at the close of the day, and all accounts are found to be correct, the superintendent of that department marches down and puts a pin with a button on the end into the hole marked with his division. As he does so an electric gong rings and the watchman permits the men of that division to go out. All of the holes have to be filled before the building is empty, and if a sheet of paper, a bank note or a scrap of anything important is lost the employes are all kept until it is found. The hands in this factory are prisoners during the day. The most of them work inside of steel cages, and the notes are printed on the machine surrounded by a great network of steel fence.

The paper used in this big money factory is worth its weight in diamonds. At least if it is lost it may cost the bureau or the clerks more than its weight in diamonds to supply its loss. Every sheet of it which is made is registered at the mill at Dalton, Mass., and the paper mill cannot make a sheet which must not be accounted for to the Government. The paper is sent from the mills to the Treasury, and it is issued by the Treasury Department from day to day to the bureau of engraving and printing. It is carried over in the big steel wagon which hauls back the money, and as soon as it is sent from the Treasury it represents so much money. If, for instance, a thousand sheets are sent over in hundred-dollar bills these thousand sheets represent \$400,000, as there are four bills to each sheet. If in the printing of these sheets one sheet should happen to be lost the clerk who lost it would have to pay \$400 for it. If the denomination of the sheet was \$1000, instead of \$100, he would be liable to the extent of \$4000, and he or the bureau would have to make up the loss.

It is the same with the steel plates from which the money is engraved. They are worth more than their weight in gold, and are more carefully guarded than the crown jewels in the Tower of London. In one department of the bureau there are four great vaults, before which guards always sit. The chief of these guards gets \$2500 a year, and he is responsible for the dies and plates in his charge. He has them locked away in these vaults in such order that he can put his hands on them at any moment. The vaults are entered by steel doors, and the combinations with which they are closed are three for each door, and only one of these is a time lock. The combinations are each known to the man, who keeps the secret to himself, but writes out a duplicate of it and sends it in a sealed envelope to Secretary Carlisle. If he should die suddenly the envelope would have to be opened before the combination could be known.

These fifty thousand different pieces of steel represent the work of many lives. They are covered with the finest of engravings, and a peck of human eyes have been ruined in their production. There is no finer engraving in the world than on our bank notes, and there is none so ruinous to the eye-sight. The engravers work in little cubby holes under the windows, and there is a long room here filled with engravers. The entire face and back of a note is never engraved by the same man. One engraver makes the fancy letters on a bill. Another makes a specialty of portraits and another has some other particular part of the work which he can do better than any one else. He does his work on a piece of soft steel. When it is done it is hardened and is transferred to a soft steel roll about as big around as a schooner beer glass. This roll of steel is hardened and its impression is rolled off on to the steel plate from which the note is to be printed. Every plate has on it the face or back of four notes, and it takes just as much trouble to engrave a one-dollar bill as it does a thousand-dollar bill. Engravers get from \$25 to \$100 a week, and as the highest priced men are those who work on portraits. They make the engraving for revenue stamps and postal cards, as well as for bank notes, and

their work has to be perfect in order to pass.

All National bank notes have their characters and seals put on by the surface process, and there are a dozen or more Hoe presses which are working away finishing the engraved notes for the National bank. The National bank note plates are all the same, but the bureau has had to make new plates for some of the banks, and the engravers and the plate printers have been turning out the original notes for this printing at lightning speed. This printing of the notes, with the exception of this surface printing, is all hand work. Inside a great steel fence surrounding a room covering about half an acre there are hundreds of hand presses, each of which is worked by a printer and his assistant. The printers are of all ages and their assistants are all women. I noticed that some of the women were colored. The printers are paid so much and they have to hire their own assistants. They are not allowed to choose their assistants, but they have to take the women which the department gives them. The press has to be inked and wiped off for every impression, and the printers work away with their sleeves rolled up to their elbows and their arms covered with green ink.

The press which prints the green-backs and other money looks like a four-armed wind mill, and it consists of two metal rollers between which there is a slab of iron running on four guide wheels. The printer first puts his plate on a small gas stove, rolls ink over its surface with a roller and then rubs the surplus of the ink off with his hand and rag. He polishes the plate with whitening until it shines like a mirror and takes all the ink off but that in the engraved line. He now places the plate on the press, the paper is put on it and by a hard pull of the windmill-like arms of the press the impression is made. This prints only part of a bill, and all bills have to go through the presses several times. As soon as the bank notes are finished they are taken to the drying room and left there over night. This room is heated by steam to 250 degrees above zero, and in the morning the sheets are thoroughly dry and as crisp as crackers. In the morning they are carefully examined for imperfections and the least fault in a sheet causes it to be thrown aside. If a smudge of ink has gotten upon it or if there is the slightest mistake in the printing it cannot be used, and the printer who caused the trouble has a certain amount deducted from his wages for every sheet so injured. The sheets are now polished by being put between mill boards and a pressure of 5000 pounds to the square inch is placed upon them. They are then numbered by automatic machines, and are finally put up in packages of 1000 notes each, with ten slips of paper between each 100 notes.

A Shred of Silk.

In the church of Alverstoke, down by the Hampshire coast, there is hanging a stained and tattered piece of silk, the sight of which can scarcely fail to rouse a sense of pride in the breast of even the most phlegmatic of Englishmen. It is all that was and the seasons have spared of an old regimental color of the Forty-fourth Foot, but it is a record of imperishable heroism.

It was waved through the battle smoke around the Burmese forts; it has traveled the Indian plains; it has climbed the mountain wall that lifts upward from the Indus shore; it has witnessed a struggle between a handful of Englishmen and a whole Nation in arms; it is the very flag that floated over the bayonets on that fatal morning in the year '48, as the battalion filed slowly through the breach in the contomment wall at Cabul, out into the winding sheet of snow stretching from the city to the grim defile of the Juggulluck.

The men who guarded the banner are sleeping by the Cabul road. Its blackened shreds, perhaps the only vestige that is left of the whole doomed column, rest there in the quiet Hampshire church in a case of glass and oak.—Temple Bar.

An Ancient Article, Indeed.

"That must be an antique," remarked a visitor to a collector of bric-a-brac, who was exhibiting his chief treasure, a handsomely carved oak table.

"Indeed it is," replied the other proudly. "I believe it to be the finest and oldest specimen of furniture extant."

"It may be the finest but not the oldest," remarked the other. "Why, I have an Arabic table at home which dates before the beginning of the Christian era. In fact it is known to be more than 2000 years old."

"You surprise me," said the collector, not a little nettled by the remark. "I had no idea there were any tables as old as that. Is its history authentic? What is its character?" "Oh, it's very simple," added the other. "It's the multiplication table. Its history is perfectly authentic, and as for its character, why, that is perplexing—at least to the small boys."—New York Herald.

A Tramp's Brilliant Scheme.

A tramp entered the quiet town of Jerseyville, Mo., a few days ago. He devised a scheme for getting money without hard labor which was successful. Just before reaching Jerseyville he espied a big patch of jimson weeds. He discovered that jimson weed seeds resemble onion seeds, and he gathered a good supply. Arrived in town he obtained a couple of fine white onions, and proceeded at once to sell his "seed" in small packages, exhibiting the onions as samples. He did a thriving business and left town at night by rail, well supplied with money.—New York Sun.

London's Donkey Show.

London has a donkey show every year. It is conducted by very important personages for the benefit of the cotton-mongers. Prizes are given for all sorts of excellence, but the highest prizes are awarded to the donkey showing the best care, the object of it all being to make the costlier kind to his donkey. The affair is always a great success, the donkeys and donkey carts looking smart with their roses and ribbons, and some of the donkeys showing costliest velvet. There were sixty-seven entries at the show held last week.—Chicago Herald.

A Revolving Table.

A woman inventor has constructed a table which will wait upon itself. The table is round, and the stationary space for plates, etc., is about ten inches wide. Within this circle is a revolving disk, an inch or two higher than the stationary part. On this the food is placed, and a simple turn will bring the desired article within reach.—Kate Field's Washington.

Spades Are Trumps.

This phrase, used by the Colchester Rubber Co. to emphasize the popularity and desirability of their Spading Boots, is singularly appropriate at this time, as indicating that the Farmer is "on top." The recent panic has not materially affected the Farmer. Crops are fairly good. Europe wants our produce and has the money to pay for it. Hence, the Farmer is all right, for the country is rich. The Colchester Spading Boot is outselling all other kinds of Rubber Boots; hence, "Spades are Trumps" in double sense.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, sworn to before me this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896. A. W. GIBSON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Dr. Hoxie's Certain Croup Cure. Acts upon the delicate lung tissues and prevents pneumonia and consumption. A. P. Hoxie, Buffalo, N. Y., M'fr.

We Cure Rupture. No matter how long standing. Write for free treatise, testimonials, etc., to S. J. Holtenworth & Co., Oswego, Wis. Co., N. Y. Price \$1; by mail, \$1.50.

Beecham's Pills correct bad effects of over-eating. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box. Hatch's Universal Gung Syrup is a Positive cure for Croup. 25 cents at druggists.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

"After a sickness of two years, my case being considered hopeless, it seems almost a miracle that since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla last fall, I was able New Year to engage with the city of Fitchburg to compile the record of births in the City for the preceding year. I accomplished the work with comparative ease, being out in the unusually severe weather of the winter, working each day. Several members of my family have also taken Hood's Sarsaparilla with marked benefit. It is as staple as flour in our house, and its presence almost indispensable. It is certainly a sterling and invaluable remedy." ERASMUS A. NORRIS, Journalist, No. 7 Lincoln Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

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"I have been afflicted with biliousness and constipation for fifteen years and first one and then another preparation was suggested to me and tried, but to no purpose. A friend recommended August Flower and words cannot describe the admiration in which I hold it. It has given me a new lease of life, which before was a burden. Its good qualities and wonderful merits should be made known to everyone suffering with dyspepsia and biliousness." JESSE BARKER, Printer, Humboldt, Kas. a

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