[WRITTEN FOR THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.]



all withered." said Ida, as she gazed sorrowfully at a large faded bouquet which stood in a vase on

the table. "Last evening they were so beautiful, and this morning the leaves hang down and the pretty colors are almost gone. What is the reason?" she asked, turning to her brother Dick who sat nearby reading, and who, Ida thought, knew everything, because he could tell such wonderful stories and make such pretty pictures.

said Dick. "They were at a ball last night and have danced themselves tired." "But flowers can't dance," said Ida. "Oh yes," replied her brother;" at night,

"Don't you know what ails your flowers!

when we are asleep, the flowers flit gaily about, and almost every evening have a "Where do they dance?" asked the little

resides during the summer; where there is a large garden with so many flowers? That is where the dance is held.' "I was in the garden with mother yester-day," said Ida, "but the leaves had all fallen from the trees, and no flowers were to

"You know the eastle in which the King



Arranged for the Dance

be seen. What has become of them? I saw so many in the summer time." I saw "You are very unkind, Sophie," she said; They are in the castle. As soon as the King and all the court people have returned to the city, the flowers leave the garden. and are very happy in their winter home. You should see them; two of the loveliest roses, a red and white one, take their places on the throne. They are the king and queen; two red poppies stand near and act as pages; then the other flowers come until a great company is assembled, and the dancing begins. The blue violets dance with the hyacinths and the crocuses, who are the young ladies; the tulips and the large red lilies are the elderly ladies and act

about at night; but he cannot see very well, and always carries his bunch of keys. As soon as the flowers hear the keys jingle they hide behind the heavy curtains and keep very quiet. Often old Walter says: 'I smell sweet flowers; but I do not see any.' Then the little flowers almost betray them-selves by laughing aloud." "How I wish I could see them," cried

Ida; "if they could only have a ball at our house some night." All day Ida pondered over the strange story which her brother had told her, that the flowers were tired from dancing the night before; and she thought they must pertainly be ill. She carried them to her play room where, on a toy bed, lay her large doll Sophie. "Sophie," she said, "you must give up your bed to-day and be

contented to sleep in the drawer, for the flowers are very tired, and I think they might rest better on your bed."
She then took up the doll, and very careto be very quiet, and maybe they would be slipped into the room to see if the flowers college graduates and three young preachers were rested; but they lay very still, and in my employ. They did not reshowed no signs of life. When bedtime came the little girl could not resist them having good manners and more than whispering to her mother's tulips



The Violet Refuers to Dance With Sophie. and geraniums which stood on the window "Good night; I know you will go to the bail soon. Couldn't you have it here? I should so love to see you." But the flowers answered never a word, though Ida was nerfectly sure they understood her. For a ong time she lay awake thinking how beautifal it must be in the king's castle. Then she fell asleep, only to dream of roses, violets and hyacinths circling about her. After several hours she awoke. The house was very quiet. The full moon looked in at the window, making the room look almost as bright as day. "I wonder." thought the little girl, "if those flowers are still on Sophie's bed, or if they have gone to the dance. I should like to run in and see; but I fear it would disturb mamma. She sat up, and tried to look out into the other rooms; and after listening intently for a moment was sure she heard someone playing on the piano, but so softly and very sweet. "I believe they are going to have a ball," she said; "and I must see them." So alipping out of bed she glided noiselessly her mother's door into the sitting room. There was no light burning, but the moon beams pouring through the windows disclosed to the little girl a very beautiful sight; all the the displayed on the floor in two long rows waiting for the dance, while the empty flower pots stood in

the windows. At the piano sat a large yellow lily, which Ida had seen in the garden the summer before. This flower lady nodded her yellow head, keeping time to the soft, sweet music she was playing. A blue crocus jumped from the table and joined in the sport. Soon the curtains were pushed aside from the doll bed, and the "sick" flowers sprang forth seeming as gay as the others. Then a small wax doll slipped from her place in the corner and danced a mazurka with an oxeved daisy. Sophie's slumbers being disturbed by all this gay-

ety, arose from her resting place, saying, "Why the bail is begun; why did no one "Will you dance with me?" asked a tiny "No, indeed," was the reply; "you are entirely too smal!." And the little flower, very much offended, turned away, while Sophie seated herself in an easy chair, hoping that some of the dahlias or other large flowers would seek her for the dance. But no one appeared to notice the large doll, and she soon grew so weary watching the others

that she dropped asleep and fell from the

chair with such a noise that



The Dead Flowers.

the flowers gathered around her to see if she was injured. They were all so kind, and especially the flower that had occupied her bed. They thanked Sophie for her kindness, saying that it was through her generosity that they were able to attend the ball. Sophie then offered her bed for the next day; but the flowers gratefully declined, saying, "We have not long to live, and to-morrow we shall be dead. Tell little Ida to bury us out in the garden, and next summer we shall appear again more levely than before."

At that moment a great crowd of flowers came tripping through the hall door. There were the two great roses whom, by their golden crowns, she knew to be the King and Queen; gilliflowers, carnations, and many others from the King's castle. After the newcomers had been received with honor, the flowers lost no time in joining the They had brought their music with them, and the poppies and peonies blew on their peapod trumpets till their faces were crimson, and the snowdrops and lilies of the valley rang merrily.

At last the flowers said good-night; and

in a moment no sign was left of the gay scene which had just been presented. Little Ida crept back to her bed; but early the next morning she went into her playroom, where she found the flowers just as she had le't them. She said to her doll Sophie, "Do you remember what the flowers told you to tell me?" But Sophie gazed at her stupidly,

buried them in the garden beside her pet PAYSIE. capary. PREACHERS WITH BELL PUNCHES.

College Graduates and Theologues a Street Car Conductors.

I asked Senator Stanford, says the Chicago News Washington man, if his wife was correctly reported in a public interview the other day when she said that he had college

"But," asked Ida, "does no one ever disturb the flowers when they dance in the King's eastle?"

"Oh, yes; sometimes old Walter goes quite accurate. I have a very wide acquaintance throughout the country, and there is a popular impression that anyone can get work in San Francisco. My triends, know-ing that I employ 15,000 or 20,000 men, assume, of course, that I can give employment to everyone that comes, and therefore they send out to me from the East all sorts of people with letters of introduction.

"While it is true that I employ a great

many men, I make it a rule never to put a man into a position he is not qualified to fill. I have no work for college graduates, ways pay my share toward supporting the church to which I belong and in assisting other churches that need financial effcouragement. So when these people come out to me I am compelled to tell them that I have nothing for them to do.

"Afterward, when their means are ex-hausted and they come to me again I say to them that certain positions are vacant and let them select for themselves. They infully laid the flowers in the little eradle, drew the covering over them, and told them the street car lines to manual labor, and are, to be very quiet, and maybe they would be of course, better qualified for them, and so well by the next day. Many times Ida it happened that at one time I had five ordinary intelligence, they were able to make acquaintances rapidly and soon found other and more appropriate positions.'

HE MADE NO BLUNDER.

She Thought the Joke Was on Arthur, but Was Mistaken.

Extract from a novel by that gifted author, Fanny Selmington Usgirls: "While the Christmas festivities were in progress there came from the dimly lighted hall a low. delirious sound suggestive of osculation Then followed a gurgle of laughter and Miriam's voice, which said: "That's a good joke on you, Arthur. It's holly up there "But Arthur didn't seem to regret the



Mr. Winn-Well, Callis, how's papa? Callis (a 5-year-old)-Nicely; I thank

Mr. Winn-What a polite little fellow you are! Here's a nickel for you. Callie-Pardon me; but I am not allowed

A FAIR-HAIRED CHIEF Strange Story of a Young Irishman Who Cast His Lot Among

THE CANNIBALS OF NEW ZEALAND. How Edward Maning Arose to be the Chief

of a Tribe.

HIS MARRIAGE TO A MAORI PRINCESS

[WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] Nobody ever knew just why or where

mony, and every line betokened intellectual half their bodies were dashed through the power and vivid sympathies. He had two of the most impressive of all human qualities, intrepid courage and a bound-ments. Down again!—tumbling like mad qualities, intrepid courage and a pounds less sense of humor. He never in his life amid the wreck, both a mass of blood from knew the feeling of fear, and he was all his head to foot. Up again!—another terrific tusale for the tomahawk. Down again with tusale for the tomahawk. put him out of temper. He was, moreover, an excellent scholar, with a large and varied knowledge of the poets; so that his highly cultivated imagination served him instead

of a vast deal of experience.

He was just one of those men whose strong points a primitive and robust race appreciate intuitively, and he had not been ashore in New Zealand an hour betore he was an object of admiration among the Maoris and the chosen Pakeha of a great chief, or rangatira, who remained his firm friend as long as he lived. It happened that in landing a stalwart Maori, who had offered to carry him from the ship's boat to the beach, slipped, by accident or design, and let him fall to the surf. Maning in-stantly seized the Maori, and, dragging him out in full view of the assembled tribe ducked him in deep water until he was half drowned before giving him a chance for life by a long swim. As soon as they both reached land the Maori, who was a noted athlete, rushed at him to take utu payment or revenge. Maning, however, was all ready for him, and after a desperate encounter succeeded in leaving him prostrate on the sand, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the crowd. The fight was a fair fight and Maning was well pleased by the friend-ly welcome which his victory secured him, even from his opponent and his relatives, that he took a fancy to the country and the people at first sight. The rangatira, who had witnessed the conflict, swore he would kill anyone who injured the 'new Pakeha,' and carried him off then and there to his pa or fortified town, which, at the time, he was

holding against a powerful enemy. A MAORI MASSACRE. but I heard their message, and shall grant re, built a house and store near his their request." So taking a small paper friend's pa, and soon became a person of im-portance in those parts. His plans of life, box she laid the flowers carefully in it, and however, were shortly afterward frustrated by a little incident which is thoroughly characteristic of the people and the period The rangatira who had taken him under his rotection had for some time back had a dispute with another magnate living about ten miles off, with whom Maning was also on good terms, and wishing, if possible, to bring the affair to a friendly settlement, he invited both chiefs to meet at his house with their respective followers, and discuss their difference with a view to arbitration. They did so; but the arguments growing more and more animated as the case proceeded. It ended by Maning's rangatira and more than a hundred of his people being shot dead in a heap in front of his door, after which the victorious party blew up his store with all its treasures of gunpowder termined never to interfere in a Maori quarrel again except in the Maori fashion,

> Pakeha, he became a member of his tribe and a Pakeha-Maori in all respects. Before being fully and finally accepted among these interesting people, however, Maning had a personal difference of his own with a man of some consequence, which as nearly as possible cut short his career. He was never tired of telling the story, and was prouder of the part he bore in it, I think, than of any of his exploits in regular war, about which he was usually reticent. I wish I could give it in his own words, for he was a rare reconteur when in congenial comby a tumbler of hot brandy and water. But

and having found another and more power

ful rangitira, who gave him a large tract of

land in consideration of his becoming his

will do my best. There were in those days, and there are now, among the Maoris, men who would be a credit to any nation, men on whom nature has plainly stamped the mark of her nobility, faultless in bodily form, quick and in telligent in mind, polite and brave, capable of the most self-sacrificing acts for the good of others, patient, affectionate and forhear-ing in their families—in short, gentlemen in every sense of the word. But there were and are others the very opposite of all this; brutal, malignant, odious wretches, who stand out indigidually from the savages around them by the excess of their barbarity and from whose breast all feeling of humanity seems to be extinct.

A CHILD OF NATURE It was one of these who took a dislike to an understanding before he could hold any position in the tribe. He was a bulletheaded, scowling, how-legged broad-should-ered, herculean ruffian. He had killed many men in fair fight and had also com-mitted two murders which were deemed diabolical even by the Maoris. He was sitting on the verandah of his house, and called to his wife, a fine young woman, to bring him a light for his pipe. She was going for water with a calibash in her hand and her baby on her back, and she asked him to get a light himself, as she was busy. He snatched up his gun and immediately shot her dead, afterward describing with great gusto the comical appearance of her brains hanging out. On another occasion he lopped his brother's head off in his sleep on account of

some trivial dispute.
All these qualifications combined made him unquestionably a great ragantira, whose disfavor rendered anyone a marked man, and, as he had never been defeated in any conflict, his mans or prestige was in full force. He had often threatened to visit his hatred and jealousy on the newcomer, who, on his part, had always returned his menaces with derision, vowing that if ever the bully interfered with him, he would

teach him a lesson that would last him for One day, all Maning's friends had gone on an expedition to haul one of those imsense nets with which the Maoris period cally clear a river or an arm of the sea of all the fish it contains, and he was sitting alone in his house, reading a Sydney paper a year old, which contained the latest news from the outside world. Suddenly his doorway thoroughly understood his attitude, "that this is my house, and my advice to you is to GO A LITTLE SLOWER.

Suiting the action to the word, he placed his foot to the Maori's shoulder and gave him a shove which would have sent most people heels over head. Not so, however, with a giant like that. It shook him a little: but in a represent a called as little. with a giant like that, it shook him a litile; but in a moment, as quick as light-ning, and, as it appeared with a single mo-tion, he bounded from the ground, flung his mat away over his back and a-med a furious blow at the Pakeha's head with his tomahawk. Maning only escaped instant death by a quickness equal to or greater than his own. His eye and arm worked together

like a flash. LIFE WAS AT STAKE.

He caught the tomabawk in full descent. The edge grazed his hand; but his arm, stif-fened like a bar of iron, arrested the blow. Edward Maning went to New Zealand. The savage made one frantic but ineffectual he could hear of, and went there out of sheer devilment, to see what was to be seen and to get some novelty and excitement while his blood was young and hot.

He was a gentleman of good family and fortune in the north of Ireland, exceedingly handsome, 6 feet 2 inches high, with thews and muscles like a Roman gladiator. His superb head was crowned with a mass of golden curls, and a pair of deep blue eyes of marvelous brilliancy and sweetness lit up a face in which all the features were in harmony, and every line betokened intellectual a crash; and so this battle for life and death went on, down and up, up and down, for fully an hour. At last, after a desperate wrestling match, in which the Maori tore mouthfuls of flesh from Maning

> felt his enemy showing signs of weakness.
> With one thrilling effort of strength and hope he lifted him high in his arms and dashed him panting, raving, bleeding, foaming at the mouth, but beaten and helpless, on the ground. It was at this point that Maning failed to discern the character of the man he had to deal with, and it almost cost him his life. He was unfastening the tomahawk from the

with his tigerish teeth, the latter suddenly

prostrate Maori's wrist, when the latter "Enough," he said. "I am conquered. Let me rise."

Maori caught him a blow on the side of the head that filled his mouth with blood. The

-the fishing party returned and rushing in, have their minds burdened with their care, spared him the necessity for dispatching and their wits put to work to insure their The young adventurer having decided to throw in his lot in New Zealand for the time being, he brought all his belongings of the diagram of the time being, he brought all his belongings of the diagram of the time being the brought all his belongings of the diagram of the time being the brought all his belongings of the brought all his belonging to the brought down to the beach, stamped on | ters. him, kicked him, mashed him with siones, and so broke him up that by the time when world for that matter. When the magnitude they threw him into his cance, he was just of the work and the enormous self-sacrifice as dead as if Maning had buried the toma-included in all of these associations are

hawk in his head before they arrived.

The result of the victory was that the bully's mana pavel to Maning, who thenceforward was acknowledged as a rangatira in his own right and with whom no individual Maori ever dreamt of interfering again. He married the daughter of the foreagain. He married the daughter of the fore-most war chief of his tribe, the famous lizard skin, renowned in legend and song and took it is so cheap. If the beloved brethren an active part in those terrible intertribal should devote themselves to the enforcement struggles which immediately preceded the opean occupation of the country. Carried away by the excitement of war, churches, but it would perhaps be a good powerfully influenced, through his sympathetic nature, by his domestic surround-viding them with some leisure to have a ings and filled with sincere admiration and liking for the brave and talented people he had attached himself to, he became a Maori of the Maoris, excelling them in all their highest qualities, distinguishing himself among them by fests of valor and endurance, while preserving intact his intel-lectual refinement and delicacy of feeling amid scenes of horror and superstition which must have degraded a weaker or a coarser

nature. CIVILIZING THE NATIVES. Maning undoubtedly used his immense influence among the Maoris for their improvement, as far as he saw his way to do should receive all due credit and appreciaso. He taught great numbers of them to read and write, and gave them some idea of higher delights than revenge or plunder. He made no attempt to convert them to equal abandon and enthusiasm, giving and Christianity, because he was firmly of the gadding at weddings, and teas, and recepbelief that a good pagan is better than a bad Christian; but he never lost an opportunity of exposing or discrediting the tohungs, Grandmethers open their eyes with wonof exposing or discrediting the tohungs, half priests, half necromancers, whose mys-, der and amaze and solemnly shake their terious terrors exercised so baneful an in-fluence on the impressionable mind of the

Maoris, and to whose evil counsels their frightful barbarities were largely duc. When the war broke out between the to be. They can never be induced to be Maoris and the British Government Maning's patriotism and loyalty to the Queen impelled him to leave the Maoris and estab-

Judge af the Native Land Court, with the were the form of precisely the same thing warm approval of both races, and remained in their day. The age of telephones, of for many years an ornament alike to the bench and to society. Having at length and competent caterers all enters into the been stricken by a tegrible disease, he was sent to London for surgical treatment, and there is one thing certain, and that is that there he died not long ago, surrounded by loving friends, and bearing his sufferings and women can put up higher the strain of with the same indomitable courage and light-hearted cheerfulness which, throughout his checkered and stormy career, never deserted the Pakeha-Maori, the fair-haired EDWARD WAKEFIELD.

Baby Clothes. Folding the seams And measuring bands,
And measuring bands,
While the swift needle gleams
In her diligent hands—
Skirts and yokes and waists,
Ribbons and buttons and bows
Patient she sews and bastes
Fashioning baby clothes. There by the light

She musingly dreams,
And her fancies unite,
As do swift-meeting streams—
Then to work once more,
And busy she bastes and sews
Dreamily as before
Making the baby clothes. Snipping the threads
The seissors divide,
And the loose ends and shreds
Fall unheeded aside—

Here a plain edge meets
Embroidery furbelows,
As still she hems and pleats
Shaping the baby clothes Spotless as snow

The soft linen lies,
In the lamp's mellow glow,
Yet there comes to her eyes—
A wraith, a fear, a cloud,
That anddenly dims and goes,
Will it be dress or shroud,
What are the haby clothes?

Ernest McGaffey, in Inter Ocean,

Reep Thom in the Nursery. Hamburg Figs should be kept in the nursery, where they are particularly useful in case of constitution or indigestion, as they are liked "I'm thinking, friend," said Maning, who Co., N. Y.

Bessie Bramble Moralizes on the Hurry of Modern Existence.

NO LEISURE FOR SOCIETY WOMEN Who Are Constantly Crowded by Pleasures

THE ONLY TRUE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

and Duties.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] In the good old-fashioned times-about which the grandmothers do so dearly love Edward Maning went to New Zealand. The savage made one frantic but ineffectual attempt to tear the tomahawk from his grasp, and then they seized one another round the middle, and struggled like maniacs in the endeavor to dash one another against the floor. Maning holding on for dear strange adventures in this world. Suffice it to say that he went there a good many years ago, and that he had not the slightest intention of staying. He merely picked out the most savage and outlandish country he could hear of, and went there out of

Is it probable that people would learn to flying to fill engagements and ceaseless tramping and toiling and moiling and rushing are indicative of the world's conversion from the constant sin of idleness, then is it not much to be desired had the world stayed wicked a little longer-at least for the sake of the old stagers.

This is the sentiment of one of the afore said grandmothers who cannot be per-suaded to see the sense of living in a rush

WOMAN'S FIELD. Maning had often experienced the chivalrous way in which Maoris take defeat when fairly beaten, and being anxious to part from this man on good terms, in order to avoid further trouble with his relatives, since there were no witnesses to the affair. since there were no witnesses to the affair, he incautiously let go his left arm. Like lightning, he snatched at a large carving knife which was lying on the floor among dinners and "socials" must be held, or how the debris. Maning kicked it beyond his would the dollars and dimes be collected for reach, but before he could save himself, the can never be caught on Sunday?

one can be counted upon to two men closed again and Maning soon had his enemy at his mercy. He unwound the tomahawk from his wrist and told him to get up and die standing.

At this moment—so Maning said, but I always rather doubted this part of the story the fishing party returned and rushing in who are suppos ed to put in their taken into consideration, some idea of how women give services and time, for which they receive no wages, save the reward to be paid in the great hereafter, is gained. Ministers are paid for preaching, choir singers are paid for singing, janitors are keepers at home, it would be hard on the

rest and A LITTLE FUN of their own. But it could not be done. The women, in the first place, would not heed the injunction unless it suited them, and in the second, there is the calamity foretold by a reverend doctor at a recent meeting, that if "it was not for the work of women the churches would go to pieces." Moreover, the women are as possessed by the spirit of the age as men. They must push, and rush too, to keep up with the procession,

But while those intent upon doing good votion to what they deem duty, the society women are wearing themselves out with an

heads as they tell how things were done in their day. They ponder protoundly over the perplexing problem of what sort of peo-ple the children of the present will grow up To them with their wreck of illusions and knowledge of the world's shams the conimpelled him to leave the Maoris and estab-lish a home with his wife and children in a European settlement. He took no part against his old allies, however, though he might easily have obtained a high and lu-crative command.

After the war was over he was appointed Judge af the Native Land Court, with the for relief from the

EXACTIONS OF SOCIAL SERVITUDE and the observance of good form, some-thing will have to break. Things are becoming unmanageable, and women will-have to give in to some extent or die. There is no getting back to the simple ways of the grandmothers, even if all were willing, but it is likely that relief will come to many women in society by the evolution of such simplicity as will make the pleasures of the mind something more precious than a costly display of what is to be bought only with

Another class that are rushed and hurried along in the tumult of affairs are the children. There is something sad in hearing them talk of their "percentages," and their "passing," and what they made in grammar and arithmetic, and all the rest of it instead of the tun and the fights they had with their games of ball and marbles, and the tea parties and sledding and sliding they had after school. Now they have no fun after school. They have to stay in and study and slave over lessons for fear they will not "pass." Then another way that has been devised to cheat them out of a good time is the children's parties where little girls dressed within an inch of their lives imitate their elders in flisting and carrying on, and the boys are bashful and bored, and all are crammed with food not good for them, and kept up until they are so cross and cantankerous that it is generally said that children nowadays are as bad as they can be, and not many people want them carrychers around

if living at A PACE THAT KILLS.

To surrender rest and recreation to the manuscript work is on their part foolish and unnecessary, and they should "kick" on taking work home.

But lack of lessure and solace of rest are denied alike to the men and women of this age. Every year it seems as if the hurry of living and the multiplicity of matters to attend to were growing greater for

ters to attend to were growing greater for all. In the general decay of faith the old proverb, "The more hurry the less speed, seems to have shared. According to the cheerful and favorite philosophy of those who see in the great boom of progress in the last century, a nearer and swifter approach to a new and happier golden age, when tyrants have ceased to oppress and layer aviet no layer and the control of the cont people had time to visit each other and enjoy themselves, but in these days of laborsaving inventions, it seems, as Rev. Hodges remarks, that the people have everything but leisure. Hurry, push, drive-ahead seem to have conquered everything and captured everybody. Even if the great boon of a working day of eight hours were in force, is it likely that the present scramble would be at all diminished?

Is it probable that people would learn to of all, men and women safe from the terrors. go a little slower and enjoy the luck in of all, men and women safe from the terrors of want will realize their dreams of want will realize their dreams of sweetness and light and love. But opposed to these are others who persist in denying "Idleness is a constant sin, and labor is a duty," but it all the restless hurryings to and fro and constant scurryings around and fiving to fill engagements and ceaseless world seems passing will only by its greater intelligence and clearer comprehension of things, bring out in added intensity the consciousness that work, suffering, sin and misery are the unavoidable lot of mankind.

A DISMAL PHILOSOPHY. This new philosophy is most dismal and forlorn, and will receive no acceptance at the opening of a new and prosperous year. Were it even forced apon the intelligence of and whirl from morning till night. People who are born to it can stand it, perhaps, but while some of the women of half a century ago sewed themselves to death, those of the sweetest dreams and hopes. As every present seem bent upon running themselves one has his burden to bear, so it is that he out of breath, and into the grave for nothone has his burden to bear, so it is that he ing. With intense industry they gad, and gad, and gad.

To church meetings and school meetings, and W. C. T. Us., and sisterhoods, and guilds and clubs and weddings and receptions and luncheons and progressive which hope and optimism ever which the within with the contribution of the which hope and optimism ever though the will be whether manners, purer laws of which hope and optimism ever which with the will be which hope and optimism ever thought the will be whether the which hope and optimism ever the which hope and opt

guilds and clubs and weddings and ressive tions and luncheons and progressive euchres and charitable societies and all the the public mind as to what may be hoped from socialism. But does the light of history show that human nature has greatly But with all of these "musts" and "oughts" and "duties" and pleasures combined, crowding upon each other constantly, what are women to do? Missionaries must be supported, as everybody says, and who would attend these meetings for the aiding would attend these meetings for the aiding the supported as the boly men of old? changed under all the teachings of philanrapacious, and bigotry as bitter as existed thousands of years ago? While we can look backward, we cannot live backward,

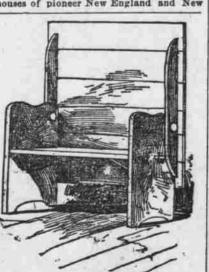
and to "move on" is inevitable whether fo better or worse, Longfellow says: Trust no future, howe'er pleasant! Let the dead past bury its dead! Act, act in the living present! This is all that can be done, poetry or no petry, since we can neither count upon, or act BESSIE BRAMBLE.

AN OLD IDEA IN A NEW FORM. Modern Modification of a Combination Settee and Table.

The first cut shows a very prettily designed and styltsh combination chair and table that is just now coming into vogue;



Combination Chair and Table the second, the old style dining table and settee, which may still be found in the houses of pioneer New England and New



Combination Settee and Table. York families. It is easy to see that the

idea of the new may have been taken from MUSTACHE SOUVENIES. Young Ludies Who Collect Hairs From

some mustaches no end of trouble before it runs its course.

The novelty seems to have originated with the noverty seems to have originated with the young ladies of Manchester, N. H., and consists of collecting a bair from the hirsute adornment of young men's upper lips as a token of remembrance, but it is feared that it is really a collection of mustache hair properly labeled and classified by young ladies that they may show to their lady friends and by the display of the favors received at the hands of many gentlemen acquaintances create jealousy in the minds (or hearts) of their less fortunate

All the available young men are solicited to part with just one single hair from their upper lip to swell the collection, and it is indeed a hard-hearted swain who will refuse a pretty giri this small favor. The hairs are stuck on a large card with a white wafer, on which are placed the initials of the

A Boon to Laundrymen.

Philadelphia Becord.] A prophetic down-town gentleman says: them anywhere around.

Another class of women who are overburdened and overwrought by the strident progress of the age, are the teachers. Being lined with Chinese laundries."

"Within the next ten years, if the Gulf stream continues to approach our coast with its hot water, we may see the Atlantic beach lined with Chinese laundries." "Within the next ten years, if the Gulf

shut up with 40 or more nervous children for seven or eight hours a day, and doing overwork after times, is no easy life, but when to this is added carrying home manuscripts night after night to read and mark, it is no wonder that so many of them look as if living at A Collection of Enigmatical Nuts for

Home Cracking. Address communications for this departm to E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Maine.



E. W. HARRIS.

873-AN UNSEEN CITY. There is a city of which I've read in Webster's lexicon; You, also, must have heard of it In days that are bygone. A "talkative" city it truly is,

A fact you-cannot doubt: Though citizens, it has not one, Oft from it comes a shout. Although by man 'twas never seen,
'Tis heard by many each day.
With some it stays through thick and thin,
From childhood till they're gray.
FRANK,

874-TELEGRAM CONDENSING.

875-ANAGRAM. See! he writes a "page shorter'a" mine, But there's more contained in one line Than in many which I may write. And I think that such expert men Use some kind of a "short gear pen," It flies o'er the paper so light. CHAS. I. HOUSTON,

876-DIAMOND. 1. A letter. 2. A soft food for infants. 3. Foundations. 4. One who severs. 5. The pits of theaters. 6. Ridges on the shoulder pleces to turn the blow of a lance. 7. Machines used by the ancients for throwing stones. 8. Crowded, 9. Advised (Obs.) 10. Half of senses, Il. A letter.

877-CHARADE. First.

A puopet for children, Though rarely do boys Take interest in Such effeminate toys. To furnish with strength,
To defend, fortify;
To impart strength or action,
Will second supply.

Whole. A long Turkish garment,

Resembling in sound A cloak, which quite often With ladies is found. 878-A POETICAL EFFUSION. Amount due.

879-TRANSPOSITION. The first is "rent asunder;"
The second makes one wonder,
So fearless he
Is of the sea And of the caverns under.

To lisree his trade, he snatches Treasures which lie in patches Within their grave, Beneath the wave, Whose dark the sun ne'er catches. BITTER SWEET. 880-COMPOUND ACROSTIC.

Words of eight letters.

Words of eight letters,

1. Household deities. 2. Pouring out. 3. nactivity. 4. Omitting a word or phrase, 5. jopritive. 6. Repress. 7. Harmonious. 8. To over. 9. A retailer of small articles.

Primals—An apparatus for giving signals.

Finals—A harbinger.

Combined — One who delivers important
Pat To. NEW PRIZES. 1. A book of Familiar Quotations.
2. A handsome single-volume edition of one of the British posts.
3. A finely-bound volume of standard fiction to be awarded the senders of the hest three lots of answers to the puzzles published during January. The solutions must be forwarded in weekly installments, and should be sent in even if very few.

ANSWERS. 863—Happy New Year. 864—1. C-r-ore. 2. Chiliarchy, Chiliarch, Chili. k O-x-eye. 865-1. Honesty. 2. Incivility, 3. Integrity. 4. Calamity. 5. Humidity. 6. Dignity. 7. Fri giditv 86: 1. Sault. 2. Sioux. 3. Suc. 4. Sou. 887—Cataract. 888—Dude. 889—Soo-net. 870—"Turn backward, O Time, in your

flight."
871—Carriage. Pavements. A WOMAN'S ECONOMY.

Spent 10 Cents and Lost an Hour's Time to Save a Cent. New Haven Palladium, 1 Some women have queerideas of economy. A lady went to a State street drugstore with

a parcel for which she desired postage Men's Upper Lips.

Boston Globe.!

The girls have a new fad. It would be extremely difficult to guess what it is, for it is destined to cause young men with handreturned to the car and went home, having expended 10 cents in cold cash and having lost a half hour's time to avoid paying more than the exact postage rate.

> What may we take into the vast Forever?
> That marble door
> Admits no fruit of all our long endeavor,
> No fame wreathed crown we wore,
> No garnered lora. What can we bear beyond the unknown porta

No gold, no gains
Of all our toiling; in the life immortal
No hoarded wealth remains,
Nor gilds, nor stains. Naked from out that far abyss behind us
We entered here:
No word came with our coming to remind us
What wondrous world was near,
No hope, no tear.

Into the sileut, starless night before us Naked we glide:

No hand has mapped the constellations o'er us,

No comrade at our side,

No chart, no guide,

Yet, fearless toward that midnight black and hollow,
Our footsteps fare:
The beckening of a Father's hand we follow—
His love alone is there.
No curse, no care.
—Edward Rossland Still.

MEN WHO SCOFF AT SCIENCE. Ridicule and Scorn Often the Reward of Patient Investigators.

It is remarkable how often ignorance attempts to cover itself with a shield of contempt, and this is nowhere more frequently noticed than in connection with scientific inquiry. It is the almost inevitable result of calling the attention of a practical man to scientific dissoveries which are not of immediate practical importance that upon them is called down the scorn of the men

f affairs.

The difficulty is that these men do not appreciate the fact that as all truth is related, the isolation of any bit of information can be but apparent. The rest of it, its related facts are not found, but they will be some facts are not found, but they will be some day, and then the significance and importance of the whole and of its parts will be manifest. Every fact brought to light is so much more capital for the future student. The advance of knowledge is really slow, although there are times when it seems to go onward with amazing rapidity. In the intervals when progress seems to be small the slow accumulation of detached facts is going on, and when the time comes that so many have been collected that the relation between them may be established, then all in a moment science appears to take enormous stride.

Of course there are hidden things which are merely curiosities, and to investigate are merely curiosities, and to investigate these is simply to waste human life and time. It is seldom difficult to distinguish, however, between the real and the false in this respect, and the genuine seeker for truth is seldom befooled by being led upon a worthless line of inquiry, however he may be baffled in his search. The desire to find the truth is generally a sufficient talisman to guide one in its search. guide one in its search.

A FOOD OF THE PUTURE. Possibilities of the 'Possum as a Substitute

A real estate agent desiring to send a telegram to one of his customers instructed his clerk to prepare the message. The clerk soon after submitted the following:

"The tenant has moved from the house. There are twenty-eight thousand, eight hundred sheets of paper on the ground floor. Do you wish us to attach these goods? Send your instructions by telegraph."

"There, sir," said the clerk, "I think that covers all you wish to say."

"Tee," answered the real estate agent, "but you have taken 33 words to say what should be said in 10 words to come within the limits of a telegram. See if you cannot condense the message to that length without sacrificing any of the sense or clearness."

"It can't be done, sir," said the clerk dogmatically.

"Well, let us see about that," recited his emically.
"Well, let us see about that," replied his employer.
Five minutes later he had condensed the telegram to 10 words. Can you do it?
J. H. FEZANDIE.

on every table spread for a game dinner. rich epicure. It has a conspicuous place on every table spread for a rame dinner. Roasted in true Southern style, garnished with paraley and served with fried sweet potatoes, it is considered a dish fit to sel-before a king. The despised 'possum is at

last appreciated.

And now people remember that Henry Clay, Alexander H. Stephens and other distinguished men of the South preferred 'possum to any kind of flesh, fish or fowl. They think it strange that our market is not well supplied with this delicacy. They predict a most brilliant future for the very interesting marsupial that is only found on this continent. Now that the deer and prairie chick-

en are disappearing they are glad that there is something to take their place.

The opossum is easily domesticated. All you have to do to render it tame is to give it enough to eat. A Georgia farmer who had ruined his land by raising continuous crops of cotton allowed it to grow up to pawpaw trees, surrounded it with a fence made of woven wire and stocked it with opossum. He now gets a good crop every year without the employment of commercial fertillizers. He anticipated the coming demand for 'pos-sum and proposed to supply it.

HE WAS IN NO HURRY.

Why a Small flow Would Defer His Vista to Heaven. Philadelphia Record. At a Sunday school Christmas entertainment a few days ago one of the speakers depicted the beauties of heaven in language suitable to be digested by the infantile heads around him. He told them how the operations of a factory inspector's law there made 'it impossible for children to per-orm any greater labor than that required in eating candy, "and now," he asked, "how many little boys and girls in the infant class want to go to heaven?" All hands went skyward but one. "Why, little boy, don't you want to go?" "Yeth, thir," he said as he glanced at the pile of candy yet undistributed.

at the pile of candy yet undistributed, "Yeth, thir, but not for a few minutes yet." Indigestion

IS not only a distressing complaint, of itself, but, by causing the blood to become depraved and the system enfeebled, is the parent of innumerable maiadies. That Aver's Sarsaparilla is the best cure for Indigestion, even when complicated with Liver Complaint, is proved by the following testimony from Mrs. Joseph Lake, of Brockway

Centre, Mich .: -"Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For more than four years I suffered untold agony, was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at ai. Within the time mentioned several physicians treated me without giving re-lief. Nothing that I took seemed to do any permanent good until I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has produced wonderful results. Soon has produced wonderful results. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an improvement in my condition. My appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months of faithful attention to your directions, I found myself a well woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Masse Frice \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

If you have a COLD or COUCH. CONSUMPTION. OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

IS SURE OURE FOR IT. This preparation contains the stimula-ting properties of the Hypophosphiles and fine Norwegian Cod Liver Oil. Used by physicians at the world over. It is as polatable as sails. Three times as effica-cious as plain Cod Liver Oil. A perfect Emulsion, better than all others made. For all forms of Wasting Diseases, Bronchills,

CONSUMPTION. Scrofula, and as a Flesh Produ there is nothing like SCOTT'S EMULSION It is sold by all Druggists. Let no one by profuse explanation or impudent entrealy induce you to accept a substitute.