

You Never Can Tell.

You think it is easy your steps to retrace,
Before the last puffal is gained;
That a man can stop short of a crashing
disaster,
And still find his honor unstained.
But sin is so mighty and conscience so weak,
And under so tempting a spell,
That though you may lose other pleasures
and pleasures,
Your weakness you never can tell.

The ocean of evil you never can sound,
It depths you never discern,
But under your feet there is treacherous
ground,
If away from the good land you turn,
You see not the danger, you fear not the
ground,
You whisper the soul, "It is well!"
And think that you know just how far you
can go,
But never, no never, can tell!

You never can tell at what moment you'll
slip
Into snares that are cruelly laid
By those who are willing another should
trip.
Where they were so fully betrayed,
A moment's indulgence may lead you to
crime.
That would a prisoner's cell;
Then speak the best lover of passion be-
trayed.
For his power you never can tell!

You never can tell what moment you'll
be
The signal of death at your gate,
Whose touch will arrest your thoughtless
career,
And bring your repentance too late.
Scam from these terrors, the ailments
of sin,
With earnest persistence repel,
And strive for a prize that is worthy to
win,
And whose glory no mortal can tell.

A CABLE CAR ROMANCE.

When James Austin banished young Jack Starr from his house, declaring him to be an idle jackanape who had never put his brains to honest work, but making love to pretty girls and waiting for his father's money, Hetty's tearful remonstrance passed by unheeded. James Austin was a wise man and not cal- culated upon a certain amount of femi- nine obstinacy and martyrdom as an inevitable consequence of his verdict, so that he was neither surprised nor dis- tressed when the girl returned, ready to accept at any time of the offer of a seat at the table and idly toyed with her food. He observed that she went about the house looking languid and pale, that she re- jected her former admirers and de- clined to see any but her intimate friends. But he flattered himself that he understood the precise effect of pass- ing sorrow on a youthful temperament. Meekly might he have said for a time, but as he refused to give up the table, he was obliged to notice the girl's reaction was slow in coming. The father with his hand on his spiri- tual pulse, watched Miss Hetty as the in- quisitors of "what ailed the prisoners" stood stretched on the rack, ready to relax the torture at the first symptom of exhaustion.

When the end of the fifth week found her with the same listless manner and the same pale face, he prepared to take the matter by the reins. From persistently refusing to go on the streets or take the fresh air, the girl developed the most remarkable case of neurasthenia that the cable car had passed through her house, and returned from these excursions with a blithe face and cheeks whose accustomed pallor was replaced by the most delicate rose tinge of the cheeks. Her father viewed these favorable to- kens with secret complacency. His theory was correct. Hetty was too sensu- ous a girl to languish her young life away, mourning a sentimental fancy. The reaction had come.

Standing on the doorsteps one day and regarding her with a fond smile of paternal pride as she ran lightly down and signaled a passing car, he noticed that the number of the dummy was 11. It occurred to him that he had observed the same number on the car that brought her lack the previous day. The next afternoon, when he was about to start on his regular ride, and noticed the same coincidence. The next day and the next he continued to exercise his vigilance. It was always Number 11.

This Number 11 became a hideous bugbear to his mind. In vain he tried to reason that its constant recurrence was purely accidental. A leaden weight of suspicion accumulated upon his mind, and he began to feel as if he were the common vehicle for out-of-door re- creation adopted by half the populace. But why had his daughter never discov- ered their attraction before? Why did she start on this odd predilection for rides on the dummy, when her saddle horse stood in the stable, and the dust gather- ed thick on her little phetson? And why did she return from these excursions with such red cheeks and shining eyes. Could it be possible that the lovers had some secret arrangements by which they met on a certain car, and waiting till the outskirts of the city was reached, resumed together over the hills in defiance of his edict?

It so chanced that Mr. Austin was a stockholder in this very cable road, that was proving very dissuasive to his mind. A few minutes before he had rolled up to the engine house to see Pincley, the very efficient superintendent of the road, a gray-bearded man with a wooden leg and an incorrigible propensity for practical jokes. The two were old friends, and when their business con- ference was concluded, Austin gazing into his companions' shrewd and kindly countenance was prompted to share with him the anxieties and apprehensions that agitated his mind. Pincley listened with an impassive face. Austin stated with a helpless summary of the situation.

"I assure you, Pincley, I've hardly dared to look the child in the face since that morning. I would have the won- derment of seeing her, against as she had been these last few weeks, to keep her from marrying the worst dude in the county."

Pincley was business thinking, with an odd smile lurking around the corners of his mouth. He was a man of few words but gifted in resources. "Sup- pose you board the car in some sort of disguise," he suggested.

"Worse than ever. If she saw some one following her about she might sus- pect I had put a paid detective on her track," he groaned at the humiliating thought.

"Don't go as a passenger. Present yourself in an official capacity. I really think," looking at Austin's erect figure and leafless face, "that you would make up very well as a conductor, pro- viding you'll be sure to mind sharp the stoppages and passengers getting on and off."

Austin gave a gesture of pleased acceptance.

"Very good," continued Pincley. "Suppose we give the conductor of Number 11 a furlough to-morrow."

It was a new and decidedly disagree- able experience to Mr. Austin to turn to bed at 4 o'clock in the morning, and to find his form in a huge slumber supplied by Pincley, and complete his disguise with a false beard and a slouch hat drawn low over his eyes. A hard fasted at the restaurant opposite the en- gine-house, and, as he hurried through a tough beef-steak and swallowed a cup of muddy coffee, registered a vow to use his influence with the stockhold- ers of the road to bring about a consid- eration of the resolution they had passed condemning the employes to patronize the Teutonic proprietors. Coached by the duties of his position, he stepped jauntily aboard Number 11, as it ran out of the engine-house. The gripman of the dummy, a slim, well-knit fellow, dressed in a dark suit, and wearing a pair of unmentionables besmeared with oil and dirt, and a muffler around his chin, and a cap with a broad visor slanted over his eyes, was happily too much to do with his own duties to observe the change.

It was surprising how many people depended upon the early cars as a means of conveyance to their places of business. The man of capital conveyed a new respect for the industry and energy of his fellow-men. Moreover, he dis- covered the duties of his position to be more complex than he had supposed. The offices of a street car conductor, and always seemed to him light and simple, and in his capacity as a director of the road he has been uncompromising in passing upon any dereliction on the part of his employees. He was not without mechanical exactitude, he found him- self rushing from one end of the car to another, in a state of the highest nervous excitement, narrowly escaping the most painful accidents and committing many blunders untold. If the passen- gers would only observe some method in their actions, he told himself, that the whole business would be simplified. What possessed people to stand idly conversing on the sidewalk until they were fairly alone giving no hint of their desire to take passage upon it, but leaving the conductor to his negli- gence and expecting that the grip would be instantly loosed and the swiftly moving dummy brought to a quick stop.

And the other class of lunatics, who frantically signalled for the car to stop on a steep down grade, expecting it to release its hold on the cable and cling to the track with the brakes. Several times he was obliged to disengage the car for the people to get on the car, fuming over the delay and wondering what had become of the errant passengers, only to discover that they had taken seats on the dummy, and were waiting for him to start. Twice he narrowly escaped committing man-slaughter; and every time they passed Dupont street, swarming with his blue-robed herd, it occurred to him that he was being used as a guinea pig in a vexed question of how to discourage Chinese immigration.

In the midst of his agitation he could not help casting an occasional glance of admiration at the gripman, standing coolly at his post, his attention concen- trated upon the performance of his duty, the athletic figure bent slightly forward, his keen eyes never ceasing to scan the line of vision.

Number 11 pursued an erratic course that day, running in outrageous defiance of the time-table, at one moment tread- ing closely on the heels of the car ahead, at another making a desperate dash for it, and at another the winning bell of the dummy in the rear. It seemed to Austin that on one occasion as they passed the office he caught a brief glimpse of Pincley's face peeping out from behind the door. He was excited and enjoyed his misery. But he did not trouble himself long over this fancy, for the hour was drawing near when his suspicion would be verified or disproved, and he was impatient of a growing sense of apprehension lest his daughter's bright eyes should penetrate his disguise and complete his discomfiture. He even had the craven spirit to stand at the window, and detain her at home in order that he might escape the trying ordeal.

His prayers were not answered. As they passed the house of the 2 o'clock dummy, a grim, thin, old man, dressed in a colored dress with a collar and a muff of seal-skin, ran down the steps and waved her hand to the conductor. Mr. Austin was so preoccupied by a glimpse of his daughter's face, that he neglected to sound the usual signal for stopping the car, and was profoundly grateful to the gripman, who brought the dummy to a standstill, and Miss Hetty demurely encoined herself on one of the side seats of the dummy, and the conductor mechanically rang the double bell at the punch. The gripman stood stiffly at his post without respond- ing.

Austin repeated the signal. Still there was no corresponding motion on the part of the engineer. Looking up in the expectation of seeing some passengers whose approach had been observed by the grip- man's sharp eyes, Austin was enraged to find that no apparent cause existed for the singular delay. He sounded an indignant summons, six double rings in succession. Low chuckles resounded throughout the car. A boy's shrill voice cried, "Derisive!"

"Golly! Won't he have a pretty bill to settle to-night?"

In his nervousness the inexperienced conductor had been ringing the bell punch instead of pulling the strap. He jerked and stalked with dignity, to the platform, where he sat on the rear rail in defiance of the rules of the road and savagely gazed at the man who had suggested his negligence. Miss Hetty's face must be collected. He denounced his negligence in having failed to provide for the car and pass as he was walking over the car and stood on the dummy, tapping her gently on the shoulder.

"Are you up?"

"The girl looked up with a startled expression. She had dived in the depths of which she passed to him in silence. He thrust it into his pocket and was stepping back into the car with a vicious grin.

"Fardon me! My change, if you please."

The gripman gave him a quick, menac- ing glance. Austin gazed at a moment in stupefaction, not comprehending the demand.

"I think I gave you a \$5 piece."

The girl's voice was low and gentle, and she phrased her speech so as to

spare him possible mortification. He reached into his pocket and brought out a \$5 bill of change. "There are the \$5 piece sure enough. When an idiot could mistake its yellow gleam for the dull aspect of a nickel? He slowly counted out \$4.95, and handed the sum to her with a muttering apology. He then beat a hasty retreat to the interior of the car, stopping to collect the fares of a couple of passengers who had just stepped aboard. One of these was some vulgar fellow of recently acqui- sited wealth, who had put up a pretentious Eastlake mansion on Leaven- worth street.

"Knocking down fares! Second time I've thought him today," said Jones to his friend, nodding toward him. James Austin who could have brought out the upstart twice over had been cared. An angry denial was on his lips. Then a deeper indignation overcame his face. To be sure he had been dropping fares in his pocket without registering them on his trip slip. Confound that bell-ringer! Why was the blamed thing ever invented?

Austin forgot that he had been the foremost one to urge its adoption on the cable road.

He was using sight of his daughter. They had reached the end of the road and were on the homeward journey. Jack Starr had not put in his appear- ance, nor did Miss Hetty appear to be in the car. He was sitting there quietly in her seat, drinking in the fresh air with a look of perfect content on her innocent face.

The trip down-town was made with- out any great misadventures, except that the gripman received a blow on the head when the car was started in re- sponse to the conductor's premature order for the dummy to start. The grip- man was not without mechanical exacti- tude, he found himself rushing from one end of the car to another, in a state of the highest nervous excitement, narrowly escaping the most painful accidents and committing many blunders untold. If the passen- gers would only observe some method in their actions, he told himself, that the whole business would be simplified. What possessed people to stand idly conversing on the sidewalk until they were fairly alone giving no hint of their desire to take passage upon it, but leaving the conductor to his negli- gence and expecting that the grip would be instantly loosed and the swiftly moving dummy brought to a quick stop.

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A POEM OF POEMS.

The Instructive Compilation of Grand Thoughts by a California Lady.

Mrs. H. A. Denning, of San Fran- cisco, is said to have occupied a year in hunting up and fitting together the following thirty-eight lines from thirty-eight English poets. The names of the authors are given below:

- 1—Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
- 2—Life's a short summer, man a flower.
- 3—By-morns we catch the vital breath and die.
- 4—The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
- 5—To be his better far than not to be.
- 6—Though all men's lives are but a tragedy.
- 7—But light cares speak when mighty cares are dumb.
- 8—The bottom is but shallow whence our feet are sprung.
- 9—Your fate is but the common fate of all.
- 10—Unmingled joys here to no man befall.
- 11—Not each allots his proper sphere.
- 12—Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.
- 13—Custom does often reason over-ride.
- 14—And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
- 15—Live well, how long or short, permit to heaven.
- 16—The virtuous most shall be most forgiven.
- 17—Sin may be clasped so close we can not see its face.
- 18—Vile intercourse where virtue has its seat.
- 19—Then keep each passion down, however dear.
- 20—Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and a frown.
- 21—Her sensual snares, let faithless pleasure lay.
- 22—With craft and skill to ruin and betray.
- 23—So—Sorrow to high that, but stoop to rise.
- 24—We masters grow of all that we despise.
- 25—Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
- 26—Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave.
- 27—The path of glory leads but to the grave.
- 28—What ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat.
- 29—Only destructive to the brave and great.
- 30—What's all the gaudy glitter of the world?
- 31—The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
- 32—How long we live, not years, but actions, tell.
- 33—The man lives twice who lives the first life well.
- 34—Make, then, while yet we may, your God, your friend.
- 35—What Christians worship, yet not to themselves, but to the end.
- 36—The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just.
- 37—For, live who how we can, yet die we must.

1. Young; 2. Dr. Johnson; 3. Pope; 4. Prior; 5. Swift; 6. Spenser; 7. Daniel; 8. Sir Walter Raleigh; 9. Longfellow; 10. Southwell; 11. Congreve; 12. Churchill; 13. Rochester; 14. Ar- mstrong; 15. Milton; 16. Dryden; 17. Troward; 18. Somerville; 19. Thomp- son; 20. Byron; 21. Smolett; 22. Crabbe; 23. Massinger; 24. Cowley; 25. Batten; 26. Cooper; 27. Sir Walter Davenny; 28. Gray; 29. W. B. Rieu; 30. Addison; 31. Dryden; 32. Francis Quarles; 33. Watkins; 34. Herrick; 35. William Mason; 36. Hill; 37. Dana; 38. Shakespeare.

Little Placide.

Mrs. DeCastro said Placide was "sure to make a rise in the world." Placide was tall for a boy of twelve, and all arms and legs. His eyes looked large in his thin, sallow face, and his hair stood out all around like a door- mat.

The whole school made fun of the poor boy, but he took it all with a pitiful kind of smile. Nobody knew how cruelly it hurt him, nor how he longed to be friendly with his schoolmates.

One day, when the school was in- variably saluted the teacher with an elaborate bow. Placide's father had been a little broken-down French dancing-master, and the bow was about all he was capable of. He was a sensitive soul, and he was very proud of his bow.

There was nothing French about Mrs. DeCastro. She was American born, but she was the most commonplace type. She read every word in her weekly story paper, and religiously believed in the possibility, at least, of all the wonderful occurrences therein.

The shop windows were gay with reminders of the great February holiday. Mabel Lawrence and some of her schoolmates were examining the goods. They were there one morning in the book store. Some of her companions wished to send a hideous comic valentine to Placide. But, she, feeling how it would hurt him, was spending the evening of February fourteenth at her home.

Mabel had been looking wise ever since valentines began to be exchanged, and she was planning a surprise. On the table in her room was a pile of them, very small but very pretty, in fancy envelopes, addressed to all her boy and girl friends. She had occupied all her leisure time for a week to write, in a very slow and painstaking manner, on the blank pages: "Miss Mabel Lawrence presents her compliments, and prays that you will accept of this valentine, even of February fourteenth at her home."

Upon consultation with her mother, she added another pretty valentine to the pile. It was addressed to "Master Placide DeCastro."

They were all sent out on the third-teenth. But it was nearly a week after the party when the post arrived. Placide as he was passing by, and handed him a valentine. It seemed a pity on the face of it, but no valentine ever imparted a greater degree of pure felicity than this belated one. It was a beautiful thing to happen to the sensitive, slighted, ridiculed boy to be remembered. He went singing and whistling about his work, the weight lifted off his heart, the sorrowful look gone from his face, his eyes bright with pleasure and hope.

Mrs. DeCastro accounted herself strong in the usage of polite society. "Now, Placide," she said, "you must acknowledge this compliment by acting accordingly to etiquette."

"Yes, ma'am," said Placide, more than willing.

"Seem you couldn't attend, nor send your regrets, you must make a party call. Let's see, Placide, your pa was a man that showed his wonder at you most grown into his swallow-tail coat by this time. This was your pa's dress-coat," she said, as she laid it out on the bed.

"That's all right," said Placide.

"Now slip in your arms and let's see how it will do." (The tall came within six inches of the floor.) "T'aint that long if it is a little loose," she said. "But it is a little loose, and the gentlemen's overcoats come clear down to their heels."

The white vest did pretty well by putting up a broad plait in the back. The mother's kid gloves did not wrinkle very much, and the shine on his shoes couldn't have been improved.

After being thoroughly instructed on various points, Mrs. DeCastro, in Dolly's parlour, "saw Miss Mabel, and sitting-room, announcing, "This young gentleman wants to see Miss Mabel."

They were all ladies and gentlemen. Mrs. Lawrence and Mabel, as re- densed, as he entered, but she arose as grave as a judge, and offered him a chair.

"This is Placide DeCastro, papa," she said to the doctor, who eyed him through his glasses in some amazement.

Placide executed his bow with great elegance and precision, saluting in the doctor's face, Mrs. Lawrence and Mabel ending up with a comprehensive salaam for the rest of the family.

"Please accept my respectful thanks, Miss Lawrence, for the kind in- vitation to your party," was his opening remark.

"I am sorry you didn't come; we had a very nice time," answered Mabel, politely.

"I opened the way for his second speech.

"I should, doubtless, have enjoyed the occasion extremely, but my attend- ance was prevented by circumstances over which I had no control. (This sentence he had memorized from a "Complete Letter writer.")

"Wouldn't your mother let you come?" asked Mabel.

"Not being exactly prepared for this, he answered naturally enough:

"Oh, yes, ma'am. The reason is, that I did not get the valentine till to-day."

"Why didn't you bring it along?" she replied.

"Otherwise, I should have been present or sent my regrets," recited Placide, seeing his opportunity.

When the doctor asked him, "Are you a member of the Young Men's Association?" he replied, "Yes, sir, I am pursuing my studies under the direction of Miss Rose Mayfield," and he was prepared with several other elegant replies to possible questions that might be asked. He was in a somewhat unfavorable to their introduction.

The doctor was regularly captivated; the quaintness of the whole proceeding was so novel, while the young man, "America" was a phenomenon worth studying. Once clear of the points of "etiquette" he found the boy quite simple and childlike, while the thought- fulness of his replies to the questions pleased his questioner very much.

"Not to outstay the proper limits of a call, Placide presently arose and made his adieu."

"The must have been poor De- Castro's professional call," said the doctor. "There is certainly something in that costume which gives an air of gentility to the wearer."

"I don't know," said Placide, looking a little puzzled.

"Not exactly, my dear; it looked as though he might be masquerading. There are some unusual elements of char- acter and zeal, which he seems to like his nerve. I doubt if another boy in the place could be induced to perform that little act of courtesy."

"The doctor determined to be of service to him. He really needed an office boy—an errand boy—a generally useful man, and he thought that Placide was exactly the kind of boy he wanted, and so he had been presently lifted to the topmost pinnacle of human bliss by the offer of the situation, with the privilege of retaining his studies under the direction of the tutor employed to pre- pare Hal and Archie for college. And that was the rise in the world.

These same questions of attentiveness and zeal, which secured him the first advance, in time enabled him to become the trusted associate of Doctor Lawrence.

A Dakota Belle in her Marriage Robe of Plain Pink Calico.

A tourist in Dakota recently attended an Indian wedding, and describes it in a letter. He says there was a large tent, with the front opened, and a row of stakes covered with canvas, making a fence upon each side leading to the outside was quite a small tent trimmed with all kinds of pretty feathers, and over the door a wildcat's skin trimmed with beads and porcupine quills. In the large tent, back in the centre, against a very gay curtain, sat a young girl, a half breed, not more than 15 years old, dressed in a skirt and jacket of pink, red and yellow calico as drapery, and on a little green trunk near the bridge sat the old chief wrapped in a buffalo robe, looking like a great bear.

Along on one side of the tent sat the women and girls, and on the other side the men, young and old. They were all painted prettily and wore all kinds of ornaments, bright blankets and feathers, and most of the men had on little clothing. Near the middle of this group were piled the provisions of the feast—meat, bread, and boiled corn.

The ceremonies began with the old chief drumming upon a drum and making a shout and noise like an animal. He then arose and walked around the tent, and at every step he bowed, and again walked around her, knoeked her hair, gave her something that he called "kiss," then took a tin cup and placed it before her. She took down and took a sip of what was in it, as she did also. He then stood up, went through with some mummings over her head, and then began to pass the feast first to the women and then to the men.

The girl took off her gay outside robe, and it was given to her mother. Underneath she had a short blue dress, and she took off that and a small white dress, and then she took a small eating was continued the poor little girl slipped out of the tent in a little plain pink calico dress, and with bare feet and legs, looking frightened and cold, went to her own tent all alone. They were ready for the dance.

A Flash of Silence.

Two women boarded a suburban train a few miles out of Cleveland. They talked the way into the car. That was to be expected and the other passengers resigned themselves to their fate.

Men who had never done anything worth talking about, and who had never learned in that short hour how to put them up. They knew in a few moments all that had occurred in one of the best-fitted suburban trains during the last twenty-four hours.

They heard how Jim got drunk and what a good fellow he was when sober.

They learned that notwithstanding his shiftless ways, his wife had the effrontery to wear a heavy and a heavy dress and went around to the neighbors displaying it under the pretence of want- ing sympathy.

"I tell you what, Miss Green," said one woman to the other, "Jim's wife just made me blin' hot comin' round with them new duds, gaudin' and sayin' she wishes she was dead, cause Jim was cuttin' up his tantrums. Say, though her little game, them duds, and I don't call on her in black silk to- morrow somebody'll be surprised."

Mrs. Green looked approval of her companion's acuteness and method of remark.

Then they talked about everything down to the irrelevant girl who never would "get married" cause she liked to be a spinster, and then they talked on. "Golly, said, 'Sally, died last Thursday out'n Kansas. Oh look at that girl's dress, did I ever see such a dress?" "No, I don't like them dark stars and stripes, ought to be a plain gaslight. Tell you what though, any man say anything to me, or try to steal my pocket-book I'd just knock him galesey west."

Then a little man, who had tried very hard to read his newspaper turned to Mrs. Green from his seat in front of her and said, "Madam, would you strike one of these unfortunate fellows? Remember you are armed, and as long as you have breath in your body you can defend yourself. Just talk to 'em. Give 'em a few lessons in can- ning fruit; 'em'll eat all about and the rest of your friends. If they don't die on your hands send for an ambulance and let 'em linger awhile at the hospital. That's all."

It was enough. After that there was a brilliant flash of silence.

Lucky Investments.

The live dream of a Lowell lady has been made a reality. Her 27-year-old son, who had been a student at the Lowell Normal School, had inherited a small amount of money in letters patent bearing the favorite number 272,751. She claims the purchase of the rights for the invention, who lost his health in the late war, rather than for her own speculation, notwithstanding her belief in the number. After years of patient waiting she has been assured by some of the best judges in the State that she has chosen a lucky number, as it appears that the goods which this patent covers are of considerable value. A Pennsylvania manufacturer tells a story of the inventor of a multiple of rolls or trucks used under the bottom of railroad cars between the truck frame and the body of the car. The inventor became poor for funds and desired a loan of \$100, assigning his patent as security. Out of sympathy the manufacturer gave him the money, never expecting, as he says, to ever get a dime of it back, and he has since made a fortune. He has his safe, where they lay undisturbed for ten years. One day a lawyer of his acquaintance called at his office and inquired if he ever bought a patent on a multiple of rolls for railroad cars. He reflected a moment he told him that about ten years before he had loaned an inventor some money on a car pa- tent, but he didn't ever expect to hear of it again. The lawyer told him that his patent was being used on al- most every car now being built, and a large revenue could be collected. Terms were soon negotiated for collect- ing license for the multiple rolls, so that the loaning of \$100 to help out the dis- tressed inventor brought him more money than all his other business.

An Ornamental Table.

The woman who has a small round or square-table with good-looking legs can convert it into a thing of beauty by covering the top with velvety plush or satin, and then, for a lambrequin, tack ribbons of various colors, but of the same width. The ribbons may vary in length, if one chooses to make them, allowing say every third ribbon to be a little longer than the ones each side of it. The ends of the ribbons may be notched or slanted, according to the taste of the owner.

NEW WEATHER SIGNALS.

Adopted for general use by the United States Signal Service on and after March 1, 1887.

With a view of securing a uniform system of signals throughout the country, it is recommended that flags now in use be replaced by those shown here- in. The flags are four in number and are as follows:

DISPLAY EXAMPLES.

Fair Weather, Blue. Rain or Snow, White. Fair Weather, Red. Rain or Snow, White. Fair Weather, Blue. Rain or Snow, White. Fair Weather, Red. Rain or Snow, White.

their use is urged for the benefit of the general public and those industries de- pendent, to a great extent, upon weather conditions. The "indications" are prepared at Washington by the chief Signal officer, daily, for the twenty-four hours commencing at 7 a. m.

As the weather indications are tele- graphed by a larger number of stations of the Signal Service, to Railroads, &c., in various sections of the country, there are many small towns where the weather indications are not practically to be obtained by tele- graph. At such places, the Signal Service, at the expense of the United States, to such places, they will always be fur- nished at Government rates, at twenty cents per message, sent collect.

The system is not complicated, the solid colors may be secured legally, and the flags may be made of bunting, at a cost of from 25 to 50 cents. The cotton cloth, at \$2. The displays here out- lined may be greatly extended and be- come one of the most valuable aids to farmers, shippers, and the public gen- erally, in the management of their business.

The fact is well understood, of course, that Great Britain and other parts of northern Europe owe much, in the matter of climate and temperature, to the warming influence of the Gulf Stream. The extent of the effect which is thus produced, according to the cal- culations made by Dr. Croil, almost ex- ceed belief, or even comprehension, in a mathematical sense. He has found, by careful scientific estimate, that the amount of heat conveyed northward in the Atlantic by this stream is equivalent to 77,475,650,000,000,000 foot-pounds of heat, or, which is equal to all the heat received by 1,560,335 square miles at the equator, and more heat than is conveyed by all the air currents—and so positive is its climatic effect, and so far reaching, that, according to Dr. Croil, the heat of the Arctic seas and North Atlantic would be diminished to that immense extent by the stoppage or diversion of the great ocean river.

Friday as a Day of Luck.

Friday is regarded as a day of evil omen, but it has been an eventful one in the history of the world.

Friday, Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery.

Friday, ten weeks after, he discovered America.

Friday, Henry VIII., of England, gave John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America.

Friday, St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States, was founded.

Friday, the "Mayflower" with the Pilgrims, arrived at Plymouth; and on Friday they signed that august com- pact, the forerunner of the present Con- stitution.

Friday, George Washington was born.

Friday, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified.

Friday, the surrender of Saratoga was made.

Friday, Cornwallis surrendered at York- town; and on Friday the motion was made in Congress that the United States were, at right ought to be, free and independent.

A Pot Pourri.

I have found an old recipe, warranted to be good—and which will be of great use in the gathering of the leaves of the sage in the garden in open bowls for two years if occasionally stirred up, in the closed pot pourri, which I am sure you will use, it will remain fragrant much longer. One is advised to pluck the rose leaves early in the morn- ing—with them have an equal quantity of lavender blossoms and put them in a large earthenware bowl. Add to this a pound of crushedorris root, and then, every two pounds add two ounces of bruised clove, of cinnamon, of allspice and common salt. Let the whole stand for about a fortnight, thoroughly mix- ing it every day with your hands and then it will be ready for use.

A man's folly ought to be his greatest secret.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Many quail have been killed by the cold weather in Illinois.

—Game is increasing in Yellowstone Park from all accounts.

—St. Louis follows Chicago in adopt- ing lower theatrical admission rates.

—It is figured that strikes and locu- tions cost the land \$25,000,000 in 1886.

—Immigrants arrived in the United States last year at the rate of 1,000 a day.

—The Queen of Greece takes her ar- rangings in a carriage for which she has paid \$5,000.

—A fire in a Poughkeepsie, N. Y., ice house a night or two ago, melted 25,000 tons of ice.

—A Washington lady has presented Mr. and Mrs. Wilson with a little marmoset, a small species of monkey, eight inches long.

—Japanese orange trees are being introduced into California. They will give a new and excellent variety of fruit.

—The cost of an ordinary glass of pure whisky, including the present tax, is said to be one and three-tenths cents.

—Three young Italian women are about to start for Rome on their way to Rome. Their object will be largely to direct attention to women's work.

—An almost naked insane man was found by a hunter in the woods of North Carolina. He had been crazed by the earthquakes in August, 1857.

—The numerous admirers of a Mont- ana great man recently gave him a recherche dinner. It consisted of three courses: boiled cabbage, prairie dog and whiskey.

—A large manufacture of paper bottles is to be entered into, patents having been secured in all probable fields of competition. It is an American invention.

—An English mastiff stopped a run- away in Wisconsin a few days ago. He attempted to seize the bridle but failing, caught the reins and held on to them until the driver stopped.

—During 1886 ten vessels bound to or from Philadelphia and owned there, with crews numbering 127 and nearly \$1,000,000 worth of property, were lost at sea and the Indian survivors.

—Last year eight peaks of the Alps, hitherto inaccessible, were ascended by adventurous parties, but eleven persons lost their lives in climbing, ten being killed and one to die of cold.

—The residents of Kinderhook, N. Y., say they met the ghost of a de- ceased neighbor on a lonely road near that village one night recently and had a long and entertaining chat with it.

—The "lover's Brule agency in Dakota," the Indian reservation, and four chapels. One hundred of their number are members of the church, in which they take great pride.

—While Captain Cameron, of Port- land, Oregon, was walking on a dock inside the harbor, a small boat, carrying a number of men, struck him, carrying it all away except a little bit between his teeth.

—A mass of petrified trees (ship- worms) is reported to have been found in the hills near the city of Helena, from the facing, by workmen who were quarrying filling for the Columbia and Puget Sound Railroad.

—A wind storm not long ago blew over a large strawstack on the farm of John Strawn, near Orleans, Illinois, and buried under it a steer. After thirteen days, other cattle having eaten the fallen straw, the steer walked out.

—Professor Croil, a well-known Norwegian geologist, announced that the beaver is now extinct in Northern Norway, but estimates that about 700 are still in existence in the South.

—The "Indian" reservation, thirty feet long and four feet wide, is a small unknown rifeless struck his rifle, carrying it all away except a little bit between his teeth.

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