B. F. SCHWEIER

A THEMELESS SONG. BY HORACE WALKER.

pear leafless muse, I have no theme to-day, there no set a that such as you could sing; so spread for me your bright bespangled

and murmur in my ear some roundelay.

And murmur sweetly as some shell might say,
Or habbling wavelet from a volcetess spring,
Where, initemorral, gayest mosses cling,
And earth's melodious bard still loves to

what mayis flying over Scottish Dees, what skylars in the blue above the world, Shall ask a luto- for his melodies? Een fountains rare in winding song have per ed.
go trach the nightingale in shady dell.
and after thou can'st write a Christabell"
—Claremont, N. H.

JOHN DERWEN'S WIFE.

The summer day was dying in the west; along the low, far-off line of the arizon the sky was full of flaming brightness, that mirrored itself in the hine waters that seemed to meet it. Higher up, the sky was full of purple shadows, shot through here and there with lines of gold.

Two persons walked along the beach-a man, who saw only the brightness in the face of the woman by his side, realizing in a vague way from her features, that held such a them for him, the splendor of the sunset pageantry.

She was looking out to sea. Tho most fires seemed to glow beneath the lashes of her eyes; its crimson radiance made her cheek bright and touched her hair with shifting lights. ol shall be gone three years," he wid softly, his eyes still on her face. "Three years are a long time," she

answered, slowly.
"I know that," he said; "but they cannot be longer to you than they will

She did not reply, but kept her eyes apon the fading brightness in the

"You will write often, I know," he said, taking her hand. "Your letters will help to make the time seem short-

"But you are not sure of getting them," she answered. "You are going far away, and into a country where one doesn't enjoy the means of correspondence with a great deal of certainty or reliability.'

"But I shall know you have written if I do not get your letter," he said. John Derwent had a vast amount of

faith in Agnes Brent. He loved her; consequently he trusted her. "And you are going to-morrow?"

She asked the question with a little shadow in her face. "Yes. I start to-morrow" he answered. "I shall not see you again.

I have come to bid you good-by. She dropped the long lashes of her wellds to hide the tears that gathered there. Her betrothed husband was going away for three lonesome years. e should miss him.

Like most women, sweet words and mender caresses were pleasant to her. No one had ever cared for her before as John Derwent did. To know that she was loved by some one-that in that person's regard she was the one woman in the world-was a knowledge fraught with pleasant emotions. They walked up and down the beach, while the sunset died away into som-

bregrayness, and till long after the vellow moon had started on her voyage un the sky. Then John Derwent kissed her good-

ay. She hung upon his neck, her warm tears falling swiftly, and would have kept him back. But he must go; and, with his kisses on her lips, he whisnered his words of parting-and

I wonder if the moon looked down an other scenes like that that night Did it see other lovers kissing goodbyes and parting with trust in each other's faithfulness through the days or months or years of separation?

The days went by. John Derwent reached his destination safely. The situation offered to him was a lucrative one, and in his new Australian home he was quite contented, feeling that love was waitlag him by and by that would amply repay him for the long days of lone-

some hours that were sometimes his. Letters came regularly for the first ear; not half as often as he could have wished them to, but as often as he could expect them. Pleasant, loving letters, that were full of tender little Wishes for his comfort and happiness,

and of longing for him to come back to her. It was so lonely after he left. It was pleasant for John Derwent to read such letters-to know that at home one heart was so true and tender. Mat one heart thought always of him, and yearned for his return.

"If every man could have a love like that which life has given to meyour love, Agnes," John Derwent wrote home in one of his letters, "there would be much more happiness than there is at present-fewer men who scoff at woman's truth and constancy. I never thought for a moment of doubting you, Agnes; I should not forgive myself if I were to do so. You are my ideal of all that woman should be -true, tender, womanly.'

You can see from that how much he cared for her-what faith he had in

The day was dying again in a pomp f purple glory. The sky had a gloomy ok about it, despite its lurid brightess where the sun had gone down. The wind mouned across the beach, and beat against the rock, where the waters had lashed themselves into a white foam of fury.

It had been a terrible day. The form had spent its violence now; but the ship that had struggled so nobly to save its crew had fallen a prey at last to wind and water, and lay a helpless wreck a little way out at sea.

Men and women gathered on the there. They cast anxious glances sea-*ard, and watched the waves to see if any semblance of humanity was swept to land by them.

A woman stood a little way off from the others—a tall, handsome woman in tich garments. She looks towards the wrecked vessel with a little pallor on her face.

Presently a wave leaped in shore ward, and then swept back again, saving a body on the sand. Seaweeds langled themselves in his wet hair and ing to the man's garments.

She cried out to some one close up her, and directly there was a little crowd about the body. They took it up reverently, as though they were bearing the dead; perhaps they were. They might be, for all they could tell

The man was taken to some place where shelter and care could be afforded, if there was any trace of life clinging to him, and medical aid summoned. He was not quite dead. There were great gashes on his face and bruises on his body, and the waves had nearly chilled out of kim the little life that other injuries had left him. But by and by he opened his eyes and looked

He saw the woman standing near to whose feet the waters had brought him, and a great light came into his face, and he whispered very faintly, but still loud enough for her to hear him, "Agnes, darling, I have come back to you. I knew you would be true. Come and kiss me, darling."

A cry of pain found its way to the woman's white lips. In that voice, so weak and low, and by the words, she recognized the man before her. John Derwent had come back to her, and he thought her true! And for a year she had been the wife of another man. "Don't you know me, Agnes?" he

whispered. "I'm dying, I think. Won't you kiss me?" She sank down beside him and kissed his face, her tears falling on it like rain. Her husband came towards her, wonderingly; but she motioned

him back, and he obeyed silently. "It's a different coming home from the one we thought of, darling," Derwent whispered; "but I knew you would be true, and I never doubted you for a moment, though I didn't get any letter for a long time-a very long time, darling; but I knew you would be true.

He said these last words in a dreamy way, and they knew he was drifting out to sea again—out to sea, past all wreck and storm; and on this voyage

there would be no coming back. Every word was like a knife-thrust in the heart of the woman who had been so faithless, and whom he thought

"I'm sorry, dear," he said, a mo ment after, opening his eyes and smiling in her face; "but we can't help it. I can die easier with you by me, darling. I knew you would be true! The bitter thrust again! She shiv-

ered like a guilty thing. "Kiss me!" he whispered. And she kissed him, once and again, and John Derwent's life went out into the great Eternal-sallied out to find the Happy Islands and the lands of which we dream-died thinking that the woman he loved was true.

It was better thus. But, I wonder if, in the Hereafter, he found out how faithless she had been? Did it touch his soul with thoughts of bitterness or was the new life too far removed from know any earthly care or disappointment Who can teli?

The Infantile Don'ts. Even the baby is the victim of re-

form. Methods employed twenty years ago are intolerable in the nursery of to-day.

The infantile don'ts are almost as numerous as the etiquettical negatives. Among the approved are: Don't rock the baby.

Don't let him sleep in a warm room Don't let him sleep with his head

Don't let him sleep with his mout

Don't "pat" him to sleep. Don't try to make him sleep if he i

not sleepy.

Don't let him nap in the afternoon Don't let him be kissed. Don't let him wear any garment that is tight enough to bind his throat, arms. waist or wrists.

Don't have ball-buttons on the back Don't have clumsy sashes on the back of his dress.

Don't cool his food by blowing it. Don't feed him with a tablespoon. Don't use a tube nursing-bottle. Don't change the milk you started

Don't bathe him in hot or cold Don't bathe him more than three

times a week. Don't allow a comb to touch his Don't let him eat at the family

Don't let him taste meat until he

Don't let him sleep on a pillow. Don't coax, tease, torment, mimic or scold him. Don't whin him.

Don't make him cry. Don't notice him when he pouts. Don't frighten him. Don't tell him about ghosts, boogs boos or bad places. Don't shake him.

The Court Was With Him.

A young lawyer was making his maiden effort before a jury in defense of a criminal. The evidence was all in, and he arose to utter the brilliant thoughts that had been surging through his brain. He was primed for a fine display of oratorical pyrotechnics, but somehow or other he could not get a start. His mind became a blank and he stood trembling for a moment. Then waving his arms he began: May it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury-My-ahem! My--. Officer, kindly get me a drink of

water." He waited for the attendant to return and tried to gather his faculties. After taking a sip of water he began again: "May it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury, I am happy-

After a pause he again extended his arm and exclaimed: "May it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury. My unfortunate client-."

This impressed him as a particularly bad opening, so he again hesitated. "Go on, counsellor," said the Judge, encouragingly, "so far I am with you." -Chicago News.

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade.

We who are close upon the nine teenth century, and very proud of our "progress," might find one good opin-ion of ourselves a trifle shaken did we look back into the history of the world little more.

We need not imagine that the world's march has been one unbroken, upward progression, until crowned by our boasted civifization. We may indeed be justly proud of some of our attainments, but in other respects we may as justly humble ourselves before the civilization of the Ancients. This is rue of many things, but of none more so than in the matter of personal cleaniness. It is only within a comparatively short time that modern sanitary science has sufficiently developed to recognize the vital importance of personal cleanliness, not only to the indi-vidual, but to the race. Yet ancient nations knew this at a very early perod, and even their small cities were doundantly provided with the means to

nsure it. From inscriptions and remains it appears probable that the cities of the Assyrian, Babylonian, and Persian empires, had large, free public Baths; and It is certain that the Egyptians were amply supplied with them. Moses— learned in all the wisdom of Egypt knew the sanitary value of personal cleanliness, and did not fail to give to frequent bathing a religious import, that it might never be neglected among the Jews. It was probably from the Egyptians that the Greeks also obned their knowledge of the Bath and

The warm Bath must have been well stablished in Greece, and the adjacent ands 3,000 years ago, for Homer alludes to its use among the Greeks, and Trojans, as well as in the countries visited by Ulysses. Hippocrates—that "mighty father" of the healing art speaks of the importance of bathing, as I e does of air, temperance and food, as f a l slike, being common things, were not properly appreciated for their preservative and healing qualities.

The Greeks were probably the first ceople to convert their hot springs nto capacious Baths, though the Jews dso had several that were early famed or the cures ascribed to them. Romans always carried everything to afternoon. colossal proportions and the Bath was no exception to the rule. Acknowledged as a public necessity, it became health of the Roman people under expractice of ambitions men, wishing cesses that would soon exterminate any ite institution. to carry favor with the populance, to erect magnificent Baths for public acommodation. These increased with the wealth and size of the city, until, n the reign of Tiberius, there were learly 900 Baths in Rome, most of which were free, or nearly so;" while no villa was considered complete with out being provided with suitable bathing apartments." At first these Baths for utility only, but as the sevenbilled-city became unhealthfully rich with the spoils of wronged nations, a speaking of the costly construction of private Baths, adds—"And what shall say of our public Baths? We have some to that pitch of luxury that we lisdain to tread upon anything but

precious stones. The public Bath which Nero built after the burning of Rome, to divert the suspicions of the populace, who justly regarded him as the incendiary was a splendid structure, but small in comparison with some of the gorgeous buildings of later Emperors. It is o the Baths of Nero that we first find applied the name of Therma-from he Greek Thermos, beat. After this

ime it was applied to all the public Raths of Rome. All of the many Baths given to Rome by successive Emperors were of wonlerful magnificence, but those of Carcalla are the most celebrated, because their remains have suffered least from he savages of war and time. Every ourist who visits Rome is taken to see he vast ruin, and countless descrip ions have been written; but none is better that than by America's own artst-poet-W. W. Story-in his Roba di

ma, from which we make a few exracts. "Come with me to the massive rain of Caracalla's Baths climb its lofty arched, and creep, along the broken roofs of its perilous terraces. Golden gorses and wall flowers blaze there n the sun, out of reach; fig trees, whose fruit no hand can pluck, root themselves in its clefts; pink sweet peas, and every variety vetch, here blooms in perfecion; tall grasses wave their feathery dumes out on dizzy and impracticable edges, and nature seems to have deighted to twine this majestic ruin with ta loveliest flowers Look down from your dizzy height. Sunken in ground are monstrous, inform blocks, the fragments of the ceiling that roofed with mosaics these spacious halls. When these great pieces fell Rome shook with their thunder, and the people said- There is an earthquake. Of the giant granite columns which once bore them up, nothing now remains save shaltered fragments Of the giant granite columns strewed upon the ground... The stat-ues and precious marbles of antiquity are all gone, save a few broken bits and relics, kept in a fenced-in-cham-ber below. The Farnese family, and t eir successors the Frati, swept the place of every thing. Its aucient mar-ble guests, the Flora, the Farnese Bull, e Hercules, and the Venus Callipyge, e now in the Museum of Naples; and n the Villa Borghese and the Museum San Giovanni in Laterano, you may e portions of the mosaics of athletes which once adorned these walls. The loping pavement of black and white aic crumbles away daily under the ooth of time, and the reckless destrucveness of travellers. Sheep and goats ibble under the shadow of the masive walls that still stand as tirm as ever ... Nothing could be more peace-ful, grand and beautiful than these ountainous ruins.

"Let us reconstruct them as tand here, and imagine them as they vere in the days of their perfection. They were begun by Caracalla in the year 212, continued by Heliogabalus, and finished by Alexander Severus. The Baths themselves covered a vast, oblong rectangular space which, it is mid, may be roughly estimated as about eighty times the superficial area cov-ered by New York city's great Madison Square Garden, on one floor of which nearly 20,000 people may be comfort-tbly seated at one time.] "At each end was a large hall with a semicircular tribune all paved in the richest mosaic. These were probably devoted to gladia torial exercises, to recitations of posts, and to lectures by Philosophers and Phetoricians. Connecting them was an mmense oblong apartment called the pinacotheca, or cella-caldaria, where

were the hot baths. On one side o

BATHS, ANCIENT AND MODERN. these and on a lower level, we an another clamber, similar in shape, containing the cold baths, and called cellating their Baths, there are few, save the frigidaria. On the other side was a frigidaria. On the other side was a wounded, who are obliged to endure it. vast circular edifice, called the laconicum, which was composed of a large Bath of the Greeks, Romans and Turks central hall, surrounded by chambers, into modern Western Europe, w. are and containing the vapor baths. The indebted to David Urquhart, an enthu-

rise the giant towers and arches of the laconicum, through whose open spaces gleams the western sky. The cella could be relieved if the pores of the laconicum, through whose open spaces glesms the western sky. The cella could be relieved if the pores of the skin were fully opened, and having previously observed the action of the Bath in this regard, he submitted him-"Outside the central building was an

open space, surround d by porticoes Bath, as it thus existed in Constantiand gardens, and containing a gymnasium, stadium, arena, and theatre, where were relaxed, perspiration came to his games, sports, plays and races took relief, and the cure was complete. place; and beyond the porticoes on the Eight years later a Dr. Barter westerly side was a reservoir to supply the baths. Within the baths of this magnificent enclosure could be accommodated 1600 bathers at one time."

But, vast as they were, these were not the largest public baths of ancient Rome. Those of Diocletian, which were said to have been built by the labor of 40,000 Christians at the command of that great persecutor, afforded baths to twice as many persons as those of Caracalla. Some portions of the remains of this structure are now utilized as studios, granaries, churches and prisons. In its very centre stands the noble church of Sta. Maria degli Angeli, built by Michael Angelo, and taking its form from that of the walls of the cella caldaria. "Here one still sees the massive col-umns of Egyptian granite in their old places, and from the vaulted roof still hang the metal rings from which the ancient lamps depended.

"Besides these there were the Baths of Agrippa, of Constantine, of Nero and Severus, and those of Titus.

. The extraordinary number of Thermae shows how universal among the Romans was the daily use of the bath. It was not confined to rich but extended to all, and was usually taken after exercise, and be-fore the principal meal of the day, which was then about three o'clock in

To this universal use of the bath is

undoubtedly attributable the general

people living under modern conditions The superfluous and poisonous matter which otherwise would soon have carried the transgressors to their dishonored graves, was daily removed from the system by the activity and diligence of those untiring little slaves, the pores of the skin. Entering the bath after open air exercise in the gymnasium—for these though covered by a roof were always open on the sides to the free circulation of air—the pores were ready to be stimulated to their proper work by the intensely hot of glass 28x36 carefully against the foot as it appears in its natural state. Dangling hands stand first of all for structure and decoration. Seneca, with the weight of the body on it. laziness, and who can "abide" that?

—Lewistown, Me., ha writing in the reign of Claudius, after —answering to the hot-rooms of the broken pane on the dining-room table. Then the usual material state Dangling hands stand first of all for —Lewistown, Me., ha o'd girl who prattles in modern Turkish Bath-were heated by removed his coat, and otherwise large stoves below them, much as modern houses are heated by furnaces. Here the bathers reclined on marble slabs, and whiled away the time with games, or chat, until the perspiration, flowing freely, had effectually the clogged system. This and the farther processes of shampooing and douching with tepid or cold water, seem to have been almost strictly identical with those of the best con ducted of the so called Turkish Baths of the present; and indeed the latter is a lineal descendant of the Roman, as that was of the Greek Bath. When the Romans established their seat of empire in Constantinople they carried

the two or three prices legacies which the civilization of that dominant and

corrupt, but highly intellectual people,

left to the world

The Turks, succeeding to the Em-pire of the East, had the good sense to adapt some of the best things left by their predecessors. The religion of Mahomet advocated cleanline s, and the Turks soon saw that the Hot-air Bath of the Romans served this pur-pose better than any other form. For various reasons Christianity had but sorrowful associations with the great Baths of Rome. Christians had labored on them and in them as slaves to the hardest and vilest of task-masters, and they were all dedicated to ancient gods, which were, in truth, bu-deified vices. Hence, when Christian Rome rose upon the ruins of Pagan Rome the great Baths were not re opened to the public; and gradually the use of even private baths was dis-continued under the pressure of a su-perstition which held that all self-sacrifice was commendable; that no form of nature then that of personal cleanliness; ergo, the greater the filth, the more the merit. From the beginning of time pestilences have followed close putty, prying out splinters of glass upon war and famine. In Medieval Europe, they sprang up and spread ercise by occasional remarks of a par without such inducing causes. "They oxysmal and incendiary nature. were the scourge of God for sin," said the people. It was true, War and famine were sins, and so is dirt. The pestilences which under various names devastated Western Europe all through the middle ages, were God's punish-ments for the sin of filth.

The Turk profited by his adoption of the Bath. He found that the Koman armies were the least affected by rickness of any armies in the world, because wherever they went they established their Baths, as existing remains in all countries conquered The Turk, copy- again. Komans amply show. ing the Romans, did the same thing with the same result. To this day the Turkish armies suffer less from sickness than those of their (otherwise) more enlightened neighbors. The Duke of Weilington reckoned ten per cent. to be deducted for sickness from the effective force of every English Army, even when it is supposed to be in the best possible condition. Yet in "Moltke's Campaign" (Russo-Turkish, 1828-9,) the average number of Turks in hospitals-raw levies, in war timeis set down at but five per cent. "Thanks to their excellent state of health, cases of illness are so rare"says Mr. Skene, writing at the time of the Crimean war .- "that on one occasion, when fifty men out of 3450 were in hospital, the circumstance appeared so alarming that an extraordinary con sultation was held." Urcini. in his "Lettres sur la Turquie"—writing of a time when the Russians occupied the crawled under the bed and went. Principalities conjointly with the Turks

says, "It has happened that the same day, after a parade, 300 Russians had to go into hospital, out of whom 160 died in a few days; while there was not a single case of death in the Ottoman Army." Their Baths serve the Turkish Armies of to-day, as they did the Roman legions of old, in lieu of hos.

modern staircase, by which we ascend siastic Englishman, to whose energy change in the styles that the shoe of to the platforms of the ruins, occupies and con a ce the world owes a deeper the past, and the not very long past, to the platforms of the ruins, occupies one of the pillars of the cella-caldaria; debt than it is conscious of. More than so that, looking down over the side forty years ago Mr. Urquhart's attertion was called to the Turkish Bath as of old all shoes were made for service. Care was taken in selecting the stock, debt than it is conscious of. More than either, and that of the present are diara, and opposite it the long hall of the cella caldaria; while still beyond sun-stroke and not within reach of the work was all performed by hand,

> nople. As a consequence the pores Eight years later a Dr. Barter was given by Mr. Urquhart a copy of his travels in which this experience was remany forms. lated. On reading it a conviction of the supreme importance of this Bath, both as a preventive and a cure of

but effective treatment of the Hot-Air

disease, flashed upon the mind of Dr. Barter. He immediately wrote to Mr. reporter.
"There's where you make a mis-Barter. He immediately wrote to all.
Urqubart, offering men, money and
materials if he would superintend the
materials if he would superintend the
only five kinds of ladies' shoes, the hart accepted the position, and in button, front lace, side lace, tie and 1856, the foundation of the first Hotair Bath in modern Europe, outside of Turkey, was laid at St. Anne's Hill,

Cork, Ireland.
This Bath differed from its successors almost as the steam engines, which to-day thunder from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans across our vast continent, differ from the model of Stevenson's first engine, now kept in the Washington Patent Office. The principle was there, but it required much study, and many experiments, to bring either to "What is its present degree o perfection. The first step toward improvement was ap-

parently backward. Dr. Barter looked behind the modern Turkish Bath to the Turk's model-the grand Baths of Rome, studying their remains and their history, and applying their principles in the modest way which alone was in his power, he constructed a Bath which has been the model of succeeding ones in every part of Europe and America, including even Constant nople itself: for the Turks-usually so slow in innovations-were quick to

Twenty seven years ago the Hot-air Bath (still called Turkish) was intro duced in America by Dr. Charles H. Shepard, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who went to Ireland on purpose to study the operations of the Dr. Barter's Baths; and thence to Constantinople, to see those of the Turks.

Mr. McSwat's Economy.

"I could never see," briskly observed cleared the decks for action, "why any man should pay a glazier a \$2 bill fo a job of this kind when he can do i himself at a cost of less than half the figure. Hand me that case-knife, Lo

Mrs. McSwat complied with his re quest and he began to dig out the hard putty and bits of broken glass still re maining in the eash.

"These glaziers," he continued "ain't satisfied with a moderate profit They want to hog the whole thing. This pane of glass cost me 75 cents and these three-cornered tin figger and this lump of putty were thrown in. A glazier could have bought the ottfit for 50 cents, and then he'd have made \$1.50 for about twenty minutes work. Catch me paying any such Lobelia, take this putty and

work it into-ouch!" Mr. McSwat's case-knife had slipped and his hand had collided violently with a piece of broken glass. "Billi ger, you have cut yourself!" exclaim

"It's nothing, Lobelia," he said. "A man may expect a little scratch or two when he's at work of this kind. This dinged putty comes out awful hard Gol-lee for gosh all snakes! There' another gash. Get me a rag, quick Don't stand there with your fingers i your mouth. Do you want me bleed to death right here?"

"Don't work at it any more, Bill ger," pleaded Mrs. McSwat. "You" cut your hands all to pieces." "Who's doing this job?" roared Bil liger, as he wrapped his thumb in the handkerchief his wife had given him

"Stand out of my way!" For the next half-honr he prance about the table, digging out hardened and varying the monotony of the ex-

At last, however, he laid the sast ready for the reception of the glass. "Lobelia," he called out, "is the putty ready?" "Of course it is," she replied.

worked it till it was nice and soft and put it on the table where you could ge when you-oh Billinger! You've knocked it down and trampled it al over my nice rng!"

"It'll wash out, Lobelia," said Mr McSwat reassuringly, and he gathered by the up the putty and rolled it into a lump "Now I'll put the glass in Anybody that can't put in a pane of common window-glass," he went on as he lifted the sash, "no matter how big it is, ought to be"-

> "It's only a corner, Lobelia. It won't show. I can fix all that so i

> "Blame the everlasting dad-squiz zled"-Crash!

Smash! Jingle! Blank the whole billy - be - dash blanked business!" Mr. McSwat tumbled the remains of

his 28x36 pane of glass on the floor,

jumped up and down on them, and howled, while Mrs. McSwat retired to an upper room, locked the door Mr. Billiger McSwat the sext day paid a \$5 bill to a glazier for doing the job, and told him in a voice of thunder, to keep the change and be hanged to

-Musical notes, as now used, invented in 1830.

himl

DIAGNOSING LADIES' FEET,

Shoes or foot coverings of some sort have been and will continue to be worn as long as there is any one left to wear them, but fashion is making such a widely dissimilar, indeed. In the days and the result was a shoe that had cheap, ready made shoes, a great change is noticed, especially in ladies' stoes. Instead of being made exclusively for service, they are made for show, and that is about all there is to

some of them. A Times-Star reporter called vesterday at the shop of a veteran shoe-maker, and gleaned some information on the subject of shoemaking in its

"Isn't there even a great difference in the style of shoe of to-day and that of say fifteen or twenty years ago?" was one of the questions put by the

are only different trimmings. There is a growing tendency for trimmed shoes, and some very fancy designs are gotten up. One of the tolerably late shoes is the undressed kid, and it will prob. est, rugged-minded woman can leave office was opened in 1881, the first Garably be very much worn. The mate-rial is soft and pliable, cool, and is of borne in upon my mind when I have which most of the ladies' shoes are

reference to corns and bunions?" was ings, that no doubt she repeated often

sked.

"All the difference in the world. In this: "I can't abide dangling hands!" making a ready-made shoe thousands. Don't you hear her saying it! Don't —Speciacles were invented in the of pairs are turned from one style of you see her saying it—she, whose hands gear 1330, but were not in general use last, and it is safe to say that on an average not one foot in a hundred will exactly conform to the dimensions of that last. Now, imagine the other One of the dictionary meanings of ninety-nine pairs of feet thrust into shide, is to dwell." It is very hard shoes that are not their exact shape. to dwell with dangling hands. An-They are wider here, smaller there, other definition is 'to be patient with,' the instep is too high or too low and and it is equally hard to be patient many other kindred faults. This with dangling hands. Why? Not besqueezing and compressing of feet is cause they may not be beautiful. They going to injure them in some way and the most common form it appears in is Hence corn doctors are multiplying.

in a chair and removes her shoe. The able thing about the hands, if I may be able thing she is ordered to do is to allowed to use somewhat peculiar, inplace her foot on the leaf of the order volved language. You all know what the roof, and never descends until it Mr. McSwat, as he leaned a new pane book. Then we trace the outline of the I mean. customer. For instance, a person with a fle hy foot can stand a tight shoe, whereas the thin, nervous foot can not stand one with comfort. All these the vork of those dangling hands. not stand one with comfort. All these little things count in making ease and ness. If we go through life doing comfort. When the last is prepared it nothing with the instruments given to will be the exact shape and size of the use, some one looses something; bless-customer's foot. To fit this we cut our tugs are not dropped along the way. material and the result is that when stones and briars are left in the the shoe is completed it is exactly all of struggling fellow mortals that help-

that a shoe is intended to be. The reporter was shown a number with some lady's name. After one open to let the warm sunshine in, style on the same last and a perfect fit measurement shoes can be made in any will be secured. One last was shown Opportunities slip by, bits of happithe reporter which the shoemaker had ness and materials for comfort go used in making a lady's shoes for waste, pleasures and duties get lost, twenty years. The only alteration better made on it in all that time was the the cracks of life's floor and are never would seem that the female instep important opinion prevalent that if one does proves with age. The cost of a custom nothing evil, he is good. It is not althan the ready made shoe, inasmuch as the material for one pair costs the small dealer almost as much as a finished material for one pair costs the small dealer almost as much as a finished

The Rule Not the Exception.

Husband-"These trausers that 1 think. nave not a single suspender button on. either: the others are all married men, in, then to the clear,

Toeing the Scratch.

There had been some hard words be ween Julius and Moses before, as ear as I could make out. Moses was blacking my boots on the

veranda when Julius came around from the kitchen, and began: "Look heah, boy; I'ze dun got yeball on yon, an' de fust thing you know I'll pound you to squash!

"Shoo! Does you know who s conversin' wid?" demanded Moses 'Doan' you talk to me dat way, black man '

"Who's black man?." "You is."

"You was a liar, sir!" "So was you!"

"Look out, boy! A feller dun call ne liar one time, and the county had to bury him." "An' you look out for me, black man; I'ze mighty hard to wake up, but when I gits aroused I woz pizen

all de way frew." "Shoo! I jus; want to say to you dat de las' fight I was in it took eight mad, boy, doan' you do it." "Bum! I dass put out my han

right on yo' shoulder. "An'I dass put my hand on yours. "Now what yer gwine ter do?" "Now, what you gwine ter do?" "Shoo! "Shoo!"

And after standing in defiance for and went about his business, to renew ivn Eagle.

-A family of six brothers and sisters, they are as chaff upon the wind before lying near Richmond, Va., have a good wholesale impudence. rifle over 280 pounds apiece.

CHORES.

Jed Doreum always used to say When we asked him to come and play With us boys down to Harry More's. "I've patter stay and do the chores." No recreation would be take; For all his weath in jelly cake; No relation to not of doors— He had to stay and do the chores.

We drove a woodchuck in the wall, But Jed he paid no heed at all; A circus passed through Lower Town, But bins, Jed, he couldn't go down. The elephant went tramping by And shook the earth and touched the sky. The tiger howls, the lion roars, Jed stays at home and does the chores.

Much like Jed Dorcum are we all who long for geat things and do small; We moil among the trivial sods. Within the gardens of the gods. While the dark clusters hang above Rich with the juice of life and love. We cannot reach and pluck them down, These fair pomegranates of renown. Whose juice life's early hope restores, For we must work and do the chores.

Above us sternly loom forever
The mighty Momatains of E-deavor,
And who so on their summit stands
Looks on sun-kessed table-lands.
We grasp our mountain-staff to climb
Their sky-enshrouded peaks sublime,
Up where the crystal torrent pours—
And then we pause to do our chores.

We start with courage in the heart To try the endlessness of art, In hope that we may speak some day The word the Spirit bids us say. But ere we speak the word aright. The shadows come and it is night. Fut out the light and close the doors, For good or ill we've done our chores.

-(Sam Walter Poss, in "Yankee Blade."

DANGLING HANDS,

BY JUANITA STAFFORD,

What lasting influence a good, earnabout the same cost as dressed kid, of which most of the ladies' shoes are now made."

heard Robert Collyer begin "My good mother used to say," and then give some nugget of wisdom or common-"What is the difference in effect be-tween a ready-made shoe and one that is made to order, on the foot, with

One of the dictionary meanings of

in the shape of corns and bunions.

Hence corn doctors are multiplying.

Then why? Well, because they are "It is different with a shoe made by of a luman being, and that human measure. The customer comes in, sits being, man or woman, is the disagree-

foot are taken and we are ready to for others but she does nothing for herprepare the last. A man to measure self. Things must be done. The lazy roperly should be able to diagnose a person is always the last one to wish

Again, dangling hands means selfish ful hands should "gather out," warming fires go unkindled and some one is of lasts, each of which was marked cold, the dark shutter is not flung wide

and some poor suffering one sits in the Dangling hands means shiftlessness things than gold slip through tacking on of a piece of leather on the seen again, the zest of living is gone, instep to make it higher. From this it life is flavorless. There is a sort of day. shoe, of course, is a great deal more ways true. So far as the doing nothing marching forward we are marching frisky. ready mais pair .- Cincinnati Times backward. If we stand with dangling hands, good life slips by us and we are left behind, and we might as well have turned our backs and fled-better. I

ant to wear on the fishing party my mind—"Handsome is that handwe not a single suspender button on." some does," and so in no sense can Wife (sweetly)—"Then, John, if dangling hands be beautiful, no matter your party is drowned I shall be able how perfect their symetry or fair their identify your body from the others." color. If our hands and our faces do Husband (savagely)--"No, you won't, not stand for something beautiful with far-seeing eye too."-Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly, they are not beautiful. Let us all say, and mean it as we say it, the good

words of Madame Collyer: "I can't acide dangling hands!"

A Lively Sitting.

"I hyah dah wus a pooty libely time down till de pokah 'semblage at Mistah Jenkins' las' night." "Yes; I don' quit de game foh 11 elock.

"Whntfoh?" "Well, I couldn' quite un'stan' som ob de peccolyahties ob de pack of "What wus it roused yoh spichons?"

I hel' foh jacks." "Yea." "An' in absen' mindedness, drawed for traveling." foh ernuddah." "Yes."

"An' filled de han'."-Washington Post. Great is the Power of Impudence.

The half of the effectiveness of im-

pudence is not realized by the great majority of mankind, which is fortunmen to hold me. Doan' you get me ate in so far that if they comprehend it it would be impossible for society to continue to exist upon its present foundations. He who has impudence is better dowered for making in the world than he who has beauty, strength, wit, intelligence or wisdom. all of which are yet esteemed good things in their way. He is even better provided than the man who inherits moment, each backed slowly away wealth, since by virtue of this mighty quality he has command of the purses the "defi" at the first opportunity, and of others, is above millionaires, for of is then threaded through the whole, always with the same result .- Brook- them he makes his playthings: beauty and a piece of round wood is fastened hows to him, virtue is under his feet; to the wire to pull it through (D). If while as to learning and mere ability | the wire curl- either way, this can soon

NEWS IN BRIEF.

-Germany has 6,000,000 acres of for--Cannons were first used in the year

-- The first English clocks were made In 1608

-Petatoes were introduced into veland in 1589.

- The first coach was made in Engand in 1594. -The as essed value of New York

State Is \$1,779,398,746 -- The gold comare of England is made of 22 carat gold, not 18 carat.

-- Emile Zola is usually about nine months writing one of his novels. -Two centuries and seven different men claim the invention of gunpow-

-Green Lake, Col., 10,252 feet above the sea level, is the highest lake in the world. - Wisconsin's wheat crop is estimated

at eighty-six and a half per cent. of a full vield. -Baltimore, Md., boasts of a New-

foundland dog that is an expert in catching thieves. -Printing was invented at Mentz, by Guttenberg, in 1450; introduced in-

to England in 1471, -The greatest long distance broycle riding record is 745 miles in fifty-four and one-half bours.

-Postoflic's were first established in France in 1464. The first English postman office in 1641. The average French family embraces

three members and the average Irish family five. In England the average number of members of a family is -More than \$1,000,000 was received

in London, England, during the past year in dog taxes. The London police are vigilant in this direction, if no oth-

-In New York City the quantity of hnckleberries sold is ten times that of any other berry. Dried buckleberries in winter time, always bring a fair

fact that people with a tendency to consumption are never bald. On the contrary, they usually possess a luxuriant -Melons were first called canteloupes from being cultivated near Canteluppi

a village near Rome, where they had

-It is pointed out as an interesting

been introduced from Armenia by misstonaries.

-Lewistown, Me., has a three-year-

were of different mattenality, and she ickel up English from visitors. -A new style of saddle cloth has the inderside made like a waitle. The holes and their edges are butended to hold fast to the horse's hide and pre-

vent slipping if the saddle-girth is not

fastened firmly.

-A railroad tunnel 4000 feet long, is being drilled through a mountain peak near the village of Galera, Penn., which is 15,000 feet above the level of the sea and 600 feet above the perpetual -There are 5000 clubs in the United

States, whose aggregate membership is 50),000, and on whose list are enrolled the names of many of the famous men of the day. -The output of matches in the United States amounts to \$12,000,000 a year. One cuble foot of lumber produces exactly 15,000 sticks of matches. and an ordinary match manufactory

turns out about 40,000,000 sticks a

-An Alabama man possesses a curr-

osity in the shape of two trout grown

together like the Samese twins -!t is not definitely known who brought the wheat seed to America. When this continent was discovered the

only cereal that grew here was malze

Wheat was introduced into Britian by for rearly 4000 years, The locomotives in the United States if coupled together would make a train miles long, the passenger cars would make 200 miles more, and would carry 1 500,000 people, addition of all the freight cars the train would be more than 7000 miles

long.

States Army, says the climate of the Dak t sadds to one's stature. When ordered to that country he was over twenty-one years old and had reached the age when growth was supposed to stop, but during a residence there of over a year be grew three and a half nches. -Some immigrants carry tin trunks. It is easy to imagine what happen to a

tin trunk when an ordinary trunk falls

on it. "Why anybody should make a

tin trunk," a baggagemaster says, "is

more than I can understand, They

-Lieutenant Maxwell, of the United

may be good enough to stand in a house to put things in, but they are worthly sa



HOW TO STRAIGHTEN WIRE. Herewith is given a simple method

of straightening any kind of wire, either hard or soft, which may be useful to the housekeeper: In the illustration A is a strong piece of wood, in which strong wire nails are driven in a zig-zag shape, as shown. A staple (C) is driven in about the centre of the wood, for the wire to pass through before going through the nails. The wire be remedied by knocking the nails sideways alternately. A little practice will soon show how the eurl can b P. Down.