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S. F. SCHWEIER. THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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HELEN.

I am Helen; and my name
Is a glory and a shame;
For my beauty was Earth's crown
And my sin struck cities down.

Oh, the days, and oh, the dances,
When I was queen,
By the glamour of my glances
And the splendor of my spleen!
My life was all romance,
And no dull day's passing
From the golden dawn
Where I reigned alone,
As a woman's eyes,
I descended from a throne,
And my life, like lightning
Leaping on a moonlit stream,
Now crept still and stately
As a river in a dream.

He came;
In his eyes was flame;
And a curse death,
Unknown by name,
The golden dire,
Neared my frame
Took all my fame
With him.

The years, the long weary years are lost;
They lie fallow, and no one heed
Like the guilt of Phyrne [illegible]
In the [illegible] Phyrne [illegible]
Showing on [illegible] dying wound,
[illegible]
Sorrow [illegible]
They pass in [illegible] by me;
And when [illegible] the ocean is dione,
Lo! the [illegible] dying appears,
Smiling and [illegible] is more
The [illegible] has [illegible]

THE JUDGE'S DOUBLE.

"Dear papa," said Judge Laurance's pretty daughter, dropping a letter upon the breakfast table, "good news! Cousin Nelly is coming from New York to spend the winter with us."

"Glad to hear it, my dear," the judge replied, as he broke his egg into a tumbler. "We must do what we can to make her visit a pleasant one."

"That settles it. We must go to the carnival," said Letty, promptly.

Her father burst into laughing. Ever since the papers had announced the great event Letty had given him no peace. "Go to the Montreal Carnival we must and shall," she had asserted at least a hundred times, for her powers of persistence were strong, and her father was very indulgent; and though he demurred at present, she felt confident of victory. But this sudden visit of Cousin Nelly, his favorite brother's child, was a trump card in her hand. Letty played it and won.

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"Now, dear Aunt Bonar," cried the two Misses Laurance together, "do tell us how Charlie is going to dress at the rink. We're just dying to know. Because everybody says it's a dead secret."

"One at a time, please, girls," entreated their aunt, evasively. "Nelly, you're looking splendid. I haven't seen you since you were ten years old."

"When everybody said I was the ugly duckling," retorted that young lady.

"But all's well that ends well," said Mrs. Bonar, with an approving glance at the pretty speaker. "Now, girls, you must stay to tea. Run upstairs and take your things off."

"How can we, Aunt Bonar, when we are going to the ball at the Windsor to-night?"

"I shan't let you off on that plea. Why, I haven't seen Nelly for ten years. You can leave here early, in time to dress, and Charlie shall take you home."

So it was settled. The two girls tripped upstairs. Letty, used to the house, led the way. It was getting dark, and inside their aunt's chamber both sat down on a lounge and, as is the way with girls on the eve of a ball, gossiped for fully half an hour.

"How dreadfully dark it is!" cried Letty, at last. "Light the gas, Nelly."

A bright glare illumined every corner as Nelly complied. She had her back to her cousin, and was standing before a pier-glass when she suddenly saw Letty's face in the mirror. The terror in it horrified Nelly. She turned quickly round. Letty uttered a piercing shriek; then Nelly, looking past her, saw the reason.

A man was standing by the wardrobe, tall and perfectly motionless; his hat came down almost to his neck; his face she could not see. He must have been in the room all the time—indeed, before they entered it. Of course he was a burglar! Letty still screamed, and fled wildly; but Nelly stood her ground. The absolute stillness of the fellow filled her with dread. Obeying a sudden impulse, she ran up and shook his arm violently. A strange rustling ensued. Off fell the hat, and the brazen bust of Milton was revealed beneath. Quick-witted Nelly comprehended the situation at a glance, and her aunt and cousin, rushing in a moment later, found her in fits of laughter.

"It's a straw man, Letty," she gasped, "that Charlie's put here to frighten us!"

"Oh, no, indeed!" protested Charlie's mother, "he's not so bad as that. I forget it was here. It is Charlie's skating get-up for the masquerade at Victoria rink."

Now that the cat was out of the bag, their aunt took great pains in showing them this evidence of her beloved son's ingenuity. The youth of Montreal endeavor to out-Herod Herod at these fancy dress skating entertainments. The ladies blaze in radiant attire and quaint disguise, and many a gallant follows in their train; but proudly high swells the heart of that youth who can sport the supremely grotesque.

Young Bonar had won this distinction. On the back of his straw man he sailed around the rink light of heart and light of heel, the cynosure of every eye. Many an on-looker mistook the straw man for a real one, as he appeared to toil wearily by; and many comments from the crowd, pitying his fatigue, were heard by the Misses Laurance and poured into Charlie's delighted ears. But this was two days later.

"And what does he call the dress?" cried Letty, grown suddenly brave. "And what is this belt for, I wonder?"

"That is to fasten the man to him, and he is down on the entrance list as 'Man on Original Hobby-Horse,'" replied Mrs. Bonar.

"He ought to go as 'some mute inglorious Milton,'" quoted Nelly laughing. "That bust is so funny, sewed on to such a figure."

At the tea-table Charlie failed to appear, but a maid brought in a note that had been left. Mrs. Bonar read it, and said it with some disappointment,—

"What a pity, girls; Charlie can't return till late. He has sent to say he has been put on the committee of the Tuque Bleu Tobogganing Club and he will have to take visitors down the slide all the evening. I shall have to send you back in a cab."

"Never mind," Letty said. "Papa told me to bring back his silver-fox coat and caps that he left here yesterday. The thaw did not last long, and now he needs them again."

But now paint the girls chagrin when not a cab could be found on the stand! Mrs Bonar sent her maid four streets off to get one, but she returned unsuccessful. As to the horse-cars, each one that passed was packed like a box of sardines—nay, more men were hanging on the rails behind. To such straits are the citizens of Montreal reduced at carnival time.

Letty was almost in tears; Nelly sat in silent desperation; Mrs. Bonar wrung her hands.

"Whatever shall we do if we don't get a cab? You ought to be dressing for the ball. Oh, if I could only get a man to send home with you!"

Nelly sprang up suddenly.

"And so you can, auntie!" she cried, with a laugh of inspiration; "Charlie's straw man, of course."

Mrs. Bonar looked bewildered, then remonstrated feebly as Nelly proceeded to carry out her design; but the kind soul would have been almost as disappointed as the girls themselves had they missed the ball. As to Nelly, she argued away all objections, whilst she attired our friend in her uncle's cap and coat, and fastened a walking-stick to his mitten.

"Now, Letty, take the other arm!" she cried. "And, auntie, stand just there and tell us if he doesn't look the image of uncle."

Against her will Mrs. Bonar laughed. She could not deny it, but was loth to countenance such a freak. They were now in high spirits, and carried their escort down stairs.

"The Judge is as light as a feather!" cried Nelly, gleefully. "We can hold him all the way home and never get a bit tired. We can go along the side streets, which are badly lighted, and no one will know the dear old man isn't quite himself."

"Nelly!" cried Mrs. Bonar, rather scandalized.

So the girls sallied forth with their doughty protector, and all went merrily about two-thirds of the way; but they both felt a good deal of alarm before they reached their lodgings. These were situated in a very quiet street, and shortly after turning the corner the girls heard footsteps approaching them. And what alarmed them was the conduct of the newcomer. He came up rapidly, as if about to greet them; but just at this point the sham Judge stumbled badly, and the girls had as much as they could do to keep him in an erect position. The street led up a hill; the pavement was covered with ice, which Nelly especially found it difficult to walk on. The Judge's arm to which she clung, alas, could afford no assistance; further, the effort to keep him straight heightened the embarrassing situation.

"Oh, Nelly," whispered Letty in terror, "some one is following us!"

Nelly had known it for the last five minutes. If she had only known, likewise, they were being looked after by a friend, possibly she might have felt easier in her mind, but probably not. For Miss Nelly, with all her love of fun, would not have relished being laughed at, especially by Harry Hill. He, poor fellow, muttered under his breath that "those poor girls were in a deucedly awkward situation; and who would have thought it of the Judge?"

Up the long street toiled the cousins, in mortal terror, with those steady, dogging footsteps ever behind. Twice they crossed the road, and a stealthy figure (unobserved, he thought,) followed them.

"Oh," sobbed Letty, softly, "I don't think the ball is worth it. Let us go into the first house, Nelly."

"With this dummy?" whispered Nelly. "People would think we lunatics. Courage, Letty; we're nearly home."

Oh, the glad relief to get up the familiar steps, and smuggle their escort into their wardrobe! Then both sat down, and Nelly had to do her utmost to keep Letty from going into hysterics. But both went to the ball soon after, in high feather, as pretty a couple as any one could wish to see; and Nelly, waltzing with Harry Hill, never dreamed he had discovered the dark secret she and Letty had sworn to keep. Alas, that he should have discovered only the half of it!

Again, at the masquerade when the girls sat in the director's gallery, and looked down on that gleaming expanse of ice below, with its glittering crowd of skaters that seemed to flock from every land, decked out in bravery of costume that rivaled royalty, they singled out young Bonar and his grotesque companion; they looked at the Judge standing behind them in his silver-fox coat, all unconscious of the liberties so lately taken with that handsome garment; they laughed into each other's eyes, did these two naughty cousins, and made young Hill furiously jealous by the whisper of Charlie Bonar's name, and something about "a friend in need being a friend indeed."

"Haven't we had a lovely time?" said Letty, when the Carnival was over, and they somewhat dolefully prepared to return home.

"That we have," assented Nelly, heartily. "But, Letty, even tobogganing was not as exciting as—you know—our secret."

* * * * * *

Judge Laurence was due at the town hall at 10 o'clock one morning. A select committee had been awaiting him there for some time; but still he came not. Upon the faces of the committeemen were varied expressions of embarrassment, chagrin, resignation, and even amusement. The Judge had been nominated as the temperance candidate by the Prohibition party in the coming election. A grateful county had at last recognized his sterling worth, and Parliament, it was confidently affirmed, would shortly fling wide her portals to welcome an able statesman. There was a solid vote for Laurance right through his county. Why, then, this absence of warmth, these alien glances, as the judge at last strode in? Surely not for that trifling delay of five minutes, for which he so amply apologized.

"Hang it, gentlemen," cried the Judge, who was easily put out, "what's the matter with you all?"

"It's a very painful duty we have to perform," began a thin old man, with a sad countenance.

"Well, be quick about it then," said the Judge, very sensibly.

There was a dead silence.

"It's a lynching case, perhaps?" said the judge, with sarcasm.

"Look here, Laurence," said another suddenly, a great personal friend of the Judge's, "we want to retire. After all that's happened, we can't send you up as a temperance representative."

To this speech, hurriedly uttered, came a strong chorus of support, "No, indeed, we can't now, you know."

In cases of real emergency the Judge often kept his temper. He now looked round upon the group with undisguised amazement.

"You must be good enough to explain yourselves, gentlemen," he said.

Another dead silence. At last a member blurted out—

"Judge, we don't want to hurt your feelings, but we can't have a man who's given to drink to represent us."

"I don't know what you mean to insinuate," said the Judge boldly, "but I think every one present knows I haven't tasted a drop of liquor for the last twenty years; though from principle only, not having been given to drink previously."

"Come now, Judge, draw it mild," pleaded the sad faced man.

"Sir!" thundered Laurance.

"Judge! Judge!" repeated the last speaker, sorrowfully, "you've a-forfeited our confidence and respect already, you're a-forfeiting it agen."

"I demand an instant explanation!" said Laurance, hastily looking round the circle.

"Well, then," said another member stepping forward, "you shall have it plain and unvarnished. You were taken to your lodgings in Montreal, during the late Carnival, in a disgraceful state of intoxication.

"It's a lie!" shouted the Judge and looking up suddenly, he saw his niece standing at the open door of the committee-room.

He waved her back, and she vanished immediately.

"Now, then," cried the Judge, looking very war-like, "where's the author of this scandal?"

Then he turned suddenly pale, as Harry Hill stepped forward. Hill almost his pretty Nelly's affianced husband.

"Sir," said the young man, with visible emotion, "I solemnly declare I never meant to betray you."

The Judge looked thunderstruck, and this was taken as overwhelming proof of his guilt.

"I was so sorry about it," faltered the young man, "that I took Bonar into my confidence. I thought that we were entirely alone; never dreamed our conversation would be overheard."

"It's a lie," repeated the Judge. "It was some one else you saw. What made you think of me?"

"No one could mistake your fur coat," cried several voices.

"Pshaw!" cried the Judge, shortly. "You must bring better evidence, or I'll sue every one of you for libel."

"No one could mistake the Misses Laurance," said the Judge's friend in a low tone.

"What the deuce do you mean?" shouted the Judge.

"Why, they were seen supporting you on each side!" cried some one with brutal candor. "I think that's conclusive."

To depict the Judge's expression of mingled incredulity and fury were well worthy of a master painter; but ere he could reply, lo! there again stood Nelly in the doorway, grasping by the arm a man who had the impudence to be wearing his own pet overcoat, while Letty stood on the other side.

"Here is the real culprit," cried Nelly's clear voice.

The girls advanced into the room, pushing their companion gently backward. Again the Judge's temper got the better of him. This, doubtless, was the impostor for whose offence he had been so lately arraigned. His wrath fairly blazed. Striding forward, he caught hold of the collar of his own coat, exclaiming, as he shook it furiously:

"Turn round, you rascal! and let me see your brazen face."

Will the on-looker ever forget the picture?

Off fell the hat, as on a previous occasion, and the Judge stood glaring upon the bust of Milton, which he held up astonished in one hand, while round the shoulders hung the silver-fox coat. His savage onslaught had severed the head, and the lueless body, oozing straw, lay prone upon the floor.

Nelly's explanations were drowned in a roar of laughter that shook the building, and that young scape-grace, Bonar, who had followed the girls, stood grinning with delight.

"Just arrived in the nick of time, eh, cousin?" he was saying. "I brought my man along to skate with and create a laugh in your town; but great Scott, I didn't count on such a triumph!"

Need we say the Judge won his election?

Six Meals a Day.

Queen Victoria has evidently pondered well on the saying that man must eat to live. At Balmoral, where she lives in the simplest possible way, she begins her day at 8 o'clock with tea, chocolate or coffee and dry toast. At 9:30 she has breakfast, small trout freshly caught from the River Dee being an invariable dish. At 12:30, after her morning outing she has a little refreshment—an egg beaten up in milk, some soup, and a little fruit. She lunches at 2. Later in the afternoon there is the invariable afternoon tea, and between 8 and 9 dinner is served. Thus on six meals a day does her Majesty manage to sustain nature.

Rank in China.

All Chinamen start the journey of life on an equal footing. Rank is conferred by the Emperor—never inherited.

BIRD MIGRATIONS.

The Philosophers Undecided Whether It Is Due to Instinct, Intelligence or Habit.

Another arctic expedition returned from the North a few days ago. Its arrival was announced by a loud, "Honk! honk!" far up in the sky. It was composed of eleven members and was headed by a gray veteran, who led his forces, arranged in the form of a letter V, without the slightest deviation due South. It was the wild goose exposition, which, having summered in the arctic, had decided to winter in more temperate climes.

It is not to be supposed that they reasoned the question of a change of location among themselves, consulted almanacs and time tables or even compasses to reach their decision or to decide on their course. Their action was influenced not by what psychologists know as higher cerebration. As the country folks say, they felt in their bones that it was time to move southward, and South they went under the wonderful influence of what is called instinct.

To the older philosophers instinct was a far more wonderful thing than it appears now. They asserted that all the actions of the lower animals were performed through instinct, and explained that they possessed this faculty in lieu of intelligence, which was the peculiar attribute of man. This was, however, soon exploded by the demonstration of the possession of intelligence among animals and of instinct by man. Indeed the later philosophers have come to believe that almost all the actions of man are influenced, if not controlled, by instinct alone. Instinct itself has been explained as hereditary intelligence; that is to say, the repeated actions of the ancestors are more readily accomplished by the child without regard to the will or special adaptation.

The tendency to migration of certain species of animals is plainly referable to this hereditary influence. Originally, no doubt, migration occurred because food was more easily found in one locality than in another. The hereditary memory, so to speak, pointed out the place where more food was to be obtained with less exertion. Gradually other surroundings suggested themselves as agreeable to the embryo mind, and these, repeated through many generations, created that unthinking tendency toward a particular place or a particular climate, regardless of its original fitness.

Almost all our ideas are gained from association, and it is fair to imagine that the constant and repeated association of a particular locality with a pleasurable sensation—the satiation of hunger for example—would soon identify the sensation with the place. Then would be evolved the sentiment of home, a sentiment which we feel only more keenly than the lower animals because it is associated, not only with the place where there is something to eat, but because of other pleasurable sensations equally associated with it as they are constantly found in the same locality.

It is a mistake to regard the migratory instincts of animals as unerring. Every woodsman has observed how a particular species of bird will apparently desert a certain locality for another for one or more seasons. Occasionally this may result from choice, but it seems altogether more probable that it is from some mistake on the part of the birds themselves. Their generally accurate course has been deflected by some circumstance, and they have made their homes elsewhere. In the case of stragglers this is particularly marked. They rarely succeed in rejoining the main body to which they originally belonged and are forced to be content with whatever suitable place may be found. Migratory animals and birds are almost always gregarious, that is they live and especially they travel in compact flocks or herds. They do this for one reason only, that the wisdom of a number is greater than that of any one. Any error in the route would be detected by one or another and thence communicated to the whole flock. Once in a while they are all mistaken, and then some incoming steamer serves as a point of rest for the tired little wings, or some hitherto unknown country becomes the new home of the wandering home-seekers.

But there is much that is very wonderful and awe-inspiring in the instinct that guides them. If, indeed, it is merely the reflex of the memory of long-departed ancestors—if the thoughts as well as the sins of the father descend to remote generations, what tendencies and inclinations are we transmitting to our children which may in later generations develop to good or evil? Are we steering a straight course, like the old grey goose?—Baltimore Sun.

Ferdinand de Soto's Body.

Ferdinand de Soto, it is said, was buried in a tree trunk which was sunk in the Mississippi River in 1542. Oliver Rigsby of Louisiana, who has recently been in New Orleans, told a reporter there that he and two friends were camping out near Port Hudson in 1853, just after a great rise in the river. Among the drift along shore was an old tree trunk, portions of which they used to light their camp fire. Finding it soft and spongy, and evidently hollow, one of the party began chipping it with a hatchet, and finally drew out from the opening a rusty sword. "We quickly demolished the log," says Mr. Rigsby, "and found it to contain a helmet, badly corroded, and a human skeleton, that of a man apparently six feet tall. On one of the bony fingers was a large seal ring, and about the neck was a small chain to which was suspended a bronze crucifix. We carried the skeleton inland a quarter of a mile and buried it on a little knoll between two large live oak trees. Hurlo kept the sword and Davis appropriated the crucifix." The narrator of this story suggests that possibly these were De Soto's remains; but he is careful not to make any claim.

It depends entirely upon how much she has whether or not it embarrasses a woman to have her back hair come down.—Atchison Globe.

It is a poor cordage trust that has not more than one string to its bow. —Washington Star.

Unexpected.

There are occasions on which it is rather gratifying to hear an unexpected reply, one tires of listening to commonplace responses to everything that is said; but as a rule the unlooked for answer is disconcerting. Mr. Sharples makes a point of continually catechizing his boy John, who is now 7 years old, on points of natural history. As Mr. Sharples lives in the heart of a large city, and the boy seldom sees any other animals than horses and dogs, he has rather a hard time of it. The other day the father asked: "Johnny, what animal is it that says 'Hee-haw! hee-haw?'" The little boy opened his eyes very wide. He had never heard such a noise before. Then he answered promptly: "You, papa!" "Do you know, Harry, I am often afraid I shall never meet you in Heaven," said a Sunday school teacher to a rebellious urchin. "Have you been so very naughty then?" asked the Pharisaical Harry. Unexpected answers are not confined to children. An anecdote is told of a lady who was somewhat famous for this kind of a retort. An acquaintance was lamenting over the sad fate of a relative who had made an unfortunate marriage, and concluded: "What would you do in such a case? I am sure I should die." "No, I should kill," was the brisk rejoinder. Many an interesting illusion has been shattered by an unexpected answer. When Prince Ferdinand made his entry into Widin, in Bulgaria, an inhabitant of the town read a short poem of welcome to him. The new majesty was moved to tears. "I will decorate you!" exclaimed the prince, deeply affected. "I should prefer a little money," replied the poet. "Why?" "Because," said a bystander, "my friend has already obtained a medal for reading this poem to Prince Alexander, and now he would like something else for a change." A party of tourists at a well known ruin asked the custodian if they might carry away some of the fragments of stone which were lying in the embrasure of an historic window. "Oh, dear, yes," was the reply; "it does no harm to the window. I put fresh bits there every day on purpose for visitors to take." Equally disappointing was the reply of the famous chef who, when bribed to reveal his secret for "roasting a turbot," coolly replied, "Vel, sare, I no roast him at all; I put him in de oven and bake him."

A Surat School.

In the biography of Behramji M. Malabari, a noted worker in the social reforms of India, we find a description of a native school at Surat. It is held in a commodious little shop, the floor of which is strewn with street dust. On an elevated square squats the master, and on the floor squat his flock, Hindu and Parsi. The fee for instruction is only a handful of grain, a few flowers, or some fruit now and then. There are no table nor benches, nor slates nor pencils, nor books nor maps.

Each pupil has a wooden board, pati, which serves him for a slate, and a pointed stick, lekhana, which he uses as a pencil. With a rag he sifts dust over the board, and on that he traces figures, letters, petitions, and so forth.

The boards are submitted every noon to the master, who holds a rod in his hand, with one end pointed. Glancing over the dust work, he gives a grunt of approval, if pleased, and strikes the board with the pointed end of his stick, whereupon the figures of dust disappear. If, unluckily, the task has been badly done, the butt end of the rod makes the acquaintance of the pupil's back.

All the work of the school is done on the versified plan. The different processes—addition, substraction, multiplication and division—are drawled out in verse. The process is a powerful aid to the memory. In dealing with the heaviest and most intricate figures, the native accountant merely sings a verse, and there the result is, ready to his hand.

The alphabet is learned in the same way. Every letter has a nickname and a familiar versified description.

The methods of punishment are characteristic, the sharp and supple cane, the thong, the pebble under the knee, the stone across the shoulders, the twisting of the nose, the shaking by the neck or by a knot made with the tuft of hair in the centre of the delinquent's forehead.

Whenever the master wishes to administer a flogging, he orders the class to pray vociferously in order to drown the victim's cries. His favorite way of dealing with the refractory girls of the school is to seize the unfortunate subject of his displeasure by her hair and violently whisk her about in the air as if she were a lifeless marionette, while the room resounds with invocations to Ahuramazda recited by her school-fellows.

Working for His Former Slave.

"What a great old whirligig time is, to be sure," said C. A. Schneider, a native of Louisiana. "There is in New Orleans to-day a man working for a negro he once owned, but lost at a game of cards. Before the war James M. Coleman was a well-to-do Mississippi planter. He owned thirty or forty slaves, had a fine plantation, and was what now would be called a 'high-roller.' He spent much of his time at Memphis and New Orleans, and thought nothing of a blowout that cost him a cool thousand. One day he was coming down the river and indulging his weakness for draw poker, he lost his roll. He had a bright mulatto boy with him whose business it was to see that 'massa' got safely to bed when he chanced to get an overdose of bourbon. He put the boy up against a thousand and lost. Dissipation and the war ruined him in health and fortune, and two years ago he came to New Orleans in search of something to do that would provide him his daily bread. The boy he had sold had become a contractor and employed several men and teams. He met his old 'massa' and employed him to keep his accounts and that is what he is doing to-day."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The moment a man does anything wrong he hates the light.

MLLE. KLUMPKE.

Nominated as Doctor of Mathematical Sciences in Paris.

Quite a stir has been created in the scientific circles of Paris by the recent nomination of Mlle. Klumpke as Doctor of Mathematical Sciences. The paper which won for her this great distinction was entitled "A Contribution to the Study of the Rings of Saturn," that was declared

MLLE. KLUMPKE.

by the examiners—the Dean of the Faculty, the Director of the Paris Observatory, and the Professor of Astronomy—as admirably written and of great scientific merit.

A German by origin and an American by birth, Mlle. Klumpke followed in the footsteps of Sophia Germain, Maria Agnesi, and Mme. Sophia Kramlewska, and studied mathematics principally with a view of their application to astronomy. She was first employed at the Paris Observatory on the staff of the equatorial, an instrument to observe and register the daily movement of the stars. The late Admiral Mouchez, who directed the observations, thought very highly of Mlle. Klumpke's talents, and transferred her to the department intrusted with the construction of the stellar chart, for which the newest developments of sidereal photography are utilized. For this purpose the sky has been divided into segments, and to each of the partitions a group of photographers is apportioned. The negatives are taken on very sensitive plates, which, after having been developed and printed, are joined together to form the chart. On these cliches the relative position of the stars at a given time is fixed, and comparative observations can be made with the aid of a powerful microscope, without again having to resort to the telescope. On this kind of work Mlle. Klumpke is engaged in the portrait, which is reproduced from the Queen. Mlle. Klumpke belongs to a talented family. One of her sisters is a doctor of medicine, and was the first woman physician admitted to a Paris hospital; a second sister is a distinguished painter, and two others are writers.

AMERICA AT THE FAIR.

How We Will Be Represented at the Antwerp Exposition.

At the International Exposition of Industries, Arts and Sciences to be opened May 5, at Antwerp, Belgium, under the auspices of King Leopold II., America will be well represented. The Exposition will continue until Nov. 12, and promises to be one of much importance and interest. It is located in the new quarter of the city and covers an area of 200 acres. The main buildings are extensive, covering 1,100,000 square feet. In

UNITED STATES BUILDING AT THE ANTWERP EXPOSITION.

the Industry Building the United States will have 60,000 square feet; in the Electricity Building, 30,000; in the Machinery Building, 30,000, while the American Building will furnish 12,000 square feet for exhibits in models or small articles, and 14,500 square feet for States' and Government exhibits.

The American Building, 240x150 feet, is of the Renaissance style of architecture. The approach is by a broad marble stairway, which leads up to the grand vestibule, 110 feet wide. From the vestibule one can can obtain a view of the entire Exposition Hall, which occupies the center of the building and covers 12,700 square feet. To the rear of this main exhibit hall will be a model shoe factory. On the east front, where there will be a separate entrance, the entire space has been divided between the rooms for the press and a commercial room, where catalogues and literature of exhibitors will be available for distribution. The second floor is in reality a gallery surrounding the main Exposition Court, which is open to the dome. From this gallery a view may be had of the models on exhibition below, and access is given to the exhibit rooms of the various States which will be there represented. The largest of these exhibit rooms, which is 40x82 feet, is devoted to the United States Government.

A triangular space near the building will be used as a fire station. The station will be fitted up with the latest electrical devices, fire alarms, and other devices for fighting fire. In this annex will also be an ambulance wagon. In the center of the main hall will be an illuminated electric fountain. A band of twenty selected musical instruments will be stationed in the balcony. The entire building will be of iron, steel and glass.

A Kensington doctor suggests that a good thing for the Cramps is a contract for a new warship.—Philadelphia Record.

WOMEN WORKERS IN PARIS.

Hardy Old Peasants Who Manage to Look Picturesque While Sweeping Streets.

It is not altogether certain that the women who sweep streets and shell oysters on Paris streets would feel unduly elated if they were to be congratulated as "pioneers in an unusual field of woman's work." More

THE OYSTER SHELLER

than likely they would go on about their several occupations without paying any more attention to the remark than proverbial French politeness would demand from them as representatives of the "polished nation."

But the fact that they do both kinds of work remains. Picturesque figures they are, too, with that peculiar neatness which even in old clothes the women of Paris, from Princess to peasant, know how to preserve. Artists find in them that which sets their fingers itching for a pencil and a sketching pad, and all travelers would be sorry indeed to miss them from the boulevards and markets.

Not only in these two kinds of labor, but at the fruit and flower stalls, with the milk carts, and in a score of other capacities, one sees them

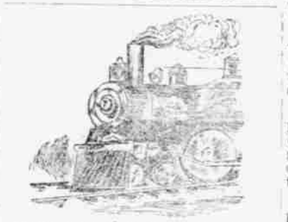
THE SWEEPER

Sometimes one catches a glimpse of a pretty young girl who looks as if she were playing a part in a comic opera instead of really working; but oftenest wrinkled old peasants, made hardy by years of outdoor labor, satisfy one's sense of fitness.

HIS ESCAPE WAS NARROW.

A Farmer Struck by a Passenger Train But Is Not Injured.

One of the most remarkable experiences in the way of narrow escapes on record fell to the lot of Frank Arnold, a farm hand employed near North Bridgewater, N. Y., recently. One evening he was driving along the road near the North Bridgewater station. Just before he reached the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad track, the passenger train which leaves that city about 5 o'clock approached the station. The engineer saw Arnold approaching the crossing, and gave warning signals in time for him to have heeded them, but for some reason he kept on. The horse succeeded in getting across, but the wagon was struck by the locomotive and demolished. The train was running at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and it was feared that Arnold was killed. When the train was stopped the crew



FRANK ARNOLD'S MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

found him firmly wedged in between two iron braces on the pilot. He was released with difficulty and taken to the station at Bridgewater. He soon recovered completely, and walked home. With the exception of a few slight bruises he was uninjured. The horse also escaped without injury.

Some organization is at work in the Pennsylvania coal region terrorizing the foreigners who are there employed in large numbers and who live in a condition of hand-to-mouth misery which it is difficult to believe can exist in the United States. Offenders against some secret code of ethics are being warned to leave the district, and if they do not comply are shot down or otherwise "removed" by dynamite or the knife. Lawless, bloodthirsty combinations do the secret perpetrators no good in the end. They will be found out and made to pay the penalty in some shape.

A Big Crop of Oranges.

The crop of Florida oranges this season is the heaviest known, a conservative estimate being 4,500,000 boxes. The weather in Florida during the summer was highly favorable for the development of the fruit, and many young groves are coming into bearing for the first time. The fruit is ripening earlier than it has for several years past.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The world now uses 13,000 kinds of postage stamps.

—The engines of a first-class man-of-war cost nearly 700,000.

—The golden-crested wron is the smallest bird in the world.

—There are now 7500 miles of electric railroads in this country.

—Children plants and animals grow more rapidly during the night.

—New Jersey manufactures more silk than any other State in the Union.

—The Dutch Government eventually own and entirely control all its railroads.

—The assessed valuation of the United States, according to Mulhall, is $65,000,000,000.

—A year on Jupiter is equal to eleven years, ten months and seventeen days on our globe.

—Three hundred and sixty mountain in the United States are over ten thousand feet high.

—When oxygen is in a liquid state it is strongly attracted by a powerful electro magnet.

Slag from blast furnace is pulverized and used for fertilizing farming lands in Germany.

—The largest coast light in the United States can be seen twenty-eight miles in clear weather.

—There are in Flarida 600'000 cocoanut trees, whose fruit is all sent to the New York market.

—The fruit crop of this country, mostly devoured at home, is valued at $210,000,000, a year.

—The surface area of the moon is said to be fully as great as that of Africa and Australia combined.

—A Russian scientist has succeeded in tracing all mans' diseases to the fact that he wears clothes.

—The tongue of the toad is attached to the front of its jaw and hangs backwrrd instead of foward.

—Among other articles made from cotton-seed oil, once regarded as useless, is artifical India rubber.

—Florida oranges are being shipped to Europe, where hitherto the Italian fruit has reigned supreme.

—There are forty-eight distinct diseases of the eye. No other organ of the human body has so many.

—Two hundred and eighteen thousand tons of phosphate have have been mined in South Carolina during 1893.

The beef extract factories in South America make one pound of extract from thirty-four pounds of meat.

—George Goodle, who recently combined in Texas the ministry and burglary, has given up and is resting in prison

—There are fifty miles of electric railway and 1600 telephones in use in Grand Rapids, Mich, a city 950,000 inhabitants.

—Water alone has been known to sustain life fifty-five days. If only dry food were taken, death would result in a quater of that time.

—A cuble foot of new fallen snaw weighs five and one-half pounds on the average, and has twelve times the bulk of an equal weight of water.

—It is strange though true, that in Asia and Africa, where grass will not grow, the most beautifull flowers and shrubs flourish to perfection.

—A deposit of iron ore has been discovered near Chipman, New Brunswick Specimens are now being tested with a view to working mines.

—The latest explanation of the rain which usually follows a great battle is that it is caused not by the smoke, but by the perspiration of the soldiers.

—A new system by which smokeless combustion of coal is rendered possible has been adopted by the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American Companies.

—More than 50,000,000 pounds of chewing tobacco are made every year in St. Louis, which claims to be the greatest manufacturing centre of tobacco in the world.

—London electrical supply firms are not only lending out electrical cooking stoves to customers but are prepared to supply a separate meter and charge half rates for cooking.

—Kentuckey which passed a game law before there were five hundred people in the then territory, is still at it. It is now illegal to hunt on any inclosed land without permission.

In filing band saws, tie a string where you begin to file, and then you can tell when you get around, and therefore all the teeth will be sharp and you will not file any of them twice

—P. Silvert, of Dohlen, Saxony, proposes the manufacture of glass pipes by rolling down molten glass in groves or flutes, and using a core to complete the formation of the pipe or tube.

—Dr. O. V. Thayer, of San Francisco, has successfully used the solar cautery—burning glass—in removing facial discolorations of the skin of large areas also in removing tattoo or India ink marks.

Machine-Made Pictures.

Place between two sheets of glass some sticky substance, printer's ink for preference, and press the plates together. When you separate them the sticky substance will be found to have formed very artistic designs resembling exactly impressions of fossil algae or seaweed.

You will be surprise at the variety of designs you can obtain in this manner. They will vary according to the greater or less thickness of the substance used and the amount of strength exerted. In separating the sheets of glass, if you make one slip lightly over the other the branches of the seaweed will be long and parallel to one another. If you twist slightly one of the plates the branches will have a very graceful arched appearance. The branches will always run in the direction caused by the movement of the plates.

The design seen here was obtained with the help of printers' ink. To preserve such a design it is only necessary to apply a sheet of paper carefully to the surface of the glass and allow it to dry.—New York World.

You may never knock the ball's eye, but that is no good reason why you should not aim at it.