GOLDEN AND GRAY.

Granddaughter's hair is golden and curly,
Grandmother's hair is scanty and gray;
Granddaughter's voice is heard late and early—
Grandmother's thoughts are not of to-day.
Golden and gray,
Both on one spray,
Snow of December—blossom of May.

Granddaughter's eyes are azure as heaven,
Dimpled her chin and blooming her cheek,
Proudly she boasts she'll soon be "turned seven"—
Grandmother's 80 next Saturday week.
Day after day
Gold turns to gray,
Lilies lie scattered and roses decay.

Grandmother sits in the coziest corner,
Telling quaint tales in nursery rhyme,
All about "Two Shoes" and "Little Jack Horner,"
Wonderful tales of "Once on a Time."
Golden and Gray,
Youth will be gay—
Down in the meadow the lambs art at play.

Granddaughter thinks the world is intended
Just as a place for frolic and fun,
Grandmother's volume of Life's nearly ended,
Granddaughter's book is barely begun.
Time will not stay,
Night follows day,
Gray was once golden and gold will be gray.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MISTRESS MARGET

NOBODY who once looked upon Mistress Marget—pretty Mistress Marget almost everybody called her—could help loving her. I, Thomas Dawtry, a plain and simple squire of the realm, loved her better than all the world. But pretty Mistress Marget was not for me, or so, at least, her father had informed me. As for me, I had long since decided to abide by this decision only so long as circumstances compelled me. Whenever fate offered me the shadow of an opportunity I meant to steal Mistress Marget and run away with her. Mistress Marget, as I had every reason—save spoken words—to believe, would be by no means unwilling.

The opportunity came when my sweet lady's father was called away to fight for his king and country, King Charles and bonnie England. I, who longed to fight for king and country also, dared the laughter and the jeers of my comrades to stay behind a little and

MISTRESS MARGET.

steal my lovely lady, if it so pleased fate. And no sooner had her father ridden away, at the head of his men, than I made for the hall, and sought out old Simeon, the gardener. Sir Reginald had never forbidden my visits—he was too wise a man to tempt fate in such a manner; he had merely taken care that I had no chance of solitary speech with my dear lady. I know now that the Lady Eleanor Blewett, who filled, as best she might, the place of the dead lady of the manor to her daughter, Mistress Marget, favored not my suit, so I sought not to have speech with her or with my lady. Old Simeon I had been friends with ever since, as a child, I had played in the gardens with sweet Mistress Marget. I knew he was my friend and would help me. I knew also that he might speak with his lady when I might not unwatched and unguarded. To old Simeon I told my story, and trusted for his aid.

And there was the chink of gold between us when we parted, albeit my lack of gold was the reason why Sir Reginald had said nay, upon my asking for his daughter's hand. And for gold—next to his love for pretty Mistress Marget—old Simeon would do more than most of us would do for the sake of life.

That evening I happened to be walking in the lane just as old Simeon also came out to take the air. And a note passed between us. Old Simeon also instructed me as to where I could find certain implements and tools—a ladder and a stout stave among them—which I might need later on, perchance. And I gave to Simeon the package of a certain drug, which my friend, the chirurgeon, had given me. Mistress Marget was to see that this drug was dropped into the flagon of ale sent up for the Lady Eleanor's supper. Then, later, she was to lean out of her casement and signal to me, waiting outside in the lane. And later still Parson Dabney, who loved us both and sympathized with us rather than with Sir Reginald, was to make pretty Mistress Marget my wife.

And so it all happened, without let or hindrance, save when my body servant's horse was mired in the slough back of the lane. He should have waited in the lane proper, but he thought he heard voices and sounds of horses' hoofs coming, and, knowing that he must not be found there, he leaped his own steed over the hedge and into the slough. We had to wait some minutes for him, when we would fain have hurried onward. But this was after I had placed the ladder underneath my lady's window, mounted it, pried off the guarding bars with the stout stave which old Simeon had furnished me, and received my darling in my arms. My heart beat so, in going down the ladder, that I feared she would hear it and think me timid. Yet I had courage to claim a kiss as we neared the bottom, insisting that she pay it me before I set her down; and I do not think she noticed the rapid beating of my heart after that, even had she noticed it before. Her own heart beat rapidly then, as the bright color coming and going in the face which looked so fair and sweet in the moonlight testified clearly.

At the foot of the ladder I set her down, and hand and hand we raced across the greensward, over the foot bridge old Simeon had managed to leave open and unguarded for us, and out into the lane. There, lifting her dear form in my arms, I swung her up before me, and away we galloped, after the short interval of waiting for my servant, of which I have spoken. Half an hour later we stood before Parson Dabney in the gray old vicarage, and a few moments afterward I had the right to call pretty Mistress Marget my wife. Then, a hurried kiss, a tear or two on Mistress Marget's part, and we were on our way back to the hall, where Mistress Marget was to live on, the same as ever in all things save that slender gold band on her finger, until my return from the wars. And then—ah! sad for a man to leave his wife on the wedding eve—my body servant had summoned my varlets and they waited for me outside in the lane. I could but kiss my darling once more, ah me! but so tenderly and lovingly, see her safely up the ladder, withdraw it from beneath her window, wave her a last tender farewell—and now, beshrew me! but mine own eyes were wet—and take my departure. But before I crossed the foot bridge once more I threw the stout stave that had served our turn so well far from me into the thick of the hedge, and I once more clinked gold with old Simeon in order that he might be perfectly forgetful of all that had happened that night. Then the soft darkness of the lane, with the moon well under a kindly cloud, a sharp command to the waiting varlets, a tearing gallop until morning, and we were well up with Sir Reginald and his men, and nothing but wars and fighting before us for many long months.

But my heart was brave and lightsome within me, even though I had left my dear wife of an hour behind me. For it is easier, perhaps, to leave one's wife than one's sweetheart, especially when the sweetheart's father favors a richer man, and I knew, also, that I was a brave and skillful fighter, and I hoped that before Sir Reginald or I saw pretty Mistress Marget again his heart would have warmed toward me on this account. For Sir Reginald loves a brave man and a good fighter, always. And in the end it all turned out even as I had hoped.

It Troubled the Customer.

"A funny thing occurred here the other day," said a barber as he was putting the finishing touches on a Saturday evening hair cut. "A fellow came in to be shaved who was somewhat under the influence of intoxicants. He took his place in the chair, and all proceeded well till I had shaved one side of his face, when he stopped me.

"'Hold on,' he cried, 'I want this thing 'splained.'

"I asked him what was the matter, and he replied: 'There's a fly on my cheek, and you have shaved the lather and whiskers off, but the fly didn't move. Now, what's the matter with him?'

"I told him there was no fly on him, but he pointed to the mirror and said: 'You think I can't see him. I ain't so drunk that I can't see a fly.'

"I turned to the glass, and there stood the fly on the mirror, and in such a position that from my customer's range of vision it seemed to be on his cheek. He afterward said that he had felt that fly tickling him all the time, and wondered how I could shave under it and not cut its legs off."—New York World.

SHYLOCK WAS NOT A HEBREW.

History Places the Pound of Flesh Incident Upon Christian Shoulders.

Once more, Shylock, after all, it appears, was not a Jew. In a pamphlet just published the source of Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice" is cited from Gregorio Leti, biographer of Pope Sixtus V. Here is the passage: "In the year 1587 a noted and rich Roman merchant named Paul Maria Secchi, a good Catholic Christian, heard that Francis Drake had captured St. Domingo and found there large booty. He imparted this news to the Jewish tradesman, Simeon Ceneda, to whom it either really appeared incredible or mattered to make it appear so. In fact, he obstinately disputed the truth of the rumor and, on renewed confirmation of the contrary, he finally uttered: 'I bet a pound of my flesh that the news is false.' 'And I,' replied the Christian 'set 1,000 scudi against you.' He then, in an odd and proud humor, set down a contract, testified by two witnesses—a Christian and a Jewish one, stipulating that if the news be wrong Signor Paul Maria Secchi, the Christian merchant, should be bound to pay 1,000 scudi to the Jew, Simeon Ceneda; whereas if the news should be confirmed the Christian merchant, Paul Maria Secchi, should be entitled to cut out with his own hand and a well-edged knife from the Jew a pound of flesh from whichever part of the body it might please him.

"Very soon there was no doubt about Drake's victory, and the Christian insisted on the fulfillment of the contract. In vain the Jew offered 1,000 scudi as compensation of the amount which the merchant could have lost. The Christian swore that the contract must be fulfilled. The Jew, in great anxiety, runs to the governor to make him induce the merchant to accept the 1,000 scudi; but the governor communicated the matter to the pope, who decides that both of them are to be sent to the galleys, wherefrom they can only be ransomed by 2,000 scudi, which each of them will have sent to the hospital near the Sixtinian bridge."

No Bathing Suits Big Enough.

There was a story many times told but entirely without foundation, to the effect that an English lecturer once informed his hearers that the men in America were smaller in size than Englishmen, and asked any Americans who might be present to rise in confirmation of his statement, whereupon Bishop Brooks and two other Americans of equally imposing stature rose in different parts of the hall. This story had no foundation, but it is true that Doctor Brooks was once traveling in the south of France with another Bishop of the Episcopal Church somewhat surpassing Doctor Brooks himself in size and another man equally large. The three men went one after another to the proprietor of a little bathing establishment, and with serious faces asked to be fitted to bathing suits. The surprise of the proprietor by the time the third gigantic man appeared can readily be imagined.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Brittle-Boned.

A 12-year-old Sedalia (Mo.) boy has suffered nineteen fractures of the bones of his legs, arms and fingers since he was old enough to walk. He has a disease which renders his bones as brittle as glass and liable to break on the slightest provocation.

Chinese Deficiencies.

There is no word in the Chinese language that conveys an intimation of what we term public spirit, nor is there a synonym for patriotism.

MUCH WORSE THAN DEATH.

Solitary Confinement Is More to Be Dreaded than the Gallows.

The punishment which the regicide Bresci will be forced to undergo for murdering King Humbert is worse than death. In Italy the penalty of death is abolished. But the punishment awaiting the regicide is worse than death. He will inevitably be condemned to penal serviture, aggravated by ten years of solitary confinement. A man condemned to this punishment, before being placed in his cell, is shut up in the "secret cell," about six feet long by three wide, and half lighted. A few inches above the floor is a plank about half a yard wide and slightly inclined, which serves as a bed. The food is bread and water, passed through the little window called the "spy" by the jailer, the door being always kept rigorously closed.

The prisoner is condemned to absolute silence; if he breaks the rule he is subjected to other punishments—namely, the strait-waistcoat, irons, and strait-bed. A prisoner who attempts his own life in any way is put into the strait-waistcoat and at night in a sort of sack, in which he cannot move. When the prisoner has suffered the punishment of the "secret cell" for a longer or shorter time he is removed to the cell where he must remain for ten years. Its size depends on the construction of the whole prison. These cells are only lighted from the corridor and are generally about two yards square. The bed is the usual plank and bread and water the food. In winter a single blanket is allowed at night.

Silence is still enjoined; the only concession is the door being opened a few inches. The food is given only once in the twenty-four hours. If the prisoner is sick the doctor can have him removed to the prison infirmary, where he is kept in a separate chamber.

Prisoners in solitary confinement may neither read, write, smoke nor work. They are condemned to absolute idleness and absolute silence; very few complete their sentence; they either go mad or die. The extra punishment of the "irons" is terrible. The handcuffs are joined by chains to similar rings on the ankles. The prisoner is seated on a bench the shape of an ass' back. At night, still in irons, he can lie on his plank.

The "strait-bed" is a strong wooden case resembling a coffin without lid. At the foot the sufferer's feet are fastened in a kind of stocks. Unless by order of the governor the prisoner may not be moved and his jailer has to feed him. This punishment is only exercised on some desperate rebel.

Notes From the Paris Exposition.

"The Singer Manufacturing Company, of 149 Broadway, New York, show their usual American enterprise by having a very creditable exhibit located in Group XIII., Class 79, at the Paris International Exposition, where they show to great advantage the celebrated Singer Sewing Machine which is used in every country on the globe, both for family use and for manufacturing purposes. The writer was highly pleased with this display and observed with much satisfaction that it was favorably commented upon by visitors generally.

The Grand Prize was awarded by the International Jury to Singer Sewing Machines for superior excellence in design, construction, efficiency and for remarkable development and adaption to every stitching process used in either the family or the factory.

Only One Grand Prize for sewing machines was awarded at Paris, and this distinction of absolutely superior merit confirms the previous action of the International Jury at the World's Columbian Exposition, in Chicago, where Singer Machines received fifty-four distinct awards, being more than were received by all other kinds of sewing machines combined.

Should it be possible that any of our readers are unfamiliar with the celebrated Singer Machine, we would respectfully advise that they call at any of the Singer salesrooms, which can be found in all cities and most towns in the United States."

A Bird Story.

A charming story of an incident connected with the great fire in Chicago is told in one of our exchanges. A family living near the lake shore had a large number of pet birds. They had built an aviary, a long, narrow room with glass windows reaching from ceiling to floor. Passers-by often stopped before the house to watch the pretty creatures fluttering about, to hear their songs, or to see them bathe.

One afternoon, in the week of the fire, a cloud of fluttering wings moved wearily up the street. Presently these birds, most of them canaries, caught sight of the aviary with its happy denizens. Straight toward the windows they flew, some of them against the glass itself.

The ladies of the house were quick to take in the situation. They hurriedly shut their own birds into a compartment of the aviary, and then threw the windows wide open, retiring from sight that the spent travelers might feel free to enter.

After a few minutes, first one and then another flew inside, where they settled down, panting, grateful for rest and safety. It was some time before they attempted to eat or bathe. After the strangers had eaten of the bird-seed and rested, the other birds were allowed to enter, and it was delightful to hear the chorus of songs which arose when the home birds and the strangers met.

This incident is vouched for by one of the ladies who was a witness to it.

An Historical Necklace.

The pearl necklace worn by the Duchess of Cumberland, sister of the Princess of Wales, on great occasions, belonged formerly to Queen Charlotte, wife of George III. When Queen Victoria ascended the throne this, with all the jewels left by George III. and George IV. became hers. But soon after her marriage the King of Hanover claimed the pearls as part of the crown jewels of Hanover, and when the claim was submitted to the law officers of England they, with reluctance, gave their decision against the Queen. Immediately, however, after the decision was made the East India Company gave to her a set of pearls far superior to those which she had relinquished.

Another Young Schemer.

"Mamma," said small Willie, "when sister Mary had the toothache you took her to the dentist and had it filled, didn't you?"

"Yes, Willie," she replied.

"Well," continued the little diplomat "I've got the stomachache; don't you think you had better take me to the candy store and get it filled?"

If you want to make a man ungrateful for what you have done for him stop doing anything more.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

Granny Lane lived in the very last house at the end of the street. She lived by herself, but she did not get lonely, because she had so many visitors. Old people went to see her, and little children, and then all the ages between.

When Lula's cousin, Sadie, came from the city to stay with her, Lula took her to Granny Lane's the very first morning. They had a beautiful time and when Granny invited them to come again, they both said that they surely would very soon.

"She is a poor old lady, isn't she?" asked Sadie, on the way home.

"Why, no!" cried Lula, in surprise. "Granny Lane isn't poor!"

"Yes, I think she is," said Sadie.

"Why?"

"Because she lives in such a little house, and there isn't very much in it and then she didn't have any cake or oranges to give us, like most old ladies when you got to see them."

"I don't care," said Lula, stoutly. "she knows the splendidest stories about when she was a little girl, and she can make up all kinds of interesting games to play. I'd rather have them than cake."

"So would I; but then," insisted Sadie, "I think she must be very poor, for her dress was all faded, and she said she never went away on the cars or to the seashore."

Lula did not answer for some time, she was thinking it all over. At last she said: "Sadie, I think perhaps Granny Lane is poor, but it isn't 'poor-thing' poor at all; for she's happy and pleased, and she don't keep wishing wishes that she can't get. So I don't call that very poor, do you?"

"Well," said Sadie, "but she isn't rich."

"But she's lovely and good, and she makes everybody think that they'd like to be, too; and that's a kind of rich. It isn't the money kind, but it's"—Lula hesitated, and then ended triumphantly, "it's the heaven kind. So there! So now you mustn't say that Granny Lane is poor!"—S. S. Visitor.

A Rich Boy.

"O my!" said Ben, "I wish I was rich and could have things like some of the boys that go to our school."

"I say, Ben," said his father, turning around quickly, "how much will you take for your legs?"

"For my legs?" said Ben, in surprise.

"Yes! What do you use them for?"

"Why, I run and jump and play ball, and oh, everything."

"That's so," said the father. "You wouldn't take $10,000 for them, would you?"

"No, sir."

"Nor your good health?"

"No, sir."

"Your hearing and your sense of taste are better than $5,000 apiece, at the very least, don't you think so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your eyes, now. How would you like to have $50,000, and be blind the rest of your life?"

"I wouldn't like it at all."

"Think a moment, Ben. Fifty thousand dollars is a lot of money. Are you very sure you wouldn't sell them for that much?"

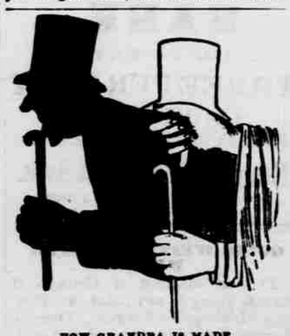
"Yes, sir."

"Then they are worth that much, at least. Let's see now," his father went on, figuring on a sheet of paper: "Legs, $10,000; arms, $10,000; voice, $10,000; hearing, $5,000; taste, $5,000; good health, $10,000, and eyes, $50,000. That makes $100,000. You are worth $100,000, at the very lowest figures, my boy. Now run and play—jump, throw your ball, laugh and hear your playmates laugh, too; look with those $50,000 eyes of yours at the beautiful things about you, and come home with your usual appetite for dinner, and think now and then how rich you really are."

It was a lesson that Ben never forgot, and since that day every time he sees a cripple or a blind man he thinks how many things he has to be thankful for. And it has helped me to make him contented.—Selected.

Grandpa's Call.

Cut from a piece of pasteboard the outline of grandpa's silk hat. Hold this between the thumb and forefinger of your right hand, throw a cloth over



HOW GRANDPA IS MADE.

your right arm and take a walking stick in your left hand. Place fingers, hands and arms as shown in the illustration and produce a shadow, which may be explained as grandpa's or Mr. Gladstone's call.—Chicago Record.

Lament of a Little Girl.

My brother Will, he used to be
The nicest kind of a girl
But now he wears a little dress like me,
And had his hair in curl.
We played with dolls and tea-sets then
And every kind of toy;
But all those good old times are gone—
Will turned into a boy.

Mamma made him little suits,
With pockets all complete,
And cut off all his yellow curls,
And packed them up so neat;
And Will, he was so pleased, I b'lieve
He almost jumped with joy;
But I must own I didn't like
Will turned into a boy.

And now he plays with horrid tops
I don't know how to spin;
And marbles that I try to shoot,
But never hit or win;
And leap-frog—I can't give a "back"
Like Charley, Frank or Roy—
Oh, no one knows how bad I feel,
Since Will has turned a boy.

I have to wear frocks just the same,
And now they're mostly white;
I have to sit and just be good,
While Will can climb and fight.
But I must keep my dresses nice,
And wear my hair in curl;
And worse—oh, worsest thing of all—
I have to stay a girl.

No Baby Talk for Him.

Two-year-old Harold had never been accustomed to hear "baby talk." One day when he was calling with his mother, the lady of the house, thinking to amuse the child, pointed out a steam engine standing on a railroad track not far from the house.

"Do you see the choo-choo, baby?" she said.

The little man looked first at her, then at the engine, with a troubled look on his little face. Then he asked, gravely

"Do you mean the locomotive?"

There is a great deal of philosophy in this world that is like the fox in the fable who had lost his tail in a trap he thought there wasn't anything so stylish as a bob-tailed fox.

The people of St. Louis expect to spend on their Exposition the same amount of money ($12,000,000) that was paid for the Louisiana Territory in 1803—an area of 1,182,755 square miles.

There is just as much joy in this world as there is sorrow.

The good laundress washes the shirt first.

All tastes gratified, all success obtained, each step won by gratified pride, every end attained, leaves in certain natures a feeling of insufficiency and disappointment.

We are great as we are good; as insignificant as we are self-conceited; as noble as we are truthful; and as religiously beautiful as we are charitable.

It is impossible that anything so natural, so necessary, and so universal as death, should ever have been designed by Providence as an evil to mankind.

Every life touches many other lives. Let us move more softly through the world lest our touch be a harsh and hurtful touch.

Literary men owe much of their reputation to what they write and don't publish.

The man who is a tyrant in his family is generally a coward when away from home.

A false report does not last long, and the life one leads is always the best apology of that which one has led.

Assassination has never changed the history of the world.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

THE best Christian action is animated by aspiration.

The world thinks because it is lost that God is lost.

The love of the loaves leads to the loss of the Lord.

The devil has both arms around the moderate drinker.

God knows neither popularity nor unpopularity.

The world is barren to the man who cultivates self only.

The ascent of Christ maps out the true ascent of man.

Moderation in sin is as possible as moderation in hanging.

The most practical preaching must deal with great principles.

The world robs itself of Christ when it robs Him of His divinity.

Many men fan the flames of their vices in order to cool them.

The hypocrite uses truth, but as the vehicle in which to mix lies.

It makes much difference whether life is a station or a terminus.

He speaks well whose hearers do not hear the footsteps of passing time.

A great store of patience may be lost through a very small leak of vexation.

DYKEMAKING IN HOLLAND.

Where Half-Inch of Water Is Between the Country and Destruction.

Few people have any definite understanding of the constant wrestling and struggling that is carried on in Holland with the waters of the sea and rivers. There are the common enemy of the people, who are in hourly peril of their lives and property in consequence.

How serious is the position of Holland is fully demonstrated by the popular saying that the safety of the country may be jeopardized by only half an inch of water; the truth of the saying is accepted by all, and we cannot help admiring the people, who, notwithstanding the gravity of the situation, go about their daily occupations with perfect coolness.

Nature, as though conscious that she had acted unkindly by placing so much of the country below the water level endeavors to assist the inhabitants to keep out the waters.

The first work of dykemaking is often performed by her; layers of sand and clay are thrown up on the bank and the people take advantage of these embryo embankments. They assist the formation by putting mats of willow on the deposits to strengthen them and bind the earthy substances, and later they drive piles at the back, and so in time form the high dykes which prevent overflows.

For something like 400 years the people have been fighting the waters and reclaiming the land; but even when they have snatched a tract of territory from the water the fight is not done. The work of draining these polders or low lands must go on incessantly or the efforts of the past would be quickly nullified. The greatest work of this kind was the draining of the Haarlemmer Meer, or Haarlem lake, the result of which was an addition of 41,675 acres to Holland. A canal was then encircling the Haarlem lake and a dyke was built on the inner side, then engines were planted to pump the water out of the lake. It took four years to complete the work; 800,000,000 tons of water were pumped out and the cost was $20,000,000. The ground was then intersected by canals for drainage purposes and in two years the land was being cultivated.

But the people of Holland have in view an undertaking which puts that of the Haarlem lake entirely in the shade. This is nothing less than the draining of the Zuyder Zee, which has an area of 1,865 square miles. The initial stage of this undertaking would be the construction of an embankment from mainland to mainland; it would be thirty-five miles long and 216 feet wide. It would take ten years to build this embankment, which would serve as a road for railway and general traffic. The work of draining and reclaiming the land would take forty years and the total cost of the undertaking would be $750,000,000.

Girl's Essay on Boys.

At a recent school examination for girls this composition was handed in by a girl of 12, says a Missouri paper: "The boy is not an animal, yet he can be heard quite a distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their toung until they are spoken to, and then they answer respectable and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where the water is deep. When the boy grows up he is called a husband, but the grown-up girl is a widow and keeps house."

KEITH'S PHILADELPHIA. THE ITEM.

Keith's, the vaudeville enchanter,
Entertains with laughter thrills!
Interests each day with banter,
Tonic's cure for mortal ills.
Honest fun that charms and pleases,
Says the world of Keith's great bills.

Keith's has no superior as a playhouse.... When a public theatre holds a thronged audience in the gallery that never makes the slightest outbreak in the way of comment of any description save that of enthusiasm in applause that theatre can be critically said to be refined and first-class in every department of theatrical etiquette.

PUBLIC LEDGER.

It is not hard to see why B. F. Keith wants another theatre in Philadelphia. The present house is certainly too small to accommodate the audiences that gather at his entertainments. Yesterday the people not only filled the seats but all the standing room, and the sale of tickets had to be stopped until some of the earlier comers had left.

TAGGART'S SUNDAY TIMES.

"That most popular of all Philadelphia's theatres—Keith's, where the temperature is always right, the audiences are always correct, the shows always clean and good, and the attendants always courteous and well-behaved.

If a good face is a letter of recommendation, a good heart is a letter of credit.

There is a great difference between a secret and a mystery. A secret may be of some consequence, but a mystery never is.

All that is good grows by being brought into light, while that which is evil, if consigned to darkness and silence, will perish in itself.

REASON OF HER LONG LIFE.

Queen Victoria's Longevity and Health Due to Regularity.

An eminent physician of this city who has recently returned from London, where he had opportunities of learning much of Queen Victoria's habits of life, is of the opinion that not only her longevity, but also her wonderful exemption from the ills and aches to which humans are ordinarily subject, are due to the fact of the extraordinary regularity which is followed in the daily routine of her majesty's life. Nothing makes a difference in this routine, for everything is arranged by rule and compass, in a fashion which no incidents whatsoever ever interfere with. The queen rises every morning at the same hour and retires at the same instant every night, her meals are served to the second, while her drives and airings are regulated with the same punctuality; indeed, the royal household of England far outdoes any great public business institution for scrupulous and perfect punctuality. This state of affairs has gone on, year in, year out, ever since the death of the late lamented prince consort, whose very irregular and free and easy temperament frequently "got" a little on the queen's nerves and caused between the otherwise so united a couple a great many scenes which were the reverse of pleasant. So dear to Victoria is this abnormal punctuality that she has instilled it into all her children, and the Prince of Wales' household, for instance, is almost as noted for its accurate appreciation of time as is that of his royal mother. The prince during his entire lifetime has never as yet been known to be five minutes late for any meal, either in his own house or in anyone else's. On one occasion a very popular and well-known English duchess, famous for her unpunctuality, gave the greatest offense at Marlborough house because she was a few minutes late for dinner. As she entered the drawing-room the prince pointedly glanced at a small clock which stood on the mantel shelf. The duchess' quick eye observed the action and she knew at once that a long time would elapse before she was ever again likely to receive an invitation to dine with her future king. With a somewhat constrained laugh she exclaimed: "Why, sir, it is not that hour." "No," replied the prince, "you are only four minutes late, but I like to have all my clocks five minutes fast, for it keeps unpunctual people up to the mark."

Even in the Days of Yore.

"Where is the electrician?" yelled Noah, as he groped his way toward the engine-room. Thus, even in the days of yore, was there much commotion when the arc lights went out.—Brooklyn Life.

There are lots of people who look as if they had spent the day sitting on a wharf waiting for their ships to come in.

So long as a woman is not interested in any man, she doesn't care so much if told that she is looking older.

Children and fools are very apt to seise upon unanswerable arguments.