

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Wholesome and honest print there.

PRULIETTE KELLY.

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.



HE Kelly farmhouse (where lived Hiram Kelly and Pruliette, his sister) was a roughly clapboarded, unpainted building.

On the hard earth under the open shed was a table, and sitting by this table a woman. She had no lamp, and as she sat there in the gathering shadows (which had come early into the great, bare shed, as if finding it a congenial place), it was difficult at first to see it clearly.

GREAT EASTERN WAR.

It came the day before in the Larned's camp on the New York shore of Lake Ontario.

Miss Kelly was busy in the woodshed and back kitchen. "Takes all my time cookin' for the hayin' help," she grumbled, with unusual garrulity.

She stared hard at Olive, and finally went into the pantry and brought out a little cake that looked very dry and old. "Here's somethin' fur ye, little gal," she said, thrusting it into the child's hand.

Olive drew back, receiving the gift with a hardly audible murmur of thanks. On the way home she was silent, and I saw she had been frightened by the grim-looking old woman.

The Larneds got their eggs and butter and milk from the Kelly farm, and had been in the habit of sending for them. Several times in the course of the next week Miss Kelly brought these supplies to the camp herself.

One Saturday morning we men all started off to spend the day fishing near some islands to the west of us. Rufe, the man-of-all-work, was left in charge of the camp.

Early in the afternoon Mrs. Larned wished to send Rufe on an errand to a farm house standing on the end of a point that stretched out into the lake parallel with ours; a deep bay about half a mile wide separated the two points.

Two boats had been left at the camp; one was a large, heavy skiff, the other a little canoe which was used for paddling about in on quiet evenings.

Rufe took the big skiff and rowed away with Olive sitting in the stern. A hot, thick haze hung over the water, and from the camp they could hardly make out the boat as it neared the point opposite.

Suddenly all the vapor that had filled the air seemed to gather into a black cloud; and soon this cloud glowed with streaks of flame, and emitted hoarse growls.

"It will be a thunderstorm," exclaimed Mrs. Loring. "I wish Olive was here with me; she's so afraid of thunder."

It happened that Pruliette Kelly had come to the camp with a pair of butter. They invited her to stay till the storm was over.

Now a blast of hot wind swept over the lake and caught the haze up with it, carrying it off to the angry black

cloud, which had swollen till it filled nearly the whole sky. As the haze vanished objects near the opposite point could be more clearly distinguished.

"See," cried Mrs. Loring, "isn't that the boat pulling out from shore? Oh, why doesn't Rufe stay at the farm house! How can he be so foolish!"

Pruliette drew Mrs. Larned back. "The little gal is alone in that there boat," she said, in a solemn whisper.

"Rufe must a-left her in it when he went up to the house; an' that sudden wind druv it off the shore. The Randall boat must be away from home; fur I kin see Rufe runnin' up an' down the bank, an' if 'twas there he'd foller her. The wind is drivin' the boat right toward us."

The rain began to fall in torrents, churning the already vexed water till it seemed to boil. It was one of those violent thunderstorms to which Lake Ontario is subject during the hot season.

"But, Pruliette," says I when she got home, "why didn't ye stay an' hev a visit with Sarah?"

"I did visit with Sarah," says Pruliette; "I got to her house one afternoon, an' that evenin' she told me all she hed to tell, an' I told her all I hed to tell. So, there bein' no need of stayin', I let the next mornin' an' went on West to find that sneakin' George Harker."

"As Pruliette gets older an' more silent her tongue keeps just as sharp; it's like a razor, gettin' sharper, less you use it. We hardly speaks, an' hev'n't eat together fur years."

"Poor Hiram!" said Miss Larned; "his sister must be a trial to him. I suppose he'd like to marry and live as other men do. Of course, so woman will marry him, knowing that Pruliette has got to live with them, and he's fast getting to be an old man. But I don't see how he can get on with her."

"I'm sure she must have been a very pretty girl," said I.

A few days later Mrs. Loring and a little daughter, six years old, Olive Loring, came to the camp. One evening Olive walked with me to the Kelly farmhouse. She was a gentle little thing, somewhat shy with new acquaintances.

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"BLIND" LETTERS.

HOW THE DIFFERENT NATIONS EXCHANGE THEM.

Our Postal Employees Better at Deciphering Bad Addresses Than Those Abroad—An Adept at "Blind Reading."

DURING the last fiscal year, ended June 30th, 1894, 590,662 letters from foreign lands drifted into the Dead Letter Office at Washington. The individuals addressed being not discovered, nearly all of these missives had to be sent back to the countries whence they came.

The foreign authorities seem to be stupid about such things. Letters from the United States addressed to Walter Besant or to Algernon Swinburne, "England," are sent back, marked "Insufficient address."

At Christmas time every year children write letters to Santa Claus and mail them, usually unstamped. If a foreign address is given the missive is dispatched in the mails, the rules of the International Postal Union not requiring prepayment.

Comparatively few of the foreign letters which reach the Dead Letter Office here can be delivered to the person addressed, because it is not allowable to open them.

The letter from abroad which has failed of delivery, on account of badly written addresses are handled by experts who exhibit wonderful skill in deciphering them.

Memory is an important element in "blind reading," as this work is called. Miss Richter got hold of a letter the other day with a peculiar name and nothing else on it except "America."

All undeliverable foreign letters are done up in bags or rather parcels and sent back once a week to the principal European countries and to Canada.

All printed matter received at the Dead Letter Office from Canada, Great Britain, Germany, Switzerland, South American countries and Australasia is destroyed in accordance with special agreement.

In the same way we get our dear matter back from foreign countries—weekly from some, monthly from others.

A newspaper is the diary of history.

Scissors With a History.

John Wilson, town marshal of Hazel Green, Ky., has in his possession a pair of scissors which are known to have been in his immediate family for 130 years or more.

They are 10 inches in length, evidently hand forged, and not much unlike the patterns seen nowadays.

Three-day elections were then held, and the voter living remote from the polls shrouded his trusty rifle and started the first day so as to make sure of casting his vote before the close of the third.

The wonderful power of a wildcat is shown in its ability to leap long distances. All of the cat tribe have immense power in their legs, and they make up in the length of their spring their inability to make a continued chase.

"I was hunting in the snow, and came across the track of a wildcat, which I followed a long distance.

The distance from where the cat crouched to where it caught the bird was just thirty-three feet. I naturally supposed from the length of the leap that the cat was young and in full activity.

In Wells County, Indiana, not far from Muncie, an oil well driller has made several holes, to which he can find no bottom.

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KEEP IT MOVING!

Keep the wagon movin', No matter what the load, Keep the horses goin', In the middle o' the road.

Night time or day time, Winter time or May time, Harry up the horses, An' keep 'em in the road!

Keep the wagon movin'! If the horses 'stall,' Put your shoulder to the wheel, An' pull together all!

Night time or day time, Winter, time or May time, Harry up the horses, An' you'll git there by an' by!

Back-talk—The agitation of a dog tail.—Troy Press.

Man's selfishness always has his three or four sizes too large for him.—Galveston News.

A deaf mute recently went into Broadway bicycle store and picked a hub and spoke.—Life.

Both the photographer and the thief depend in a great measure for success upon their taking ways.—Philadelphia Record.

"Dear little hand!" he murmured as he kissed her hand and meant reckoned up what the rings on it cost him.—Harper's Bazar.

The shortest way of acquiring reputation for executive ability is get other men to do your work for you for nothing.—Boston Transcript.

Yabsley—"You fellows came from your fishing trip empty-handed didn't you?" Mudge—"Yes, hands were empty."—Indianapolis Journal.

He—"You are the only girl I love." She—"Oh, never mind that. The main question is am I the only girl you ever will love."—Cincinnati Tribune.

South African proof-readers young. The last one succumbed to the description of a fight between Unabelligi and Amaswazi tribes.—Tit-Bits.

Wife—"That new girl sleeps like log, and I never can get her up in morning." Husband (struck by bright idea)—"Let the baby sleep with her."—Good News.

"How did you come to break Miss Sweetlips? You always said you was good as gold." "Yes; but got acquainted with a girl who had gold."—Boston Transcript.

Ethel—"What made people think they were husband and wife?" "Why, whenever he related a story she always interrupted him saying he'd left out something."—Tit-Bits.

He—"Do you know how to good bread?" She—"Oh, yes, I don't mean to; when I marry I'll get a husband who will be enough to buy me cake."—Some Journal.

Everett Wrest—"Lady, if you would like to have some wood saw Mrs. Potts—"We burn gas." "perhaps you will let me turn of gas for breakfast."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Poor little thing!" exclaims passionate editor to the mouse was nosing about in the waste bin. "If you find anything there you use you're harder up than I am."—Chicago Tribune.

"Say, I don't believe that about Mrs. Danson's hair turning in a night, do you?" Susie—"Yes! That's nothing; my mother turned hers yellow half a dozen times."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Chollie—"The idea of a man sending a letter with a Chappie—"Doosid bad form, as Chollie—"But that isn't the worst. In this case it means 'Please tie.'"—Cincinnati Tribune.

"You're a liar," said No. 1. "must take that back," replied "I reiterate, you are a liar," said No. 1. And No. 2, to whom the "reiterate" was evidently applied: "All right, I accept my apology."—New York Tribune.

Ethel—"Here is the loveliest coat that I bought for Tom, doesn't seem to care for it the bit." Clara—"I can tell you to make him value it above everything." Ethel—"Oh, how?" Clara—"I'll give it to you."—Tit-Bits.

Oh, the dust, dust, dust, We see it everywhere, We drink it in our lemonade, We breathe it in the air; It fills our eyes and ears and nose, Each crevice and each nook, There's a dust in every blessed thing, But one—our pocketbook. —Kansas Journal.