

### We'll Get There By and By.

In spite of tempests blowing—  
With cotton low or high,  
And congress still a-goging,  
We'll get there by and by!  
We'll get there,  
And "set" there—  
We'll come to fame and frat there,  
We'll pay up every bet there—  
We'll get there by and by!

O, what's the use in grieving?  
A song can beat a sigh.  
The stormy clouds are waiving!  
A rainbow in the sky!  
And we'll get there,  
We'll get there,  
And settle every debt there;  
Won't be a house to let there—  
We'll get there by and by!

### MADAME'S STORY.

A FRENCH-CANADIAN SKETCH.

"And what became of Marie?" I asked. "She married, did she not? or did she, now? I remember there was some excitement."

Madame sighed. "It is a very long story."

"Tell me Madame," I begged. I give the story in her own words. I would that I could give her accent. Her English was almost perfect, though rather studied and occasionally confused as to tenses. But her singularly pure, clear voice and faint foreign softening of each syllable made her charming to listen to.

"Well, as I think I told you long ago, Marie went away from me for one long year. When she was very little, I sent her to a convent in Toronto, and I do not see her very often. She grew so pretty, so spirituelle, the pale pink face and big eyes, black eyes, and long lashes,—oh, she is beautiful! She was like a rose in the morning, quite slender, and her small feet do not hurt the flowers. She is a flower herself, charming. She came home, and the lads in the village are distracted and I am too. It is very hard to watch Marie. She is so quick and so beautiful. She laugh in my face and say: 'Do not fear my mother, I always stay with you. As for the men, I hate 'em all.' Then she dance away with the pale-pink ribbons flying from the pink robe, and the lads follow her everywhere. She read love-stories, novel, she call them, and they put strange things in her head.

"She will not marry the lads in the village, she say, but some rich man will come from the city and take her away," and I, her mother, will have plenty of beautiful dresses and a maid to wait upon me. Then I scold her and say I do not want those things, and she must marry a lad that I shall choose for her. Then she dance away, throwing the roses at me, and the ribbons fluttering everywhere, always ribbons and flowers with my Marie, and when she pass, the curling hair all tumbling around her, there is always a sweet perfume in the air. You remember her when she came from the convent?"

I nod. Who wouldn't remember that wild-rose of a girl, with the daintiest foot poet ever raved over, with a slender, lithe, ever-dancing, little figure with her pretty gowns following every movement, with her glorious merry black eyes and the sea-shell pink on her cheeks. Remember Marie? I, who had followed her floating ribbons, had picked up the roses she let fall, had been as crazy about her as ever was village lad! Remember her! Yes, as one remembers a sprite, a fairy, a delicious dream. I sigh as one sighs for departing youth. Those mad happy days have nothing to do with me now. A moment ago—a day ago—I was bored, cynical, blasé, and now I would give my life to be dancing once more through the woods after Marie—after flowers and streamers and a floating gown catching on the wild-rose bushes—after Marie. If once more the woods could seem as green, the sky as blue, a girl as fair as Marie!

"So she will not marry, and by-and-by a girl from the convent write Marie to visit with her at her home, and I am tired and I let Marie go. She stay one whole year, and I weary for her and she come back. When I see her, the tears come in my eyes. She is pale and thin and so quiet. I feel dreadful. I ask her what the matter is, and she say 'Nothing at all.' But I, her mother, know better, and I watch and wait. One day a letter come for her, and it is a man's handwriting on the envelope. Marie take it and say nothing at all. Then I feel bad, very bad, that my little girl have a lover and that I, her mother, know not of it. After a long time she tell me his name. It is Jean Lefroy, and she know him at the house of her friend, and he tell her he love her, and I ask her if she love him—although I think it not right that I do not choose for her—and she say she do

not know. But one day Mons—Mr. Lefroy come and say:

"Why you not write me, Marie? and she say to him that I am her mother, and he bow very low to me and say:

"Madame, I love your daughter, and I write and ask her when I may come and tell her mother that I wish to marry her, and she do not answer me, at all, at all, and he stride very fierce about the room, and Marie put her head on my shoulder and say that she love me, her mother, only. And he ask very quick:

"Why you say you love me?" and Marie will not answer. She just put her hands to her ears and will not listen to him. I think she must be crazy, and I speak hard to her, but she just run out of the room. Then he go away and say he will come back again that evening. Then I speak to Marie, and she say there is another man too, and she do not know which she like better—that when one of them is there that she like the other one better—and it is making her pale and thin. Then I am very severe with her and tell her it is very wrong; that she cannot love either of them, or she would know. But she say she think she will marry one of them, and I tell her that Mr. Lefroy is coming tonight and she must say either yes or no to him, and she say that I will break her heart.

"Well, in the evening a strange gentleman come, a very fair gentleman with pretty curly hair, and he ask to see my Marie. She look over the stair and she say to me:

"It is the other one."  
"Then I am nearly crazy, but Marie say she will not go to see him till Mr. Lefroy come. 'Perhaps I can tell,' she say, 'when I see them both together.'

"When Mr. Lefroy come, we go down the stair and there they are, both together, and they look hard at each other. We talk a little while, and then I say: 'Gentlemen, what is it that you want?'

"And they both say quick, 'Marie!' And Marie she say:

"But you cannot both have me. Is it not so?" And the one that came last say, very angry:

"You must decide now, which one you will have!"

"Then Marie look at him and frown and say quick:

"Very well then; I decide now that I will not have you."

"Then Jean Lefroy he smile a little, and the other one walk out of the house quick, his face like a storm-cloud, and then Marie sit down and cry. She will not speak to Jean Lefroy, although he coax her very hard. She only say that she will stay with me, her mother. Then Jean he bow and say to me that he hope my health will keep good, and Marie stop crying and make him a grimace, and he go away, too. They both come back, often. But she cannot tell which she like best ever, and I am very weary. Almost I would be glad that she leave me and marry. So one day she tell me that next week she will marry, and there is no time to get her the clothes, and she will not tell me which one. I like them both very well, and I feel bad, but she only say, 'you will see.'

On Thursday she would marry, only quiet-like—only those who marry her and I, her mother, there—and we go to the church together. When we get to the church, I look to see which gentleman, but I see no one. Marie is cool. She say: 'Let us wait. He may be late,' and she smile to herself. I think it is very strange; but at last I see Jean Lefroy come round the corner and Marie run to meet him. When he come near, I see that he look—oh, horrible! He have his arm tied up and his coat is torn and one of his eyes has a black mark and he is lame. He wear no hat and the collar and tie are gone. Oh, it is dreadful. But I say nothing. I fear Marie change her mind again. But it is not so. They are married, and I make Jean tell me why he look so dreadful.

"Well," he say, 'Marie tell each of us, separately, that she will marry us to-day, and when I see him I smile, not knowing that he has had her promise too, and when he see me he hold the head high, not knowing that I shall marry her. So all the week we nearly have our fight, but I never touch him till—well, last night Marie write us both and say that she will marry the one that will get to the church first. We both get the note at the same time, and I see that he is getting ready early and I hurry, too. When he leave his house, I leave mine also and all the way we try to keep each other back. It is very hard work, and two hours after we leave the homes we have got no further than the first corner. Soon we start to run, but we cannot get past each other, and then

he catch hold of me, and then we fight some more. But soon I tear his coat and he cannot wear it and then his vest, but Madame will pardon me that I cannot tell her all that happen. At all event, we have to go home to get the clothes and I get here first.'— [Madge Robertson in Romance.

### Two Stories of "Stonewall" Jackson.

"As an illustration of 'Stonewall' Jackson's belief in the matter of absolute obedience to the letter of an order," said a Confederate veteran to the Louisville Courier-Journal, "I have heard a story told of an incident that occurred during the Mexican War. General Jackson was then a lieutenant of artillery, commanding a section composed of two guns. In a certain action he was ordered to occupy a certain position and open fire upon the enemy. His two guns were started for the place, which was very exposed, and before reaching it he saw that he could not remain there ten minutes without losing every horse and man he had. At the same time he saw that by moving some 300 yards away his fire would be more effective. But his orders to open fire must be obeyed, so, reaching the designated position, the two guns were fired. Then they were limbered up and moved to the new position, and fire was opened in earnest and with effect.

"I could tell of several incidents in which Jackson figured," he continued, "which came under my notice while a student at the Virginia Military Institute, where Jackson was a professor. I remember once how a student tried to kill him. Some fellow—I forget his name—had a fancied grievance against Jackson. He took a bag which was used to hold soiled clothes and filled it with bricks. His room was in the top story of the building, and one day as Jackson was passing under his window he dropped the bag of bricks. It passed so close to Jackson that it grazed his cap, tilting it to one side. Without pausing or looking around, he straightened his cap and passed on as if on parade, the only notice he seemed to take of the occurrence being to step over several of the bricks that had rolled out of the bag. Several of us who were near rushed up to him, remarking upon his coolness. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'the bricks were on the ground when I saw them. They could not hurt me then.'

### Sunlight by a Crooked Route.

In order to furnish light for workmen engaged in repairing a break in one of the lower compartments of the tank steamer Kasbek a novel experiment was tried with wonderful success Wednesday. The steamer is loading bulk oil at Marcus hook for a German port, and a slight leak was discovered in one of her tanks. It was unsafe to use lamps of any kind, because of the danger of fire, the tanks being full of gas generated from the remnants of previous cargoes, and Captain Briggs decided to try and deflect solar light twenty-seven feet down into the dark hold. He procured a number of highly polished plate-glass mirrors, and, after several attempts, succeeded in stationing some members of the crew in such positions as to reflect the sun's rays from the mirror into the hold. In several instances the rays had to pass through small manholes, a few inches in diameter, from where they were focalized with lenses and magnified after reaching the compartment where the repairs were to be made. In this unique manner a flood of bright light at least ten feet square was thrown over the leaking joint and held there while a group of machinists thoroughly repaired the weak spot.— [Philadelphia Record.

### The Sulphur Cavern.

Three miles from the village of Krisuvik, in the great volcanic district of Iceland, there is a whole mountain composed of eruptive clays and pure white sulphur. Although this sulphur mountain is a wonder in itself, interest centres to that spot on account of a beautiful grotto which penetrates the western slope to an unknown depth. The main entrance is a fissure-like chasm, about 60 feet in height and only eight or ten feet in width. The floor inclines for the first 50 or 60 yards, and then suddenly pitches downward, seemingly into the very bowels of the earth. Here the fissure widens into a considerable cavern, with walls, roof, floor, stalactites and stalagmites, all composed of pure, crystallized sulphur.—(St. Louis Republic.

### And Trouble Followed.

Neighbor's Boy—"Your mamma must be mighty strong."  
The Other Boy—"How'd you know whether she is or not."  
Neighbor's Boy—"I heard my mamma say she believed she was a shoplifter."— [Chicago Tribune.

### PETROLEUM.

#### Excitement Reigned When Pennsylvania Struck Oil.

#### Boom Cities Whose Sites Have Again Become Farms.

Scarcely thirty years have passed since Pennsylvania's first barrel of refined oil was offered for sale, says the Philadelphia Ledger. Notwithstanding this, the exports rank fourth in the list for value, and are surpassed only by cotton, breadstuffs and provisions. For the year ending June 30, 1894, the total exports were 23,000,000 gallons. Five years later they had increased to 100,000,000 gallons, in 1874 to 200,000,000 gallons, and in 1891 to 700,000,000 gallons. A larger percentage of the oil product of the country is sent abroad than of any other product except cotton. The reduction in the price of petroleum is quite as noteworthy as the increase in production, quantity and exportation. A gallon in bulk cost in 1861 not less than fifty-eight cents, in 1892 not more than three and a half cents, or hardly one-seventeenth of the old price.

Pipe lines aggregating 25,000 miles in length have been laid, and 9000 tank cars have been built, which, if forming a single train, would extend sixty-five miles. Besides these cars and a number of bulk sailing and other vessels, fifty-nine bulk steamships are now employed in transporting the oil to foreign countries.

The value of the Pennsylvania oil wells and land is estimated at more than \$87,000,000. Sixty-five million dollars more must be added to cover the value of the plant employed in producing crude petroleum. This valuation does not include the pipe lines, tank cars, the great fields of tankage, the costly refineries, docks for exportation, nor the fleet of bulk vessels carrying the product to foreign shores. The estimate of total capital required for the production, manufacture, and transportation of petroleum and its products is not far from \$300,000,000.

Professor Bolles finds numerous incidents connected with the discovery and development of the petroleum industry, from the drilling of Drake's famous well in 1858 to the later gushers. Drake's success ushered in a period of almost unparalleled excitement, surpassed only by the California gold fever. The president of the company was notified by telegraph of the discovery, and not forgetting his pocket before spreading the intelligence he quietly bought up most of the stock. Western Pennsylvania in the next few years was the scene of indescribable activity and speculation. Numerous wells were sunk along Oil creek, French creek, and the Alleghany river. Adventurers flocked from all parts of the country, and what was once an unbroken forest was soon transformed into camps and towns.

Many of the wells yielded nothing, others lasted but a short time, while some produced enormous quantities of oil. As the producing fields changed the population shifted with the fields, and the towns that had sprung up from the wilderness as by the touch of the magician's wand vanished almost as quickly as they had come. Pithole City, for example, in 1865 was the largest post office, except Philadelphia, in the state. It has now entirely disappeared, and the site of the city has become a farm.

During the first two years after Drake's success the search for oil was restricted to the territory around Titusville. The drills were then tried on the Alleghany river, and its shores yielded an abundant quantity. Until this time all the oil had been raised from the wells by pumps. A new surprise was now in store for the producers.

The first flowing well was struck in February, 1861, and yielded 300 barrels a day. It flowed for fifteen months. This surprise had not spent itself when the Phillips well was struck, shooting forth ten times as much oil per day as the first well. This was soon followed by the Funk well, which matched the Phillips in productiveness, yielding 3,000 per day. The Noble well yielded as much, while the Sheridan yielded 2,000 barrels per day. It is stated, on good authority that the Noble produced \$3,000,000 worth of oil, and that the average flow of the Sheridan for two years was 900 barrels per day.

#### Wong Fook, the Chinese Bicyclist.

Wong Fook is nothing more than a common, every-day sort of a Chinese, but he has within the last few weeks led some people to think that he will soon be one of the swiftest bicyclists

in the city. In a word, Fook is training to race, says the Los Angeles, (Cal.) Herald.

Some months ago Fook, with the audacity of an oriental heathen, walked into a prominent cycling establishment and said he had some to buy a bicycle.

After the clerks had recovered from the shock a wheel was brought out. Fook sized up the silent steed immediately, and said that was just the one he wanted. He paid the bill and pushed the wheel to his place of abode.

When the shades of evening began to fall he grasped his trusty steed and ambled forth, to do or to die. He conquered the thing and soon was seen winding through the throngs of vehicles upon the streets.

Then his cousin—in Chinese his brother—became so infatuated that he too, purchased a wheel. A week or two ago Ah Lee did likewise, so that now Los Angeles has the peculiar distinction of raising Chinese bicycle riders.

But Wong Fook has taken a step in advance of his brother celestials. He has donned "Melican" bicycle clothes and begun training with a view to racing. For the last two weeks Fook has been riding regularly upon the track at Athletic Park.

The local riders were somewhat amazed at the appearance of the Chinese among their ranks, and some of them refused to train while John remained upon the track. But the prejudice against him soon wore away and his intelligent unobtrusive conduct brought him friends.

Fook can make a good race, although he has been training but a few weeks. His best mile was made close to the three-minute mark, while he made a quarter the other day in about forty-five seconds.

#### Completion of the Mont Blanc Observatory.

The observatory on the top of Mont Blanc, Switzerland, is at last completed. The work was facilitated by the use of windlasses, which drew the materials up the icy slopes. Some of the builders remained on the summit for twenty days, the August weather being very favorable. The construction of the observatory was begun over two years ago. The builders hoped to cut through the ice cap to solid rock, but this was found to be impossible, after they had gone down a distance of thirty or forty feet. So at last it was determined to let the building stand upon the ice and snow.

The observatory was made in sections at Paris, under the immediate direction of Mr. Jansson. The pieces were transported to Rochers-Rouges on the backs of men, and were finally brought to the summit by the aid of windlasses. The building is thirty-eight feet high, but only one-third is above the snow. The upper story is used exclusively for observatory purposes, while the lower stories shelter attendants and parties of tourists. The observatory rests on ten heavy screws, so that the building can be easily leveled. The interior is lighted by small dormer windows with double panes of thick glass. All wood used in the construction is fireproofed, and all necessary precautions against fire have been taken. Anthracite coal will be burned. It is seldom that the cold exceeds thirty-two degrees below zero.

The observatory will be occupied from May to November, and a great deal is expected from the self-registering instruments during the winter. If possible, it is intended to connect the instruments with Chamounix by electricity, but no steps toward this end have been taken yet. M. Jansson was carried to the top of Mont Blanc last year in a litter borne by thirteen porters. The new observatory will enable scientists to carry out important experiments and observations in physics, meteorology, spectrum analysis and vegetable and animal physiology.—Scientific American.

#### Hand-Made Beauty.

If you see a woman in the street cars occupied with rubbing the tips of her fingers up and down on her face, don't imagine that she is crazy or attempting to mesmerize any one. She is not. She has been reading in the woman's corner of some daily paper that to outwit time and remove wrinkles a woman should occupy some of her leisure massaging her face gently, to rub the wrinkles out.— [New York Journal.

#### A Mean Man.

"My dear," said Mr. Bloombumper to his wife, "I wish you would have some of these biscuits of yours when Mr. Briscoe is here for dinner."

"I thought you didn't like Mr. Briscoe, love," replied Mrs. Bloombumper, sweetly.

"I don't."— [Judge.

### LIFE.

Life is a rainbow in splendor apris,  
Sun courting and proud,  
Ephemeral, fleeting, it springs from the mist  
And sinks in a cloud!  
Phantasmal, uncertain—a oracle sun-kist,  
A tear-tarlished shroud!  
Joy, sorrow, love, hatred, fame, fortune and all  
Momentous we deem!  
Till shadows they sleep 'neath Oblivion's pall,  
And death rules supreme!  
Vain hopes that are faded beyond our recall,  
Poor ghosts of a dream!  
All pleasures are fleeting, but dreams last long  
In undying pain,  
And mingled with sob's is the sound of a song  
Whose lingering refrain  
Recalls the dead past where sweet dream  
measures throng,  
Dreamed never again!

Ah, life is so lonely when love's day is done  
And gloaming gales grove,  
And in the pale light of the fast falling sun,  
Think how much we give,  
When even the goal of existence is won,  
To breath and to live,  
—H. M. Folsom, in Atlanta Journal

### HUMOROUS.

Worldly-wise—A geographer.

A receiving teller—The gossip.

A Hand-me-Down.—The Heirloom.

The airing of musty opinions doesn't improve them.

To the ardent weaver "no" news is hardly good news.

Of all birds, the tailor's goose has the most prominent bill.

The pessimist is a man whose cup of joy is broken and half the fragments lost.

A pickpocket is a landlubber who is never so happy as when he is on the seize.

The flat, stale and unprofitable, is likely to be turned into a tenement house.

It only takes sunrise to tell one-half the world that the other half lives in shadow.

"If the money burns in your pocket, my son, you will never be able to lay up much cold cash."

Doctor—"Did the last prescription relieve you?" Patient—"Yes, of a dollar and fifty cents."

A man who is boarding may not be able to build castles in Spain, but he often finds grounds in Java.

Man is a good deal like his own shoes. When he is worn out by the hard roads of life he is likely to be half-souled.

Visitor—"Do you regret the past?" Convicted counterfeiter—"Oh, no. It's what didn't pass that I feel bad about."—Kate.

Binks—"I had my diamond pin stolen last night." Inspector—"How can it be identified?" Binks—"It has a patent thief-safety-chain attached."

Mr. Henpeck—"I can't see, my dear, what good that border of velvet does round the hem of your skirt." Mrs. Henpeck—"Oh, can't you? Well, it just shows that I can afford it."

"But why are you so bitter against the police?" asked the caller. "It's just this," said Mrs. Owskeeper. "As soon as I have taught a girl how to be a good cook one of them comes along and marries her."

"Haw-haw!" laughed the Chicago man, as he read the bill of fare. "You Easterners make some queer mistakes. You've got croquettes under the head of entrées. Out West croquette is a game."

Caller—"You have your share of children, I see, Mr. Topflat." Mr. Topflat—"Yes, we have five." Caller—"Don't you find it quite a trial to bring them up?" Mr. Topflat—"Oh, no. There's an elevator in the building."

Jones—"Well, Smith, did you propose to Miss Airea last night?" Smith—"Yes, and her answer was very ambiguous and contradictory." Jones—"Why, what did she say?" Smith—"She gave me a positive negative."

Uptown Landlady.—"There's only one thing, sir, about these apartments I think I ought to call your attention to; we haven't got a piano, sir." Wearing Husband of Musical Wife—"How very delightful! Do you make any extra charge?"

"What horrible smell is that?" he asked as he unpacked his winter clothes. "That's the stuff I used to keep the moths 'out of them." his wife answered proudly. "Well, it must have answered the purpose. I know it'll keep 'em out of 'em."

A little three-year-old boy, already set apart for a lawyer's calling, being taken in hand with a switch, after having been forbidden to pick another pear from a favorite dwarf tree, indignantly exclaimed: "Mamma, I did not pick off the pear; you come and see if I did." Sure enough he didn't. He simply stood there and ate it, and the core was still dangling from the stem.