

A SONG.

It was the time when heaven comes down,
And paves the wood with blue;
A firmament of hyacinths
Drank deep of forest dew.

"ONLY MAGGIE."

UST the two words,
"only Maggie,"
were a sort of by-
word in the Clem-
ents family, where
the young lady
rejoicing in the
baptismal appella-
tion of Margaret
was considered
somewhat inferior
in all respects to
the three elder
sisters.

Miss Nora
Clements was a
artistic, Miss
Georgina Clements
was musical, and
her hours were spent
executing intricate-
trics upon the piano;
Miss Cordelia Clements
was a beauty.

Maggie, the youngest,
was simply a
cheerful, good-tempered,
industrious
girl, who aimed at no
special display
of either beauty or
talent, but was
quite content to be
handmaiden for
the others.

Howard, the oldest
brother and the
eldest of the family,
was a physician,
and the head of the
household, the
father and mother
being dead. There
was wealth enough
to make a pleasant
home when the
separate incomes
were combined,
and Howard would
have been unwilling
to see his sisters
leave him for any
but a home and
husband of their
own.

"We can all live
comfortably to-
gether," he would
say, "but you have
not enough to live
upon without work,
if you leave the
house we own
among us."

At first the two
older girls were
quite anxious to
figure, one as a
great artist, the
other as a great
musician, but
finally they allowed
their brother to
have his own way.

The young doctor
was very proud
of his sisters and
their various
attractions, and
when his warm
friend and fellow-
student, Paul
Goddard, appeared
to make him a
short visit, he
led him from the
office into the
house adjoining
it, delighted at
the prospect of
showing of the
girls to a city
gentleman.

A tour of inspection
in the drawing-
room preceded
the actual introduc-
tion.
"This scene upon
the Catskill Moun-
tains was painted
by my eldest sister,
Paul. We spent the
summer there for
the express purpose
of allowing Nora
to make sketches."

"Very fine!" mur-
mured Paul, try-
ing his best to
admire the mountains.
"And the music is
Georgina's. Georgina
is Signor Skwallini's
best pupil."

"A great talent?"
Paul murmured
again.
"And this," contin-
ued Howard,
opening the photo-
graph album, "is
Cordelia."

He added no more
—and, truly, the
face was sufficiently
beautifully to
need no comment.
Paul spoke cordially:
"Who is this
opposite your sister,
Howard?"

"That is Maggie.
She is my young-
est sister."

"And does she
paint or sing?"
"No, no! Maggie
has no talent
and no beauty.
She is a good little
thing! But come
to your room, Paul!
Dinner will be
ready at six."

"So Maggie is
housekeeper,"
thought Paul, as
he looked around
the tasteful
apartment assigned
to him. "I think
Maggie certainly
has something of
her sister's artistic
eye. How exquisitely
these flowers are
arranged—and how
cool and fresh it
is here after my
hot, dusty ride!"

She was not pretty;
she was not artistic
nor musical; but
she was charming
to Paul's eyes in
five minutes. Her
dress fitted her
graceful little figure
perfectly; her
collars and cuffs
were white and
smooth; her hair
was dressed
carefully and
becomingly; she
was exquisitely
neat.

Not fearing for
her voice, she
chatted gayly and
pleasantly, not
being anxious
about her dress,
she moved
gracefully and
freely, and
having no
specialty of
talent, she
could talk
sensibly about
the various
topics her
brother and
his friend
started.

Dinner passed
off pleasantly.
Paul
concluded that
if Maggie was
house-
keeper her
dinner certainly
did her
credit.

A week passed
away, and Paul
found himself
groaning in
spirit over
the Misses
Clements. He
had wandered
in search of
the picturesque
with Nora,
had sacrificed
gloves and
boots in the
pursuit of
wonderful
boughs and
inaccessible
flowers. He
had listened
to Georgina
till his ears
fairly ached,
and he was
divided in
his mind as
to whether
the performer
or the listener
deserved the
more pity.

He had admired
Cordelia in
every variety
of costume,
in every
effective
attitude;
had seen her
eyes raised
and the long
lashes of the
drooping lids;
and marveled
at the
whiteness of
her curling
hair; had
observed her
a beauty,
a weariness
and a burden
of spirits.

The three
eldest girls
were a good
deal puzzled
about Dr.
Goddard, and
not a little
humiliated
by his
apparent
indifference.

"He doesn't
seem to
possess the
least love
for art," said
Nora, disdain-
fully. "I have
shown him
my very
finest pieces
of work, and
when I
attempt to
discuss them
he looks
bored. He
is our guest,
I know, but
really I
must say he
is rather
rude."

"As for
music," chimed
in Georgina,
"I don't
believe he
has any ear
for it. The
other day
I went into
the drawing-
room with
my latest
piece of
music. I
thought he
might like
to hear it,
but would
you believe
it, girls, he
listened to
my singing,
thanked me
absent-
mindedly,
and then
excused
himself?"

"He isn't
a bit clever
at turning
compliments,"
sighed
Cordelia,
rising and
examining
herself
critically in
a mirror.
"I've changed
my costume
at least
three times
every day,
and he
has never
once told
me that
such and
such a
dress
became
me wonder-
fully."

"He's a
bear," cried
Nora, resent-
fully. "I
really think,
girls, that
we'd better
stop trying
to please
him and
devote
ourselves
to our
own
bents."

For some
moments
the girls
were silent.
It was a
tempting
retaliatory
proposition,
but would
Dr. Goddard
care? He
certainly
seemed
a most
unappreciative
young man.

No; they
could not
afford to
let him
severely
alone. Young
men were
too scarce,
and each
of these
three girls
had a
secret but
positive
desire to
marry
and have
homes of
their own.

It was only
Maggie who
found no
fault with
Paul. She
devoted
herself
to making
her brother's
charming
friend
comfortable,
and permitted
herself to
have no
other
thought.

And she
knew that
Paul was
enjoying
himself.
She read
it in his
eyes, which
glistened
at every
fresh sign
of her
thoughtfulness.
Which one
of her
sisters
did he
prefer?
she wondered.

But he
could find
but little
time to
speak to
Maggie.
He saw
the evi-
dences
of her
industry
and taste
in every
detail of
house-
keeping;
knew
whose
skill
directed
the ser-
vants;
whose
fingers
filled the
flower
vases;
whose
eyes were
everywhere.
But the
very
perfection
of all these
arrange-
ments kept
the little
woman
too busy
for many
idle
moments,
and in
the evening
the older
sisters
were all-
engrossing.

Two months
had passed,
and in-
stead of
June roses,
early fall
fruits
and flowers
were
abundant
at Moss-
vale, when
Paul
Goddard
passed
again
through
the village,
and called
at Dr.
Clements's
office.

"I am
sorry," said
Howard,
as he
cordially
shook his
friend by
the hand.
"All the
girls are
away. Uncle
James
invited
them to
pass a
month at
the White
Mountains,
and they
deserted
me."

and color
can never
give; there
was an
attraction
always in
the exquisite
neatness
of dress
that was
never stiff
and prim,
though so
carefully
arranged.

Howard
Clements,
who loved
his friend,
and had
hoped to
secure
him as a
brother
during his
former
visit,
opened his
eyes wide
in amazement,
as the days
wore away
and Paul
lingered
in Moss-
vale. During
his first
visit, Howard
had hoped
to see
him yield
to the
fascinations
of the
elder
Misses
Clements,
and no
manoeuv-
ering
mother
ever took
more pains
than this
brother
to display
the talents
and beauties
of his
sisters.
That any
one would
look twice
at Maggie,
when in
the company
of the
others,
had never
occurred
to Howard.

But in the
light of
Paul's
evident
admiration,
the brother
began to
contem-
plate with
different
emotions
the possi-
bility of
losing his
little
sister.
He had
borne with
perfect
composure
the prospect
of parting
with the
others.
It seemed
no great
hardship,
even when
the separation
involved
the disap-
pearance
of Nora's
masterpieces
and Geo-
rgina's
music
rack. But
to lose
Maggie
was quite
another
matter.

"Who,"
Howard
asked
himself
in dismay—
"who would
superintend
the ser-
vants and
keep the
house in
order?
Who would
wait with
cheerful
smiles
upon him,
when the
duties of
his profes-
sion obliged
him to
ask for
meals
at all
sorts of
irregular
hours?"

Visions of
Nora in
paint-
bedaubed
dresses,
Georgina
with
frowny
hair,
and
Cordelia
in inert
beauty,
presid-
ing over
the house-
hold, filled
Howard's
brains;
and while
he lamented,
he admitted
that "Paul's
head was
level," in
his apparent
choice.

Maggie
could
scarcely
believe
she heard
aright
when Paul
Goddard
pleaded
for the
gift of
her love,
and prom-
ised all
loyalty
and devo-
tion if
she would
come and
preside
over his
home.

"But," she
said, "you
cannot
really
love me."

"I really
can and
do," was
the reply.
"But I'm
so plain,
and so
stupid,
Howard
said—"
She
paused
and
blushed.

"Well,
what did
Howard
say? Tell
me. That's
a darling."

"He said,
then, that
I was
sure to
be an
old maid,
and after
others
were
all married,
I was to
stay here
and help
him keep
up a
bachelor's
hall. I
really
don't see,"
she added
earnestly,
"how
Howard
will get
along."

"He must
do as I
do,"
"how?"
"Seek a
darling
little
house-
keeper
for a
wife."

So, to the
amazement
of all
concerned,
the first
Miss
Clements
who was
married
was not
the artist,
not the
musician,
not the
beauty,
but only
Maggie.—
New York
Journal.

A Remarkable
Case of Petrification.
More than
forty years
ago a boy
twelve or
fifteen
years of
age died
in Waldo
County,
and his
body was
laid at
rest in
the family
vault in
the local
cemetery.
Four years
ago, or
over
thirty-
six years
after the
body was
placed in
the vault,
a sexton,
noticing
the wonder-
ful preserva-
tion of the
coffin,
opened it.
Imagine
his surprise
to find
therein
what he
thought
was a
new
corpse.
It was
perfectly
preserved,
so perfectly
that the
sexton
doubted
his wits
and won-
dered if
it were
not a
body that
had been
placed
in the
vault
unknown
to him.
Knowing
that the
family
that
owned
the vault
were all
long since
dead, the
sexton
went to
the executor
of the
estate
and told
him of
his discovery.
Together
they
visited
the vault,
and at
the first
look the
executor
exclaimed,
"Good
gracious,
that's the
body of
a young
son of
the family
who died
more
than
thirty-
five years
ago!"
Greatly
astonished,
they care-
fully
examined
the remains
and found
them
thoroughly
petrified.
The boy
had
scarcely
changed
from the
hour of
his death.
The only
alteration
was that
the eyes
were
sunken.
The cloth-
ing was
perfect.
The little
blue tie
and collar
were
as if
but just
arranged
and the
hair
looked
as if
recently
combed.
The face
bore the
look of
sleep.
For
forty
years
the
body
lain
there
in this
state,
and is
there
still.
It was
agreed
between
the sexton
and the
other
gentleman
that the
fact be
kept
a secret.
They
feared
that if
it be-
came
known
some
one would
steal
the body
and exhibit
it. The
parties
kept
their
secret
well, but,
as many
things
do, it
leaked
out.
Four
years
ago a
sexton
from a
large city
in Massa-
chusetts
visited
the town.
Wondering
if, in
his large
experience,
he had
ever
seen a
similar
case,
the two
individu-
als
described
it to
the Massa-
chusetts
sexton.
He went
to see
the body
and
declared
he had
never
beheld
such
a petrifica-
tion before.—
Lewistown
(Me.)
Journal.

Hunting the
Otter.
The southern
otter is
still
hunted
in Florida
for the
sake of
his fur,
although
it is
inferior
to that
of the
sea
otter of
Oregon
and
Alaska.
So per-
sistent
has been
the pursuit
of the
sea
otter in
the far
northwest
that the
animal
has become
extremely
scarce.
The common
otter of
the South
is an
expert
fisherman,
and he
is found
only
near
water-
courses
or lakes.
It is the
East
Indian
otter
that has
been
taught
to drive
fish into
nets as
an aid
to human
fishermen.—
Chicago
Herald.

A Mammoth
Object Glass.
The flint
glass
disk used
by the
Clarks
in making
the great
objective
for the
Lick tele-
scope
was cast
in Europe
by M.
Fell. Its
original
diameter
was 38.19
inches,
its thick-
ness
21.65
inches,
and its
weight
375
pounds.
It was
twenty-
nine days
from the
date of
the casting
before
Professor
Fell consid-
ered that
it had
cooled
sufficiently
to allow
of safe
removal
from the
mold.—
St. Louis
Republic.

A Famous Dairywoman and Her Farm.



MME. NIELSEN'S FARM BUILDINGS.

Dairying, like
poultry-keeping,
seems to be
an occupation
in which
women
are peculiarly
fitted to
excel. This
is so generally
acknowledged
that no
one thought
of objecting
when a
woman
who had
made
herself
famous
as a
butter-
maker
was appointed
judge of
dairy
products
at the
Chicago
Fair.

There are
famous
dairywomen
all the
world
over. Their
reputation
is, of
course,
generally
local, but
Professor
C. C.
Georgeson,
in his
report on
the dairy
industry
of Denmark,
describes
the farm
of a Mme.
Nielsen,
who has
achieved
international
fame.

This lady,
who is
equally
well known
as a
butter
and
cheese
maker,
obtains
for her
products
much more
than the
ordinary
price. She
supplies
not merely
the Danish
royal table,
but even
sends
cheese
to the
Emperor
of Russia.
Naturally
with
fame
has come
fortune.

All this
success
has been
achieved
with a
herd of
twenty-
five to
thirty
cows, on
a farm
having
an area
of 169
acres,
while the
owner
had origi-
nally
no advan-
tages in
the way
of education
or resources
over the
ordinary
woman.
But Mme.
Nielsen
has been
a close
student
of dairying
for thirty-
five years,
and not
content
with what
was to
be learned
at home,
has availed
herself
of every
opportunity
to go to
other
countries
to study
the
methods
in vogue
there
and to
adapt
any
points
gained
to her
own
requirements.

Success
has not
made
Mme.
Nielsen
careless.
The utmost
cleanliness
prevails
throughout
the dairy,
the floors
and
utensils
being
carefully
scrubbed.
Ventilation
is insisted
on, and
pure
water
and
ice are
used
in abundance.
Nothing
is allowed
to go
to waste,
the whey
being
made
into
myse
cheese.

In addition
to her
work as
a practical
dairywoman,
Mme.
Nielsen
has a
great
reputation
as a
teacher,
having
given
instruction
to more
than a
thousand
pupils,
who pay
a large
fee for
the privilege,
as well
as doing
the regular
dairy
work.

Flower-Trimmed Summer Hats.

Daring bows
of ribbon
towards
the front,
flowers
nodding
at the
back,
and no
crowns
anywhere
to be
seen,
are a
few of
the marked
character-
istics
of the
summer
hat.

A little
French
hat suitable
for any



The Little German Princes.

The three
elder sons
of the
German
Emperor
are not
handsome
children,



The Snake Kept Time to the Music.

occasion
is of
rough
tan-
colored
straw.
Black
moire
ribbon
is tied
in a
flaring
bow at
the front,
the ends
of which
rest upon
the hair.
Three
jet
pins, set
with
rhinestones,
appear
to
fasten
the bow
to the
hat. The
crown
is missing.
In its
place
coils of
hair
may be
seen.
The hat
is especially
becoming
with the
Empire
knot.
Crinkled
and
silk-
petalled
poppies
grow
towards
the back,
their
brilliant
coloring
lending
just
the
correct
touch
of
brightness
to this
otherwise
dainty
but
sombre
headgear.

occasional
is of
rough
tan-
colored
straw.
Black
moire
ribbon
is tied
in a
flaring
bow at
the front,
the ends
of which
rest upon
the hair.
Three
jet
pins, set
with
rhinestones,
appear
to
fasten
the bow
to the
hat. The
crown
is missing.
In its
place
coils of
hair
may be
seen.
The hat
is especially
becoming
with the
Empire
knot.
Crinkled
and
silk-
petalled
poppies
grow
towards
the back,
their
brilliant
coloring
lending
just
the
correct
touch
of
brightness
to this
otherwise
dainty
but
sombre
headgear.

but they
are clever
and reasonably
good. They
are not
particularly
strong,
for they
have
been
almost
worked
to death,
the Emperor
being
a martinet
in forcing
serious
and
continued
study
upon
his
youngsters.
He has
been
forced
to relax
discipline
in the
case of
the Crown
Prince,
who
could
no longer
endure
the
unwise
strain.

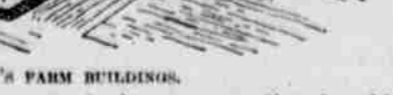
The second
son, Prince
Eitel Fritz,
is taller
than the
Crown
Prince,
is mischievous
and
daring,
and his
greatest
ambition
is to
become
a general.
Prince
Adalbert,
who stands
between
his
elder
brothers,
will soon
complete
his
tenth
year
and will
then
enter
the
army,
as they
did at
the same
age. The
three
children
here
pictured
are in
tennis
costume;
they play
the game
well, their
father
and
mother
also
being
excellent
players.—
New York
Tribune.

The President
of Mexico
recently
told the
Mexican
Congress
that, in
view of
the decline
of silver,
he will
protect
the national
credit,
but will
not ask
for the
imposition
of new
taxes,
or seek
to economize
further.

The Tiny Dog of an Archduchess.

The little
Archduchess,
Elizabeth,
daughter
of the
widowed
Crown
Prince
Stephanie,
of Austria,
and the
pet of the
Austrian
Imperial
family,
is the
owner
of one
of the
smallest
dogs in
the world.
It can
play
about
upon
a human
hand
and is
of the
silky-
haired
terrier
breed.
It formerly
belonged
to Mrs.
Waldmann,
keeper
of a
cafe in
Vienna.
The
miniature
creature
is thirteen
centimeters
high,
seventeen
long
and
weighs
about
a pound.

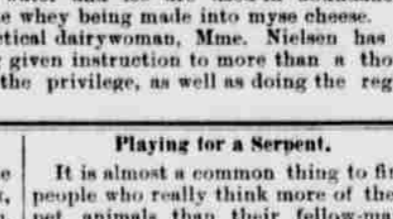
Mrs.
Waldmann
thought
the tiny
thing
so charming
that only
a royal
child
should
possess
such a
rarity.
She accord-
ingly
applied
to the
Crown
Princess
for permis-
sion to
present
it to the
little
Archduchess
as a
Christ-
mas gift.
Frau
Waldmann
took
the dog
with her
to the
court
and
showed
it to the
royal
mother.
All were
at once
taken
with the
terrier's
droll
ways
and its
fine
little
head,
and a
few



THE TINY DOG.

days
afterward
the dog
found
its way
in a
small
basket
to the
castle.
On
Christmas
evening
the dog
was
presented
to the
child
from
its
mother
and
grandparents,
who had
deposited
it in a
basket
under
the
Archduchess's
Christmas
tree.

Soldier,
Author,
Lecturer.
General
Lewis
Wallace,
or "Lew"
Wallace
as he
is gener-
ally called,
has won
such a
distinguished
position
as



GENERAL "LEW" WALLACE.

a statesman
and an
author,
as to
his brilliant
record
as a
soldier.
General
Wallace
was born
at Brook-
ville,
Indiana,
in 1827.
He was
educated
in the
schools
of his
native
town,
served
in the
Mexican
war,
and on
his return,
took up
the profes-
sion of
law.
He was
four years
in the
State
Senate,
and had
won a
large
practice
when the
Rebellion
began.
He entered
the service
as colonel
of the
Eleventh
Indiana
Volunteers,
and was
made
a brigadier-
general
six months
afterward.
General
Wallace
commanded
the Union
centre
at Fort
Donelson.
He was
censured
for not
having
his division
present
at the
first
day of
Shiloh.
After
this
his services
in the
West
were
unimportant.
Dis-
liked
by General
Halleck,
he was
given
no command
concomer-
ate with
his ability.
After
the war
he was
appointed
Governor
of New
Mexico
and
subsequently
Minister
to Turkey.
His
published
works
are so
well
known
that it
is useless
to mention
them
here.
General
Wallace
is one
of our
most
popular
lecturers,
and takes
high
rank
among
American
literary
men.—
New York
Advertiser.

It is almost
a common
thing
to find
people
who
really
think
more
of their
pet animals
than
their
fellow-
man.
In some
instances
this
affection
has gone
so far
that a
friend
who
killed
the pet
through
anger
has lost
his life.
But a
stranger
affinity
is that
of a man
and a
snake.
A modern
novelist
has
written
of such
a weird
affection,
but every-
day life
furnishes
us with
but few
illustrations.
A thing
that
by a
single
bite
may cost
the life
of its
companion
is not
the most
longed
for playmate.
But the
eccentricities
of human
nature
in rare
cases
run in
the most
morbid
channels.
This
perhaps
may
explain
the real
affection
that a
resident
in this
city
has for
his pet
reptile.
He is
a violinist,
and his
chief
joy is
in playing
to "Dick,"
for that
is what
he calls
his snake.
As the
bow
touches
the string,
the
reptile
raises
its head
and
unfolds
its
sinuous
coil
and
during
the
soft
music
sways
its head
in rhythmic
measure.
The owner
says
that the
snake
is really
in a
hypnotic
condition
during
the
playing
and
afterward
any
stranger
could
pick
it up
and
coil
it around
his
neck.
For
his master
the
snake
has
a great
affection.
When
the
door
of the

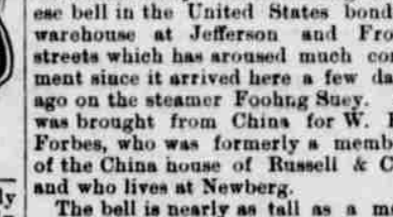
glass
cage
is open
it frequently
glides
out
and
crawls
in his
lap
and
curls
up
and
goes
to sleep.—
Philadelphia
Press.



A Bell With No Tongue.

Here is
an interest-
ing bit
of New
York
miscellany.
There
is a big
Chinese
bell in
the United
States
bonded
warehouse
at Jeff-
erson
and
Front
streets
which
has aroused
much
comment
since
it arrived
here
a few
days
ago on
the steamer
Fooking
Suey.
It was
brought
from
China
for W.
H.
Forbes,
who
was
formerly
a member
of the
China
house
of Russell
& Co.
and who
lives
at New-
berg.

The bell
is nearly
as tall
as a man
and it
weighs
about
1090
pounds.
Its
greatest
diameter
is much
less
than
modern
bells
of that
weight.
Wah
Sing, a
Chinese
philosopher,
says
that



Worthington's Magazine.

Lore of Opera
Glasses.
The lore
of opera
glasses
is an
interest-
ing one.
The pretty
trifles
that lie
on the
railing
of a
box at
the opera
are languidly
held to
the eyes
of a
belle
may cost
almost
anything.
Vienna
turns
out some
of the
most
exquisite,
and one
of these
Viennese
beauties,
presented
to the
Duchess
of York,
cost over
\$600.
It was
of gold,
studded
with
turquoises
and
pearls.
The Princess
of Wales
owns
one
of platinum,
set with
sapphires,
turquoises,
and
splendid
rubies,
that is
valued
at \$12,000.
Many
of the
glasses
used
by American
women
are of
great
worth,
a very
tidy
fortune
being
frequently
represented
in the
dainty
little
toy of
jewels
and
precious
metals.—
New York
Times.

It is a
violation
of a
State
law in
Georgia
to fire
a gun
or pistol
within
fifty
yards
of a
public
road.