

The sale of oleomargarine, when colored to imitate butter, is now prohibited by the laws of thirty-two states.

It is a noticeable fact that the girl who plays the piano in the worst possible fashion is the one most ready to yield to persuasion when "some music" is requested.

A curious example of the vicissitudes of fortune is that of the late Mr. Pattison, who recently died at Rockhampton, in Queensland. He was a butcher, who struck gold, became very rich, went into politics, was made Postmaster-General, lost his money, and returned to his butcher shop again, dying a poor man.

Turkey's military system makes trained soldiers of nearly all its able-bodied men. The standing army numbers 180,000 men, and the soldiers who have served six years and passed into the reserves would raise the forces that could be placed in the field to 300,000. The Turkish navy consists of nineteen iron-clads, frigates and corvettes, with about 250 wooden vessels stationed at different points on the coast. Here are men and ships enough to make a determined resistance, but the treasury is in no condition to maintain them during a long war. Discord among the powers is still the Sultan's best defense and the Armenians' greatest calamity.

A clerk in the redemption division of the Treasury Department says that the "clearest" paper money in circulation is that which circulates in Washington, while the dirtiest is that which comes from Chicago for redemption, says the Washington Star. St. Louis is a close second to Chicago, and Cincinnati next. New York is next to Washington in the record for clean money. Philadelphia next, while Baltimore ranks next to Cincinnati for having dirty money. The money that comes in from Chicago, besides being dirty, is always much mutilated; so much so, he said, that there is twice as much time consumed in patching it up prior to cancellation as there is in counting it.

Statistics cited at the recent meeting in Buffalo, N. Y., of the National Association of Stationary Engineers, in support of the proposition that such engineers be licensed, showed that the boiler explosions in this country for the last five years averaged twenty-six a month, or one for each working day. It appeared also from reports of the accident insurance companies of this country that they have been interested during the last sixteen years in 3,586 cases of boiler explosions, a yearly average of 224, in which 4,508 people were killed and 6,348 injured. Commenting on these figures, a committee reported to the association that, in their judgment, licensing engineers would tend to promote public safety, and would cause engineers to study and pay more attention to the niceties of their business.

It is pointed out as a singular phase of the manufacture of ice-making machinery that while abundant provision has been made for large consumers, requiring an output of say fifty or 100 tons, no attempt has been seriously made to turn out small outfits, ranging upwards from a one-ton capacity. There are many relatively small consumers who would gladly avail themselves of the advantages which a small plant would offer, and who, in the aggregate, would probably amount to considerably more than the limited number of establishments that need and can afford to pay for machines of ponderous size. Few ice-machine companies have apparently given this aspect of the matter any particular attention. It is noted that the large manufacturers have been obliged in many cases to cast about for other kinds of business to help them keep their shops at work, and have thus drifted into lines quite foreign to their equipment. The turning of these surplus resources into a branch devoted to a miniature class of the product for which they were designed should commend itself to the trade. Small ice machines are clearly destined to become more and more important accessories to modern conveniences, and the firm that will be first to offer them will reap a good business reward. A striking proof of this was recently afforded when a New York paper gave a description of an ice machine intended for domestic use that would supply a whole family with ice for a year for the insignificant sum of \$1.40. Thousands of inquiries rained in from all parts of the country, and there was widespread disappointment when it transpired that the machine was not yet on the market.

Temptation.

With visored brow Temptation came,
I did not know him by his name,
But cried aloud, "Begone, O Shame!"

He turned away, and going cried,
"Many thy peers have opened wide
Their arms and begged me to abide."

"Riches was I to them, and health,
Honor and pride that wait on wealth,
And all fair things that come by stealth."

"Many thy peers have smiled on me,
Fair dames and lords of high degree;
They name me 'Opportunity.'"

"Soft name," I cried, "for such as thou;
Take the grim mask from thy dark brow,
And let thy face declare thee now!"

"Not so—for thee I have no name;
I was Temptation ere I came—
But thou hast killed me, calling 'Shame!'"
—Ida W. O. Penham, in Youth's Companion.

A FACTORY ROMANCE.

BY LULU R. HAMBLE.

"Yes, I've been a factory girl," said Annie Holmes, in response to my question. "It seems queer, don't it, but folks kind o' look down on factory girls. Now, some o' the girls at Drumleys was nice as any girls. Of course some o' 'em was dressy, an' talked an' laughed loud, an' liked to promenade the streets evenings, to show off their finery; but they never meant no harm by it, as I could see."

"Some o' 'em, too, used to leave the shop in work hours, or stand an' look out o' the windows an' gossip; and Drumley Bros. didn't like that. They wanted the machines in use all the work hours. They had a cross little Dutchman, named Voelker, for a foreman an' machinist, an' whenever he'd come in from the engine-room an' catch 'em at the windows, he'd scold 'em; an' though the girls laughed at him, an' jawed back sometimes, they'd always go back to their machines."

"But when it come to locking 'em into the building in work hours, to keep 'em there, the girls didn't like it a bit. Drumley Bros. had a high picket gate made an' fixed in the street doorway, an' that was kept locked from quarter-past 7 till 12 an' from quarter-past 1 till 6. An' my! wasn't the girls mad!"

"Of course the quieter girls didn't say much; but the others did. They'd sing, an' you could hear it plain above the hum of 150 machines or so: 'We'll hang Drumley's gate on the sour apple tree; an' so on. That made Voelker mad. He'd stop the machines (you see they was all run by steam, an' throw in a belt 'ud stop 'em all) an' it 'ud get still all at once, an' everybody'd look up just as innocent to see what was the matter. An' then he'd scold, an' the more he said the madder he'd get. But they'd sing it again."

"Finally, some of the bolder girls went to Drumley Bros. an' complained about it. They said they wasn't cattle to be shut in with a high gate, an' if it wasn't took down they'd go out on a strike. So the firm agreed to take the gate down, but kept the door locked instead. That didn't seem quite so aggravatin', but some folks said, what if there'd be a fire, the girls 'ud all be crushed to death in that narrow stairway before the door could be opened; an' I expect it wasn't safe."

"You seem to like to listen, so I'll tell you all about Willie, if you like; I never told nobody before, an' you musn't ever tell it again, will you?"

"Well, if you won't give no names. But they'll think somebody was awful silly, though. Willie was the clerk that used to give out the work, an' keep count o' what we took an' what we brought back."

"All the girls liked him, he was so bright and kind, an' handsome, too; he was most always jokin' an' laughin' with 'em, and makin' the strange ones feel at home right away. He was business, too—when you'd fetch back your work he'd stand behind his desk an' say, 'Number, please?' (an' I know he must a known mine by heart) an' he'd put everything down just as careful, I used to so like to look over the top of his book an' watch him mark it down with his sharp pencil—he wrote so true an' pretty, an' made such beautiful figures, prettier'n print. He was a good boy, too—he went to church reg'lar, him an' his sister. Sometimes he took somebody else—no, you needn't look at me that a'way—'twasn't me. It was Frank Benton. She was a girl that worked there, too, pressing stays 'n straps. Did you ever see crab-apple blossoms—that is, kind o' bluish-an' bright, and not large enough to seem coarse. I do think they're the prettiest blossoms that is. Well, Frank Benton always 'minded me o' them. She was a little slip of a thing, o' fluttery, now here, now there, never still, with her brows hair a-bobbin' an' that pretty

flush comin' an' goin' on her face. But then, she wasn't very sensible—that is, she was that easy scared, like a rabbit, an' then she was perfectly wild. But Willie liked her, I didn't know how much—I just said to myself, 'He's jest amused with her, she's such a pretty little thing. Why she's only a baby.'"

"There was a big building going up in the same block. There was one between it an' Drumleys, or I expect I wouldn't be here to tell you about it. Somebody said, when they were diggin' for the foundation: 'It looks awful close to that other building, look out you don't undermine it.' But nobody paid any attention, they jest went on diggin'."

"Barnum come to town that summer, an' all the girls was crazy to go see Jumbo. So, for a wonder, Drumley Bros. unlocked the door at 10 that morning so's we could go see the procession. Most of the girls went, only a few of us staid to sew, an' saw it from the windows. Frank Benton staid. 'Twasn't like her, but I'd noticed she was kind o' down all the morning, an' didn't go round in that hippy-hoppy way o' hers. Her eyes was swelled an' red, too, an' I noticed her and Willie didn't speak, an' didn't hardly look at each other, only when the other's back was turned. I knew it was mean, but I couldn't help feelin' kind o' glad."

"'Twas just ten minutes to 11, for I mind lookin' at the clock. The procession had just gone by, an' the music was dyin' away up the street, an' we'd all left the windows, when all at once come the awfulest crashin' an' thunderin' an' grindin' I ever heard in my life! 'The buildin' was in shook, an' we could see the walls on the east end a crackin'."

"Most of the girls run an' screamed 'Fire!' an' made for the stairway. But it come over me, all at once, how it was, seemin' the floor was solid. It was the other buildin', not Drumley's, a-fallin'; but, of course, bein' so near an' higher, the timbers an' brick fell onto an' 'gainst it and jarred it a heap. An' just as I'd thought that, I see Frank Benton a-runnin' and screamin', 'The door's locked!' (but it wasn't) an' makin' for a window. I knowed in a minute what she'd do, poor girl! I was there most as quick as her, er, yin' as I run. 'Frank! Frank! don't jump! don't jump! It's all right! Help! Help!' I says. For that silly girl, crazy as she was with the fright, was goin' to jump out o' that three-story window. I reached her jest in time to catch her dress as she went over the ledge. An' I held on—she may thank her lucky stars her dress was about enough—but she was a light little thing."

"But, oh! didn't she get heavy before anybody come! I kep' talkin' to her, but she would struggle, an' made it so hard to hold her. Seemed like her my nails was comin' off, an' the blood 'ud start from my mouth and finger ends. I couldn't draw her in; it was jest all I could do to keep her from fallin' down out that hard pavement. At last—it was only a few minutes of course—one of the cutters got there, an' reachin' over me, pulled her up, an' just as I turned I see Willie comin' on the run, with a look like death on his face. An' thinks I, 'I'll see, I'll know for sure whether he does love her, or not.' 'Willie,' says I, (the others was busy attendin' to Frank, for she'd fainted), 'I saved her—for you.'"

"Annie," say he, takin' hold both o' my hands, an' his face was white, an' his voice kind o' husky like, 'you know—but no, you can't know—how much I thank you. God bless you, Annie,' he says. Then he let go my hands and turned away quick. I expect he had to, or he'd a-cried. So then I knew."

Annie sighed a little and bent lower over her sewing.

"Did he marry her?" I asked.

"O yes. They was married about a year after that. Willie's partner in a drug store now."

After a little silence, I said:

"You must be nearly 30, Annie. Shall you never marry?"

"Oh, yes!" she replied cheerfully.

"When I find somebody I—somebody as nice as Willie."—Omaha World.

An Ant's Lifetime.

Sir John Lubbock, the naturalist, has been experimenting to find out how long the common ant would live if kept out of harm's way. On Aug. 8, 1888, an ant which had been kept and tenderly cared for died at the age of 15 years, which is the greatest age any species of insect has yet been known to attain. Another individual of the same species of ant lived to the advanced age of 13 years, and the queen of another kind laid fertile eggs after she had passed the age of nine years.

Treatment of Headache.

A headache should be treated as a symptom and not as a disease. Nothing is more harmful than to give a sufferer from headache drugs to ease the pain. The cause of the headache, instead, should be treated.

Headaches may be caused by diseased conditions of the blood, by nervous irritation and by inflammation of the nerves of the head or adjacent tissues, this last being infrequent. Liver torpidity and catarrhal troubles have much to do with headaches, as they affect the blood. Nerve irritation comes in many forms. The nerves terminate throughout the body, in the muscles and on mucous surfaces, in delicate filaments and little round bodies. Continued irritation of these terminals will cause headache.

An eminent physician says the best treatment for headache is preventive, and if we would allot eight hours for work, eight for play and eight for sleep we would rarely suffer from this cause.

For nervous headache a hot bath, a stroll in the cool air, or a nap in a cool, quiet room will often be found successful. A headache from fatigue may be helped by pressing a sponge wet with hot water on the nape of the neck and on the temples.

Neuralgia is caused not only by cool air, but by acidity of the stomach, starved nerves or imperfect diet. Heat is its best remedy and mustard plasters applied to the stomach and legs will do more good than any medicine. Cold water applied to the nerves in front of the ear has been known to work magic in chasing away neuralgic pains.

Bilious or sick headaches are common to the first half of life and sometimes stop of their own accord when one reaches middle age. They come when a person has eaten food which does not digest readily and a careful diet is imperative, sweetmeats and pastry being especially dangerous.

The headache which comes from diseased eyes is most common and least recognized. Its symptoms are pain in the eyes and temples and over the brows. Hot water is a very valuable stimulant for the eyes.—New York Record.

Pay of Foreign Organist.

The average pay of all organists in England appears to be only \$5 week, if computations of a certain English musical critic are to be relied on; but it is said that places at this compensation are so much in demand that there is not likely to be any increase in the remuneration. In Italy the pay is comparatively greater and the opportunities for outside employment are more frequent. A cathedral in a small Italian town offers the organist the sum of \$280 annually, and for this he is expected to play for at least two services every day and spend some of his sparetime in teaching the children in the church school. Three hundred dollars is the salary which an English church advertises for an organist for a daily service. Some of the churches in towns of average size pay only \$200 and others offer as little as \$100. The best of the English salaries are those paid at the cathedrals, and sometimes a residence is furnished also. These places are worth from \$1,000 to \$1,400 a year, and are scarce.

In comparison with the pay of good organists here these salaries seem absurdly small, and it is a curious thing that England should compensate its church musicians at a lower rate than Italy. The actual figures may not be lower than the Italian salaries, but the cost of living is so much less in Italy that the pay there is proportionally higher.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Floating Feast.

In sailing along the coast north of Cape Hatteras the crew of the steamer Earndale say the vessel passed the carcass of a dead whale about 60 feet long. Captain Lougharne, who was on watch at the time, noticed a black object several miles ahead, directly in line with his course. When he looked through the glass a second time he saw it was a moving object, and as he closed upon it he was surprised to see thousands of birds, including turkey buzzards, hen hawks, vultures, sea snipes, water eagles and crows, feasting upon the putrefying carcass.

The birds, the crew say, were so numerous that they resembled a moving cloud close to the sea's surface. Hundreds were feeding at a time, and occasionally they would leave the carcass and fly away a distance, only to return again and gorge themselves. The sailors were of the opinion that it was a sperm whale, killed in northern waters by whalers.—Philadelphia Press.

Children's Column



THE FAIRY'S GIFTS.

Last night when I was snug in bed,
A fairy came to me and said:

"Dear child, three gifts to you I bring—
A box, a mirror and a ring.

"Each morning use the mirror bright
To bring your little faults to light;

"When you have found them, every one,
Open this box as I have done,

"And pack them quickly out of sight.
Remember! shut the lid down tight.

"We call these, best of gifts to youth,
One, Self-control, the other, Truth.

"This golden ring, sincerely,
Wins friends wherever you may be."

I never spoke, I did not stir,
I only lay and looked at her.

And where she went I do not know—
She melted like a flake of snow.

The door was barred, the window, too—
How do you s'pose that she got through?

I'm sure she came—so real it seemed,
But Mamma says I must have dreamed.

—J. Torrey Connor in Home Queen.

BENNY'S CHEERFUL GIFT.

"Here, Benny," said the father, as Benny started to church, "is a five-cent piece and a quarter. You can put which you please into the contribution box."

Benny thanked him and went to church. Curious to know which Benny had given, his papa asked him, and Benny replied:

"Well, papa, it was this way: The preacher said the Lord loved a cheerful giver, and I knew I could give a nickel a good deal more cheerfully than I could give a quarter, so I put the nickel in."

THE BUTTON TURTLE.

The button turtle is well named, as its size is very small. When full grown it is about the size of a silver quarter, and has a convex shell of a dull black color and a horny texture. A snake-like head shrinks under the shell if the intelligence contained therein considers an approaching finger too intrusive or dangerous.

Four little flat flippers also seek safety beneath the shell should the turtle be lifted in the fingers, and a round, snaky little tail curls over them beneath the same shelter. Sharp claws are on the flippers, and black, beady eyes in the head, these last being protected by a double set of eyelids. The little reptile is gifted with some tact and discrimination. Music, if near, will cause its head to be lifted in a slow manner, as if too heavy for its neck, and gently turned in the direction from which the sound proceeds. With old friends, too, it is much less timid than with strangers.

The button turtle is eminently a beast of prey. A few of those animalcules known as water fleas, or a tadpole placed in its saucer of water, will perceptibly quicken its movements, enticing it to engage in a lively and generally a successful hunt, while its manner of pecking and tearing at any choice morsel makes one think of what might happen if a vulture's head could be grafted on a tiger's body.

AMERICAN CAGE BIRDS.

In a state of nature small birds flit about and sing only during daylight, and they always retire to rest at sundown. You must look out for this if you keep your birds in cages. They do not understand that they had better keep silent after the lamps are lighted. They instinctively keep on singing, as if it were still daylight. The immediate effect of this is that the birds become over-fatigued; they are apt to moult, grow thin, suffer from exhaustion, and quickly perish. The cage should be removed to a darkened room at nightfall; or, if this is not convenient, cover up the cage with a dark cloth before lighting the lamps. In covering the cage care should be taken so to arrange the cloth that the bird can have plenty of air. In removing birds from one room to another it is important to see that there is no change in temperature. If removed to a different temperature there is a strong chance that they will begin to moult, which generally leads to something serious. Remember that Nature supplies a coat to suit heat or cold in which her creatures are placed, and that sudden and frequent changes in

temperature are a severe tax upon a bird's vitality.

The object in the construction of a bird's cage should be to furnish plenty of light and air, and the cage should always be kept perfectly clean. It is well to have a night covering of dark cloth, which should cover the top of the cage and extend half-way down the sides, as many birds are likely to take cold.—Harper's Round Table.

QUEER WAYS OF TELLING TIME.

One of our boys who doesn't own a watch writes about how he tells the time of day. He works in a wheat elevator in a Iowa town. A big window almost fills one side of his little office. Into a corner of the window creeps the sunlight early in the morning and it shines in all day long and creeps out of the other corner in the evening. On the floor where the edge of the shadow from the window sash falls just at noon our boy has placed a long chalk mark and a little further away there is another mark for 1 o'clock and so on up to 6. The forenoon is similarly divided on the floor. Each day by simply looking at the edge of the sun's light he can tell what time it is. Once in two weeks he changes all these marks because the shadows change as the sun get higher in the spring or lower in the fall.

This clever device—any of you may use it—suggests the way that the natives of Liberia in Africa, who have no clocks, tell the time. They take the kernels from the nuts of the candle tree and wash and string them on the rib of a palm leaf. The first or top kernel is then lighted. All of the kernels are of the same size and substance, and each will burn a certain number of minutes and then set fire to the one next below. The natives tie pieces of black cloth at regular intervals along the string to mark the divisions of time. Among the natives of Singar, in the Malay archipelago, another peculiar device is used. Two bottles are placed neck and neck, and sand is put in one of them, which pours itself into the other every half-hour, when the bottles are reversed.—Chicago Record.

AUSTIN VAUGHN'S PURCHASE.

Austin Vaughn was the proud owner of a bright fifty-cent piece. Fifty-cent pieces didn't often tingle in his fingers, and this was his, to do what he pleased with.

Didn't uncle Eben say: "Buy what you like with it?"

That was two days ago, and every hour when he was awake his hand went down into his trousers pocket to feel it. The things it had bought in imagination, would cost some hundreds in reality. Pretty much every boy in school knew about it, and it wasn't in boy nature not to feel envious.

"Halloo! Aust", spent that money o' yours yet?" Andrew Knox greeted him on the third morning.

"'Cause of you ain't, I've got suthin' mebbe you'd like to buy. Don't get a chance like this every day."

He held up a new knife, two-bladed, both blades open and glittering in the sun.

"My cousin he sent it from New York, an' I expect it cost more'n a dollar—ivory handle, see? But I had a pretty good knife afore, an' I 'druther have the money, even if I do sell it at a sacrifice, as the newspapers say."

Now the only thing that rattled against the half-dollar in Austin's pocket was a battered old knife with one broken blade. A new knife was one of the imaginary things his bright coin had purchased. This chance was not to be lost. That night he showed the treasure to his father. Mr. Vaughn looked at it, felt the edges of the blades, and said:

"You paid how much?"

"The fifty cents uncle Eben gave me."

"Well, well. Better have consulted me. 'A fool and his money soon parted.' You gave at least twice what it's worth. Andy Knox is a tricky youngster. The handle isn't ivory, it is bone, and the steel isn't hard. The blades'll be battered in no time. Worth just about twenty-five cents. Never mind now, my boy. Live and learn, that's what we all have to do."

Austin felt rather crestfallen, for experience is a severe teacher.—New York Observer.

Too Literal.

Customer—I would like to have a nice gown to wear around the house.
Salesman—Size of the house, please?