A then runs thro' the frozen earth A tall pervades the air; Pressping banishment of dearth, Fortering all things fair!

Each sideering bough enwreathed shall with wealth of summer bloom, Unmindful of the blasts that blow, Forgetful of the gloom!

And hearts b, wed down by weight of wo Souls shivering in Life's blast, Beneath God's units shall radiant grow In summer-land at last!

#### CAN'T AFFORD TO MARRY

BY L. B. W.

"When are you and Mildred going to

"When are you and Mildred going to be married?"

The speaker sat opposite the young man addressed, smoking a cigar.

"If you mean Mildred Oaborne, never. It's all very well to dance with such a girl, but no poor man would think of marrying her."

"Why not, Ned? She's Yandsome, accomplished, in the best set, dresses exquisitely, and will have a fortune when Mr. Osborne dies."

"Look here, Grayson, do you think I am a fool? I can't afford to marry Miss Osborne, and it is because see is in the fashionable set, dresses expensively, and has expectations from her father. I am only just beginning to succeed at the bar. It is a long time, as you konw from your experience as a physician, before a large income can be earned in a profession. As yet I am not earning such an income. Miss Osborne has been brought up luxuriously. Her father keeps a carriage, goes to a watering-place every summer, and entertains constantly when at home. Mildred's very dresses, my dear fellow, would eat up half my earnings."

"I think you are hard on her. Any

dear fellow, would eat up half my earnings."

"I think you are hard on her. Any true woman, if she marries the man she loves, will cheerfully submit to sacrifices for his sake."

"So it is said, and so, in justice to the sex, most of them try to. But, Grayson, old fellow, you and I know, from our own experience, that habit is stronger than good resolutions. A rich man's daughter is not the girl for a poor man's wife. It isn't her fault; it's her misfortune."

"But you lose sight of the fact that

poor man's wife. It isn't her fault; it's her misfortune."

"But you lose sight of the fact that Mildred will inherit a large share of her father's property."

"Not at all. Mr. Osborne is only fifty, hale and hearty. He will probably live for twenty years yet, and not till he dies will his daughter get one cent. At the end of twenty years, yes, long before that, I should be ruined, or else broken down in health in consequence of being in debt and overworked."

"Well, perhaps you are right. See what a scrape Harry Leonard got into!"

"Well, perhaps you are right. See what a scrape Harry Leonard got into!"

"Yes, he married the daughter of a man said to be worth a million. Old Mr. Johnson did not give her a penny. She had her wedding outfit, but that was all. On Harry's part there was nothing to support her with, only what he made out of his business, and, being a young merchant, he realized a very little wealth. Jessie Johnson was stylish and fond of making a dash. Harry dook her to the Chaplin House, for he had sense enough to know he could not go to housekeeping in the way Jessie would want to go. In the summer they went to Saratoga, for Jess would not hear of a country boarding-house. There she had her pony phaeton, and a dozen or more Paris dresses. In the fall the hard times came, and Harry failed. I understand he owes twice as much as he can pay. Now this, I admit, is an exceptional case; yet this is the type of a large class, and a class that frighten young men and keep them from marrying."

"But what's to be done? We all expect to marry some day, and there are no girls except girls like Mildred and Jess."

"I beg your pardon. There are plenty

expect to marry some day, and there are no girls except girls like Midred and Jess."

"I beg your pardon. There are plenty of them, but, of course, to find them I fear you must go outside of the fashionable set, for it is ofnly the daughters and wives of rich men who can afford to be fashionable. If you wish a wife you must look elsewhere for one, unless you expect to be a millionaire."

"Where would you look?"

"There are plenty of families where the daughters are well educated, and yet are able to help themselves. I know one daughter who makes all their hats and bonnets; another is a capital dressmaker. All attend to household affairs, making cake, desserts and good bread. They are quite as companionable as Mildred Osborne or Jess Johnson. No man with the right feeling wishes to make his wife a drudge; but men have to work, and why should not an able woman take her share?"

her share?"
"Well, since you speak of it, I can
recall such families also; but they
don't go to public balls and dance the

an.?

o. The daughters of such fam-re taught that home virtues are r than surface accomplishments. want true women for wives, not

"I shall be curious, Ned, to see your

wife."

"If you will come with me to-mor I you will come with me to-mor-row evening I will introduce you to the young lady who has promised to fill that position. She is the daughter of a refined widow, and brought up like the girls I have been describing to you. She does not go out in society much, She does not go out in society much, for she cannot afford it. As for her real accomplishments, her knowledge for she cannot afford it. As for her real accomplishments, her knowledge of literature, music and art are as far above Miss Osborne as heaven is above the earth. With the fashionable girl it's chatter, chatter, chatter, and nothing else; dance and gossip!"

"Come, come, you are too severe; a good many of them are brilliant talkers, at least I find them so."

"Yes, the champagne foams for the public; for you the stale wine only is left."

So the conversation and Note that the service of the conversation and the stale wine only is left."

So the conversation ends. Ned married the girl to whom he introduced his friend, and Grayson, after a few months, married her sister. They certainly are supremely happy in cosy, modest homes of their own—happier than if either had married Miss Osborne or one of her class. We wonder, sometimes, if mothers are not nore to blame than the daughters for the frivolous, fashionable life. But we will let them decide.

#### Keeping Plants in Winter.

Reeping Plants in Winter.
Doors opening into the room in which
you keep flowers should have strips of
listing tacked about them in such a
way as to close all cracks through
which the wind can enter. A strong
wind will blow more cold into a room
in moderate weather than will be likely

to penetrate in still nights when the thermometer is down to zero. Therefore be sure to fortify against the admission of air through these inlets. It is a good plan to take a day for doing this work, and begin at one corner of the room, and go over it thoroughly, finishing up each part as yon go along. By systematizing the work in this way, you are sure to have it well done; but if you stop a crack here and there, and now and then, as it happens to be discovered, you will be pretty sure to lave a poor job of it, taken as a whole. If your plants should freeze, as soot as you discover what has been done put them in a dark room, or the cellar, where the temperature is but little above freezing, and sprinkle, or rather, shower them with cold water. In most case, such plants as Abutilons, Geraniums, and others of similar character, can, if taken in time, before allowed to thaw, be saved, and I have had quite tender plants come through the ordeal with comparatively little injury. The frost must be extracted gradually, and with the application of as little heat as possible. Keep them away from the light and warmth for two or three days. If the tops wilt after the frost has been extracted you may feel sure that the wilted portion cannot be saved, so cut it off at once, and be sure to cut below that part which appears affected by the frost. If some of the frosted part is left on, very often deeay sets in which extends to the stalks below. Should the whole top seem killed, it does not follow that he roots have not vitality enough left to send up new shoots, so do not throw them out till you have given them a trial.—Ehen E. Rexford, in Ladies' Home Journal.

A VISIT TO GRANDPA'S. BY ANNA OLDFIELD WIGGS. Now swiftly through
The morning dew
Their dimpled feet come, two by two;
And from each throat
There comes by rote,
"I choose to be first in the boat."

The boat holds four.
"We want one more."
Cries Stella, as she grasps the oar;
"Oh, let's take Jo!,
The shaggy pet—
Merle thinks he'll make the boat upset."

Their vehicles are the swings, or which there are three, due to grandma's con-sideration, and the hammocks that hang well screened from the range of a friendly sun; and at the edge of the prettiest lake lies a boat waiting for nimble fingers to loose it from its moor incs.

A bonnet fain
They would disdain;
Their checks are crimson with health's stain,
With eyes as bright
As morning light,
They holst their sail—a paper kite!

They noise their sail—a lapage still For sailors' creeds. They have no needs. But push their boat among the reeds; The ripples throng Around them, as Pan pipes his song. Now smooth and slow, Their boat they to their cargo; Where boat they their cargo; Where brightest scenes and sunshine kisses limpid streams.

The recds are only marsh grasses, and our Pan, which is necessary to the delusion, is only a big frog, that croaks and leaps and croaks again.

The children are not selfish in their efforts to reap pleasure, but they very graciously contribute their mite toward the entertainment of the elders. Sometimes, after a day's frolic out of doors, they give us a Liliputian theatrical entertainment or musicale. Their selections, when accompanied by the piano or guitar, are quite refreshing, and pleasantly while away the hour between daylight and dark, when one is apt to imagine, in the country especially, that "the goblins II get you ef you don't watch out." Grandpa's eyes sparkle, and grandma's feet keep time to the movement of little feet skimming across the floor.

Who would exchange this visit for the seashore or the mountains? Surely not the three little maids who are so happy here; and I may add the contagion has affected us all, for are we not together? Each presence affords a joy, even though every hour did not call forth an act of unselfish love. But 'midst the sunniest hours of our union comes the chilling recollection that when these happy weeks are ended, months shall grow into years before we shall group together in the big square parlor at eventide, and listen to each other's song and merry jest, or surround the long table where grandma has endeavored to tempt each individual appetite, and where we have listened with suppressed annusement to the magnified woes and adventures, related by the little girls, who have not become acquainted with the name of the farm appurtenances, and are frequently arousing our risibilities by referring to the hay cart as the "spring buggy with holes in it," or to the milk which we buy in town."

Can sons and daughters serve a higher ambition than to bring blossoms of love and plant them at the dear old hearthstone, where they may bloom and exhale sweetest fragrance around the forms of father and mother, so that their last days may seem the best, and that we may deem ourselves w instrument, coming to me through a latticed window, have conspired with nature's charms to tempt me to disregard my father's injunction that I should do no literary work during my sojourn of a few weeks at his home. These trees, with their tender leaves and lithesome boughs swaying to and fro; this emerald-hued plat of grass, stretching broadly before me; the garden, green and airy, the cherry buds, apple blossoms and May flowers, are responsible for the transgression. They peep at me so coquettishly that I am quite convinced they are laughing because this invigorating breeze, which enhances their complexion, makes such pitful havoc of mine.

I noticed how caressingly the dew lay on the bosom of every leaf and every blade of grass, and nestled within the folds of the fair young flowers. There was love in everything; beauty everywhere. Even the cow-bells, condemned for their discordant jingle, had music in them this morning. Tinkle, tinkle, es far away that the rustle of my garments drowned their voices. The larks, alarmed and indignant at my trespassing, put their little heads together and scolded me pitilessly; and Old Sol, patiently biding his time to rise, lay hidden beneath a coverlet of red and yellow clonds.

The situation was peculiarly novel to me. The wind and the motion of the hammock intoxicated me, and I fell into a half-wakeful revery, consisting mainly of a review of my sunnychildhood, not a day of which I would fain forget. In this retrospection I saw myself from a little girl of five summers, with tousled curls about a brown face, through all the stages of my life, permitting my mind to follow the chain of years, link by link, to this time, and I was still five years old, I realized, however, that others, who had played a part in the melodrama of my life, had grown older and changed with time's progress, while I remained the same; the expanse of years were but days in my fancy. And thus, enveloped in a misty dream, I felt the touch of a soft hand on my face, and a real child voice lisped:

"Five

#### AMERICAN FABLES.

BANANA peel that lay on the side-walk smiled to itself and accorded an apple core with, "Just watch that man yonder. When he steps on me he will will hit the side walk hard enough to break the crystal out of his watch." "But how will that benefit you?" inquired the apple core. "It will attract attention to me. At present the man ignores your humble servant entirely, but after I throw him he will recognize my existence."
"Yes, he will recognize your existence to the extent of swearing about you and probably kicking you into the gutter."
MOBAL.

Notoriety is not always a good thing. THE BANANA PEEL.

you and probably kicking you into the gutter."

MORAL.

Notoriety is not always a good thing.

THE SICK HORSE.

A horse that had been sick for two years finally went to a doctor and was cured. He felt that he was now in luck. While he had been ill he had not worked any, but had been turned loose into the pasture.

When he went back home his master found that he was well and hitched him to the plow the next morning. "I wish I had not paid that doctor four dollars to cure me, as it takes me from a life of ease and makes me toil. There is evidently some sort of skullduggery here."

MORAL.

dolls and long dresses; so I straight-way set my precocious fancy to work and with the help of willing hands and plenty of good-himor, not to mention architectural skill, we were soon rewarded by loud expressions of appreciation from the juvenile trio. You know at grandpa's there are inexhaustible resources of pleasure; and it is gratifying to see with what relish the three little maids enter into the spirit of every new device. What care they for the sun and wind? The fact that when a few weeks later they shall return home, bearing on hands and face unmistakable signs of exposure, has not a feather's weight with them now. There is a charm in these bits of erockery and remnants of grandma's china, which she has been stowing away for months in anticipation of the rustic palace which adorns her spacious lawn in the form of a mushin tent. This fragmentary dinner service, embracing every conceivable shape and design, is arranged in painful precision on the crude pine shelves which serve for both china closet and butler's pantry. A pair of bricks supporting a block of wood personates a range. It is seldom that these little cullinary artists seek rest from their manifold duties, but when they do so they fling themselves in the most uncomfotable attitudes upon a divan, which is posing as a late pattern of mahogany and broatelle; but which is, entre nous, only a pine box covered with carpet, and of home manufacture as well.

Yet the shapeless dishes, rude stove and impromptu furnitue, honely as they are, do not become monotonous, as do the toy services, miniature range and tapestried furniture, which they frequently abandon at home

### WORLD'S FAIR CRANKS.

THE CRANK ANTEDATES THE FLOOD,

The Forthcoming Columbian Ex n Has Already Had That Effect-ous Tall Towers Proposed.

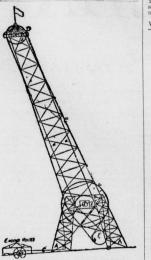


yrs, but by a horde of men with "ideas" on the subject of howing timburs, boiling pitch, jicking oakum, setting sails, and various their important matters.

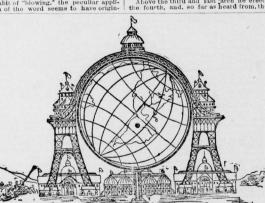
Had the Hebrew followed possessed the Had the Hebrew followed possessed the Had the Would no doubt have denominated them "cranks," and sent them off to attend to their own affairs.

Like the poor, cranks are ever present. Some are crratic, and distorted mentally to a fancied resomblance to the handle of a saminated "blowing," the peculiar application of the word seems to have origination of the word seems to have originating the setting of the seems to have originating the setting the seems to have originated the setting the se

lds a third and similar 80) feet above the sec-s then continued so as to support, at a height of ground.

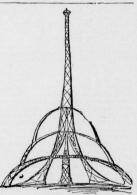


pass anything that Marco Tolo saw in China, but 'Our Baron' is in a from bein satisfied. He has more 'suds' left in his basin and will blow a bigger bubble, if he bursts for!. Above the third and last 'arch he creets the fourth, and, so far as heard from, the



ated, only in one particular, and are in other regards well balanced men. With some, 'fool ideas' prevail in the main, while your simon-pure crank makes no pretense of acting like the same members of his final section of the great central tower This rises to the modest height of 2.00 leet, and terminates in an observatory of vast proportions. This makes a total alti-tude of 4,700 feet, or about eight-ninths of

pecies.
The expectation of unusual events always evelops and brings to the front a large rop of cranks.
The World's Fair, in commemoration of he landing of Columbus, will not be open



non bursting with great ideas has and is proceeding to make the weikin fairly cine with plans and schemes. The inspiration of the first batch seems to have been deawn principally from the foliation of the Paris Exposition, has riveted the attention not only of visitors to that famous capital, but readers in all parts of the world as well.

This tower of Iron fairly dwarfs our

tude of 4.700 feet, or about eight-ninths of a mile.

"The tower," as its inventor naively remarks, "will be fitted with a perfect system of electric curs, which will convey passenge of the work is not given, but to the uninitiated in the art of "castle building," would seem to be "considerable, but to the uninitiated in the art of "castle building," would seem to be "considerable, not rivaling the transportation which, though not rivaling the transportation with the transportation of the transportati

range and constantly retain an aprehiposition.

Thus, in its course, the passengers in the
car will describe the half of a circle
having a diameter of 2,000 feet, or
3,441 feet. This may, without induleing in any flight of fancy, be termed
a thrilly garrial flight.

The word of the considerable is numerous
point considerably higher than can be
reached in the Effect Tower.

In a word: This will not only raise the
visitor to a greater attitude, than the famous French tower, but give him a ride that
will make all previously constructed swings
will make all previously constructed swings
parison type or country to the conparison. The swinging tower will also serve as a

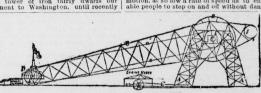
and "merry-go-rounds" seem trivial in comparison.

The swinzing tower will also serve as a means of transporting people from one ponders are means of transporting people from one to the server of th

platform,
b—Wheel for continuous cable,
c—Main cable.

enable teams to be driven up and down on a trot. This would make a drive of nearly four miles, or almost eight for the round trip.

The other spiral will be for ears, which will be run on what is called the "thread-less screw" system, whatever that may be the gars are to be run once a minute and



ING TOWER,

c-sam case.

ger of injury.

New York wants not only the World's
Fair but the world itself, and a New-Yorker
has embodied the idea in a design for a
He proposes to construct a vast hollow
sphere, having a diameter of 800 feet. This
will be suspended between two enormous
towers 600 feet in height, with a spacious
terrace and an appropiate building on each
side for restaurants, drawing-rooms, building and club-houses, or other like purling and club-houses, or other like pur-E—Large pivotaxio.

the tallest of earthy structures, and, as a reference to the illustration of our artist will show, makes the great enthedrals of Europe and the pyramids of Egypt appear insignificant, while the famous Column of July and the Opera House of Paris become rings height. Si ne comparison to its towering height.

Great as is the elevation attained by this wonderful structure, the cranks of Chicago and the West proposs to out-do the French and fairly pierce the clouds.

wonderful structure, the orange of threes, and the West propose to out-do the French and fairly pierce they will be a suppose to the suppose of the suppose ing and club-houses, or other like purpses.

The towers will be connected by enormous arehes passing over the suspended globe, and surmounted by an observatory. This will be 70 tech high, 175 test wide, and 450 feet long. It will be reached by elevators in the legs of the towers, and will be used as a grand promenade.

The globe will be reached by eight elevators from a central support below its tower, making sixteen in all. The towers are built in the form of the letter A, the initial of America.

The interior of the globe will be used for a number of cycloramic views, tepresenting the landing of Columbus and various other events in his career; also a representiation of the various countries of the world.

sentation of the various countries of the world.

One of the most elaborate and costly of all the schemes proposed emanates also from New York, and is called the Driveway spiral Towe 1.600 feet in height, 400 feet in diameter at the base, tajering gradually the district of the world of the babel Babel. It is called the three-arch

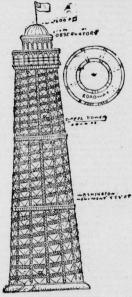
Jan. The father of this idea, a seeming combination Baron Munchausen and Jack of the Beanstalk narrative, proposes to erect for and steel a substantial arch one nile in length, and rising in the center to z height of 1,000 feet from the ground. Di-rectly beneath the center he lays the foun-dation for the tower. This he constructs until the arch is resched, a distance of 1,000 feet. Then he builds a second arch, having the same foundations as the firs one, rising above it a distance of 900 feet. The tower is then carried up to this arch gron Monument.
The estimated cost of this vast and solid
ructure is \$2.500,000—a trifle when a Neworker is figuring. It is unnecessary to
y that it is proposed to make it a permaint institution.



owers. Chicago has very tall buildings now, and, if the fair is located there, will rrect some veritable "sky-serapers." One, of which a sketch is given, will be of twen-weight stories. hich a sketch is given, who so with tories, will be built of iron, and contain no be except what is used in the doors and dows, being in consequence absolutely-proof. It will be furnished with thirn elevators, one for every two floors were the second, which will stop to rever passengers at no others than the ones

coive passengers at no others than the containing they serve.

It will be 350 feet in height, containing nearly 1,000 rooms, and be perfect and complete in all its appointments. The



plans for this structure have been prepared, and whether or not the architect is to be classed with cranks remains to be see in. To Western eyes the greatest eranks who have thus far thrown down the gauntiet and York World's fair committee, who hope to locate the wonderous prize in their metropolitan city by looking wise and holding secret meetings. However, it is difficult to tell who will be Governor until after the election. New York may come out victorious, and all the Spanish eastless of the other cranks be crected according to the plans and specifications. If so, as Cowper said the own John Gliphi. They have the second the property of the plans and specifications. If so, as Cowper said the World Tablewin.

### His Boots Are Number 16.

His Boots Are Number 16.

Mr. Arnold, of Thompson, is and sixteen years old, but he is on six feet tall and his feet are fame, writes a Connecticut correspondent. They are bigger than any other feet in Windham County, and perhaps in the New England States. Young Thompson step ped into Eli Tracy's shoe shop at Central Village the other day and said he would like to have the shoeman make him a pair of boots.

"All right," said Eli, "just put your foot on this measure, and I'll get your size."

Thompson told to do so be hed been

Thompson tried to do as he had been bidden, but found it impossible to comply with the request. Although Tracy slipped the marker out to the imaping off place on the measure, the was not nearly room enough to ac date the young man's extrao.

date the young man's extrao. Try foot.

"Well," said he looking up agoest, "I never! You beat the record. What is zee boot do you usually wear?"

"Oh, generally I can get on sixteens," replied the youth, with ingenious complacency, "but latterly they've pinched my feet some, and I guess I'll take a size or two larger this time."

Tracy then made an approximate estimate of the big foot, and found that it called for a boot one inch and a half longer than his measure. "I can't. fill the bill for you," said he, "for you take a boot bigger than any last that is made."

So young Thompson had to go away

made."

So young Thompson had to go away without hope, and he is in a dilemma. The prospect is that he will have to go unshod during the remainder of his life unless he can persuade some liberal-soled contractor to make a last especially for his use, which will be expensive. Thompson is not the only six-footer and big-footer in his family.

# An incompetent priver.

Me incompetent division. Western man (in street car, blocked by a crush on Broadway)—I don't want to sit here all day. Why don't this 'ere street car company hire competent drivers?—that's what I'd like to know? Hesident—But what can the driver

Resident—But what can the driver do?

Western man—Wall, I dunno, but he might act as if he took some interest in the occasion, anyhow. Look at him! Sittin' there mum as an oyster! Why don't he stand up, an' rare around and swear?—New York Weekly.

#### The Best He Could Do.

The Best He Could Do.

Small Boy.—"Say, dad, I wish you'd get me a bicycle."

Old Man.—"Can't afford it, my son. Rent too high, coal too dear. Besides, I don't want you to break your neck."

Small Boy.—"Well, then, a tricycle."

Old Man.—"Can't do it. But I'll tell you what you can have. When winter comes I'll try and get you a nice long icicle." [The youngster is pacified.]—

Grip.

#### WRITERS OF FICTION.

BY WM. ALEXANDER BOWEN.

"Yanity Fair" is und out bet elly a novel without a here! It a only heavy villain is Becky Shapp, if we except Lord Stayne, who is really a secondary character. While the novel, taken as a whole, is the most terrible satire in the English language, not excepting Swift's works, it is also true. This makes it all the more forcible. Thackeray was more than an artist. He wrote not only to produce something interesting and valuable, but to give vent to his secorn and harted of the shams and hypocrisy and snobbery and time-serving mammon-worshiping age in which he lived.

Our own novelists treat love temperately, depending on what the critics call "realism" for that absorbing interest which was formerly thought to be found only in making love the pre-lominant theme. Thus Howells, in his best novel, "A Modern Instance," makes the interest center, not in the love-making of his hero, but in the development of the character of Bartley Hubbard, a man without principle, but who is smart in the American sense. Mr. Henry James, whose name is always thought of in connection with that of Mr. Howells, rarely permits his lovers to exhibit much emotion. He also deals in the same calm manner with the other feelings. It may be for this reason that neither of the novel-sets is popular with any except that Jass which claims to be more intellectual than their neighbors. But, nevertheless, no novelist of any age has ever been more careful in sketching his characters, or has given us stronger touches of human nature and action than Mr. James. In "The Bostonians" he pictures to us the real and the sham philanthropists of the city of culture, its charlatarry, its fads and its genuine enthusiasms.

Mrs. Burnett and Miss Woolson are more intense than either of the latter named, and more impressed with the amportance of love as a factor in human tife. Being women, they could not be otherwise. "Through One Administration" is a love story, and, at the same time, a study of manners and characters at the national capital. Mrs. Burnett and Miss W

may become popular, because this achievement means wealth as well as fame.

But Balzac and Thackeray, in writing novels without love in them, undertook what some critics call a broader treatment of human life than making love the foundation of their novels. They saw clearly that to have no other key than love to unlock the secrets of life they could never lead to an understanding of history, public or private, or the sciences and common affairs of life.

Balzac had a mind to study all the passions—all the strong, controlling motives of life. He was assiduous in investigating all those abnormal developments of character which may be safely classed on the harmless side of insanity, but which result, nevertheless, in the deformity of moral character. In the old-style novel the villain served simply to complicate the plot and to act as a foil to the virtues of the nero until the last act, or chapter, when virtue invariably triumphed. Balzac found that this was seldom the result in real life, and that the villain could be made interesting on his own account; and that he could be made to serve a higher purpose, and be at the same time more interesting, if shown in a novel just as he is in real life.—Chicago Ledger.

## A Name that Puzzled the Priest.

Not long since there came to a priest in Connecticut, in whose parish are a number of French Canadians, a man who wished to arrange for his approaching marriage, and the priest, who did not recognize him, asked his name.

"My glory-by-night," replied the man, with every appearance of good faith.

He did not sneak English yery flu-

faith.

He did not speak English very fluently and the priest supposed that he must have misunderstood.

"Your name, I said," he repeated.

"What is your name?"

"My-glory-by-night," the man said again.

"My shot on the such a name as that," the priest said; "somebody has translated it wrongly for you. What is it in French?"

"Magloire Benoit," the man an-

"Magiore benon, the man swered.

It was easy to see how the extraordinary combination with which the man announced himself had been come at.

The good people of Connecticut had pronounced "Benoit" phonetically, and translation had done the rest.

An emigrant cartographer declares that the map of Africa is changed by every mail. Fresh geographical news from the dark continent twice made necessary changes of parts of the great globe of the Paris Exhibition during its construction; and two years ago some map-makers were five times compelled to take from the press a large map of the Congo State for additional and corrections,