e spectrum's fleeting r shades and golden f distant May, ly I lie and dream winter coming

of the winter coming.

Mingling fancies with the stand the wild bees humaning.

Will it be so blest for me As the year now past?

Will it—ah me—will it fly Quickly, quickly quickly by, Leaving wee at last?

BY MOLLIE RICHARDS.

we could desire.

As soon as Mr. Jones drove off Sissy and I skipped up stairs, for it had been decided that Sissy must have a side-saddle, and she had things in readiness to make our mode.

doned.

Poor Daisy-Dingle did not know what to make of such treatment. She became wild.

We were now determined to have a ride both together. How to get her to stand still long enough for us to mount

we came back Daisy-Dingle might per mit us to take a ride. Hastening to the house, we were hardly courageous enough to enter We had neglected to fasten doors or windows. Our appetites got the bet ter of us, and we cautiously entered Fortunately nothing had been dis-turbed.

While eating we quarreled over 9

Antunn woe it last?

Antunn sees then dring light,
Antunn sees then dring light,
Now the light is dring.
But I be while moments dr,
When the winter days are here,
And once more the white New Year
Bids me enter free.
CITY, Wis. OUR PLAN DIDN'T WORK

Mr. and Mrs. Jones were humble people, in moderate circumstances, and lived upon a small farm. They had but one child, a daughter, who was always called Sissy.

Sissy was about my age, and I was about six years old, when "Father" Jones adopted me into his family. When I was about eight years of age a relative of Mr. Jones died. To attend the funeral was a big day's journey for his slow horse.

They did not like to leave us with the sole care of the place on the day of the funeral, yet they seemed to think of no way to prevent it. So, for that entire day we were left in charge of everything.

They kept one horse, two cows, a pig or two, and a great deal of poultry. It was my work from the start, mine and Sissy's, to do what we could for the cattle and poultry, and we quarreled not a little over the work.

We shared alike sport as well as work, and were much together. Sometimes Sissy exercised authority over me, claiming her rights as lawful possessor. This her parents would not permit when they knew of it.

The work assigned for us to do was to water the cows at noon, at night put them in their stable, feed the poultry, and, if they returned late, provide wood and coal and kindling.

I can see yet how Mother Jones looked when she started. She was dressed in plain, old-fashioned garb, and her eyes had a peculiar, wistful expression. She cautioned us over and over not to turn things topsy-tury, not to leave the house alone, or make fires, as none was needed.

Mrs. Jones was a very careful house-keeper. Our dinner was spread on the kitchen table and neatly covered with a spotless linen cloth.

After she had closed the kitchen door she passionately embraced both Sissy and I, as if she never expected to see us alive again. Then she slowly walked to the old square-top carriage and reluctantly climbed into it. Father Jones looked worried as he stepped in after her and drove slowly away. We had previously planned our sport and were very impatient, so we thought that they would never get started.

Next to the yard was a

certain piece of pie. Fie and plate were broken and trampled upon the kitchen carpet. We were coming to "fist fight," when Sissy remembered that there was another pie of the kind in the cellar. She brought it, and we devoured the most of it in peace.

While eating the pie we resolved upon a new plan. In our eagerness to try it we forgot our noon work, and again leaving the house went to the orchard.

Poor Daisy-Dingle! It was a rather warm day in July, and at noon the heat was oppressive for a poor worried calf. Our plan did not work. Daisy-Dingle would not stand, so we gave her more exercise until at last she was conquered.

Just as Sissy had taken her place astride the calfs back our neighbor, who had returned from church, and who had been watching us unobserved, came along, interfered, and we were obliged to abandon our sport.

We were mortified and worried to think we had been discovered and thus made liable to exposure as well as punishment. We ran into the barn to hide, each blaning the other for what hid been done. Soon tiring of this, we looked about to see what next we could do unobserved.

Mr. Jones made cider for vinegar. He kept barrels of it in his barn. There were three barrels that Sissy and I had often thought might still be fit to drink, but how to get some had always been a puzzle.

We thought this an excellent opportunity for tasting it.

The bungs were tight in each barrel, and we saw no possible way to get them out; but instead of spigosts there were plugs that we thought might be easily knocked out. I gave one hard hit and the cider, or rather vinegar, came suddenly spurting over both of us in a stream, and we were thoroughly denched.

We had planned to drink with straws, but did not even taste it, for we made an effort to replace the plug, As it finally ceased flowing we concluded that we were successful in stopping it.

We tried the second and third barrels with almost the same result.

Next we hunted eggs. These we middle and or the product of the product of the product of the product o

we made an effort to replace the plug. As it finally ceased flowing we concluded that we were successful in stopping it.

We tried the second and third barrels with almost the same result.

Next we hunted eggs. These we took to the kitchen, made a coal fire, filled the tea-kettle with eggs and water, put it over the fire, and closed the stove.

While waiting for the eggs to boil we remembered our work. As it was getting late we dropped everything, and, leaving the door wide open, proceeded to water cattle.

In the midst of this Mr. and Mrs. Jones returned. They had been very anxious about us, and came back much earlier than was anticipated. When Mother Jones caught sight of us she screamed, but when she reached the kitchen door and saw at one glance the hot stove and a hungry tramp feasting upon the remains of our dinner, she gave one piercing shrick and fainted away, which se scared the tramp that he fied.

The kettle had boiled dry and was emitting a strange odor.

The stove was hot enough to burst, and the carpet was irreparably spoiled. Mrs. Jones was sick all night from fright. The next morning Daisy-Dingle was found dead.

Our neighbor came to tell of our doings in the orchard, just at the moment Mr. Jones discovered, by the smell of vinegar, what had happened to his barrels.

Mrs. Jones about this time discovered the eggs and the ruined condition of our clothes, besides everything else.

They wisely concluded to never leave us alone again.

se. They wisely concluded to never leave

us alone again.

Both were too indulgent to punish us severely, so we got off with a mild reprimand. They blamed themselves for not getting an older person to take there of the grant of the second o tunity.

We planned our ride with many fears, lest it might be rainy, or perhaps we might be seen and have our doings reported.

The weather proved to be all that we could desire.

charge of us.
Years have passed. Both Mr. and
Mrs. Jones are dead. Sissy and I are
married. From this we learned a good
moral, and it serves us well in our own
family of little ones. It is this: Never
leave children alone with the care of s
louse.

saddle, and she had things in readiness to make one.

First, she produced two of her mother's dresses, which were slightly worn; then, with a big husk needle and twine, we fashioned a saddle; the sleeves served for stirrups.

Our nearest neighbors had gone to church and their house was closed, as was nearly every house in the neighborhood.

The coast was clear. Daisy-Dingle being a pet, did not object to the saddle.

I insisted that Sissy should have the Be Wary of Choosing, Giris.

It was excellent advice I saw lately given to young ladies urging them to marry only gentlemen or not marry at all. A true gentleman is generous and unselfish. He regards another's happiness and welfare as well as his own. You will see the trait running through all his actions. A man who is a bear at home among his sisters and discourteous to his mother is just the man to avoid when you come to the great question which is to be answered yes or no. You need not die old maids. But wait until the prince passes by. No harm in delay.

You will not be apt to find him in the ball-room. Nor is he a champion billiard player. He has not had time to become a "champion," for he has had too much honest, earnest work to do in the world. I have always observed that these "champions" were seldom good for much else.

Be wary in choosing, girls, when so much is at stake. Do not mistake a passing fancy for undying love. Marrying in haste rarely ends well. Donot resent too much the interference of your parents. You will travel long and far in this world before you will saddle.

I insisted that Sissy should have the first ride. She had no trouble getting on, but her weight, together with fixing her feet in the stirrups, scared Daisy-Dingle, who started at a full gallon before we were read.

not resent too much the interference of your parents. You will travel long and far in this world before you will find any one who has your true inter-est at heart more than your father and mother.—Philadelphia Record.

A Curious Optical Illusion.

ing her feet in the stirrups, scared Daisy-Dingle, who started at a full gallop before we were ready.

Sissy, having no hold, fell off, her feet entangled in the stirrups.

The saddle had been securely fastened to the ealf's back, and Sissy was dragged a considerable distance.

I was badly scared.

Sissy was stunned and semi-conscious for a time, but with the exception of a few slight scratches, the worst in her face, she escaped uninjured.

The lower portion of the orchard was low and swampy; through this Sissy had been dragged.

Her dress was a sight to behold. It being Sunday, she was permitted to wear one too fine for our occupation; besides being torn, it was brown and green-stained from mud and grass.

After the fright, finding Sissy not badly injured, and being plucky, she urged me to take a ride. Being a boy, I thought I could manage better. I got on and met with the same success, only that I was not dragged when I feli oft, for the saddle had been abandoned.

Poor Daisy-Dingle did not know A Curious Optical Illusion.

A very striking optical illusion occurred to an author while engaged in writing. He was seated at a table, with two candles before him, when upon directing his eyes to them, he was surprised to observe, apparently among his hair, and nearly straight above his head, but far without the range of vision, a distinct image of one of the candles. The image was as perfect as if it had been formed by reflection from a piece of mirror glass; but where the reflecting surface was he could not at first discover. He examined his eyebrows and eyelashes, but in vain. At length a lady tried her skill, and after a careful search she perceived, between two eyelashes, a very minute speck, which, on being removed, turned out to be a chip of red wax, highly polished, which was the real mirror on the occasion, and which had probably started into his eye when he was breaking the seal of a letter, only a short time before he observed the phenome-We were now determined to have a ride both together. How to get her to stand still long enough for us to mount upon her back was the question. As we found it impossible to do this, we became enverged and took turns in beating and racing the poor calf many times around the orchard and over Mother Jones' dresses.

Finally Daisy-Dingle became ex hausted. It was dinner time, and we were hungry. So we concluded that if we stopped to eat, perhaps by the time we came back Daisy-Dingle might per mit us to take a ride.

Why not pour the arms into the gutter? It is destined to the gutter at last. Why not pour it there at once, and not wait to strain it through a man, and spoil the strainer in the work?



diriler, raggeder, and, if possible, more lazy and better contented with his vagrant lot.

As the tramp is the child of the country, it is there, upon his native heath, that he must be studdled by one who aspires to become the historian of his class. With country people and those who dwell in and the studdled his country people and the same and towns he is stamiliar sight and his country people and is known to all.

Acting, whether on the stage of the theater, or the broader stage of actual life, has ever been accounted a pleasurable occupation. To tramp offers no exception. When the generous crop of melons and fruits has been harvested, and corn, unlit for roasting-ears, hardening in the shock; when the shelter of a hedge or haystack no longer suffices to keep off the cold, and frost through soleless shoes bites his toes; in short, when shock; when the shelter of a hedge or haystack no longer suffices to keep off the cold, and frost through soleless shoes bites his toes; in short, when all turns his face cityward, there to enter upon another phase of his hybrid exist.

The water-fowl, which, answering from

and turns his face cityward, there to enter upon another phase of his hybrid existones.

The water-fowl, which, answering from time to time the shrill cull of its leader and sailing gracefully away to the southward, as the sailing gracefully away to the southward as the sailing gracefully away to the sailing sailing as the sailing sailing as an earlier stage than do their country coussins, active stage than do their country coussins, ner and mode of life. Not only is he surnounded by the polles, whose watelfull eyes restrain him from many of the acts of lawlessness in which h has freely indulged during the long "merry summer months." but the narrow confines to which whom he comes in daily contact, and the radically different life he is compelled to adopt, deprive him of the light-hearted, free-and-easy air that pervades him as he appreaches a country mansion and demanding the capitulation of a fortress.

In the large cities the tramp so for loses his identity as to pose under another name, and that still lower in the seale than the



ON THE TRAMP.

drink, with the accompanying the saicon."
During a long and cold winter numbers become sick and find their way to the hospital, and later to the potter's field. Such as survived do not needlessly prolong their irksome city life, but depart early enough

one he has rightly earned. When he becomes a denizen of one of the great centers of population he is known as a "bum," and conducts himself in a way to fairly entitle him to the rather valgar but suggestive appellation.

All of the order of the fairly life of the tramp varies and the room his normal state of existence, still there is one rule of his life from which he never departs—under one circumstances does he seek any regular employment. As a care for begging or petty this viring, he may tearfully ask for work, but with no investigation of the control of the control

A TRAMPS' END,

to see the first violets bloom by the side of country lanes, and taste the sweet butter to which the fresh spring grass has imparted the color of gold. The color of gold to go day they are missed from their trail among the farms and the lunch counter in the city, and their long tramp is ended at an unmarked grave.

DWIGHT BALDWIN.

Pretty Girls in Cages.



MERCANTILE MARINE.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LAKE AND OCEAN ARCHITECTURE.



and a horse car.

But the difference in the construction of lake craft, as against the steamers plying the ocean and deeper rivers, less mostly, in fact almost wholly, beneath the water line. The rakish build of the hull and upper works of the Atlantic merchant-



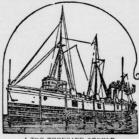
AN ANCHOR-LINER.

men has been aped on lake vessels. The arrangement of cargo holds, driving power and rig of the salt-water steamers, to a great extent, has been copied by the steamship builders on the lakes, with varying modifications.

ship builders on the lakes, with varying modifications.

The fast freight and passenger boats of Loog Island Sound, with their towering double and treble tiers of saloons and deck-houses, the shallow-drafted, broad-bottomed boats for trade with the barred harbors and in the shallow rivers of the South, the deep-drafted ocean carriers, with their freeboard of the Atlantic, and the frighters and passenger steamers of the great lakes, represent to an unmistakable degree opposing types, the construction of which involves a varying distillation of proportions and materials.

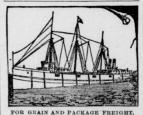
It is now some twenty years since iron and some three years since steel began to



enter largely into the construction of the mercantile marine of the United States, says a writer in the Chicago Inter Occan. Since this change the use of motal in ship-building has greatly increased, and in vessels propelled by steam has practically usurped the place of wood. It has extended over the transatlantic, transpacific, and coastwise trade to our rown lakes, and the network of rivers and canals, whose ramifications extend the advantages of water transportation over a great area of the United States.

It has been said that the change from wood to metal was not a good one; that stout oak would withstand a greater strain than steel, and that a wooden vessel on a rocky reef would live longer than a ship constructed of iron or steel. Without touching the relative merits of material used in the construction of the hulls, the purpose of this article is to show to what an extent, in architecture, the boat of the lakes differs from that of deep and tide water.

The propellers running between Chlzago and Buffalo in connection with rail-roads, and the ore-carriers engaged in the



FOR GRAIN AND PACKAGE FREIGHT.

ransportation of that mineral between the mines of the Lake Superior region and the Lake Erie furnaces, may properly be called the representative steamers of the lakes. They represent an outlaw covering upward of 69 per cent. of the entire value of floating property on the lakes, and carry more than half of the merchandise transported.

As to the relative merits in general brild of the lake freighter as against the saut water steamers, opinion appears to



be about equally divided. "You cannot compare the two," said an old and experinced vessel-owner and ex-master yesterdy. "The lake steamer is so far the stronger and better of the two in every respect that comparison is out of the question. This refers alike to the sailing vessel and the steamship. Of the former I will relate an incident which will bear meout in the assertion.

"In the fall of '75 the schooner Pamlico cleared this nout for Liverpool with a cargo of grain. She was a regular lake

"In the fall of "5 the schooner Pamileo cleared this port for Liverpool" with a cargo of grain. She was a regular lake trader. It was the first load of grain which ever was shipped direct, and the first American bottom the Canadian GovernLeart granted permission to go through the St. Lawrence Kiver. The boat got out and ran into the Atlantic in the teeth of a wenterly gale. She was a typical laker, bluff-bottomed, roomy benefit eit, she got the weather good and hard. She lost one of her spars, and her canvas was torn into shreds. To make a long story short, she was driven before the wester; so the story in the state of the story short, she was the shalled and without enough canvas to give her steerageway. In this fashion she sended from St. Johns to within 500 miles of Cork, where

a stamer picked her up and towed her into port. If ever a vessed was put to the test, the Pimilico was. I hold that the one thing that saved her was her bluil bluil. She would mount the heavy seas hey come along, instead of having them jump and spend their force against







or the A. P. Wright. Either of these will take on a load of 100,000 bushels of grain here and go to Buffalo, and the running expenses of either boat will be less than incurred by the old-fashioned carriers of twenty years ago, that had all they could take care of in a load of 25,000 or 30,000 bushels. The evolution in marine architecture on these lakes has been something remarkable. Where in former years they launched ten schooners for every one steamboat the order is now reversed. The schooner in twenty years hence will be an obsolete institution. Steam has almost wholly supplanted canvas. Steam steering gear, steam enpstan and the many auxiliary engines now aboard of a steamer, in former years were outhought of. No; I am a laker from keel to masthead. I believe we are far shead of the salt-water merchantmen. Our models, our strongth of build, our capacitics, everything save speed, have been keeping new with the modern style of construction.

The Artist Was Crushed.

The Artist Was Crushed.

The Ariist Was Crushed.

Sometimes the lowest worm will turn. This was demonstrated when Jacob Pfalsgraff went into a Grand street barber shop yesterday to have his hair cut. The barber ran his fingers through the victim's scant locks and, after vicwing them with a critic's eye, asked with the usual scorn:

"Who cut that hair last?"

Mr. Pfalsgraff was mad clear through in a minute, and replied:
"Dot vos not some or your pi-hness who cud dot hair der last dime, ofer who cuds him der first dime, noider. I haf got me blenty money to bay for cuddin' him this dime, und I coom py your chair, pecanes all der rest ov der barbers vos busy. Maype I haf dot hair cut py der Paris Exposition, und maype I cuds him mineself."

The barber was crushed hd could only find words to ask:

"How will you have it cut?"

"Yoost like you cuds him der last dime."

It was at this instant that the bar-

dime."

It was at this instant that the barber recognized in Mr. Pfalsgraff a former customer, and the words fell on the dull, cold ear of a barber who had fainted.

A Severe Test.

"My dear sir, this position carries with it a great responsibility. Can you convince me that you are capable of filling it?"

"I think I can, sir."

"You must be a man of great discretion, possessed of a keen insight, capable of judging accurately between right and wrong."

"I think I can satisfy you, sir."

"You must be able to discover the truth, no matter how it may be disguised, and must be well read on current events."

"Yes, sir. I think I can fill the bill."

"Yes, sir; I think I can fill the bill."
"Well, what are your credentials?"
"I have been examined for a jury x times, and been rejected every

time."
"I think you will do. You must be a man of great capability and intelligence."

Paganini and the Calman

Paganini and the Cabman.

The celebrated violinist, Paganini, had once to give a concert at the Carlo Felice in Genoa, and being late, he drove in a cab. On alighting he offered the usual fare to the cabman, who refused it, saying that a great man, who was able to play as well on one string as on four, ought to give him at least double the fare.

"Very well," answered Paganini, "I will jûn you double when you will be able to drive me to the theater on one wheel,"—Pick-Me-Up,

FADS OF NEW YORK WOMEN. Coachmen May Serve as Chaperons

steamer pyrical for up and towed he for port. If ever a vessel was put to the feet, the Pinilico war. I hold that the soult. She would mornt the heavy seas as they come along, instead of having those hume and sound their force seglinary the sound their force seglinary the sound their force seglinary that the sound that force the seglinary that the sound that force the seglinary that the sound that force the seglinary that the seglinary



Do not judge a man by the clothes he wears. They may belong to some one clse.

A paper collar may be around the neck of an honest man, but from the fact that it is a species of fraud, it is more likely to be worn by the confidence man.

One poet has remarked that an honest man is the noblest work of God, and another has said that Time's noblest offspring is the last. This would indicate that an honest man was a thing of the future.

It is only after a man has run off with all the money in the bank and somebody's wife that it is remembered that he was an exemplary citizen and a prominent church member.

Plowing deep is hard on your horse, but it will insure you bigger crops.

A man can have a habit, but no one ever heard of the person who was habitinally honest—Chicago Lelaer.

A man can have a habit, but i one ever heard of the person who we habitually honest.—Chicago Ledger.

A Puzzler.

"I met with an agitating experience the other day," said a young traveling

the other day," said a young traveing man.

"What was it?"

"A young lady said she was going to faint."

"What did you do?"

"I told her to wait a minute and we would be at her father's house—then she could sit on the steps."

"And did she faint then?"

"No; I can't quite understand it."

"No; I can't quite understand it."

The Dahl process of preserving milk by sterilizing it and excluding atmospheric germs is stated to have come into use only in Norway, but efforts are now being made to introduce it into England. In this process fresh milk is placed in cans, which are hermetically sealed and then alternately heated and cooled until every organism or germ is supposed to have been destroyed. Milk thus treated may be kept in the unopened cans for an indefinite period, and has been found after three years to have the taste and appearance of the best fresh milk.