It flutters restless in my bosom,
As if it pined sad and alone.
Is it the poet's soul within me
That makes my spirit weep and moan? My heart is empty of all pleasure— Such pleasure as the world can give: My path is shrouded still in darkness, I've lived—and still—on hope I live.

My heart is tired with Hope's beguiling And Faith droops low with weary win dow long can Patience bear her burden When shall these lips in rapture sing? IENE, Ark.

WHAT WORD! BY KIL COURTLAND.

was the word you said to me e gleam of the sunset glow? he moss-rose pressed her scarlet lips In the gleam of the sunset glow? When the moss-rose pressed her scarlet ly On the lily's check of snow. Alt! poets and sages their lives will spend And the tides will ebb and flow, But only the roses can tell, good friend, And only the lilies know.

But what was the word I said to you,
In the heart of the ruby glave?
The passion flower swung high the cross,
The passion flower swung high the cross,
Ah! peets and sages their lives will spend
And the tides will ebb and flow,
But only the roses can tell, good friend,
And only the lilies know.

LITTLE ROBBIE'S NERVE

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN



I felt a sharp twinge of pain and lost consciousness.

My first thought was of Robbie, and the groan I uttered was caused not so much by pain as by the dreadful fear that I had lost him forever.

Judge of my joy when I saw him not only alive but actively engaged in clearing away the branches which covered me.

In this I was meeting with decrease success, and was making money at a rate I had not, in my wildest dreams, anticipated, was devotedly attached to my only child, an active und unusually bright boy of eight years. A fatherparticularly a doting one, as I admit myself to have been—is apt to exaggerate the abilities and attainments of his children, and I well know that the first brauch of my statement will be given greater credence than the last. I will not stop to argue the matter with the incredulous reader, but proceed to relate the story upon which I have already made a beginning, confident that it will convince the most skeptical of the quick wit and nerve of my little Robbie.

I had brought him with me to Michigan, and left him at school in East Saginaw while I conducted my profitable canvass among the pineries. Late in November the friend with whom I had left him wrote me that he had become exceedingly lonesome, and could not apply himself to his studies.

It required no great evidence to convince me of the truth of the report, for a month's separation from my boy had brought me to a similar state of mind. The letter decided me upon a course that for some days I had been considering—a foolish course any man in full possession of his faculties would have said. I directed that Robbie be sent forward to me in the vast pine woods.

Three days later he joined me, haven been placed in charge of a kind.

have said. I directed that Robbie of sent forward to me in the vast pine woods.

Three days later he joined me, having been placed in charge of a kindhearted lumberman, who delivered himself of the sweetmeats I had provided in honor of his advent.

But the ripened harvest of dollars awaited my sickle, and not even the pleasure of playing with my boy could detain me from business.

I had worked all the camps in that section, and decided to start the next morning for a point on the river, some twenty miles away, where I was confident of disposing of a number of machines.

chines.

I was to make the journey on horse-back, Robbie riding behind me. We had mounted, said good-by to our new but none the less warm friends, when an old skidder came running toward

us. "Don't start to day!" cried he, when

"I see no indications of it."
"You would, if you'd been waitin',



"ANOTHER INSTANT AND THE TREE WAS UP as I have, a fortnight for snow to start the sleds, so that you could earn the grub you was a-eatin'. We'll have a storm, and a big one at that, afore dork?

"But I've lots of time. It's only a few hours' ride."

I hope so, for I sees you's bound to Well, hustle along, an' don't waste

had an instruction and a large value it?"

Who will say that increasing years has added foolishness to my fondness, and that the handsome young man who sits beside me and makes disparaging remarks as I write, was not a bright and nervy boy? time at-alkin' to me."

The old man had judged me rightly;
I did design to go, seeing nothing portentous of evil. Accordingly, I acted
non his suggestion, and rede away
from the log buildings that consti-

anon his succession, and rode away from the log buildings that constituted the camp.

For some miles there was a fair bridle-path through a wilderness of stumps and underbrush, and we made good progress. At length we reached a point where we were obliged to make a turn, and strike into the heavy timber, through which the remainder of our journey lay.

A railroad line had been projected here some years before, and abandoned, after the timber on the course had been felled, a telegraph line constructed and some little grading done.

I well knew that it was but a poor apology for a road, and had only

Physiologists say that the older a man grows the smaller his brain be-comes. This explains why the old man knows nothing and the young one every-thing. An ecclesiastical point-The church

speak.
"I telegraphed for them," cried Robbie, as he turned a cart-wheel in the

snow. "That's about the size of it," said one of the men. "The lines wouldn't work this morning, and we were sent out to leant and repair the breaks."

"That's just what I figured on," said the delighted boy, "when I climbed a pole last night and sawed the whole six wires in two with my knife. I had an instrument and knew how to use it!"

In round numbers 10,000 missic aries are sent out by the various Christian nations to preach the gospel to 1,000,000,000 heathen—one missionary to every 100,000 of the heathen.

bie,

ROBBIE CUTTING T the rising wind, and flakes of snow were beginning to flutter to the

were beginning to flutter to the ground.

I tried to increase the speed of the horse, but found it impossible by reason of the numerous obstructions in the form of trunks of trees.

"Don't be afraid, Robbie," said I, in as cheerful tones as I could command.

"Not a bit of it. I think it just jolly, I'll make the eyes of the boys at home open—"

A snapping sound cut short the lad's remark and caused his own eyes to

A snapping sound cut snort the late open pretty wide, I fear.

An upward glance showed me the green top of a huge pine, describing in our direction an awful circle in the air. I dug my heels into the flanks of the horse and shouted at the top of my voice.

voice.

This seemed to increase the terror of the animal, which stopped stock still.

Another instant and the tree was

I felt a sharp twinge of pain and lost

ered me.

The horse had been killed outright, and my right leg broken above the

with the assistance of the cool-headed boy I changed my position so as to lean against the body of the dead horse, which somewhat relieved my

Our situation was desperate in the extreme, and Robbie realized it as soon as myself.

"Brace up, father," said he, "I'll run on, and be back before long with lots of halp."

adopted it because it shortened the distance by more than one half, from that of the regular wagon road.

We were, as nearly as I could estimate, within five or six miles of our destination when, to my constenation, I saw that the prognostication of the old skidder was about to be verified. The sky had become overcast with clouds, the tall pines were rocking in The Compass. The Compass.

The compass needle points to the north because practically the earth is a magnet, not differing essentially in its magnetic properties from a bar of magnetized steel. It has two poles of greatest intensity, and, like most large steel magnets, there are several supplemental poles of lesser intensity. Just as the pole of one bar magnet attracts the end of another, so the magnetic poles of the carth behave toward poles of the compass needle, unlike poles attracting and like poles repelling each other.

It is well to wedify the statement.

poles of the compass needle, unlike poles repelling each other.

It is well to modify the statement that the needle points north and south. As a matter of fact, there are but few localities on the earth where it does point due north and south, and these are constantly changing. An irregular line drawn from the mouth of the Orinoco River, through the east coast of Hayti, Charleston, S. C., and Detroit, Mich., represents very nearly the line in which there is no variation at the present time. In all the places east of this line the north end of the needle swings slightly to the westward; in all places west of it, to the eastward. At the north of the Columbia River the variation of the compass is about twenty-two degrees east; midway between New York and Liverpool it is about thirty-five degrees west.

The reason is that the compass

west.

The reason is that the compass needle points, not to the geographical but to the magnetic poles, and these do not coincide in position. The magnetic north pole is at present on or near the southwestern shore of Boothia Peninsula, in the northern part of North America.

Peninsula, in the northern part of North America.

Its position is constantly changing, and in the last five hundred years it has moved about half the distance round the geographical pole. During the three hundred years in which observations have been carefully made at the Magnetic Observatory in Paris, the variations have changed from eleven degrees twenty minutes east of north to twenty-two degrees ten minutes west.

In the United States the rate of the change in variation differes much in different parts of the country. In Washington State it changes at the rate of about seven minutes a year; in Arizona and New Mexico it is stationary; in the New England States the from one to three minutes per year.

The Ingenious Small Boy.

The Ingenious Small Boy.

The close of a peaceful Sunday, of fond father laid down his paper of their tearing each other's eyes out.

With an eloquence of language and a fervor of feeling that would have wrung repentant to them of their misdeeds, when he was interrupted by each youthful scion declaring enthusiastically that the other fellow struck the first blow. Here was another iniquity, whose enormity overshadswed the first, for one boy must be telling an untruth, and another dissertistion on lying fol-

Here was another iniquity, whose enormity overshadswed the first, for one boy must be telling an untruth, and another dissertation on lying followed that would have melted the obelisk, despite its parafilme coating. Then, thinking he had deeply impressed them and wrought sufficiently upon their innocent, sensitive natures, he appealed to them to tell him what to do about it, whereupon the younger, aged 7, said cheerfully: "Til tell you what to do, papa. You just take a 10-cent piece and shake it up in your hand this way, throw it down on the table, and if it comes heads I told the lie. If it's tails the other fellow told it, and, if you ain't satisfied with that, why, you can just call that I told it any way, and never mind." And the other boy nonchalantly remarked, "I told you it was him all the time," as the lecture was brought to an abrupt termination.

A Bet Beclared Off.

A large yellow-and-white cat started to cross Broadway, nearly opposite Park row one afternoon recently when traffic was at its greatest. Where she came from was known only to herself, but that she was making for the friendly shelter afforded by the rails of St. Paul's churchyard was apparent to all. Her chances of getting across the street safely did not seem to be good, as she shrank back terrified from a passenger car, dodged under the wheels of an express wagon, and escaped being run over by one of Uncle Sam's small vans by less than half the length of her tail.

Two well-dressed men from Philadelphia stopped in the middle of the thoroughfare to watch her.

"Bet you she is crushed," said one.

"Take you," replied the other.

Just then the pole of a double truck struck the fifth rib of the man who had offered the bet, knocked his hat off, and nearly threw him down.

"Hi!" roared the driver. "Hain't you got no eyes?"

At the same moment the man who had taken the bet received a blow on the back of the neck from the off horse's head that nearly dislocated something spinal.

"Ho!" roared the driver. "Are you

Our situation was desperate in the extreme, and Robbie realized it as soon as myself.

"Brace up, father," said he, "I'll run on, and be back before long with lots of help!"

But I at once interdicted this plan. The storm had become furious by this time, and I well knew that the boy could never leave it and live.

Toward evening, however, it abated and finally ceased altogether. But the wind, howling through the only avenue afforded it, had piled the snow into enormous drifts, which precluded all thought of the child's working his way through them.

No words can describe my anguish. My pain was forgotten in the awful consciousness that my foolish fondness for my boy had brought him to a terrible death in the wilderness.

"Where do the telegraph lines run, father?" asked Robbie suddenly.

"To some point on the lake," I replied.

"And are they used?"

"O, yes; I understand they are a great convenience to the inland camps."

"Can't we use them, somehow?"

"No, my boy; we have no instrument, and would not know how to use one if we had it."

Then I spoke of other matters, not wishing him to entertain hopes which I saw had no foundation.

Suddenly I awoke from an uneasy sleep and missed him from my side.

In terror I called his name, and with a sinking heart listened for the response that did not come.

An awful fear took possession of me.

Knowing that he could never secure my consent, the daring little fellow had started off to meet his death while trying to bring relief to me.

This terrible conclusion, coupled with the pain of my broken limb, caused me to lose consciousness.

When I revived, it was to find Robbie rubbing my hands and face.

"These have you been?" I asked, in a tremor of joy at seeing him in the starlight.

"Looking into that telegraph matter," he replied. I'm hoping—"

"Hope no more for that Robbie, but sit down beside me. Help may come in the morning," I added, not wishing to discourage him. "Ho!" roared the driver. "Are you asleep?"
The men escaped to the sidewalk.
"Where's the cat?" asked one.
"How the devil do I know?" replied to discourage him.

Help did come in the morning.
About nine o'clock Robbie set up a
joyous shout, and a moment later I saw
strong men approaching.

"How came you here?" I inquired,
as soon as my feelings permitted me to
speak.

And as the venturesome creature was not visible, dead or alive, the bet was ordered off.

An Unexpected Rebuke. He was a deaf mute who had learned to talk by imitation. His wife could both hear and talk, but at the theater both hear and talk, but at the theater they preferred to converse by means of the sign manual. The couple that sat behind them, thinking that neither of them could hear, took occasion to comment freely and speculate on their relations to each other ad libitum, greatly to the discomfort of the lady, who, of course, heard everything. She communicated every word to her husband until he could stand it no longer. Then, turning to the gentleman, he mildly asked, "Will you allow me to see your programme?" The chagrin and discomfort of the pair were apparent. Hastily handing over his programme. He two hustled out of the theater just as the curtain went up on the second act.—Chicago Tribune.

The greatest depth known in the Western Mediterraneau—10,600 feet—is between Sielly, Sardinia and Africa. Recent soundings in the eastern basin have yielded a maximum depth of 13,556 feet, between the islands of Malta and Candia.

A STUDY IN CRADLES.

RUDE CONTRIVANCES IN WHICH TO ROCK THE BABY.

Mothers Make the Sir



The National Museum at Washing-ton has a large and growing exhibit of the cradles used by the people of this continent, and it is interesting to note in this collection the points of similar-ity between the widely separated na-tions.

ity between the widely separated nations.

Many questions of scientific and general interest depend upon the knowledge of the manner in which a child passes the first year of its life, and the museum has gone extensively into the subject for this reason. Deformation of the heads, in some of our modern tribes, and in nearly all of the aboriginal tribes, was brought about purposely or accidentally by means of the cradle board or frame in which the children were confined almost entirely for the first period of their existence. Cradles in this case serve many purposes. They are nests for the helpless infants, serving as beds in which the child sleeps in either vertical or horizontal positions, and as a vehicle in which the child can be easily carried from place to place. It is in every sense a cradle to be hung on the limb of a tree and be rocked by the breeze. And still again it forms a play-house



for the young Indian, many dangling objects being hung upon it to amuse the youth or maid not yet graduated to shooting blunt arrows or talking scandal.

The study of cradles also answers another purpose in marking the climate of different countries. The Esquimau mother carries her child in a hood on her back, as the method practiced by the southern women of strapping the youngster to a board frame would, in that severe climate, insure a very sad Christmas for the youthful Esquimau.

Why any human being should live in as cold places as Greenland and Labrador is yet to be satisfactorily explained, but the baby Esquimau is hardly responsible for this vagary during his first year or so of existence, and we can examine into the means provided for his comfort with some degree of patience. The mother in this paradise for icemen has the hood of her skin robe made very large, so as to carry therein the babe, which nestles around the mother's neck secure from the cold. Some writers have also spoken of Esquimau mothers carrying their children in their wide boots.

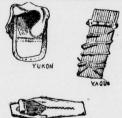
These, for northern people, are not very migratory. In their benighted way they know a good thing when they see it, and are well content to stick pretty close to their homes. The hood, therefore, answers their purpose, besides being warmer than any carrying frame.

Coming further south we find the

hood, therefore, answers their purpose, besides being warmer than any carrying frame.

Coming further south we find the natives on the Upper Yukon using a very ingenious trough-shaped cradle of birch bark, made from three pieces, forming the bottom, the top and hood, and the awning. Rows of beads ornament the awning, which, in a country the main inhabitants of which are mosquitoes, is found a very useful portion of the outfit. Playthings of various kinds are also hung to this awning, and the infant is at liberty to enjoy himself as much as he sees fit.

On the eastern coast of Labrador the infant, immediately after birth, is laid naked on a layer of moss in a bag made of leather and lined with hareskins. This bag is securely laced, leaving the child freedom to move the head only. The youngster closely resembles an Egyptian mummy and is kept in this state until about one year



PIUTE old. At Cape Breton the children are tied up much after this manner, and then hammocks are used, partaking considerably of Southern methods. West of the Rocky Mountains trough-

West of the Kocky Mountains trough-shaped frames of cedar wood are gener-ally used. Angles and bends near the child's knees are effected by boiling and bending the wood into shape. The characteristics of these cradles are the headboards, like a little gravestone, and painted in red at 1 black with the symbol of the owner. Streeks of red

and painted in red at 1 black with the symbol of the owner. Streaks of red paint skirt the margin, and the bed consists of a mass of finely shredded cedar bark.

The Indians, ancient and modern, of Oregon have been accustomed to flat-ten the heads of their children by ap-pliances attached to the cradle, which is usually made of cedar wood. These cradles show considerable skill in workpliances attached to the cradle, which is usually made of cedar wood. These cradles show considerable skill in workmanship and are suspended by strings to pliant poles and are swung by the mother with her hand or great toe. The Chinook cradle from the Columbia River is of this class. The mother carries the cradle in an upright position on her back, often hanging it to some branch during a halt. If the infant dies the cradle also forms its coffin, be-

ing put in some lake or pool and left to float, the water, even, often being regarded as sacred. The compress for the head is of bark and is drawn down tightly. The child is kept in this confinement almost continuously until about a year old.

The Flathead Indians, inhabiting the lower parts of the Columbia, carry the fashion of flattening the skull to still greater extremes. The process

HE oughten to be



with them consists in placing the infant on a board, to which it is so so curely lashed that, being only a few days old, it can only make known its bujections vocally. An inclined board cests on the forehead of the infant, being every day drawn down a little by means of cords which support it until at length it touches the nose, thus forming a straight line from the crown of the head to the end of the nose, after which the young Adonis is released to commence his career of breaking hearts.

In California the Indians weave very pretty and artistic slipper-shaped cradles of wicker-work, which they decorate elaborately with beads. The Modoc women make a very pretty baby basket of fine willow work, cylindershaped, with one-half of it cut away except a few inches at the ends. The little fellow is placed in this and awrapped around like a mummy, with nothing visible but his head.

The cradle of the Pitt River Indians is a transition type. A pole of wood with the bark removed is bent in the

ing visible but his head.

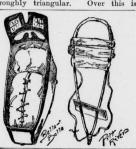
The cradle of the Pitt River Indians is a transition type. A pole of wood with the bark removed is bent in the middle, the two ends crossed and lashed together. Across this frame are laid broad laths, perforated at the ends and lashed to the poles with buckskin strings. The foot-rest is a block of wood, perforated, and through it are passed the two ends of the pole. This cradle passes from the stage of a mere nest, in which the child is tied, to a primitive cradle, as we know the article. The Mohave cradle is also of this class, being a prettily made ladder or trellis. A dainty quilt or counterpane of braided bass is used with this.

The Montana infant has any amount of pains spent on both himself and his cradle-board. The board is covered with a tanned elkskin or deerskin and beads worked on it. The place where the child reposes is loose and is laced and tied up when the child is placed in it.

The Ute Indians of Nevada use a flat

in it.

The Ute Indians of Nevada use a flat wicker cradle frame, kite-shaped or roughly triangular. Over this is



stretched a covering of buckskin, and the young Ute is also provided with a sometimes elaborately decorated awn-

The elements of the Moki cradle The elements of the Moki cradle frame. Along then the Naring.

The Comanche cradle is the case of the size of a lead pencil are attached to the curve of this bow and stretched parallel to the limbs. Twigs are closely woven on this warp by regular basketry weaving. An awning is also provided.

The Comanche cradle is the most primitive cradle in the National Museum. It is a strip of black bearskin thirty inches long and twenty wide, doubled together in the form of a cradle frame. Along the side edges loops of buckskin are made to receive the lacing.

The Sioux Indians are very particular than the control of the cont

dle frame. Along the side edges loops of buckskin are made to receive the lacing.

The Sioux Indians are very particular in their baby habitations. It is a frame of two diverging slats, painted yellow, held in place at the head and foot by cross slats. The tops of the side pieces project above the cradle, each at least eighteen inches, and are studded with brass-headed nails in straight lines. The case is shoeshaped, and all over the outside is ornamented with beadwork. If the infant dies during the time allotted to it for remaining in the cradle, it is buried, and the mother fills the empty shell with black quills and feathers, and carries it around with her for months.

East of the Missispip River, north of the Tennessee, and south of the Hudson Bay, the Indians used a simple flat cradle board.

Farther south the Indians were accustomed to use one of the forms already described, with various adjuncts for flattening the head. Some nations, in Louisiana used clay, which was wrapped around the infant's head and binds and compresses until the proper shape is reached.

The Crucial Test.

The Crucial Test.

Maine Lawyer—What is your opinion of the character of Deacon Blank?
Witness (cautiously)—I never heard nothin' agin him.
"Don't you know him to be an honest man?"

man?"
"Wall, he's been fair an' square in all

"Wall, he's been fair an' square in all his dealin's with me, and with others so far as I know."

"Isn't that sufficient to prove him a man of sterling integrity?"

"Wall, I dunno. I never traded hosses with him."—New York Weekly.

Gallantly Rewarded.

He—What are you reading, Clara?
Sho—How to be beautiful.
He—You have no need to read such a ook as that.
She—Why not?
He—Because you are beautiful al-

I think you asked me for a kiss

She—I think jo.
st night?
He—I did.
She—And I refused it?
He—You did.
She—Well, you may take it now.

NEVER buy milk from a dairyman hose wagon has a creak in it-



HE oughten to be tooken without her dress-body. She wasn't nicel' said a little maiden who was gazing for the first time upon the protrait of her great-great-grandmammy who in her day was a beauty of colonial reputation, and who was portrayed in a Josephine gown of that time.

that time.

Frivolous maidens are often reminded of the modesty, sense, and exquisitely proper manners of their grandmammas. But the reminders should take a peep back into the history of the fashions of a century ago and then get down on both knees and adore the modern girl.



LADY CATHARINE DUER.

LADY CATHARINE DUER.

a sash of white China crepe, embroidered in white blossoms, with a "monstrous deep silken fringe."

She wore her hair in curls about her snowy neck and shoulders, curls glistening with perfumed pomade, and about her waist fell in careless grace a searf of white gauze. Her shippers were white and silver; her silken hose showed the "pink flesh" through them. This costume was among the first of the Josephine gowns to be worn in Washington society and came into vogue after the great hoops and brocades which prevailed during the days of Martha Washington.

"We have the latest fashions from France here, and our profit is great beyond that of Washington and Philadelphia," wrote Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, who during the revolutionary days was the leader of the world of fashion for all Manhattan Island.

The best portrait of the lady shows her in a brocaded skirt, pink flowers on a cream ground, made in eight widths over a petticoat of red quilted satin. The waist is cut low, in what is now known as the "English decollete," and is pointed in front, lacing like the modern ball bodice in the back. Her hair is drawn straight up from the brow over a great roll, and is made into compact puffs at the back of the head.

Lady Catharine Duer, who was the daughter of Lord Sterling, was a leader of fashion for many years in New York and Washington. Her gowns were brought over from France by special packet steamers, and it is said that she wore the finest gloves of two buttons and slippers of satin, with soles of 'fine thinness.' Mrs. Duer of the present day has part of a gown worn by her ancestress. The little bodice, from the

11 MRS. JOHN JAY.

waist-line up, measures but six inches waist-line up, measures but six inches in the center, so one can imagine it a rather too decollete for the present day; and the circumference of the waist is but seventeen and a half inches. It is all sewed by hand im the most exquisite of stitches, that would put to shame the prize handiwork at the Woman's Exchange, and across the front are strung little inch-square silken bags, which, in days gone by, were filled with perfume.

Lady Catharine wore her dark har a la pompadour made over immense rats, and on dress occasions it was

a la pompadour made over immense rats, and on dress occasions it was beautified by a string of pearls.

"Her shoulders were so exquisitely drooping that it was with difficulty her evening gowns were kept upon them," writes one of her admirers.

Where would our society beauties be if drooping shoulders were in favor nowadays?

Mrs. John Jay, whose husband was Minister to Spain in the early days of the republic, was one of the exquisites of her day. When she was 18, in 1774, she was married, and a description of her "wedding chests" is still cherished by her descendants. Her underwear was of the finest white woven lines,

made by hand, of course, and beautifully trimmed with drawn work. Some of it was trimmed with lace, which was rare in those days, as it was all hand-wrought. She had "six cedar chests of white linen petticoats and underwear, and a double number filled with house linen."

Women a century ago were not less extravagant than nowadays. It was necessary for them to have a new gown for every ball. To be sure, a gown in those days did not cost as much as a Worth or a Fingat. Slippers, stockings, and gloves were, however, more costly, and at least £1 was needed to purchase any one of them.

SPLENDID CROWN JEWES.

SPLENDID CROWN JEWELS.

SPLENDID CROWN JEWELS.

The Most Intensely Brilliant Diamonds Worn by the Ladies of the Court of Brazil.

I wonder what has become of the crown jewels of Brazil? They were in a large measure derived from Portugal, of which for hundreds of years the crown had the exclusive right to own Brazilian diamonds.

Those which it did not wish to keep were sold, and their proceeds were paid into the treasury. A great quantity were given to the churches and looted by the French when they invaded Portugal.

I never saw more intensely brilliant diamonds than those of the ex-Empress Theress Maria and the Princess de Joinville, who is sister of the ex-Emperor, writes the Paris correspondent of London Truth. Marie de Gloria was the eldest of the four children of Pedro I., and was given a share of the regalia.

Pedro II. is a great-uncle of the present King of Portugal, and would be monarch of the country if his father had not made Brazil a separate empire and settled it upon him. The first Emperor was a clever man, but had the manners of a buffoon.

He was found all his life of playing blindman's buff. It was hard, he thought, for a king hemmed in by etiquette, to enjoy himself unless he broke loose in a game of romps.

Miguel, his brother, had the advantage of him in a handsome face, an elegant, slender figure and gentle plausible manners. He had the grace, of a felime.

I never saw a plainer set of women than the ladies of the Empress of Brazil.

gant, slender figure and gentle plausible manners. He had the grace, of a feline.

I never saw a plainer set of women than the ladies of the Empress of Brazil. Her Majesty herself was far from prety in youth. But she improved wonderfully as she advanced in years, when her face cased to be the shape of a long wedge, and was set round with white hair, which appeared to light it up,

It grew to be a kindly and rather intelligent face. The eyes, perhaps, are too-searching. They visibly seek to take the measure of those who are presented to her.

She has a fine Italian voice when she speaks freely, which is not often, a guard being placed by a diplomatic Italian temper upon her lips. Marie Amelie, her aunt, has this guarded reserve in speech.

The plainness of the ladies was not the only drawback to the court of Brazil. The courtiers being more or less mulatto, they stood in need of scented sachets in their coats and dresses, and did not always wear them. The negro skin, you know, has not the perfume of millefleurs.

Jeu Browne's Stratagem.

Jem Browne's Stratagem.

Jem Browne's Stratagem.

For several years before his death frequent draughts of sherry became a necessity with Jem Browne. Owing to poverty, however, he was ill able to poverty in the supplied." Browne one day, when fatigued in his rambles, waited upon an undertaker, his face buried in a handkerchief, his voice in audible from emotion. The man ran for a decanter of wine: Browne drank and was relieved. He asked several questions about scarfs and hat bands, coffins, hearses, mutes and coaches. The undertaker assured him that he would provide all. Browne at last stood up to leave.

"But you have not told me where I am to find the remains," remarked the undertaker.

"You said you would find everything—find the body," exclaimed Browne, as he left the house and rapidly turned the corner.

the corner.

Cornfield Philosophy.

The burnt child fears the fire, and so he will try to find some method of playing with it without getting burned.

burned.

A drunkard can preach a good sermon on the evils of intemperance. He knows whereof he speaks.

Kindness is the grease that makes the world run smoothly.

The faster a man runs the farther he will go in a certain time and the sooner he will be tired.

The poison you put out for your

he will be tired.

The poison you put out for your neighbor's dog will kill your own canine if he eats it.

A sheep cannot climb a fence as readily as a goat can, and he is not so self-conceited, but he produces more wool.

wool.

A big head is no more a sign that its possessor has lots of brains than a large smokehouse indicates that its owner has plenty of meat. Both may be empty.

Extinguished by Bees.

Two or three years ago, as Queen Victoria was journeying from Balmoral to Windsor, the royal train was stopped by something, the like of which had never before happened in any railroad man's experience. signalman at a certain junction

The signalman at a certain junction had lighted his lamps, and everything apparently was safe for the passage of the royal train. As the train approached, however, the engineer noticed that one of the signal lights had been extinguished, and instantly brought the engine and ears to a standstill. still

On inspecting the lamp it was found to contain a swarm of bees, so numer-ous that they had put out the light, by which they had evidently been at-tracted.

Fine Sage.

Metaphorical language is sometimes misleading. When one begins to "call names," even in a complimentary fashion, there is a chance that some literal person will wonder what he means. A gentleman visiting a little town "Down East." says:

I called on business at the house of an old lady, and entertained myself in looking over her library.

We fell to discussing books, and, thinking of Emerson, I asked her if she knew much about the "Sage of Concord."

"Concord, where?" she asked.

"Concord, where?" she asked.
"Concord, Massachusetts,"

swered.
"Is it any better'n any other sage?"
she innocently inquired.