

JUDGE NOT TOO HASTILY.  
And let not folk in judging trust their wit  
Too fast, as one who counteth up the corn  
In 's field before the sun has ripened it;  
For I have all through winter seen a thorn  
Appearing poisonous and obdurate,  
Which then the rose upon the sprig hath  
borne;  
And I have seen a ship, that swift and straight,  
Has run upon a wild sea all her race,  
And perished entering at the harbor gate.  
—Dante.

### THE GLASS HEARTS.

There was once a king and queen who had three beautiful daughters, and the organism of these three princesses was remarkable for their each being furnished with a heart of glass.

"Children, children," said the queen, when the princesses were still quite small, "whatever you do, take care of your hearts, for they are of fragile make."

The children therefore tried to be very careful, and for some time all went well, and the hearts remained unbroken.

But one day the eldest girl, who was leaning out of the window, looking down into the garden below, noticed a little bee which was buzzing busily around some flowers. The little creature interested her so much that she leaned out farther, so as to be able to watch it more closely, when suddenly—smash—there came a sound of broken glass! The young princess had crushed her heart against the window sill, and so, alas! the poor girl expired.

After this exceedingly sad accident the other two sisters were still more careful about their hearts.

Some time after the death of the princess, the second daughter very thoughtlessly drank a cup of rather hot coffee, and when she had it finished something was suddenly heard to crack, and she fell back fainting into an armchair. The sound on this occasion, however, was not so loud as the first. The queen rushed to where the princess lay, and on examining her found, to her great delight, that the heart was only slightly cracked, and not broken, and that her daughter was still alive.

"What are we to do with our daughter?" said the king to the queen, "for, although the injury to her heart amounts only to a crack at present, this may increase to a decided fracture."

But the princess begged them not to worry themselves about her.

"For you know," said she, "it's the cracked pitcher that goes offest to the well."

Meanwhile the youngest daughter grew up and became a most beautiful as well as a most remarkably clever girl, and many a handsome and wealthy prince from distant lands came to ask for her fair hand. But the old king did not forget the bitter experiences he had had with his two elder girls.

"I have only one daughter left with a whole heart, and hers is also of glass. Therefore if I give her in marriage to any one, it must be to a king who is at the same time a glazier and who understands how to treat an article so fragile, so that in case of accidents he would know how to rivet the cracks."

Unfortunately none of the young princes and nobles who had come as suitors to the princess knew anything at all about how to rivet broken glass and were none of them glaziers by profession, so they had to return to their native lands miserable and disappointed lovers.

Among the royal pages in the palace was one whose term as page was shortly to expire. He had still to carry the train of the youngest princess three times, and after that he was to be promoted to a full blown courtier.

On the first occasion when the page had to carry the young princess' train she glanced at him, and as their eyes met she blushed. When next he carried her train she waved her hand to him at parting, and the unfortunate youth was unable to sleep the whole of that night in consequence.

The third time when the young fellow bore the princess' train the king came forward to meet them half way and dismissed the page, saying:  
"You have done your duty now, young man, and you may go. I thank you, and have also to congratulate you on your promotion."

With that the king turned and walked away, while the princess bent forward to where the page stood, and said:  
"You carried my train so beautifully—better than any one else! Oh, why are you not a king and a glazier?"

The unfortunate young man felt so confused, as well as delighted, that he was unable to utter a word in reply. He managed, however, to make a very graceful and polite bow. When the princess had left him he ran as hard as ever he could to the nearest glazier, and asked him whether he was in need of a foreman.

"Yes," replied the other, "but you will have to work four years with me before you can be foreman. At first you must be a sort of errand boy, and go to the baker's to fetch me my bread, and also to look after my children, wash them and dress them. Secondly, you must learn to putty the cracks; thirdly, you will have to learn how to cut the glass and fix in windows, and after that, in the fourth year, you shall be my foreman."

The page thought this would take rather too long, so he asked the glazier whether he could not possibly begin with cutting the glass and fixing windows, and leave out the rest so as to get on quicker. But the glazier shook his head and assured the young fellow that every good glazier had to begin his career from the beginning or he could never be clever. So the page was obliged to reconcile himself to his fate.

The whole of the first year the unfortunate young courtier spent his time in running to the baker's for bread for his master and in washing and dressing the children. In the second year he did nothing but stop cracks with putty. In the third year he learned how to cut glass and fix windows, and at last at the

commencement of the fourth year he was made foreman.

After having been foreman for a whole year he took leave of his master and, dressing himself along the roads in deep thought, wondering how he could possibly become a king. As he was walking on a man came toward him and seeing that the young courtier was in deep thought he stopped and asked him whether he had lost anything.

"Well, I don't know that I have exactly lost anything, but at any rate I cannot find what I want."

"And what is that?"  
"A kingdom. I am wondering how on earth I can become a king."

"Well, if you had been a glazier," said the stranger, "I might have helped you."

"That is just exactly what I am!" exclaimed the other. "I have only lately been foreman to a glazier."

"Then you have nothing to fear. You are no doubt aware that our king decided some time ago to give his youngest daughter in marriage to a glazier who was to be at the same time a king or at any rate a prince; but as they have been unsuccessful in finding such a person, the king has been reluctantly obliged to modify his demands by adding two other conditions. The bridegroom must in any case be a glazier, that of course goes without saying."

"But what are the two conditions?" asked the young courtier excitedly.

"The first condition is that he should please the princess, and the second is that he should be a nobleman by birth. There have already been a great number of glaziers applying at the palace, but not one of them took the princess' fancy and all of them had coarse, rough hands like those of the commonest glazier."

When our young courtier heard these words he jumped three times about a yard above the road for very joy, and then, turning around, ran helter skelter back to the town and presented himself at the palace in less than no time.

The king at once ordered the princess to be called, and when she arrived he asked her whether this young glazier took her fancy.

The princess glanced at the young man, and recognizing him at once, she blushed and said, "Oh, yes."

The king ordered the young fellow to take off his gloves and show his hands, so that they might know whether he was of noble birth. However, the princess said that it was quite unnecessary for the young man to do anything of the kind, as she felt perfectly certain that there was no doubt whatever of his being of noble birth, and that his hands, she was sure, would be as white as those of a prince.

So they were married, and as the young princess' husband was a glazier by profession as well as a nobleman by birth, he understood how to treat a heart so delicate and fragile as hers, therefore she lived blissfully to the end of her days without any accident happening.

The king's second daughter, with the cracked heart, had the pleasure of being an aunt, and a very excellent aunt she made too! She taught the little princess to read and write and make dresses for her dolls; she also took a great interest in the little prince's lessons, and when he knew them well and had good marks, like a good little boy, then she would praise him and make him all sorts of pretty presents, and he would leave her looking red and rosy and flushed with delight. When, on the contrary, he did not know his lessons and his marks were anything but good, then she would be very different, and she would leave her looking also very red and rosy, very flushed, but not with delight.

This princess lived to a very old age, notwithstanding that her heart was cracked, and if any one marveled at her living so long, she would answer them as she had done her parents once before: "Remember, it's the cracked pitcher that goes offest to the well."—Strand Magazine.

**Still Obedient.**  
Gustave Dore was always a child, so far as his mother was concerned. He not only loved but obeyed her, and when she died, he said, with sad sincerity, that he no longer knew how to live. An incident which shows the influence over him, as a grown man, is connected with a little party given by him to show some of his friends an album of his own drawings.

At the dinner, over which Mme. Dore presided, a quarrel arose between Gustave and his brother Ernest. Suddenly Mme. Dore turned to the former and said, as though he were a boy of ten: "Flush, Gustave! I am ashamed of you."

Dore, who had worked himself, regardless of the presence of his guests, into a fierce passion, became at once calm and silent, and bowing to his mother resumed his dinner.

But the incident did not end here. When the guests had retired to the great salon the brothers disappeared, to return in a few minutes, each holding an end of the colossal album that was to be submitted to the company. Mme. Dore followed, smiling at her "little boys," who were none the less children because they had passed their fortieth year.—Youth's Companion.

**A Phrase That Will Not Die.**  
It is impossible to eliminate the phrase "funeral obsequies" from the newspapers. For years orders have been issued against it in newspaper offices; proofreaders have been clubbed for letting it pass; reporters have been fined and discharged for writing it, but all to no purpose. It seems to be essential to newspaper literature. Still, we shall keep up a vigorous warfare upon the stupidity.—New York Advertiser.

**Feeding Spirits on Cakes.**  
In Germany cakes were offered to the spirit dwellers of the lakes. In winter the ice was cut through, when, according to traditional belief, a hand would reach out and seize the cake.—Washington Star.

**Going to Africa.**  
Great interest is exhibited in the proposed East African expedition of Mr. William Astor Chanler. The Tama river, which he proposes to follow, is inhabited along the lower part principally by the Wa-Pokomo, a race which subsists by cultivation. The banks of the river being low, the country on both sides is annually inundated, and the river thus acts as a liberal fertilizer. Mr. Chanler has no easy task before him, as some of the tribes to be passed in reaching Mount Kenia have had their suspicions and hostility aroused by the harsh and barbarous course of the German explorer Dr. Peters.

He will start early in June in company with Lieutenant Hohel, of the Austrian navy, and Comte Tolaki, with the object of careful scientific research and observation in that region. They will travel along the Tama river, resting for some weeks at the snowcapped mountain of Kenia, where they will make astronomical observations. After exploring the mountain to its summit if possible they will plunge into the almost unknown regions of East Rudolph lake. It was there that Baron Vecken was murdered, and that Reviol, Respoli and Ferrendi failed in their efforts to accomplish their aims.

The region abounds in warlike tribes. Mr. Chanler intends to enter the region from the west, after leaving Lake Rudolph, and proceed along the Tubba river to the sea. He expects to be absent about eighteen months. He will take with him his young servant, George Galmin, who accompanied him through Mashonaland. Mr. Chanler is full of hope and will go fully equipped for his perilous enterprise, which is expected to have most interesting and valuable results.—Philadelphia Leader.

**A Tame Duckling.**  
The extraordinary sight of a duckling that has just shed its shell following a young woman about the house with all the affection of a pet dog is a domestic wonder in the family of Mrs. Carr. Ever since Easter morn the neighbors have been dropping in to witness the spectacle, and the fame of the singular attachment has attracted attention among people who are interested in natural phenomena of every description.

The little duckling has been in the family since Easter Sunday, when it was brought as a gift to Mrs. Carr's baby daughter, Serena, aged four years, and who was delighted with her new pet. The duck at once struck up a long friendship for the domestic, Mary McCullough, and has been the young woman's constant companion ever since. Whenever Mary speaks the duck responds with the piping salutation and waddles after the young woman wherever she goes. The most astonishing thing about this freak of nature is that if any other inmate of the household attempts to induce it to answer, the well-footed prodigy maintains a solemn silence, but Mary has only to utter a word when the quacking begins and it is kept up until she has ceased speaking.—Philadelphia Times.

**Mary's Claim.**  
A little girl is reported to have died near the imaginary line in Oklahoma which divided the recently opened reservation from the remainder of the territory just as the signal was given for the grand rush for lands. The child and her father were alone and unknown, but the beauty of the one and the still, deep grief of the other moved the strong men of the frontier to acts of admirable sympathy.

A runner on a swift horse located a homestead, and returning placed the father of the dead girl in possession of it. The body of the child was transported to the claim and buried upon it. Afterward it was discovered the remaining one of the unfortunate couple was absolutely penniless, and a purse of money was given him with the hope that the claim will prove a haven of rest to him and that the homestead shall always be known as "Mary's claim."—Duluth Tribune.

**Death from Ingrowing Toe Nail.**  
Some time ago there was published the story of the death of a Long Island physician from blood poisoning resulting from an ingrowing toe nail. A well known surgeon chiropodist said the other day to the reporter: "The death of that Long Island doctor is not the first I have heard of from the same cause."

"The cause of the disease is common and painful and usually directly traceable to narrow toed shoes. It causes pain as severe as a toothache and not infrequently, when neglected, results in blood poisoning. I know of an operation for ingrowing toe nail in an English hospital where the patient suffered so much pain that they gave him a mixture of ether and chloroform. The operation was successful, but when it was finished the physicians found that their patient had died from the chloroform."—New York Sun.

**To Preserve an Alpine Flower.**  
The diet of the Tyrol last week passed a bill imposing heavy fines upon persons found selling any sample of the beautiful but rare Alpine flower called edelweiss, which has been pulled up by the roots on the mountains. A similar act was passed seven years ago by the diet of Salzburg, with a view to the preservation of the edelweiss plant, which is threatened with extinction in the Austrian Alps. In the Salzburg district the success of this legislation is, unfortunately, not encouraging.

**Great Fishing for Herrings.**  
The herring fishing season on the Susquehanna river is finished, and the catch has been unprecedented. The pack will amount to over 60,000 barrels of salted fish. The season open April 8 and closed May 10. One fisherman caught 100 barrels of the fish with a dipnet in the outlet lock of the canal. It has been no uncommon thing this season to take 200,000 herrings at a haul of one of the large seines, which, when paid out, encircles three-quarters of a mile or more of water area.—Cor. Philadelphia Record.

**Centenary of the Guillotine.**  
Murderers and cutpurses from the dangerous districts about the Pantheon and Pere Lachaise have been known to compose and sing grimly humorous ballads in honor of the guillotine when in their cups. These people will hardly, however, go so far as to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the first execution in Paris by the instrument of decapitation which the "Constitutionnel" adopted on the motion of Dr. Guillotin, who had seen the machine at work in Italy. The doctor's idea in introducing the bois de justice was purely philanthropic, for he wanted to do away with the slow tortures inflicted upon criminals. On May 27, 1792, the first criminal, a highwayman, was executed on the Place de Greve, now the Place de l'Hotel de Ville. This is the date given by Larousse, but other authorities state that Monday, April 25, was the 100th anniversary of the first execution by the guillotine in Paris.

In any case the terrible instrument was destined to be busy during 1793 on the heads of persons more illustrious than the common highwayman named Peltier. For this reason some of the modern sympathizers with the Terrorists, supposing them to have the blood-thirsty intention of celebrating the centenary of the guillotine, would be inclined to fix the date of their commemorative ceremony on Jan. 21 next. There can be no doubt about that day, as it would be the 100th anniversary of the execution of Louis XVI on the spot marked by the obelisk in the Place de la Concorde, as the spacious spot of ground once termed the Place Louis XV, and afterward the Place de la Revolution, is nowadays known.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

**Midwinters Accompany This Story.**  
Mr. John Ohler and partner were fishing with their large net on the beach five miles below Pablo when they saw an immense dark object about 100 feet ahead come slowly out of the ocean and walk leisurely up on the beach.

They at once started to capture the monster, which proved to be a turtle, the like of which was never seen on the beach before. It measured 7 feet 6 inches in length and 2 feet 10 inches across the back. It had a beautiful black color on the back, and it weighed at least 800 pounds. The monster was hauled up by Mr. Dutton's team, and can be seen at the Arcade.

This no fish story, as will be seen by the following affidavits:  
"We, the undersigned citizens of Pablo, do certify that the above account of the capture of the said turtle, or whatever it may be, is true. H. M. Shockey, Charles Overt, John Ohler, Joseph Seither, R. B. McKinnick, F. X. Philippe, Walter H. Seeds.

"Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of April, 1892."  
"J. E. DICKERSON, Notary Public."

The monster's flippers are three feet in length, and resemble the wings of a large bird.—Cor. Florida Times-Union.

**Slavery in the Pacific.**  
That slavery still exists in the Pacific is evidenced by the fact that the steamer Moneserrate is fitted out for a blackbird cruise, and will sail shortly for Gilbert Island, whence it will carry a hold full of natives to work on the Guatemala coffee plantations.

All this is to be done under the guise of an equitable contract.  
Last September the brig Tahite, loaded with 100 Gilbert Islanders, and notoriously a slaver, was blown off its course and put in at Duke's key. Learning that it was likely to be seized, its captain put hurriedly to sea and the next that was heard of it was when sighted bottom up off the coast, all its crew and cargo having perished. The same have planned the Moneserrate's slaving cruise, hoping to recoup themselves.

There will be no difficulty in getting a cargo, as agents at the island are now at work inducing the natives to sign contracts.—Washington Star.

**In a Florida Garden.**  
Lovers of the beautiful, the beautiful in plant life, should pay a visit to a garden belonging to a private house at the corner of Market and Church streets. To say that it is a blaze of color is to convey but a faint idea of it; scarcely a bare spot of ground is to be seen for the length of an entire block—roses, pinks, calliopeis, phlox, pansies, sweet alyssum, all thrusting forward their claims for recognition. But the crowning glory of the garden is its poppies; surely such poppies never grew anywhere else than right here in Jacksonville and in that one garden. They are of all shades, from delicate pinks to deepest reds, and as delicate as it is possible for flowers to be. They grow from two to three feet high and the flowers themselves are at least three inches in diameter. That garden is worth a walk to see.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

**Electric Lights on a Train.**  
A novel lighting plant of sixty-five lamps capacity is carried by the railroad car at present making a tour of the country exhibiting California fruits. The furnace, boiler, engine and dynamo are placed completely in one corner of the car, and current is furnished to the lamps distributed in and around the car. The experiment has proved so satisfactory that steps are to be taken to equip the entire train.—New York World.

**Shakespeare's Birthday.**  
Shakespeare's birthday celebrations at Stratford-on-Avon and in London were attended with great success. The Memorial theater in the poet's native place was crowded by pilgrims from all parts of England, as were also those theaters in the metropolis where Shakespearean plays are presented.—London Telegraph.

**The Puyallup's Land.**  
The Tacoma papers tell of the interest that has been aroused in the state of Washington by the prospect of the opening of the Puyallup Indian reservation. The land of the Puyallups is fertile, well timbered and contains mineral and coal deposits.

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