NOT TO BE MENDED AGAIN.

You can take a piece of china that's been
broken by the maid,
And can put the thing together if you know
the mender's trade.
You can mend the thing so neatly that no one
will ever know
That it has e'er been shattered by an uncon-
sidered blow.

You can take a heart that's broken by some
small flirtatious girl,
And can mend the fractured pieces till they're
smooth as any pearl.
Ay, say that that heart's possessor feels as
sturdy as an oak,
And forgets that e'er it happened that his
heart was ever "broke."

You can fall from a bicycle and make pieces of
your nose;
You can break your collar-bone, or you can
fracture all your toes;
You can crush your arm in splinters; you can
smash your either leg,
And a doctor he will fix it till it's whole as any
egg.

You can smash an ocean record, but that rec-
ord still is there.
You may break a trotting record with a rapid
little mare,
And leave the old one standing just as whole,
quite as complete,
As when it sent the jockeys a-huzzaing
through the street.

But, alas! if you are angry, and have angry
words to say,
Beware a broken silence, or you'll surely rue
the day.
For a silence that is broken, by the women or
the men,
Is a thing that can't be mended, can't be ren-
dered whole again.

—Harper's Bazar.

PLAYED A NEW HAMLET.

BY L. FRANK BAUM.

"NO," said the actor, as he put his feet on the opposite seat, threw his ulster over the head of the harmless old gentleman in front of us, and proceeded to light his corncob pipe, "life with a cross-roads aggregation ain't no snap. You traveling men think you lead hard lives, but as a matter of fact you don't know what trouble is. Why, I've worked for five companies since the first of October, and played every part you can think of except a bronze statue, and where am I now? On my way to join an Uncle Tom's Cabin company of the deepest dye! Wouldn't expect it in an artist and a gentleman, I know; but three meals a day are indispensable to my health and happiness, and I must do what I can till Henderson offers me the comedy part in his new extravaganza.

"Comedian? Not on your birthday; I'm a tragedian by instinct and education; but it so happened that I always have to play the comedy role wherever I go—fate, I suppose, or what those theosophist Indiamaniacs call Karma. I never remember playing a part to my liking but once, and that was under adverse circumstances. I did the ghost in 'Hamlet,' and it was this way: I'd joined a party of barnstormers who were playing week stands through the mining towns in Pennsylvania. We sported a brass band at one time, but they had skipped out and left us with nothing but a bass drum, that was of little use as an attraction; still we lugged it around with us. Well, one week we were at a coal town way up on the hills above the Two Lick, where the natives were as green as grass. The first night's performance was a great success, but at its close a committee of miners waited on us with a request that we play 'Hamlet' the next night. Our manager replied that 'Hamlet' was not a part of our repertory, but that we'd give 'em a much better show. The miners were evidently disappointed, and the leader said:

"'See here, boss, we've got to have this Hamlet show or the folks'll git mad. None of us ever seen it, but there was a digger here last year as could talk of nothin' else but Hamlet, as was the greatest show ever played an' had a ghost to it. Now, you say as you're actors, but can't play Hamlet; we've

"YOU SHALL HAVE THE GHOST."

talked with the boys, an' that's the play they all want. You give us that an' we'll pack the house for you.'

"The manager looked puzzled and undecided, and another miner noticed it and exclaimed:

"'See here, cap'n, if you can't give us Hamlet why leave that out, but give us the ghost anyway.'

"The manager put on his sweetest smile.

"'My friends,' he said, 'you shall have the ghost, and Hamlet, too.'

"'To-morrow night?'

"'To-morrow night.'

"The delegates thanked us earnestly and withdrew, while the members of the company turned upon their betrayer in anger and amazement.

"'Who knows anything about Hamlet?' I asked.

"'Who's got a copy of the play?' inquired the heavy man.

"'Where's the costumes coming from?' screamed the leading lady.

"But the manager silenced us all.

"'Look here,' he said; 'if they are bound to have Hamlet they shall have him. It'll fill the house. I never saw Hamlet myself, but I know a few quotations from it, and the most they want is the ghost, anyhow. We'll go on and do anything we like—fake the thing through—and when it gets dull we'll ring in the ghost for excitement.'

"That settled it, but I own I had misgivings when I looked at the stage. We were playing in a schoolhouse, and, as there was no stage, we had been been obliged to build one, from some lumber a miner had bought to add a wing to his house. He wouldn't let us cut the boards or nail them, so we laid them across some trusses, meeting the ends in the middle, and during the performance we had to exercise great care where we stepped or the end of a plank would fly up and give us an exit not down in the play.

"When the evening came there was a very nervous lot of actors behind the improvised curtain, and even the manager lost a part of his assurance and would have backed out had he dared. But the miners were packed in the house like sardines in a box, and there wasn't standing room for a fly, so we knew it would not be safe to change the bill on them.

"That performance of 'Hamlet' was the rankest parody on a play ever presented to a suffering public. The miners looked on critically and tried to make out what it was all about. The manager, who was chief actor as well, stayed on the stage most of the time himself, getting off time-honored gags and trying to put a little go into his embarrassed and indignant company. I was to play the ghost, but not having seen 'Hamlet' at that time and having no idea how to dress the part I had covered myself with a sheet and swung the bass drum in front of me. As I'm rather short, my eyes just ranged across the top of the instrument. My cue was to be 'Who art thou?' but I was busily engaged in watching the antics of the company.

"They had been a little reckless in their movements and some of the boards near the center of the stage had slipped back, leaving a hole about two feet across. Owing to the drum I never saw this hole. I stood waiting for my cue in the wings, but I was thinking intently of something else when I became conscious that the manager was

"I AM THY FATHER'S GHOST!"

standing at the other side of the stage glaring angrily at me and shouting: 'Who art thou?' at the top of his voice.

"Instantly I stepped out, gave the drum a solemn beat at each stride and exclaimed: 'I am thy father's ghost!' At the same time I unconsciously walked into the gaping hole in the stage and disappeared like a shot; but the drum remained on top while I was struggling in the darkness to gain a footing and the crowd was shouting in intense delight at this magnificent denouement. The manager rang down the curtain and act first was concluded. They drew me out all covered with bumps and bruises, and, while the company roared with laughter and the manager thanked me with tears in his eyes for saving the piece, I tried to collect my wits and discover what had happened.

"But this wasn't the worst of it. Those cussed miners thought the accident was part of the piece, and during the next act shouted so energetically for the ghost that I was forced to go on and repeat the whole business. The third act was the same way, and when it was over my legs and arms were skinned, one eye was swelled shut, two of my front teeth were missing and every inch of my anatomy was sore. The crowd waited outside to escort me to the boarding house, where they gave me three rousing cheers, 'Tell you what,' said one of them to me the next day, as I sat propped up in bed, 'that air Hamlet is a great show. We sorter wondered why you didn't want to play it for us, but we understand now, and are grateful to you for givin' in. If ever your troupe comes here again, an' you give us Hamlet an' the ghost, you can have every dollar the town holds!'

"And that," concluded the actor, with a sigh, as he picked his grip out of the rack and put on his ulster, "is the only time I remember playing a tragic part, and yet my soul yearns for tragedy. Good-by, old man, I get out here. To-night, if you'll stop off, you'll see me once more in the grasp of relentless fate, and playing the fascinating part of Marks, the lawyer—for which sin may Heaven forgive me!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Mr. and Mrs. Grote.

In Mrs. Grote nature had combined a very kind heart with the most masculine vigor of mind and body—and, I might add, occasionally of expression. After Mr. Grote's death she came to see my father, and said: "It is, perhaps, just as well that he is gone first, as I shall be able to write his life." The "popular" edition of the "History of Greece" was brought out at a time when the early strikes had somewhat disturbed the printing trade in England, and this work was printed, as an experiment, in Germany. Its appearance was not all that could be desired, and it has now for some time been superseded. This edition was always called by Mrs. Grote "my Scrubby Edition." — John Murray, in Good Words.

THE ERRATIC BICYCLE.

BY LUKE SHARP.

I HAVE, at various periods of my life, endeavored to teach a two-wheeled machine to carry a man with something like dignity and stability; to act, in fact, as if it did not wish to wobble over the whole earth in the space of ten seconds. My first efforts were made more years ago than I care to estimate, on the ordinary bone-shaker of commerce, a two-wheeled vehicle with hickory spokes in the wheels. If I remember rightly, I broke up the machine, and abandoned the attempt.

Never shall I forget my amazement when I saw a human being for the first time on one of those wheels which we now call the ordinary bicycle. It seemed to me then anything but ordinary. In due time I tackled one of these machines at a riding school, and the result of this wonderful conflict I wrote up years and years ago. The result was that in a certain number of rounds the machine flogged me every time, drawing first, second and third blood. As I had some work to do in this world I again abandoned the attempt, not wishing to break myself into little pieces. On various occasions since then I have endeavored to train up a bicycle in the way it should go, but always without success.

It is an amazing thing, then, that a sedate, middle-aged man should try to do what he had invariably failed to accomplish in his youth. In looking back to see who is really responsible for this amazing outbreak on my part, I think the man most to blame is that celebrated dramatic author, Mr. Bronson Howard. Yet Mr. Howard has always been exceedingly kind and gentle with me, as, indeed, he is with everyone, and I have often wondered why he endeavored to lure me on to the top of a bicycle. Perhaps it is that Providence does not intend any man to be entirely good, and as anyone who is acquainted with Mr. Howard has never any fault to find with him, it may be that his goading of a man toward feats of bicycular eccentricity takes the place in Mr. Howard's nature that revenge, envy and all uncharitableness occupy in the souls of the rest of us.

Mr. Howard at first practiced on a tricycle, and used to cover amazing distances on that remarkably sane machine. Once when in Honolulu, with nothing to occupy his mind or his muscles but a bicycle that happened to be unemployed at that particular time, Mr. Howard tumbled about the land of the Sandwich islands, and nearly got himself flung into the Pacific on two or three occasions, but he persevered and finally conquered the two-wheeler. Since then he has been bragging about it and inviting me to take trips with him to various interesting portions of the earth.

So I said to myself that if a mere dramatic author had brains enough to ride a bicycle, surely a talented newspaper man could do the same.

A friend of mine in England said that the real way to acquire the bicycle habit was to get a machine of my own.

"As long," said he, "as you simply depend on hired machines you won't learn, because you have nothing at stake, but once you spend your money for a first-class bicycle you are then

"I PUT MY FOOT ON THE STEP."

compelled to learn, or else there is so much cash thrown away."

This seemed very reasonable, so I pondered upon it and then bought the biggest book on cycling that is published, a very expensive book, one of the volumes of the Badmington Library, edited by a real lord, and illustrated by a prince—a prince of the brush—named Joseph Pennell, who is a cycler himself, and he draws very alluring pictures of the machine. I studied up this volume and was amazed to see how easy it was to ride a bicycle. I then took the advice of the book as to which particular machine to buy. It gives several pages in a description of a particular safety, and I learned that that machine had none of the vices which were so prominent in those bicycles with which I had heretofore been brought into contact. On this one it was impossible to take a header. The machine also would not slip sideways in the mud. It has numerous other advantages, for a list of which I refer all inquirers to the cycling volume of the Badmington library.

So I had a wheel made to measure—for they measure you for a bicycle in England just as if you were getting a pair of trousers made—and the other day the machine was delivered in good shape wrapped up in brown paper.

At the back part of my house there is a somewhat large lawn that costs me ever so much a year for having a lazy man with a lawn mower go over it two or three times a month. I thought I would make things interesting for this man the next time he came with his lawn mower by practicing over the grass with my new bicycle.

The machine was a beautiful one, nickel-plated everywhere that nickel would stick on it, and so light that you could easily pick it up in one hand, grasping it by the backbone. It seemed almost too pretty for a rough and tumble fight, even on the velvety lawn, and I had some thought of putting it back in its brown paper again and hiring a second-hand machine to learn on, but as it was guaranteed to hang together under almost any circumstances I concluded to go ahead with it. I put my left foot on the step that extends out from the hub of the hind wheel, and hopping with my right foot pushed it ahead of me. The machine behaved beautifully, but perhaps that was because I hopped the whole length of the lawn and had not the courage to jump up into the saddle. On the next round my natural bravery returned to me, and I raised myself above the machine and sat down somewhat emphatically and not too comfortably. The wheel seemed to be amazed at this, for with a large space of lawn to wander over, it promptly dashed over the border to the left, then, with a wild swoop to the right, fell and landed me in a rose bush. Nothing seemed to be broken except the bush, so I tackled it again and again and again. The result of the first morning's work was that I could place myself in the saddle and trundle along the lawn hanging on like grim death to the handle bar, but without daring to put my feet on the pedals.

I discovered more different muscles in my own body than I had any idea I possessed. Every bone and sinew ached, not with the falls, for I had been singularly lucky in that respect, but with the exertion of hopping along

"THE LAWN WAS GETTING TOO SMALL FOR ME."

after the machine, and springing into the saddle and straining every nerve to keep the combination from going over.

Not to make too long a story of it, I may say that for three days the machine and I discussed this matter, and every morning when I led it out on to the lawn I seemed at first to know less about balancing myself than I had done when I quitted the business the day before. Perhaps during the night the machine had thought up some new tricks.

At last I rose up very early one morning, long before the season-ticket man began to pass my house to go to the railway station, for his London train. I felt that the lawn was getting too small for me. I could now work the pedals reasonably well, and stagger about the place from one end to the other of the grass plot, but I could not turn around, for when I attempted to do so the machine would swoop like a hawk into one of the flower beds or into a convenient piece of shrubbery.

Our neighborhood is a quiet one, and the street, at most times, is not so busy as the Strand. I expected to have it all to myself in the early morning out, but in this I reckoned without the milkman. I had no idea before that the multitudinal milkman was such a fiend in human shape. He drives a vehicle modeled after the old Roman chariots, and he drives at a rate of speed that is something appalling. The moment I got on my bicycle in the road some accursed milkman would come tearing up, and taking it for granted that I knew all about bicycle steering he never paid the slightest attention to me. Consequently I came within an ace of being smashed up into pieces on several occasions, and after steering my machine up on the sidewalk and into the fence to get out of his way I used language that I knew must have turned most of the milk in that neighborhood sour.

One morning, thoroughly discouraged with the business, I got out on the street a little later than usual, so as to be rid of the milkman. One peculiarity of the bicycle seems to be that although you are reasonably successful on your last interview with it, the next you seem to have to begin all over again. This particular morning I was more than usually discouraged and had practically made up my mind to sell the machine. All at once I found myself in the saddle and realized that I had run along several rods without any serious wobbling. On and on we went with a beautiful sense of smoothness, ease and exhilaration. I turned in to the main coaching road with my heart in my mouth but my feet still on the pedals, and I executed a turn without disaster. There was now a straight stretch ahead of me for miles on a smooth and excellent road.

"Surely," said I to myself, "the time is come when my neck is to be broken. This docility on the part of the wheel can lead to nothing but disaster." Nevertheless on and on we went, and after traveling for about a mile and coming to a wide part in the thoroughfare, I took a sweep around with amazing success and traveled back again. It seemed to be an unbelievable thing, but actually I had succeeded in teaching that bicycle how to carry a man as a man should be carried.

—There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us. —Anon.

—Most of the distinguished women of Greece belonged to what is now called the outcast class.

ABOUT PEOPLE.

JUDGE HARMON, the new attorney general, has a brother in the patent office who is one of the best examiners there.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER says that the difference between faith cure and mind cure is that mind cure requires no faith and faith cure requires no mind.

A NEPHEW of the great Japanese commander, Field Marshal Yamagata, is living in New York city. Though he is a man of middle age, he is of very youthful appearance.

FORTY-THREE children and grandchildren is a fair-sized family for a man of sixty-four years to gather about him. This was the number of the progeny which helped Mr. Burr Woods of Carroll, Mo., celebrate his birthday recently.

ONE more vote in the republican nominating convention of 1864 would have made a president of Gen. Green Clay Smith, the distinguished Kentuckian. The contest was for the vice presidential nomination and the honor went to Andrew Johnson.

THE new secretary of state's two attractive young daughters, the Misses Olney, will come forward very prominently in the cabinet circle next winter at Washington. They are not only pretty but are unusually brilliant in conversation for their years.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER has the amiable eccentricity of giving bicycles to his friends. Last year he gave twenty-two wheels to his acquaintances, and this year has already presented sixteen to those of his friends who, in his opinion, need outdoor exercise.

OUR NATIONAL WEALTH.

NEW MEXICO is worth $14,675,209.

THE state of Maine is worth $235,978,016.

THE state of Vermont is worth $86,066,775.

THE state of Kansas is worth $160,691,639.

THE state of Arkansas is valued at $86,409,364.

THE value of Montana, mines and all, is $18,609,802.

WYOMING was at the last census worth $13,621,829.

NEVADA has an assessed valution of $29,291,459.

THE assessors of 1890 rated Michigan at $517,666,359.

MARYLAND has an assessed valuation of $497,307,675.

NEW YORK has $23,000,000 invested in private libraries.

THE assessed valuation of New Hampshire is $205,586,805.

ARIZONA'S territory and resources are valued at $9,270,214.

IDAHO has the least nominal valuation, being only $6,440,876.

THE clocks in this country are estimated to number 14,000,000.

THE little state of Delaware might be bought for $59,951,643.

SOUTH CAROLINA'S wealth of all kinds is estimated at $133,560,135.

FROM INDIAN NAMES.

FOX river, in Illinois, got a name from the translation of the Indian designation, Meshdeke-Wakpa, "River of the Foxes."

GASEO bay, in Maine, has its name from an Indian word meaning "crane." These birds were formerly plentiful on its shores.

LEECH lake, in Minnesota, takes its name from a translation of the Indian Gahsuhgusgwah Chemakang, "the place of leeches."

KENNEBEC was the nearest approach the whites could make to the pronunciation of Quinninnippiohke, "the place of long water."

THE Conemaugh was named from an Indian word meaning "otter creek," from the former abundance of these animals in its waters.

THE Appalachicola, in Florida, took its name from that of an Indian town on its banks, Apalachicoli, meaning "an old town or fort."

THE Flint, in Michigan, was called by the Indians Perwonigo, "the river of the flint," from the abundance of this stone on its banks.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

CASTOR oil is the best thing with which to soften leather.

A NOVELTY is a combined dough board and barrel cover.

CRASH makes good kitchen aprons and washes easily.

PILLOW slips should be ironed lengthwise, instead of crosswise, if one wishes to iron wrinkles out instead of in.

KEEP the lamps filled, trimmed and clean in every part to obtain the best results.

DO NOT use boiling but merely warm water to wash colored cotton and gingham dresses.

IN boiling rice, peas or macaroni save the water in which they are boiled for use in soup.

STRING beans "cut on the bias" have a much finer flavor than those which are cut directly across.

FRIED hominy is held by epicures in general to be the proper accompaniment for canvasback duck.

MILL AND FACTORY.

DELAWARE has 21,906 persons engaged in its manufactories, the annual output being $37,571,848.

LOUISIANA has 31,901 hands engaged in its manufactories, their annual product being $57,806,713.

MINNESOTA employs 79,629 factory hands, with an annual output of $192,033,478 worth of goods.

WYOMING has 1,144 persons engaged in manufacturing and makes $2,367,601 worth of goods.

KENTUCKY'S factories employ 65,579 hands, and send out annually a product valued at $126,719,857.

KANSAS has 32,843 mill and factory hands, making every year a product valued at $110,219,805.

THE factories of Indiana furnish employment to 124,349 persons, the output being $226,825,082.

What is CASTORIA

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Their Parting.

She wept upon his shoulder, but as he had on his linen duster, preparatory to going away for a year, the damage amount to but little.

"And shall I find you unchanged when I return, dearest?" he asked.

"I I do not know," she sobbed.

He could feel his hat cracking under the stress of the wave of doubt and jealousy that swept through his brain. He gasped and moistened his parched lips, but could frame not a word. She continued:

"I do not know, dear; I cannot tell at this early day what color of hair will be in style then."—Indianapolis Journal.

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