

OLD TIME FAVORITES

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

By Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Of the life of the late Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894) R. W. Griswold, the critic, says: "Dr. Holmes was a poet of wit and humor and genial sentiment, with a style remarkable for its purity, terseness and point, and for an exquisite finish and grace. His lyrics ring and sparkle like catarracts of silver, and his serious pieces arrest the attention by touches of the most genuine pathos and tenderness."

This is the ship of pearls, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturesome bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purple wings
In gulls enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
When the cold sea-maids rise to sun
Their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its iris of sunbeams, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is borne
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—
A voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Fill thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

A String of Beads and a Queen of the Adriatic.

A Charming Love Story of Old Venice, a Pledge and the Falling of a House of Cards.

THE whirl of a lathe fell upon the close, hot air of the narrow Venetian street, the Via Bardo, while the sharp click of hammer on chisel marked a stronger note in the industrial symphony.

Away toward the Grand Canal a blue-browed fisherman cried his wares, and Mere Ricordo's shrill and kindly chatter rose and fell as children stopped and bought her cherries and apricots.

"The mother is in good spirits," said Pietro in the carpenter's shop, as he fleetly inserted his sharp chisel between a cupid's wing, and carved a shred away to make the feathers still more downy.

The lathe hummed on, for Nello, his comrade, worked by the piece, and wanted to earn enough to buy those corals which hung in Zeno's little shop across the bridge; he did not care to stop his wheel and gossip.

"She is in good spirits," continued Pietro, "because the American signora has taken a fancy to the little one, and declares she will take her to Paris and train her as her maid."

The lathe ceased turning so suddenly that the banister which was being carved was almost jerked out; then, with a touch on the iron clamp to see all was right, Nello bent to his work again.

"Little Rosa herself is delighted; she was to have been put to the Venetian lace school, but prefers to see the world."

"The child is but sixteen," said another worker. "The signora will scarce have a maid so young as that."

"Have I not told you," said Pietro, getting up and strolling toward the door, "that the signora has taken a fancy to Rosa? And when these Americans take ideas into their heads they carry them through. Rosa has a pretty face, and the handsome eyes of the true Venetian." He rolled a cigarette with the air of a connoisseur. "Madame likes handsome faces about her, therefore the pretty Rosa is to accompany the signora to Paris."

"How soon?" It was Nello who spoke now.

"In a fortnight—in a week—in three days—I do not know! Bah! what does it matter? There is the clock of San Marco striking! Good night, Nello. You work as if the evil one turned your wheel!"

The merry Pietro passed out into the street. Other workers rose, stretched their wearied arms, shook their blue-washed blouses free of chips and turned homeward. Only Nello worked on, his lathe humming steadily now that no disturbing tongue voiced news which interrupted the regularity of the guiding hand.

Then followed two days when the hum of the lathe sounded for longer hours in succession than ever before. Dare he offer the gift? But he had not bought it yet—could not, until the four liras were saved out of the scanty wage. A fortnight—a week—three days—which? The idle words were full of torturing uncertainty.

"The little Rosa will come back a rich woman; her wages will be a thousand liras, I hear," said the gossiping Pietro. "She will save a fine dot while away, and come back when she is thirty."

"Thirty! When a woman is not worth looking at!"

"True, but then you must look at the dot!" And the workers laughed, all except Nello, from whose lips came no sound.

At last the day came when the four liras were in his hand. He hurried to the little shop where those red beads hung so temptingly, and his heart beat high with hopes as he touched their smooth surface lovingly. How they would become the little Rosa! How

her great eyes would sparkle with pleasure when Nello told her they were for her very own!

A hundred times he rehearsed the scene as he sat at his work. He would watch her face as she opened the little parcel. Perhaps she would let him clasp them round her throat.

He had never told Rosa of his love except in a dumb, faithful way, as a dog may who serves his mistress and guards her always, satisfied with a careless word of approval or a passing smile. But to-night he would tell her, for he would soon be earning good wages, and was not he his uncle's heir to the business at the carpenter shop?

Nello thought himself lucky indeed to find the little Rosa at home in her grannie's tiny room.

Come out on the canal? Of course she would.

Her laughter sounded softly as an accompaniment to the swish of the oar in the water. Nello, from his place as gondolier on the graceful craft, looked down on the little figure enveloped in the thin, black-fringed Venetian shawl. The night was warm and she tossed it aside.

"I shall have done with this when I am in Paris with the signora."

"Nothing will ever become you so well, Rosa, as your snawl."

Her laughter rippled again.

"No, it is black and ugly; I love bright colors."

They had reached the Rio Santa Maria della Salute. He guided the gondola to the low steps, and came down from the poppe.

"See, Rosa," he repeated, dangling the corals before her eyes, "they are the color of your lips; and you will wear them as a pledge."

She held out her hand.

Her eyes were sparkling. But had Nello been less in love himself he would have questioned the light that shone there.

He gave the beads to her, murmuring again:

"As a pledge. And you will come to me when I write that your home is ready for you?"

"Yes, yes."

She leaned over the boat's side to see the effect in the reflecting water. It was evidently satisfactory, for she turned to him with adorable candor.

"I shall wear them often," she said; "that is, if the signora will allow me. And if she will not, I shall take them out of my little trunk, and look at them when I am alone, because—"

listening with love-sharpened ears for a sound above the lively chatter of Mere Ricordo, for the cry of the postman who was to bring him the answer from the girl he loved.

It was a sound that came but seldom in that narrow way. The simple folk, whose horizon was bounded by those sunbaked walls, held little commerce with the outside world, whose messages of love, or life, or death were flashed across wide seas or carried in the bosoms of sporting trains.

She had written him once—a gay, careless letter—to tell him how happy she was, what brave sights she saw! The signora was kind to her, she herself was becoming a signora—she wore a hat!

Now her answer tarried. He hardly dared to think how many suns had risen, burned and died, and given way to the paler beauties of the moon, since he had sent her the good news, had told her of the home that awaited her, and reminded her of her promise.

With a stifled sigh he turned back into the shop, and bent to his work again.

"She is still but a child," he told himself, "and I am a dull fellow. Perhaps she has forgotten."

He checked the thought as unworthy, and in the days that followed the whirl of his wheel was the busiest in the shop, till the people wondered and whispered among themselves that it was strange the master should work at the lathe early and late. Had Nello, then, the making of a miser in him?

Lizette Ricordo looked at him with tender, blue Venetian eyes.

They reminded him of another pair that had laughed into his own in the moonlight on the canal, but they awoke no tender light in his own. He waited and trusted. Rosa must write soon.

Every morning he rose expectant, every night he looked for the morrow with unquenched hope.

Pietro stood in the doorway, rolling a cigarette in his strong brown fingers. His merry heart was saddened, for he alone of all the workers guessed the secret that hung heavy on Nello's heart, the cloud that cast its shadow on his gentle face.

"The American signora has turned the child's head; she will not return," he sighed.

And as he sighed the cry of "La posta!" sounded hoarse and long-drawn-out above the babel of voices. The letter had come; he handed it to Nello, and left him.

Nello turned into the darkness of the shop. The flimsy pink envelope bore a number of postmarks. He tore it apart, and it fell unheeded to the floor.

No one heard the cry that was wrung from his heart. They had left him alone with sorrow! She wrote lightly. He had thought too much of a moonlit night on the canal. There were maidens in plenty in the Calle to solace him. As for her, she was in no haste to return to dull Venice.

The chatter of Mere Ricordo as she bartered her fruits to the brown-eyed urchins floated in and cut his heart. Rosa and he had played out there together, and one day he had bought her promise to be his little wife with a handful of cherries, he thought bitterly, as later he had bought it with a string of brightly colored beads.

He bent his head on his arms across the rough table, and two large tears fell down and mingled with the shavings and the sawdust.

How suddenly his house of cards had fallen!

He would forget—he must forget—but the dry sob that tracked him showed that the wound would be ill to heal. It drowned the sound of a light, soft step. He did not see the girl who entered and picked up the envelope, its gayness marred with the delaying postmarks. The first he knew of her presence was the pressure of a soft, warm arm, a whisper that was a caress.

"Tis I, thy naughty Rosa. Canst forgive me, Nello? I did not know my heart."

And Nello's joy was crowned.—New York News.

Dolce His Washing.

A messenger boy, whose blue uniform had more than the usual number of grease spots, to say nothing of a few torn places, came into the rear car of the "L" train and threw himself into one of the cross seats. Opposite to him was a woman old enough to have been his grandmother, though the idea of such a grandson would have shocked her. The boy whistled a bar or two of the latest Rioht success, but stopped when he noticed the look of pain on her face. He took off his cap, and, pulling out a dirty handkerchief, began to polish the brass sign which said that he was No. 3114. The old woman was watching him closely. Presently it shone to his satisfaction and the cap was replaced on his curly head.

For a short time he was content with doing nothing. Then he loosened his faded red necktie and took off his collar. He moistened his handkerchief with his lips and began to scrub the piece of celluloid. As his handkerchief was as dirty as it well could be, the operation was hardly successful.

"What are you trying to do, boy?" asked the old woman, when she could no longer contain herself.

"This is Monday, so I'm doin' me washin'," he answered, smiling. "You object any?"—New York Tribune.

Cheaply and Effectively.

"An observing writer considers it inevitable that with experience advertisers should place newspaper advertising above all other forms of publicity. 'In no other way,' he says, 'can the merchant reach the people so quickly, cheaply and effectively. The newspaper of character and circulation goes into the homes of the people, where all the members of the family read the advertisements.'"

ONE FOR THE CHIPMUNK.

The little chipmunk has no soul
Such as resides in noble man;
Poor thing, its home is just a hole
No architect was called to plan.

Its richer brothers will not need,
When winter dims the distant sun,
To take things from their stores to feed
Its cold and hungry little one.

Ere blizzards howl across the hill
The soulless chipmunk takes good care
To stock his larder and to fill
The home with all that gladdens there.

Nor does the chipmunk pile away
More than it needs ten thousand fold,
Or fight its brothers so that they
Must starve when nights are long and cold.

Poor soulless chipmunk! Ah, how wide
The gulf 'twixt it and noble man!
With what it needs 'tis satisfied,
And quits at last where it began.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

PLASMA OF YOUTH

"Has she an expressive face?" "Well, part of it is." "Which part?" "The tongue."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Philosopher—"No man is too old to learn." Cynic—"And no man is too young to think he's too old to learn."—Cassell's Journal.

Patience—"What's in a name, anyway?" Patrice—"I once knew a family who had two hyphens in theirs."—Yonkers Statesman.

Montmorency—"Father thinks it would be a good thing if I should travel." Caroline—"Do you mean for him or for you?"—Puck.

Let no chance get away
While you're youthful. Forsooth,
Now's the time to make hay
In the heyday of youth.

"Goodness, Henry! How queer baby looks! I think he is going to have a fit." "By George! I believe you are right. Where is my camera?"—Tit-Bits.

"What were you about to remark?" she asked. "Oh, it's of no consequence," he returned. "I know that," she retorted, "but what was it?"—Chicago Post.

"But, you see, I only want the teapot and the sugar-basin. Don't you break sets?" "No, madam. We generally leave that to the servants of our customers."—Punch.

Kind Old Lady—"You're the daintiest little boy in the whole crowd. How is it you keep your face so clean?" Nibsy Murphy—"If I didn't, the mudder'd wash it."—Judge.

Rodney—"Nothing can be more dangerous to public safety than the automobile." Sidney—"Pooh! Just you wait until flying machines get to dropping on us!"—Puck.

The Father—"My daughter, sir, must have the same amount of money after she is married that she had before." The Sutor—"I wouldn't deprive her of it for anything."—Brooklyn Life.

Mrs. Jones—"Do your cooks stay with you long?" Mrs. Brown—"Well, no. I tried to get a snap-shot at the last one with my camera, but she was too quick for the instrument."—Judge.

Man ranges, lest his life grow tame,
Through sports of every clime,
But Cupid plays just one old game,
And wins it every time.

She—"He didn't succeed in convincing her, after all his argument." He—"No; he merely made her mad." "But his explanation was clear." "Yes; and that's where he made his mistake. He told her it was as plain as the nose on her face."—Tit-Bits.

College of Dialect.—Young men from universities who have only classical educations taught Dialect in from two to six weeks. Those who intend to become magazine writers would do well to take a term with us. Any quantity of professors and all sorts of Dialect.—Atlanta Constitution.

Prosperous Criminals.

Not a few of the prisoners who were transported in convict ships from England to Australia in the first half of the nineteenth century, often for trivial offenses now punishable by small fines, prospered in a new and progressive country. They attained wealth and position, and even secured admission to the annual registers of British aristocracy through the marriages of their sons and daughters. But some were never able to throw off the associations of the convict ship, and became a constant curse to their new land instead of reformed and steady-going colonists. A survivor of this second class, Frederick Clarke, aged eighty-five, stood in the dock of the Melbourne Criminal Court the other day and received a long sentence—the last of a long series—of four years for being concerned in a burglary. He was transported from England in the forties, and since then his Australian sentences have aggregated sixty-eight years. Horse stealing and burglary are the little weaknesses he has never been able to control. The Commonwealth might very fairly send a bill to the imperial treasury for the board and lodging of this gentleman for half a century.—London Chronicle.

Hints to Snubbers.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

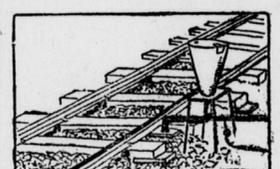
Don't snub a boy because of his dullness in lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub any one, not alone because some day they may outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind nor right.—New York News.



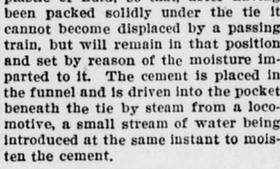
IMPROVED BALLAST FOR RAILWAYS.

Millions of dollars are being expended in improvements on the large railways of the country, tending toward the final end of increase in speed and reducing the time occupied in traversing the distance between different sections of the country. Recent experiments with high-speed cars in Germany have shown that the roadbed itself must be greatly improved over the average condition now maintained before trains could be run at much faster speed. It is not sufficient to remove the curves and lessen the gradients, but the tracks must be ballasted to the point of perfect rigidity before the rails and trucks can stand the high speed. To this end the improved method of ballasting the tracks illustrated in the accompanying drawing has been introduced by William Goldt. While the introduction of liquid cement beneath the ties has already been practiced with some success, it has the disadvantage of liability to displacement should a heavy train pass over the rails before the mixture had entirely hardened. This new process overcomes this defect by introducing the cement in a practically dry state, and at the same time spraying over it sufficient moisture to insure the setting of the cement, but not sufficient to render it plastic or fluid, so that, after having been packed solidly under the tie it cannot become displaced by a passing train, but will remain in that position and set by reason of the moisture imparted to it. The cement is placed in the funnel and is driven into the pocket beneath the tie by steam from a locomotive, a small stream of water being introduced at the same instant to moisten the cement.



A CLEVER KNOT.

For the man in a hurry to get to work in the morning or for the man who oversleeps and has to rush to make up lost time inventions which enable him to dress quickly have a peculiar interest, and there is no doubt that many a person would like to utilize an apparatus similar to that which is employed by fire companies for harnessing the horses, if it could be applied to the clothing of a human being. At present, however, the shoe is about the only article of apparel which the inventor has sought to improve on, and in our illustration we show a new fastening device which can be applied to a shoe which has laces to draw the edges together. Located just above the top lacing eyelet on each meeting edge of the upper is a short lacing loop, preferably of leather, with a metallic tube section inside to give the lace free movement. Located above the short loops is a pair of long loops extending almost to the top of the upper, with slightly curved metallic tubes inside. The lacing is inserted in the eyelets in the usual manner, and is then passed through the short and long tubes. When the shoe is on the foot it is only necessary to give a pull on the lace ends and tie the knot, drawing the edges of the upper close enough together to fit snugly on the ankle, the slight curve in the tubes causing the lace to exert its pressure along the whole length. Milton S. Brown is the inventor.



SUPPORT FOR UNLOADING WAGONS.

The invention shown in the accompanying illustration has been designed by James Baker to provide means for supporting a shovel or other similar implement in such a manner as to materially assist a workman in raising and delivering the material from the box of a wagon. The device consists

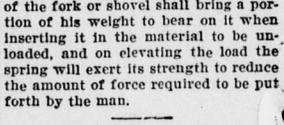


of a couple of sockets secured in the corners of the box, in which supports are placed in such a manner as to

bring a horizontal bar over the center of the load. From this bar is suspended a coiled spring of such tension and strength as will permit a movement of the shovel attached to the lower end when force is applied by the man unloading the contents of the wagon. An ordinary scoop or fork may be used, arrangement being made to clamp the implement to a bar as shown in the drawing. The central portion of this bar has a number of perforations, which permit of the attachment of the spring connection in several different positions, thus supporting a greater or less portion of the load. It is intended by the inventor that the manipulator of the fork or shovel shall bring a portion of its weight to bear on it when inserting it in the material to be unloaded, and on elevating the load the spring will exert its strength to reduce the amount of force required to be put forth by the man.

POULTRY ROASTING RACK.

A rack on which to roast a turkey or other bird of this character has been recently invented. The device consists of a ten-inch square metal rod, upon which is one stationary and one adjustable rest, the latter sliding on the rod to accommodate the length of the



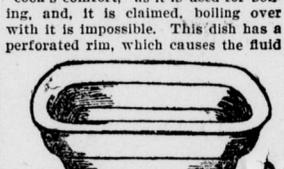
roast. After the meat has been roasted the rack and meat are lifted together and placed on a platter. The use of the rack admits of perfect roasting in all parts, and when placed on the platter carving is done with ease and comfort, the roast being held firmly, allowing the use of the fork to hold and distribute the pieces cut off.



COMFORT FOR THE COOK.

The little kitchen device here shown has been very appropriately named the "cook's comfort," as it is used for boiling, and, it is claimed, boiling over with it is impossible. This dish has a perforated rim, which causes the fluid

to return again after it reaches a certain height. It may be had in various shapes and sizes. The dish is of English origin, but no doubt will find a warm welcome among American housekeepers.



A Kitchener Story.

In the current number of Blackwood's the following characteristic anecdote is told of Lord Kitchener: Once a general officer was inspecting a post on the line of communications, and duly arrived at the little hut which represented the headquarters of the majesty of the army in some windswept hole. Enter X., and, looking round, espies an office table and two trays, one full of papers. Interested, he reads the label attached to each. The empty one was ticketed "Business," and the other "Bosh." "Excellent officer," purrs X.—"thoroughly understands his work and Kitchener's methods." But when he went further and proceeded to examine the papers in the "Bosh" tray, his feelings may be better imagined than described on finding that the documents consisted exclusively of his own voluminous orders and memoranda.

A Jewel of a Servant.

The name of Barbara Kolb should be engraved on a block of purest white marble. At a recent meeting of the Old Settlers' Association in Chicago she received a gold medal as a reward for having lived as a servant in the same family for forty years, and with the medal she got a certificate granting her the degree of M. D.—master domestic. Her employer is the daughter of Mrs. E. O. Steele, of Chicago. Barbara made a speech, in which she gave much good advice to both mistresses and maids. She said as a girl in Wurtemberg she had studied the allied arts of sweeping, scrubbing, dusting and arranging furniture, so that when she reached Chicago, in 1862, she was prepared for anything in those lines. Her most notable boast is that in the forty years she has worked for this family she has never gossiped over the back fence.

Cupid and His Humor.

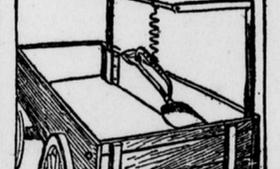
Once upon a time an old maid went to Cupid and chided him.

"You have forgotten me," she said. And then, lowering her voice, she continued, "Remember that my fortieth birthday is next month. I will expect a present from you."

"You shall have it," answered Cupid. When the birthday came a package from the little god came with it, and it was found to contain one of Cupid's worn-out last generation bows.

The woman threw it angrily to the floor.

"Moral.—There are bows and beaux.—New York Herald.



of a couple of sockets secured in the corners of the box, in which supports are placed in such a manner as to