THE LITTLE ATTIC ROOM.

the cottage of my father was a little attic room, here the unmolested spider wove his silver trap of doom re the flies that sought the sunlight by the single window pane, and buzzed a lazy, hazy, day's enough-for-me refrain; al used to seek that attic, of its shadows unafraid, at view the shattered glories that were everywhere displayed; be broken fragments of the past, stray bits of light or gloom, at were wont to haunt and hold me in that little attic room.

The sword my grandsire carried on the fields of Mexico;
An epsalet, unmated, making still a time! show;
An ancient trulk, fur-covered, as a tree is old in bark,
So old I had a notion Noah bore it in his ark;
The corn that hung in strange festoons from rafters brown and bare—
The years might come, the years might so, that corn was always there;
A shee my Uncle Summy wore—I never saw his face—
These, and a thousand things beside, were in that attic place.

These, and a thousand things besset, were in that after process. I can't explain the charm it bore, that homely-com, for me, Although perhaps twas somewhat like a living memory, But often, when my mother thought that I with urchins played, But often, when my mother thought that I with urchins played, And I seemed in the standard, but the standard of the And I seemed the standard of the garret where their treasures by a creat; The treasures that they therished while their lives were still in bloom, Ere they sought the dust and cobwebs of the little attic room.

Somewhere within the heart of man, in sunlight or in gloom,
I fancy there is ever found a little attic room
Where he keeps the broken treasures of an unforgotten past—
A tiny shoe, a fractured doll, a ship without a mast;
Half hid by cobwebs of the years, they all are waiting there.
And he views them with a dreamy smile, or, sometimes, with a prayer,
As the olden faces greet him, with their never-changing bloom,
While he sits among the shadows of his little attic room.
—Alfred J. Waterhouse, in the New York Time

LEFT BY THE EXPRESS.

A Station Master's Story.

HERE was dead silence in the the cottage of Will Haynes, the station master. The station was a small one on a loop line, which had been opened for traffic more than four years, in the hope that the loop would develop into something important; but the cutting of the lime had not worked the slightest effect in the development of the surrounding county, and the cottage and large garden were just a clearing in the edge of the wood, and as far from neighboring cottages as it was when Mary Bird became Mrs. Haynes and began life as the station master's wife.

It was Sunday evening and an off time for Haynes. After 1 o'clock no train stopped at that station, and only two trains passed through it. Haynes was seated on a stout wooden chair, which he had titted till the back rested against the wall next to the doorpost. He was very comfortable, for it was a warm evening, and he was drowsy. Mary sat on the doorstep, her elbows on her knees and her face in her hands. Her back was toward the room, so Haynes could not see her face, even when he turned his head.

"Your flowers look well, Mary," he remarked. He had said that twice already since dinner, but he wanted to make her talk and could think of nothing better to say.

"Pretty well," rejoined Mary, wearfig. times? That would be company."

"I don't like her, Will. Then the children make a noise, and she's always so taken up with them."

"How many have they got now?" asked Will with a strange intenation in his voice.

"That last made four. They have a lot, and others—"

Mary was about to say that many other people had none, but she stopped, Will sighed, and Mary echoed the sigh unconsciously.

ny.
Silence again. Will Haynes was uneasy about this silence, so he made

"The sturtiums are getting on, ain't they?"
"The peas are all right, too, don't you think so?" ventured Will again.
There was no answer, so Will slowly let the front legs of the chair drop till they touched the floor, and then half turned toward her.
"You feel a bit lonely?" he asked, with more tenderness than usual.
It had dawned upon him before that evening that Mary was not happy. She had been taught the trade of a tailoress, as she phrased it, and while stitching away as a merry hearted girl she had conceived ambitious ideals, and had hoped for their realization; but time went by and the realization was as far off as ever. When Will Haynes came along and took a fancy to the bright-eyed, merry-speaking girl and hold her he was to be the station master of the little country station as soon as it was opened, telling her of the cottage and the garden and of his prospects, she resolved to accept his offer. The little couttage and the was happy; but the aspect gradually thanged. It was very lonely; her ideals haded one after another; and Will was a reserved man, saying little and outwardly cold. She maintained her merty ways at the beginning of their tharried life, but she fancied Will did not care for them, and she ceased in her efforts to amuse. In point of fact, will was much amused, but he made the common mistake of many husbands and showed no grafitude, no warmth. Mary interpreted it wronely, and became cold in turn and still less happy.
"You feel lonely at times?" queried Will once more, as she did not reply. "There they come?" said Mary, with a quick jerk of her head in the direction where the curl of smoke was rendered visible in the growing darkness by the flame that accompanied it. "All enjoying themselves."

"The up-express," observed Will Haynes, casually.

The headlight of the swiftly running train was visible, and presently it dashed along the line at the end of the garden, the lights from its windows illuminating the night for a brief apace.

"There they go" cried Mary bitterly. "The headlight of t

here."
"I don't want other people's brats,"
declared Mary harshly.
Will was nonplussed, but he contrived to hide the fact, and played his
"but your wall"

with was nonpussed, but he congraden, the lights from its windows illuminating the night for a brief space.

"There they go!" cried Marp bitrely,
It's nice to be able to travel there and everywhere. I hate the people in those trains, when I see them pass; they can go about and see all kinds of sights and people, while we stick had and see nothing, day in, day out, in this forsaken place, alone nearly all the time, and nothing to do. I believe it's killing me!"

It was a struggle between rage and tears, and the former conquered for the time.

"It is a bit lonely," admitted Will, rather sadly. "Mary, why don't you go and sit with Blake's wife, some-

ing it with little drops in a teaspoon. Then it dropped into a slumber of peace and innocence, and Mary sat with it in her arms and waited.

It was nearly 10 o'clock before Will returned, and he found Mary still sitting with the baby asleep in her arms, She held up her head with a warning expression on her face as he entered rather noisily with his heavy boots. "S-s-sh! You'll wake her, Will:"

"Why didn't you put her in bed?" Inquired Will in a stage whisper. "Been holding her all this time?"

"I couldn't turn the clothes down without disturbing her," replied Mary in the same tone, "and she's so comfortably and easy like here, that I was afraid to venture. You can do it now."

Will moved across the kitchen to

will moved across the kitchen to go to the bedroom, but he made so much noise that Mary stopped him. "Hadn't you better take your boots off?" she demanded. "You'll wake her, sure enough!"
Will removed his heavy boots and together they stepped lightly together into the bedroom, he turned down the clothes and she tenderly deposited her human burden.
"She looks all right there, don't she?" asked Will. "Almost a pity she's got to go. I've had a talk with the village policeman, and he said at first he didn't think she was found in this county. We had an argyment about it, that's what made me so late. But it's all settled now, and he says she'll have to be taken to the county house, and that's ten miles off, if it's an inch. Anyhow, she goes to-morrow."
Out of the corner of his eye Will watched the effect of his words. He saw Mary's face go white and her lips quiver. She gave one long look at the pretty bundle of humanity in the bed, and then ext instant she was sobbing with her head on Will's shoulder. "Must she go away, Will? Oh, can't we keep her?"
Will passed his arm around his wife; an irritating cough prevented him from speaking for nearly a minute, but he got the better of it at length. "Yes, I should say so. She won't cost much to keep for a time, and I may get a lift up. I daresay the policeman won't be much upset at not having to take her away."
"But, Will, I s'pose we may keep her?" inquired Mary with sudden fear. "There isn't anything in the basket to say we muen't."

They looked in the hamper and overhauled its remaining contents, consisting of baby clothing. There was no note, no trace of identity.
"There's nothing agen it," said Mary confidently. "I'l take care she doesn't get on the line."
"Ah, that reminds me!" exclaimed Will; "I must rig up a gate at the end of the garden to keep her of the line."
"I can look after her," said Mary confidently. "I'l take care she doesn't get on the line."
"Ah that reminds me!" exclaimed will; "I must rig up a gate at the end of the garden to keep her of the line."
"A

inspiration. Will shook his head doubtuilly.

"Don't seem to be a very handy sort of name," he explained. "And we might mix it up with the train. Never heard a girl called that, have you?"

"That wouldn't matter!" exclaimed Mary, "I don't see why such a darling as that should be bound to have a name that any other girl can have. Well," she continued, after a pause, "suppose we call her Pressie, now? That's nice and handy, and it will remind us just the same,"

So it was sottled. They crept to the doer of the bedroom and listened. No sound. They crept back again. Will put on a pair of light boots which he called his slippers, and together they went out into the garden. Their hands came together by some mysterious influence, and they stood drinking in the balmy air.

They looked up at the stars. They talked of their prospects—of what they would do for Pressie as she grew up, and how she would look when she was grown up. Everything was so different, so bright; life was so well worth living.

"Oh, I'm so glad she has come; 'I'm so happy. Will!" laughed Mary.

will signed, and shary echoed the sight unconsciously.

"Int there something you could do to make the time less tiring?" inquired Will helplessly.

"I could get some wool and knit things for the winter, but we can't spare the money, and we've got enough things for another three winters?" returned Mary angrily. "When I say I've nothing to do, of course I can make work. I have to, or I should eat my heart out. I look at the trains and I see the happy people, and it hurts me so that I have to turn to and do some housework. I scrub the kitchen floor in the morning, and I often scrub it again in the afternoon. When those feelings come over me. I have to do something, or I'd go mad, stark, staring and? So I get the soap and water and scrubbing brush, and I work on that kitchen floor to relieve 'em'."

It was Sunday evening once more: an autumn Sunday with the night falling at an earlier hour. Will Haynes was standing moodily near the kitchen door, outside this time, while Mary was seated on the step. Both were staring blankly into the twilight. There had been angry words at tea time.

"I'm going to watch the down express pass," said Will suddeelly.

He walked along the line for nearly a mile, until he saw the train coming. The signal was against it, and it slowed down and stopped. This was rather a surprise for Will Haynes, but he supposed the company was running an excursion on the main line where the loop foined farther on, and excursions are always late. It was rather strange that expresses should be run on that loop at all, Will Haynes had thought when he first took up his duties, but he learned that the line served as a connection with the system of another company, and it was considered policy to run them.

These thoughts were passing through Will's mind when he observed, in the dim light, a figure approach the train, and then he noticed that a carriage door was open. The figure climbed onto the footboard and entered the carriage, shuttling the door just as the thing all right," he said softly.

He took up the ent, so bright; life was so well worth living.

"Oh, I'm so glad she has come; I'm so happy, Will!" laughed Mary.

"I say, you haven't left the bedroom window too wide open, have you?" asked Will in sudden alarm. "We don't want her to catch cold. And you mustn't scrub the kitchen floor so much, you know, or she'll—"

"I shan't want to, you silly man!" laughed Mary.

It was so pleasant to hear her laugh! the whole world was changed for her; she had tasted the sweets of mother-hood.—New York News.

Sudanese Cleanliness.

Throughout the journey, at nothing in my equipment did the natives gaze with such longing as at my supply of soap, writes William Gage Erving in his interesting account of a trip by Adirondack cance down the Nile in the Century. It was unduly large when I left Berber; a week later it was gone. It was almost the only article which had the habit of strangely disappearing by day or night, and to make a present of a tinp piece was to make the recipient a warm friend. The Sudanese river-man is a cleanly animal; he bathes constantly in the river, and washes his clothing frequently, but the white cotton cloth gives little evidence thereof. The water he uses is thick with mud. The scrubbing board is a rock, and the cleaning is accomplished by treading under foot for an indefinite period the muddy heap of garments.

How It Differs From Its Green Brother—
Gaining in Popularity.

One by one foreign foods and foreign modes of cooking are winning the American palate. Many have had a struggle, but have finally succeeded in overcoming prejudice. Many others have failed in the attempt, and now lead a sort of outlaw life in the foreign quarter of the city. A few flourish for a time and then succemb to rivals. The French green olive had a hard fight many years ago in winning its way to the American table and luncheon counter, and its converts were made slowly.

"You have to learn to cat them."

"It's a cultivated taste, this laste for olives."

"They taste like wood soaked in the control of th

"It's a cultivated taste, this taste not olives."

"They taste like wood soaked is brine, at first."

"Keep at it and you'll enjoy them by and by."

These are some of the comments on a tyro's attempt to eat olives, and many of those who have not been persistent have given up the endeavor in despair.

But the French olive at the present time is greener than it ever was. Part of this color may be due to jealousy, perhaps, for the reason that it has a rival which is doing all in its power to drive its green cousin out of the market. The newcomer is the black or ripe olive, which has been recently introduced into this country by Italian, Greek or other immigrants from the south of Europe. The imports from Greece alone of the black olives last year amounted to over 10,000 barrels, or 1,000,000 petail, and, according to dealers the demand is increasing faster than the enlarging supply. In California, where there is a rapidly growing olive industry, both in pickling the berries and in manufacturing the oil, last year's crop is estimated at 8000 barrels. In walking through the streets of the east side it does not need a specially observing eye to detect in the grocery, provision and delicatessen stores half barrels of pickled olives which look more like mammoth black grapes which have been picked from a cluster. A pinch from the fingers, however, finds them pulpy, but hard. Should a novice taste them he is likely slightly to pucker up his lips, but he invariably tries again, and remarks on the rich, oily taste. On the shelf above the barrel is a bottle of the French green olives, with a neighboring bottle frem Spain, in which the seeds of the olives have been replaced with red pepperation the olive imported from Italy and Greece, the kind that Cacaar and Permitted fully to ripen, mature its fift quota of oil and assame its nataral black color. For purposes of distination the olive imported from Italy and Greece, the kind that Cacaar and Permitted fully to ripen, mature its fift quota of oil and assame its nataral black

A Carlyle Anecdote.

as the ripe olive.—New York Tribune.

A Carlyle Anecdote.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's old intimacy with Carlyle enabled him to be of great service afterward to his friends in Australia who desired introductions to the philosopher and found encouragement in his words. One of these was Sir Henry Parkes, between whom and Gavan Duffy there was a warm affection for many years, disturbed only in the end by the trouble over Edward Butler and his lost Chief Justiceship. Forty years ago Parkes and Dally eame to England to lecture through the country in support of emigration. Parkes sent his introduction from Gavan Duffy to Carlyle, and was promptly invited to Chelsea "to a feed." Parkes put on his best ciothes for the occasion, went to Cheynewalk, and was treated to some strong tea and coarse out cake. Then Carlyle kicked off his back against the wall, lit up a rough black pipe, and began to ask the Sociated and nervously-prim coosist how he liked the rough life in Asstralia, were the smakes as bad as treated und all the rest. Parkes had a bad night of it, but he took his sevenge next day by sending Carlyle a copy of his "Murmurs of the Stream"—which the sage never acknowledged till Mrs. Carlyle had to do it for him.—London Chronicle.

An Oriental Confidence Man.

The Mississipal of the Mississip

Verestchagin, the great Russian painter, has sold to the imperial government his famous Napoleonic collection for 100,000 rubles.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT:



LITTLE DEAR

For me to have another doll
I somehow felt the time had come,
For Adeline had lost her hair,
And Jane, the one that cried, was dum
Of hearing me explain the case
Rapa grew weary, it was clear;
"You're tired." I saked, and he replied,
"A little, dear!"



That very day, when he got home,
He had a parcel in his hand,
And mother smiled, and I did, too,
For I began to understand.
"With her extravagance," he said,
"This child will ruin us, I fear;
Some toys are cheap, but this one came
A little dear!"

I clapped my hands and hugged papa,
And then, when he'd the string untied
took the paper off and found
A dainty cardboard box nieide;
And when I pulled the lid off that,
I sew a lovely face appear—
And, oh, my newest doll is such
A little dear!
—Chicago Record-Herald.



THE CRYSTAL FLUTE.

A home made instrument of music is the crystal flute, fashioned of small bottles. Any kind of bottle which sounds well may take its place with the chosen few. Use coarse darning cotton to sew the bottles in a row on a strip of pasteboard, commencing with the deepest toned and leading up to the



highest toned. Place the flute against your lower lip and blow into the open mouth of the bottle. Continue blowing as you move the instrument along, sounding each bottle in turn. After a few trials you can manage the crystal flute well enough to have all the bottles join in the grand chorus of the jubilee you intend to give with the home made instrument.—The Delineator.

TWENTY-SIX MOUNTAINS.

you intend to give with the home made instrument.—The Delineator.

TWENTY-SIX MOUNTAINS.

"Mount Whitney, California, that's one," and Ronald dug his pencil into the slip of paper that lay beside his geography. "Uncompalgre Mountain, Colorado, that's two?" another dig. "Gray's Peak, Colorado, three; Mount Shasta, California, four; Harvard, Colorado.—no, wait! Mount Ranier wants to go in there somewhere. Well, never mind, that makes five. Now Pike's seven. Let's see, what comes next? Yale and Princeton—no, there are some more peaks before those. Oh, I'm getting all mixed up again! Botheration, I never can learn them! What's the use of trying?"

Ronald sat back in his chair and viewed his closed geography with gloomy cyes. "What's the trouble now?"

It was a cheery voice and the face that looked down at Ronald was bright once I've said, and every time I begin once I've said, and every time I begin over again I'm more tangled up than I was before!"

The boy looked up at his big brother with something like hopefulness, not withstanding his despondent tone. Tom was always so able and ready to help:
"Must you recite them in order?"
asked the elder boy.
"No." answered Ronald, "it doesn't make any difference how we say them; if they're all in."
"Then there's a very easy way to learn them," said Tom.
"Pasy? I'd like to know how!"
"Tre learned may a long list of things this way," Tom commented, as he took up a sheet of paper and wrote rapidly for a minute. "You see, here is the alphabet," he said. "There is almost the way," Tom commented, as he took up a sheet of paper and wrote rapidly for a minute. "You see, here is the alphabet," he said. "There is almost the way," Tom commented, as he took up a sheet of paper and wrote rapidly for a minute. "You see, here is the alphabet," he said. "There is almost the way," Tom commented, as he took up a sheet of paper and wrote rapidly for a minute. "You see, here is the alphabet," he said. "There is almost the same than a way that the head of A from the table. The head of A from t

one in E. And Fremont Peak, Wyoming, for F."
"Gray's Peak, Colorado, and then Harvard, Colorado." put in Ronald.
"Yes, and Mount Hood, Oregon, that goes best there, doesn't it?"
Tom nodded, while the younger boy scanned the diminishing list with eager eyes.

scanned the diminishing list with eager eyes.

The mountains were all placed under their proper letters at last, and Ronald counted them, to make sure there were twenty-six.

"Run them through two or three times," counseled Tom, "and I think you'll find no trouble in fixing them in your memory. You will soon learn, in going over the alphabet, which letters stand for the names, and how many mountains for each; and you will quickly discard the letters we have not used."

Ronald did as he was hid and in an extended the second to the second the sec

quickly discard are leaves and and in an incredible short time he could repeat the whole twenty-six.

"This is a fine way to learn things," he told his brother. "Our teacher is always giving us lists of things, and I can learn them all this way, can't I?"

"All that do not need to be repeated in order."

in order."
"And the fun of it is," said Ron "You know when you are at the end of the alphabet that you have them all."

"If you don't skip any," laughed Tom.—Youth's Companion.

Tom.—Youth's Companion.

HAD GOOD AUTHORITY.

General Winfield Scott, the hero of the Mexican War, used a Secretary for his correspondence, private as well as official. Once in the absence of the Secretary he undertook to write an order for the transferring of some provisions and spelled "wagon" "waggon." Later the Secretary in looking through the various memoranda, etc., found the order and detected the error, "General," he asked, affably, "by what authority do you spell 'wagon' with a double 'g?" Scott never turned a hair as he replied without a moment's hesitation: "By what authority? By the authority of the Major-General commanding the Armies of the United States, sir! What better authority do you want?"

THE MAGIC HANDKERCHIEF. THE MAGIC HANDKERCHIEF.

Take any handkerchief and put a quarter or a dime into it. You fold it up, laying the four corners over it, so that it is entirely hidden by the last one. You ask the audience to touch and feel the coin inside. You then unfold it and the coin inside has disappeared.

The method

fold it and the coin inside has disappeared.

The method is as follows: Take a dime and privately put a piece of wax on one side of it, place it in the middle of the handkerchief with the waxed side up; at the same time bring the corner of the handkerchief marked A' (in Fig. 1), and completely hide the coin. This must be carefully done.

Now press the coin very hard, so that



