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DEATH OF ANTHONY.

? Are you living, my queen?
ght I had lost you forever;
urrying on to seek you
Acheron's dark river.
rushing down Death's dark way,
or this world is nothing without you;
you live, you live, and for one last time
I can throw my arms about you.

Mine again—for a moment—no more,
For swiftly my life is flying;
All your love can not hold me here,
I am dying, Egypt, dying.
Ah! Death would be only a triumph
If we together were going,
But alone, alone, and so alone,
Is beyond all telling, all knowing.

Never—ah, never, never,
Even in Elysian meadows
Can bliss be mine, if you are not there,
'Mid that throng of thin, cold shadows.
Ah, let me not go alone!
'Tis so easy life's knot to sever;
One pang, and it all is over. Come,
Let us fling off the whole world forever!

We have had our golden days,
Our triumph, our power and our glory,
And our life, and our love and our death
Shall be long remembered in story.
We have not hid from men's gaze,
Nor rotted in life's dull corner,
But the world has wondered and stared at us,
And the world will be our mourner.

There is nothing in life to regret,
We have plucked all its myrtles and roses,
We have seen, we have done, what no others have done,
And if death now the triumph closes,
Let it come! let us welcome its coming,
Since it loosens life's tedious tether.
Fate frowns on us both; let us go, dear love,
Let us die as we lived—together.

Is it Cæsar's triumph to swell,
That you hesitate now and linger?
His kisses to take, his gifts to accept,
To be pointed out by Scorn's finger?
To be jeered at by Rome's foul rabble?
You, to cringe and to shrink to a master;
You, to eat the dust of his chariot wheels;
And is death, then, a worse disaster?

Ah! you shudder! Your cheeks grow pale!
I can say no more; I am dying.
This world's growing dim. Lift my head!—one more kiss!
Oh! at least on your bosom lying.
My spirit takes flight—all is over
This life had to give, and it gave us
Its best and its sweetest; but now death is best—
Death, that comes from life's horrors to save us.

Farewell! We shall meet again soon,
I feel it, beyond the dark river.
If you stay, it will be but a moment,
For life can not last forever.
On that farther shore I shall wait,
With a love that knows no abating,
Till you come—and come soon—and remember,
I'm waiting there, Egypt, waiting.
—W. W. Story in Blackwood's for November.

MY LAST SWIM AT SEA.

I cannot recollect ever learning to swim. I swam naturally, and in boyhood was almost as much at home in as out of the water. Diving, an art in general only acquired by long practice, was to me easy from the beginning. My skill in aquatic sports passed into a proverb, and now that years have passed and I have reached middle life the renown of my boyhood's feats clings to me yet in my native place.

But I am a swimmer no more; the love that was so strong has given place to such a loathing hate and horror of the water that when I think of it a cold shudder comes over me until the tide of thought is turned. An adventure in tropical waters was the cause of this.

It happened thus: I was on my second voyage. The ship lay becalmed amid the Molucca Islands, on the passage for China. It was near midday in the forenoon watch. The sun's hottest rays were pouring down upon the deck with scorching violence, and vainly did I seek for some cool spot where momentary comfort, at least, could be found. The panting, half nude forms of the crew were spread out beneath the shade of a canvas drawn over the forecastle capstan, which they tried to persuade themselves yielded some shelter from the heat.

Above, not a cloud could be seen in the broad blue expanse of the sky, which seemed a heated caldron turned above us. Against it the stately spars and heavy white sails swayed with the roll of the ship in royal idleness and majesty.

Too hot to work or to read, uneasy, praying for a breeze which it seemed would never come, I lounged about the deck vainly seeking relief from my discomfort.

Gazing over the side down into the deep blue waste beneath, my eye sought some object by which to note the vessel's progress, however slow it might be, but nothing could I see save water, dark and unfathomable. The polished coppered side of the ship shone brightly out upon the surface for a few feet, and as I gazed upon its quivering beauty, and remarked how very still we lay the thought struck me, "What a chance for a swim!" What a relief from all this broiling, sweltering, oven like heat.

To think was to act. I turned to the boys.

"Here John! Billy! Jimmy! Let's go in swimming. Never was such a chance!" cried I, springing down from the rail. "Let's sling the ladder over from the fore chains so we can get up the side easily, and we'll have a good time; she isn't moving a bit; come, bear a hand, and let's see who'll be overboard first."

The ship's officers made no objection, and I was quickly joined by four or five of my shipmates, each as anxious as myself for something to vary the monotony. The fore hatch ladder was quickly slung and lashed to the side, and we stripped to go in.

The rest of the crew had gathered upon the top gallant forecastle to watch our antics. Only one old fellow, an inveterate growler known as "Briton," cautioned us as he took his seat near the rail:

"You young rascals had better keep out of the water, or the sharks 'll gobble up some of you. There's plenty of 'em round for all you don't see 'em."

"Oh, you're always croaking, you web footed old barnacle back!" cried Billy Dipton, mounting the rail and poising himself for a plunge. "We never can do anything but you must throw cold water on it."

"Oh, go ahead! go ahead! I don't care what you do; you're not obliged to take my advice, but if you were a son of mine you'd not go overboard in these waters," growled Briton.

"Well, as I'm not your son, and as you don't care what I do, here goes!" said Billy, and suiting the action to the word, he sprang lightly to the rail, glanced in mid air for an instant and the next was buried fathoms deep in the liquid blue. Rising quickly to the surface with a shake of his curly head to clear his sight of the water, which dripped from his hair, he gave an encouraging cheer to the rest and struck boldly out from the vessel's side.

Emboldened by his confidence, several more began taking off their clothes to join the merry band who were soon tumbling about under the bow or splashing water up at the lookers on above. I was delayed through having to put some guys to the ladder, until some seven or eight had gone over the side. Their shouts and laughter and the fear that I was losing half the fun hastened my movements, as throwing my clothing into my bunk I ran out and clambered into the forechains for a dive.

As I paused a moment to take breath and cool my perspiring body slightly before going in, I looked down upon the merry scene of which I had been the chief instigator.

Below me, clinging with one hand to some ropes' ends thrown over to them, and actively spattering water upon each other, were two of the less experienced swimmers. Further on toward the bow were three or four others more expert, who were vying with one another in feats and pranks; diving under each other, catching hold of feet and pulling some other down, and ducking one another unawares.

Away out, some hundred yards or more, Billy Dipton was leisurely swimming about, rolling over and over porpoise fashion, floating and enjoying himself hugely. As soon as he saw me ready to dive he called to me to join him and see how handsome the ship looked from the distance.

"Stay where you are, Billy, and see if I can't 'fetch you' before I rise," I cried, raising my hands above my head for the plunge.

"All right," cried Billy, treading water; "I sh'n't move. Come ahead."

Overboard I went, several of

calling to me that he believed I had doubled the distance by going farther out, took in his breath and shot overboard like an arrow. So cleanly did he enter the water that the slightest possible ripple ruffled the surface of the deep as it closed over him. I waited with watchful eyes for his reappearance. I expected to see him rise between me and the ship, for the distance was so great that it had taxed my own powers, and I thought I had him beaten.

Even as I was thinking this a cheer from the forecastle warned me that he had come up, and turning my head I beheld him some five or six yards beyond me, a cheery smile upon his face and his head cocked on one side as if to say: "Beat that, my boy!"

Without a word I struck out to the vessel again, not a little vexed at being outdone, and determined to go so far outside him next time as to deter him if possible from trying again to beat me.

Reaching the ship I clambered up the side and took my place in the upper chains ready for the plunge. The captain and mate being doubtless as hard pushed for amusement as we poor fellows forward, were leaning over the quarter rail and watching our sport with interest.

"Go it, Gus!" cried John Butler, as he climbed out of the water to get a better view. "Beat him this time so he won't want to try again." Then, as he surveyed the distance at which Billy lay, he added: "My stars, but that's a long dive! eh, Briton?" turning to the old sailor who had warned us against going into the water.

"Yes," returned he, "a deal too long. If John Shark was to come along now, what chance would Billy have to get on board? The old man must be loony to let you youngsters go into the water in such a sharks' paradise as this. If I had my way I'd masthead the whole bilin' of you."

"Go it, you old growl, you!" retorted John. "I suppose you never had a swim in your life, and now you're too old. You've got the rheumatism yourself, and don't want to see anybody else enjoy themselves. Talk about sharks when you're where they are. We haven't seen one since we got among the islands, and I'm blest if I think there are any hereabouts."

Standing there in the chains, with one hand upon the sheer pole already to let go and plunge, I heard Briton's remark and John's reply. Something in the old fellow's manner struck me more than the former warning had, and as I listened to John's answer, I could not help feeling that the older sailor had all the reason on his side. The swimmers had begun to come on board and dress. I almost made up my mind to stay on board and yield the palm of diving to Billy.

But they were all watching me, and whispered, "Pshaw! Don't show the white feather now! There are no sharks about. It won't take three minutes to get outside where Billy is and swim back to the ship. Then you needn't go in again."

Still I hesitated, while my shipmates waited to see what I would do.

"Never mind," thought I; "let 'em wait. I'll stay on board the ship."

I turned to call Billy in. Before I could speak, he sang out to me, "Come, Gus, I'm tired of waiting! If you're going to give it up, say so, and I'll come out. I've been in long enough."

That settled it. "Give it up? Never!" thought I, the whole current of my feeling at the tone of his banter, and, suiting the action to the thought, I made ready to dive. I drew in my breath and gathered for the plunge. In another moment I should have been overboard. I was in the very act of springing, when the startling cry of "A shark! a shark!" came from the forecastle.

"Come out of the water, all! Come out, Billy! Hurry, there's no time to lose!" cried half a score of voices. Most of the few men still in the water were close beside the vessel. They crowded to the ladder, and scrambled up it in great haste and excitement.

For me the cry came just in time. I grasped a shroud and saved myself from going overboard, though I had already gained such headway that my body swung clear of the side before I could regain my footing in the chains.

Once secure, I looked down for my shipmates, too anxious for their safety to think at that moment of the peril I had been in myself. The last swimmer, save Billy, had gained the ladder, his feet just clear of the water, as round the bow, with silent speed, came the monster of whose presence old Briton had given such timely warning.

He swam close to the surface, his sinuous tail gently waving from side to side, and the unfailing pilot fish at their stations on either side of his dorsal fin, and just ahead of his nose. His small, vicious eyes glanced upward at the ladder, and he seemed to say as plainly as if he spoke, "Aha, it's well for you chaps you made yourselves scarce! A little more and I would have had one of you!"

Had I dived as I intended, I should have struck directly in his path. He seemed unaware of Billy's being still in the water, for his attention had been first called to those nearer the ship.

The mate and all who could were hard at work lowering one of the quarter boats, and shouting to Billy to keep off, and not come any nearer the vessel. With much presence of mind he obeyed, rolling on his back and floating as lightly as possible upon the surface. Several hands had rushed to the forecastle and galley for bits of beef or pork with which to try to coax the shark to remain alongside until their shipmate could be picked up.

The shark nosed at the various tidbits thrown out to him, but he seemed mistrustful, and to have an idea that we were trying to hoodwink him. He still, however, remained by the ship.

The boat was down, and pulling rapidly toward the boy, when the noise of the oars attracted the shark. He at once set off toward her, and followed in the wake. Then began our worst suspense. If he kept behind the boat, Billy might be reached in time; but if he should put forth his speed and pass her, there could be no hope of saving him.

"Lie still, Billy!" shouted the captain, as he wrung his hands, deploring his carelessness in permitting us to go into the water at all. "Lie just as still as you can, or you are lost!"

It was but a short pull, but the time seemed long as the men gave way with a will. Behind the swiftly moving boat, and keeping pace with her motion, a dark pointed fin cleaves the water. A moment more and the boat is by the swimmer, her bow gradually turning away as she nears him. The fin draws closer in her wake. As the boat swings within reach, a man rises in the bow, and leaning over, grasps the terrified boy by the hand, while the mate loudly shouts, "Hold water, all!"

The boat's way is stopped, and Billy is being drawn in over the bow. An exultant cheer rises from the ship, where, breathless with suspense, all hands are watching the terrible race.

The rejoicing comes too quick! High above the cheer is heard a shriek, that none who hear ever forget. The fin has passed around the boat's stern, and instantly there is a sudden and fearful commotion alongside. As Billy is being lifted into the boat, the shark so long deluded and misled sees him. He is then scarcely twenty feet distant. With a lightning like dart he rushes upon his prey just as he is almost clear from the water.

Horror! He has his victim!

No!

He has missed the body by a hair's breadth, but has caught the calf of Billy's leg, from which, not quite grasping the bone, he has torn half the flesh, and nearly dragged him from the hold of his rescuers. With this he sinks beneath the waves, the boat's crew driving at his tough carcass with oars and boat hooks, but making no impression.

The boat was quickly alongside the ship, and Billy, limp as a rag and bleeding, passed on board. He had fainted as soon as taken from the water, and just as the shark seized him. Carrying him into the cabin, his wound was dressed, and restoratives applied which brought him to life once more. Not for several weeks did he fully regain his senses, and it was many m[illegible] before his leg was well enough to a[illegible] his walking.

Billy sailed th[illegible] until he went, years ago, to his [illegible]unt. It is almost needl[illegible] to [illegible] he lived

CHINA AND ITS PROGRESS.

INTERESTING DESCRIPTIVE LECTURE BY GEN. JAMES H. WILSON.

The Social and Political Status of the Celestial Empire—New Ideas from the West Not Received with Cordiality—Autocracy of Science.

Maj. Gen. James H. Wilson delivered a lecture before the American Geographical society, in Chickering hall, New York city, during the course of which he said:

In China the family is the political unit, and if one member goes astray the whole family may become extinct if the emperor pleases. No man can be a governor in his own province, and no governor is allowed to surround himself with officials who are his own relatives. Nepotism is unknown.

The great rivers of China flow east to the Pacific, and the populations gather in the deltas in towns and villages. A peculiarity of the great cities is that they are surrounded with great brick walls, with ditches, parapets and gates, and the gates are regularly opened and closed every morning, as they were 600 years ago. The new capital of Formosa has such a wall, after the manner of the middle ages. The crystallized labor of Japan is seen in these great walls of cities, the great wall of the nation that separates it from outlying provinces and the grand canal. They spend every year large sums to keep the grand canal open. Yet it is inadequately supplied with reserve stores of water.

He spoke of the civil service system of China as a democratic institution, that gave every man a chance to advance equal to that of his neighbors. There is no nobility, only the autocracy of science. The last examination comprised the competition of 30,000 students of mature age, of whom only thirty succeeded. The learning relates to Chinese history and jurisprudence and the philosophy of Confucius, but has nothing to do with modern sciences. There is a college in China presided over by an American, Dr. W. A. P. Martin, but the government is very slow to admit new ideas. It only lately began to investigate electricity. It is not best for the native Chinaman to know too much of modern science.

Gen. Wilson spoke of the successive destruction of Chinese dynasties as inseparable from the Chinese system. As far as it is practicable, wherever there is a Chinamen in office, there is a Tartar to watch him. The operation of the censorship is inquisitorial and offensive. The whole empire is held in subjection by the army and the censor. The present emperor is only 17 years old. He is the nephew of the late emperor; for the first time in many years the direct male issue failed. For some years the practical sway was held by two women, the wife and sister of the late emperor. But recently one of them died, and the empress dowager was left in practical supremacy.

She is never seen by foreigners. She is a remarkable woman. She selects the emperor's wives, and has begun by choosing as his first wife her favorite niece. The imperial clan occupies a place about a mile square, walled in, in the middle of the city of Pekin.

The high officials will not hold intercourse with foreigners. No diplomat has ever seen the empress dowager or the emperor. Not even the great men of China can approach the throne without permission, and then they must be prostrate. There is no such thing as popular education. The people have nothing to do with the government. The government is absolutely isolated, and holds no communication with the people. Ideas never reach the throne from the people. The foreigners are confined to a very small part of the seaboard, except that missionaries are allowed to go to the interior. The foreign merchant does not deal with the Chinese merchant directly, but through servants. Improvements go on slowly. Yet in the interior may be found kerosene, cotton cloth, needles and matches.

The Tai-ping rebellion had its origin with a disappointed student. The antipathy of the rebels to foreigners led to the establishment of the "ever victorious" army, under the celebrated Capt. Ward, and the development of the hair brained Burgevins, whose ambition even soared to first shipping the rebels and then taking possession of the empire. The result was that after he had deserted to both sides several times the Chinese lost him one night while crossing a river.

Gen. Wilson quoted one of the memorials recently sent to the emperor by a high Chinese official, written, according to Chinese customs, on his deathbed, advocating the building of railroads, mining, the construction of ships, coast defenses and other progressive things. That this and other similar memorials have reached the eyes of the emperor is known by the fact that many such memorials have been printed in the Chinese official paper, which has been published about 900 years, not daily, but every now and then. But the ideas of the government progress slowly. The censors are conservative and slow to move and suspicious of foreigners, although they have admitted that the foreigners are not necessarily enemies.

American watches and clocks are making rapid progress in China. The only drawback is the fact that American trade marks are counterfeited.

The Chinese students who began their course of study here, but who were recalled by the censors, complain bitterly of their treatment, and despair of the progress of China while the present regime lasts.

China has no floating capital. The legal rate of interest is 37 per cent. The lowest rate on the most favorable loans is 25 per cent. Every man is liable to spoliation. The imperial treasury is in a constant state of collapse. The empress follows her own judgment, and she is now engaged in a vain effort to turn the bed of a great river, and the treasury is not equal to the task. There is one railroad fifty miles long in China. The present condition of the country as regards its foreign foes, particularly England and Russia, is deplorable. The prospect seems to be that before long the great empire, unless she can arouse herself to progress, will be partitioned. The will of the emperor is supreme, but unless he can be reached and directed there is little hope for Chinese progress.

A Lucky Old Number.

A Frenchman and a Spaniard took tickets from Paris to Dijon, placed their luggage in a compartment already occupied by a party of English, noted the number of the carriage, 20,977, and betook themselves to the refreshment room until the moment for starting should arrive. On returning to the compartment they found the English party had bribed the guard to remove their goods and chattels into another carriage. They were indignant, but there was no time for argument. They jumped into the carriage assigned them, and escaped unhurt in the Velars disaster, which occurred a few hours later, while the occupants of the compartment they had at first chosen were all either killed or horribly injured. Such escapes could be related with regard to every railroad accident; it is the sequel which is curious. One of the travelers, superstitious to some purpose, proceeded to buy a Spanish lottery ticket bearing the number 20,977, which secured him a second prize of £3,200.—Boston Traveller.

Short Distance Telephone.

A telephone is in use in the adjutant general's office at the capitol, says The Hartford Times, which may become instrumental in breaking up the present monopoly on that useful invention. The wire employed, and which rises to the third floor of the building, is composed of six strands of steel wound around a cord covered with a preparation of paraffine, which prevents induction. No battery is required, and the voice of a person standing in the room at a distance of twenty feet from the instrument can be distinctly heard at the other end of the lines. By means of this remarkable invention the adjutant general and his [illegible] can carry on a [illegible]

Count Tolstoi's Simple Life.

During my week's sojourn at Yasnaia Poliana, the count did no manual toil. He had not made any shoes for some time, and although he proposed plowing the field of a peasant woman whose husband was in jail for bone stealing, he did not actually get between the stilts. He really did not seem to have sufficient physical strength to do a long day's hard work. He was ailing, and, as he said, rejoicing in the consciousness that every day brought him nearer to death. We were all much concerned at the evident frailty of his constitution. The previous year, when he had hurt his foot against a cart wheel, he had been laid up for months. This year he was far from well, but he refused to have any advice from a doctor.

Physic and the healing art he held in profound disdain, and it was an attempt to secure the advice of the first physician in Moscow which precipitated the pilgrimage from Moscow to Yasnaia Poliana in the spring of this year. The vegetarian regimen which he has adopted was doing him no good. He was steadily pressing forward along the ascetic path. Until last year he enjoyed the cigarette; now tobacco, like wine and fresh meat, is tabooed. The son smokes, but not the father. Meat is served at dinner and supper, but he contented himself with curds, spinach or vegetables. He still allowed himself tea, almost the only luxury left. Like Gen. Booth, Count Tolstoi is not yet "saved from tea." But that also will probably speedily follow the rest of the superfluities which have been discarded in the pursuit of the simplification of life.—W. T. Stead in St. Louis Republic.

A Life Saving Dress.

The problem of a life saving dress which shall be what its name implies is one that has often been attempted, but in one point or other is as yet unsolved. A Michigan diver claims, however, to have discovered a solution.

The dress is a combination of a diver's suit and the famous Paul Boyton rig. It differs from the latter in that it is not inflated, and resembles the former in that a helmet with contrivances for seeing and breathing forms part of the outfit. The principal garment resembles a child's nightdress, being wide enough at the neck to admit the body, and possessing arms and legs. The neckband is fastened with a simple contrivance, and it is claimed that by means of a series of overlapping folds in the junction between the headpiece and the lower garment a person incased can breathe freely.

Around the waist is a peculiarly constructed life preserver, capable of supporting ten times the weight of a large man, and at the feet are leaden soles, the object of which is to maintain the wearer in an upright position in the water. It is claimed that a person can rig himself or herself—the garment is fitted for women as well as men—inside of two minutes, and that when once incased sinking is an absolute impossibility. The inventor claims that fully 50 per cent. of people who are supposed to have been drowned are in reality killed by exposure. To obviate this difficulty the rubber suit is constructed with a view to retaining the heat of the human body and at the same time to protect it from the water.—Chicago Tribune.

Peculiar to the Trade.

There is one thing peculiar to the hat and cap trade, and that is the manner in which stocks are ordered. By correspondence we agree with different manufacturers on a date on which we will meet their representatives. Half a dozen companies, for instance, manufacture a similar class of goods. We don't want to go east and visit each of the factories, and we don't want to visit one and buy there. Neither do we want to have one agent call on us one week, another another week, and so on. Hence the arrangement for the agents of competing houses to meet us at the same time, the result apparently being satisfactory to all concerned.

It does seem quite novel to see half a dozen or more names written on a hotel register, one after the other, all from New York, and to be told they are drummers for one line. The hotel clerk will probably tell you they are hat men, when, of course, if you are suspicious, you immediately begin to form a frame work for a trust, or at least a combination on prices. I presume this is the only branch of business in which this is likely to happen. It is possible in ours mainly for the reason that all styles and purchases are made away in advance of the season. For instance, though winter goods, ordered months ago, are not all in yet, we are now ordering for spring and summer, and have been for two weeks.—Hat Dealer in Globe-Democrat.

A Frenchman's Dish of Snails.

The snail is to American eyes a nauseating, slimy creature, and the thought of eating one makes one's gorge rise. Not so, however, to the Frenchman, who looks upon this proverbially slow traveler as the most delicious morsel that the epicurean can roll beneath his tongue. He has not in mind the American snail that draws his length along the stone wall and is of small size, but his gigantic brother that abounds in certain parts of France and England and feeds off the tender cabbage plant. The process that leads to his presence on the table is interesting and peculiarly French. In the first place he is immersed in water and scrubbed, then he is covered with salt until all his slime is withdrawn; next he is bathed again in salt water, then he is left for some time in a solution made from all the appetizing herbs and spices. The cooking is the next process, and with wine and one of those mysterious sauces known only to the chef Francaise, he is served. The Parisian first views the dish lovingly, and then, raising the shell to his lips, he closes his eyes and gently draws into his mouth the succulent morsel, leaving the shell empty. To the novice the idea is revolting, but after the first trial—oh my!—Albany Argus.

Courtesy of the Spaniards.

As I was opening the door of the dining room to pass out a Spaniard approached, and I, knowing the great courtesy of Spaniards, determined to be courteous, too, and so held the door for him to pass out first, which he did almost unconsciously; then suddenly finding that he had passed out before me, while I held the door, he turned most apologetically to me and repeatedly expressed his regret.

I shall not soon forget his tone, nor the feeling of concern which was shown in his countenance. Of course I gave him the proper assurances as best I could; and then, to ease his mind, I asked him a question which I did not need to ask about the postage of a newspaper to England, and this he took pains to answer.—"All Round Spain."

For Her Pretty Face.

When one gives one's picture to one's best young man one gives him, not a photograph, but a pastel. The colorless presentments of the sun pictures, so unfaithful since the progress of "retouching," are banished in the days or months of romance, making place for delicate, poetic faces rising out of soft gray mists with tender, shining eyes. If the young man appreciates the portrait he is supposed to set it in a frame of ivory cut into the semblance of a wreath of flowers before he exposes it to view upon his desk. Ivory picked out with gold is prettier, ivory and silver go very well. A jeweled frame of enameled flowers—lilies of the valley, rosebuds, Parma violets—corresponding to the floral image under which he pictures his inamorata, is the finest and the costliest of all. If it is the best young man who has given his portrait to the pretty girl she does not frame it to stand upon her desk at all. That is no longer the way. She circles it with an oval rim of gold and hangs it about her neck by a ribbon, not in sight, mind you, in the good old love making way.—St. Paul Globe.

Art of Marking Books.

There are many ways of marking books; and you should have the art of all of them. If you wish to refer only to a passage draw a bit of pencil line along the edge, and then set down the number of the page on a fly leaf. So when you are through with a volume you look at the fly leaf and refer to the pages where there are points of importance, and you can use them as you please. But, alas, if one do finish a book, and there has been [illegible]e passage of note, and not one idea [illegible] and not even provocation [illegible] a book is that! We should

A TRAMP'S PHILOSOPHY.

HE ASKED THE REPORTER FOR A QUARTER AND EARNED IT.

Illustrious Men Who Are Claimed by the Fraternity—The Good Qualities Possessed by the Genuine Article of Tramp—Foolish Prejudice Against Dirt.

"Yes, I am a tramp, pure and simple. Ashamed of it, do you ask? Why should I be?"

The most wretched man that ever invaded the domain of the Bridewell was not sorrier looking or dirtier than the invidual who spoke these words. He stopped The Herald reporter on his way home near the corner of Wells and Kinzie streets, to ask for a quarter. The reporter, after rapidly taking in the healthy looking form of the beggar, denounced him as a tramp, and was about to pass on when he was arrested by the words quoted, which were uttered in tones of wondrous richness.

"I have no use for tramps," the reporter replied.

"There are tramps and tramps," said the man, not the least disconcerted. "I grant you there are men of my calling who violate the eighth commandment. So, doubtless, there are men of yours, whatever it may be. The Saviour had his Iscariot, but shall you say in consequence that Peter, John and Bartholomew were traitors and scoundrels?"

HE CLAIMED ENOUGH.

"Is there a case upon record of a tramp who was of any use to himself or his generation?"

"A thousand might readily be named. What was Jacob when he fled from the wrath of Esau, and raised his bethel in the robber infested wilderness? Have you not heard of Cadmus, the Phœnician, who introduced letters into Europe? His restless spirit caused him to sail up and down the Mediterranean, and, doubtless, oftentimes to go far out upon the swollen waters of the great Atlantic. Going back in history, is there not Moses, who for forty years tramped to and fro in the desert, idle and indifferent, gathering his food as it fell from the clouds? Pompey, Cæsar and Anthony were very princes of tramps, betaking themselves here and there, wherever there was novelty of scenery or rich treasuries to be despoiled. Columbus was a very illustrious member of my confraternity, dying as he lived, as veritable a nomad as the swart Arabs of the sandy wastes of the old world. The spirit of the rover was stamped indelibly on Napoleon, so that not even the seductive blandishments of an imperial court could enchain him within the precincts of Paris, the beautiful. Tramps!" he continued, after a very brief pause, raising his voice and talking rapidly. "What but tramps were Cook, Magellan, Behring, Dr. Kane, Gordon Cummin, Livingstone, Stanley and the entire army of travelers and vayageurs. What are you, sir?" he asked sharply, turning upon the reporter.

"Precisely," he continued after he had been truthfully answered. "I had thought as much. Let me tell you that honored as your calling is, I do not fear to enter the lists with you and volunteer to name a Roland of a distinguished tramp for every Oliver of an illustrious journalist you may recall."

"What quality, for instance, do you possess that fits you to be classed with the long line of illustrious individuals whom you have named?"

"I might name a thousand had you time or patience to hear. Primarily I am educated. The child of wealthy parents, I had, first, a private tutor; then instruction in an academy, and finally I completed the full course at one of our leading universities. I am now 36. Until three years since, when I entered the large army of which I am now a member, I was a great reader, devouring all kinds of books that came in my way. Since I began my travels I have not read books so earnestly, because of the petty prejudice of vulgar minds, which decline to come in close contact with men who are, as I am, a trifle negligent in their attire.

"It is all a matter of taste. I am not sympathetic. My father being rich I was raised in luxury and became selfish. I never employed my mind in aught but reading, and was trained to esteem all mankind as robbers ready to prey upon me and all the other scions of wealth. The old gentleman, my sire, in his declining years went on Wall street, and in a year his great fortune was swallowed up. He was so silly as to be honest and refused to save aught from the wreck. The mortification of the thing killed him and my mother, both dying within a month after his failure. My jewels, fine clothes and the thousand or two of pocket money my father had given me kept me in idleness for four or five months. One morning I awoke to the fact that I was absolutely penniless and friendless. After mature deliberation I resolved to let the world I despised care for me, while I cultivated my love for travel and observation. I love nature, I have no petty vices, am honest, truthful and virtuous."

LENDING TO THE LORD.

"But you are a beggar. You stopped me to beg a quarter."

"That is very true. But am I alone in this? Is not the world crowded with beggars? Do not grave senators beg their seats? Is there an officeholder in all this broad land who does not owe his place to his piteous pleadings? Did you ever attend a church that failed to shove a contribution box under your nose? Is there a merchant, lawyer, doctor, or manufacturer who begs not for patronage and support?"

"Those men, however, give something in return."

"While I do the same thing. All systems of religion declare it is more blessed to give than to receive. Why, I declare to you that full a thousand times my own heart has beaten with gladness as I have seen the happiness upon the face of a good woman after she had passed over to me food I had asked for. These good people are trained to believe that 'he who gives to the poor lends to the Lord,' and when they give to me they fully believe they are laying up treasures in heaven.

"It is true the tramp is dirty, but Diogenes, who was a philosopher of some merit, though he lived in a tub never used one for bathing purposes. His garments were not as respectable as mine, nor was his person as cleanly. If you were a reader of theological history you would know that the Eastern bishops present at the first Nicene council, which met to discuss and settle the matter of the divinity of Christ, were so filthy in their habits and so afflicted with vermin that the Western bishops sat apart from them in the council chamber. Yet were Diogenes and those bishops famous, despite their lack of personal cleanliness. The Russian people are decidedly averse, as a class, to water. Yet Russia is a great nation. There is too great prejudice against dirt, anyway, since out of it comes all our food, and, indirectly, our raiment."

"But you fellows are dishonest; you steal."

"Possibly some do, but, as a class we are as honest as other people, and at the most we do but take when hunger drives us to it, and are content with sufficient food for a single meal. You will find no burglars, safe blowers, defaulting cashiers or treasurers in our number. We do not fill the penitentiaries or other alleged reformatories."

The tramp got the quarter.—Chicago Herald.

What Statistics Say.

Insurance statistics lead to the remark of a contemporary that Americans of the middle and upper classes are healthier and longer lived than Englishmen.

As the old man grows more and more blundering, if he will grow more careful it will go far to counterbalance that infirmity.

Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of debts of a firm, except in cases of special partnership.

One principal part of a teacher's business is to keep his pupil from being too easily satisfied.

Difficulty is the very school of culture and progress.—O. Dewey.

A curious notion in table decoration is to have the center of the table made into a little pond in which crabs and lobsters are seen and even fish are paddling about.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

The[illegible]ook on dancing estimates [illegible]ltzes are equal to about [illegible]traight work.

[illegible] became [illegible]

WAYS THAT ARE DARK.

Giving Away Dice Boxes—Why the Cards Were "Sacrificed."

A dapper looking young man dropped in at a Dearborn street resort one day not long ago and inquired for the proprietor. When informed by the white aproned young man who caters to the thirst of the customers in the absence of the proprietor that the latter was not in, the dapper young man unwrapped a package which he carried and produced a new dice box containing the regulation five dice. He stated that he represented a certain patent medicine, the proprietors of which thought of giving out these dice boxes as an advertisement, and, if he succeeded in placing enough of them to make it an object, he would come around later and stencil an advertisement on the boxes. He begged permission to leave that one for the proprietor, with his compliments, and, as the dice boxes in use were somewhat shabby, the white aproned man gladly accepted the new one and thanked the dapper youth. When the proprietor turned up a little later he was pleased with the gift and threw away the old boxes.

On the following afternoon a party of well dressed men entered the place, called for the dice box, and proceeded to shake for the drinks. After two or three rounds the men began to shake for "a quarter a corner" and then $1. The proprietor, who was behind the bar, noticed that the big man who proposed the shaking for money was the heaviest winner, and, in the course of the afternoon, one of the proprietor's friends, who had gone into the game, lost $90, the bulk of which went to the big man. There was something peculiar in the way in which he handled the box, and, after he left, the proprietor examined it carefully.

While he was thus engaged an old friend of his, who had for years traveled with a circus, came in. He knows all of the tricks with dice, and, when asked if there was anything wrong with this particular outfit, he picked it up, looked at it, and then said: "Yes, it's what is called a California smooth box, and in practiced hands it is a sure thing. You notice that the inside of the box is as smooth as glass and that the dice are perfect cubes, with square corners. The man who understands it can shake two pair 'on the square,' and when he picks up the odd die he can slide it into the box with the desired spots on the upper face, shake it up and down carefully, and the same spots will slide out and fill the hand—like this," and the circus man demonstrated the idea. The proprietor readily saw that the box had been "planted" there by the big fellow's confederate, the alleged patent medicine man, and he now retains it as a curiosity, but allows no one to shake with it.

Some months ago this proprietor was deceived in another way. It was just after Mayor Roche's edict against gambling had gone forth and the sports had begun to realize that wide open gambling was done for for the time being, and were beginning to seek fresh fields and pastures new if they could muster the price of a railroad ticket. One day a certain well known sport dropped in at this same place and quietly informed the proprietor that he was hungry, had no money to buy a meal, and his sole assets consisted of three packs of cards, which he had saved from the clutches of the police at the last "pull." He offered to sacrifice them for twenty-five cents per pack, and, as the proprietor's customers often indulged in a little game in the back room, and he was out of cards just then, he bought them, and the sport withdrew with seventy-five cents.

About two or three days later in came a party of young fellows, who had a few drinks and then asked the privilege of indulging in a small game. They were furnished with one of the three packs of cards and went into the room. When the proprietor went into the room a few minutes later to take the party's order he noticed that the greater part of the chips and cards had accumulated in front of a sport whom he knew to be a friend of the fellow who sold him the cards, and when he went out he examined the backs of the other two packs, and found them marked ingeniously. He invented an excuse to break up the game, and then he burned the cards. Just now he is wondering if his eye teeth are through yet.—Chicago Herald.

MAKING WAX FIGURES.

Through the Boiling Pot, the Mold and the Eye and Hair Artists.

A smiling young lady seated at a piano in a large show window on State street attracted crowds last week. She was pretty enough to catch the masculine eye and sufficiently well dressed to hold the feminine critics. But, despite the constant scrutiny of the ever changing crowd, the young lady never changed her position. The smile that parted her lips did not change; her fingers, raised an inch above the piano, never struck them once—all for the best of reasons. She wasn't a real young lady—though she looked it, especially in the gaslight—but only a wax one. A young man curious to know something of the method of her construction climbed up to the top story of the Eden Musee in company with the superintendent, emerging into a small room in the rear of the building. Two or three men were at work, one stirring a steaming mixture in an iron pot over an oil stove, another daubing plaster over a mold. Headless corpses were everywhere. They stood on platforms, underneath tables and in corners. In a small anteroom a whole collection was piled up. The limbs of some were contorted and bent as though in awful agony. The active young superintendent opened boxes and cupboards and drew out heads of men and women, old and young, beautiful and ugly, some without eyes or hair, others looking startlingly real. From another set of drawers he pulled dozens of hands and laid them beside the heads.

"There," said he, "are all the parts of an image which are made out of wax. There is no such thing as a wax figure. The figures—the torsos—are made out of papier mache. A wax torso, even when it is lined with an iron framework, does not give a satisfactory effect. The process of making the papier mache bodies is precisely that of the heads and hands."

"And what is that?"

"A work that requires seven persons to complete. The first step is to make a miniature model in clay of the figure or group that is to be represented. From it we get some idea of the effect. When all details are decided upon the sculptor models the figure life size in clay, the same as would be done if it were to be chiseled in marble or cast in bronze. The hands are omitted. They are modeled from life always. Next the molder prepares a plaster paris cast in sections from the model, and into this the wax is poured by the waxworker. If the result does not satisfy the sculptor the head is remelted. No attempt is ever made to change a head. The mold is simply broken up and a new model made. The head goes next to a woman, who inserts the hair, eyebrows, eyelashes, and beard. A little instrument with two or three sharp needle points is used for this. She works rapidly, more so than any of the others. The sculptor, after the glass eyes are put into the socket, then takes the head and finishes it. Its color is pale pink, and he gives it the hue of the human face, and by various means makes its surface look like skin. Meanwhile the costumer has been at work dressing the torso and the carpenter fixing it upon a pedestal. The head and hands are joined to it and it is ready for exhibition."

"How long does all this take?"

"It depends upon the sculptor entirely. Figures nowadays are mostly portraits, and in modeling one, especially of a contemporary individual, the sculptor is likely to make half a dozen models before the correct one is hit. The figure of Thurman, for instance, required a great deal of preliminary study. The sculptor had to see him several times, to observe most closely various details, such as the expression of his face in varying moods, the size of his head, color of his eyes—can any man tell the color of his nearest friend's eyes? —the way his hair was arranged, his weight, carriage, etc. Little details, such as the ear, occupy the artist a day sometimes. He cannot be hurried. Sometimes two weeks is required to model a single figure. No, sculptors rarely model direct from life, except in the case of the hands, although instances are known of their having done so. They prefer a photograph and rely upon their memories for details in making a head. But they always mold hands from life. No artist in the world can exactly represent that wonderful human member, with all its thousand lines, creases and its ex[illegible] for the hands have expressions. [illegible] high as $300. The hair on t[illegible] of Mrs. Langtry cost $[illegible] important and expe[illegible] costume."—Chicago [illegible]

If sick headache [illegible]
Carter's Little Liv[illegible]

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SICK

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HEAD

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