

**The Spiritual Railway.**  
Middleton (N. Y.) Times.  
The following verses composed by the late Mrs. Emeline Tucker in 1864, were found by her husband, Mr. S. S. Tucker, of Highland avenue, among the contents of a secretary:  
The line to Heaven by Christ was made;  
With Heavenly truth the rails are laid;  
From earth to Heaven the line extends—  
To life eternal, where it ends.  
Repentance is the station then  
Where passengers are taken in;  
No fee for them is there to pay,  
For Jesus is Himself the way.  
The Bible then is engineer,  
Though it points the way to Heaven so clear,  
Through tunnels dark and dreary here  
It does the way to glory steer.  
God's love the fire. His truth the steam  
Which draws the engine and the train;  
All you who would to glory ride  
Must come to Christ, in Him abide.  
The first and second and third class,  
Repentance, faith and holiness  
You must the way to glory gain,  
Or you with Christ will never reign.  
Come, then, poor sinners, now's the time  
At any place upon the line;  
If you repent and turn, from sin,  
The train will stop and take you in.

## A CITY BOARDER.

SHE'S goin' to take a little exercise," said Mrs. Hinkley to her husband, as he came up, hot and red, for a drink of water from the well, and looking down the road, he saw a smart, strange figure strolling along by the wayside.  
"Oh, she is, is she?" responded the farmer, dryly.  
He loosened the windlass and dropped the bucket down into the cool depths as he answered.  
"And she's rigged out to kill in a sprigged muslin, just covered with lace ruffles!" went on his wife, with an aggravated eye which only a woman could feel; "and ribbons, my! no end of 'em, and a big Leghorn hat, loaded down with flowers, and a white pair of socks. If she wears them things common, what can she have for meatin', Jabez?"  
Whatever was opinion Jabez may have entertained it was lost to the world, being uttered inarticulately from the bottom of a large tin dipper.  
"White shoes and stockin's too, and a pink silk petticoat. My land, what are folks comin' to? I read a piece in the paper the other day sayin' they was fash'able, but I never s'posed 'twas anything but newspaper talk. Her father must be pretty well off. She thought mebbe she'd walk up on the hill to see the view. She says she's dreadful fond of nature."  
"Humph!" Farmer Hinkley mopped his fevered brow. "Wal, it's lucky she's fond of it, for that's about all there is goin' on round here. She wants to learn to milk." His great sunburned face shone with amusement, and he winked one blue eye under the shaggy brow that half hid it. "I guess I'll learn her with Spot y." "Ain't Spot the one that kicks so?" Her husband nodded.  
"Wal, she ain't do no such thing, Jabez Hinkley. Ain't you ashamed of yourself? She's real pretty spoken, and I ain't have no tricks played on her while she stays here. My! I guess if there ain't nothing was about faster than their bein' dresy, they'll have to fill up the aisles in heaven with camp chairs to git 'em all in."  
"Wal, I'm goin' back. I guess we shall git that hay in this mornin'. I want to hurry 'em up so as to take hold of the ten-acre lot to-morrow. You be sure and ring the dinner-bell good and loud so's I shall hear it."  
"You come in right off when I ring an' clean up a little. You ain't goin' to set down to the table in your shirt sleeves, now we've got boarders."  
If Jabez Hinkley had been born in Paris he would have shrugged his shoulders as he walked off. But as the only world he had ever looked upon was up among the New Hampshire hills, the only expression he gave to his feelings upon the subject of dressing for dinner was to jam his dilapidated straw hat down firmly on his head and hitch up his trousers before he made his way out again into the broiling sunshine of the July day.  
Mrs. Hinkley forgot all about her pies in the oven. A deeper feminine note than her housekeeping pride had been touched, and she stood under the big elm by the well, gazing off persistently upon the stretch of yellow road that wound past the farm gate and up Buzzard's hill. A turning had hid the solitary walker momentarily from sight, but presently the figure appeared again, relieved jauntily against the sky, with the white parasol like a nimbus round its head. There was a coquettish worldliness about its slender height, suggesting forcibly the Newport Casino or the beach at Narragansett Pier or the Fish Pond at Rodick's, and a graceful ease in its languid gait which could only have been acquired on city pavements. But these were lost upon the observer, whose eyes rested hungrily upon the crisp white gown invested with the indescribable something of style and distinction recognized and offered homage by every woman whatever her degree. Poor Mrs. Hinkley had never owned a well-fitting dress in her life. She had never seen one of Doucet's masterpieces before. And yet such is the power of genius that her humble ignorance bowed down before it instinctively, and a great sigh stirred the folds of faded brown calico upon her capacious bosom.  
"I guess," she said to herself in astute reflection, "I guess she has her things made out!"  
Ah, didn't she have her things made out! Miss Mary Grinnell's poor papa could have answered for that as he filed away the bills for her summer wardrobe—an array of marvellous confections intended to do execution at half a dozen watering places. Why, after all these expensive preparations made with gleeful anticipations, his charming daughter should have elected Matilda, on a New Hampshire farm, was a mystery that this wise parent did not attempt to solve. He simply set it down at once as one of those things never to be revealed, like the whereabouts of the north pole and the real author of Shakespeare's plays, asked no questions, raised no objections, checked the trunks and saw the two ladies safely and to the train. Aunt Matilda, with a kodak, a library of French fiction, and a small

botanical press, and her niece, wearing a curious half-defiant expression, not at all unbecoming. In fact, it gave her a new attraction in the eyes of a young man who watched the parting from a distance smiling to himself as if secretly amused, and taking his seat in another car as the train rolled out of the station, smothering and puffing mockingly.  
The farmhouse was a blow to Miss Mary's feelings. Its musty chambers closed all the year round, and stiff with the odor of an unused room, its dreadful parlor shrouded in a gloom through which a scanty hair-cloth furniture loomed dimly, and certain lugubrious wax flowers on a mantelpiece could just be made out; its homely sitting room, redolent of past and gone pipe smoking, proved to be more depressing than picturesque. There had been a country supper of baked beans and smoked beef, and soggy bread, and pie and cheese, with plenty of milk, to be sure, but milk just warm from the cow. And then the evening had settled down—the long, lonely summer evening. Aunt Matilda sat by the student lamp inside, absorbed in one of Gyp's novels, and oblivious of mosquitoes, while Mary strolling outside, lingered on the piazza, while a sickly moon peered at her between the pine boughs, and through the air, sweet with the scent of honeysuckle, came the shrill squeak of the cricket and the complaining of a whip-poor-will. It was not a silence—and yet stiller than any silence could be. She cried herself to sleep by and by.  
But with the morning her elastic young spirits revived. In a freak of mischief she drew out from her boxes the elaborate and very unbecoming toilet which she had stored Mrs. Hinkley's soul to its depths and she appeared at the breakfast table as a vision of loveliness and freshness at which the shy old farmer gazed entranced and at which Aunt Matilda cried out in severe disapproval. She coaxed and smiled and wheedled until every one grew into a good humor, and as she had started off for her walk even that grim spinster relative bid her good-bye with a relenting heartiness, realizing how effectively the *fin de siècle* figure would come into the landscapes of the Kodak.  
Mary walked along with the pale dust gathering on the little white shoes and the pink lining of the white parasol deepening the bloom on her dimpled cheeks. Very pleasant the country road, gazed upon such a charming picture in all the centuries of its existence. The walls on either side were smothered in wild roses and tangled blackberry vines, and from the wood-lot not far away a warm wind blew up a fragrance of new-mown hay, while she could hear the farmer calling to his men now and then in a voice which distance made musical. The world looked very fair and bright, and she the brightest, fairest thing in it. Nobody would have dreamed that the heart under the pink sash was very unhappy and almost ready to break. Mary was trying to settle a weighty question in her mind. She knew its truthful answer well enough, but pride and stubbornness made her wilfully blind. She had chosen to come up into the country to think over pros and cons, which were all pros after all. The sun beat down fiercely upon the Leghorn hat as it neared the summit of the little hill. A large oak tree crowned the height, with a seat beneath its boughs, upon which Miss Grinnell seated herself, like a Watteau shepherdess. The view was not very extended, but wooded and shaded in a way that Diaz would have loved, and a small lake lay glittering in the distance out of the green tree tops. It was a peaceful scene, and one well adapted for a reflective mood, and Mary fell into a sort of dream, from which she was at length aroused by a touch upon her hand. Starting up hastily, she gave a cry of surprise. Before her, gazing with great mournful eyes into her own, stood a pretty calf, apparently not at all frightened by the intrusion of a stranger upon his feeding place, and, like Mrs. Hinkley, regarding Doucet's muslin with approval. At first the city-bred damsel was startled. But in a second she saw that he was fastened to an iron stake near that and that his orbit was limited. So she laid down the white parasol and began to pat the intruder on the head, talking softly to him the sort of cooing nonsense with which women always address babies and animals.  
He seemed quite won by these attentions, and Mary was charmed. She rose and walked about, calling him to her. He followed obediently, and she began to think seriously of buying him from the farmer to take back with her for a pet, when suddenly something sent him into a panic. He started back and ran round and round her, frightened her half out of her senses, and before she realized what was happening Mary found herself wound up tightly with the calf and the rope and the stake. At first, her sense of the ridiculous got the better of her terror, and she laughed aloud at the oddity of her position. But in a moment she saw its awkwardness and hopelessness as well, and she struggled to free herself, while the poor calf, in blind bewilderment, ran to and fro, drawing the tangle tighter, and making escape less possible.  
At this critical moment a cool, well-bred voice behind her broke in. "Good evening, Miss Grinnell," it said as politely as if she had been walking down Fifth avenue, instead of in such an absurd plight. Ah, me! The pink-lined parasol was nowhere in comparison with the blush those few words brought out.  
"O, Rob!" she cried. "Save me! Where did you come from? Can't you take me away from this dreadful beast?"  
"Not until you answer me the question I asked you the other night. Do you think it was right to run away and leave me in the lurch, as you did, with no address; and did you suppose I should not hunt you up directly? No, Mary. Come, which is it to be, yes or no? I will drive away the calf whichever it is, but you must answer me one way or the other at once."  
The young man had not smiled, although the picture was funny enough to have sent a stoic into fits of laughter—poor Mary, flushed and tearful, fastened up against the stake, with her white ruffles crushed and ruined, and the innocent calf, pinioned at her side, still fastening his big, watery eyes upon her face.  
"O, Rob!" she said again. "You know I meant yes all the time. We women always do when we say no!"  
Well, they forgot all about the poor calf. Hours later they strolled into supper, having confided in Aunt Matilda, who bestowed a blessing upon them and announced in

majestic tones to the Hinkleys the arrival of her niece's fiancé.  
"He may be a fanny," thought Mrs. Hinkley to herself, nodding sagely, "but if he ain't keepin' company with her, I miss my guess."  
Somehow the supper did not strike Mary as being so dreadful that second night. The farmer thought he had never seen a girl so pretty before, and tried to make conversation.  
"Mother," said he, "what do you think? You know that calf of Spot's that was fastened up on the hill? Wal, I vow of the critter hadn't contrived to git unhitched somehow or other, and there 'twas strollin' round down the road. 'Lonso Briggs' man fetched it back this aft'noon. Cur'ous, ain't it?"  
"Why, wan't you up on the hill, Miss Grinnell?" asked Mr. Hinkley, suddenly. "You didn't see nothin' of the calf, did you, while you was there?"  
"Well, it seems to me I did see one when I first reached the top, but I don't remember noticing it when I came down," said Mary, dimpling and laughing. The young man laughed too.  
"I guess 'twas scared. I guess them flounders and flummies scared it."  
Mr. Hinkley's great bulk shook with amusement. He found himself a real wit. Neither Horace Walpole nor George Selwyn ever felt any greater satisfaction in a bon mot.  
"I guess they did," responded Mary, and the whole table laughed again. There is something contagious in reckless happiness.  
That night Aunt Matilda finished "Monsieur Fred" by the student lamp, and Mary sat out on the piazza again. The moon peered through the pine boughs, too, but this time it wore a smile, while the cricket and the whip-poor-will had tuned their monotony to a major key. Yet still there hung over all the stillness which was not a stillness after all, and Mary cried herself to sleep again. But this time she cried with happiness.  
**Irish Lassies at the Fair.**  
All visitors to the World's Fair will doubtless want to inspect the Irish village which is being arranged under the auspices of the Countess of Aberdeen and Mrs. Ernest Hart. The latter gives the following outline of what it will contain:  
We shall have seven cottages, in which peasant girls and lads from Donegal and elsewhere will be seen at work, weaving, spinning, dyeing, sprigging, carving, etc. The girls will look very pretty in Connemara red petticoats, fishwife skirts and blouses, and scarlet cloaks. In the first cottage will be a precise model of a cottage in Donegal, with undressed walls of granite, with a hooded fireplace and dresser full of bright crockery; a girl will be seen dressing and spinning our famous hand-and-earthen homespuns, the wool of which she gets from the lichen and heather of her native bog outside. There will be an imitation bog fire, and on this the dyer will from time to time place her iron potato-pot, and proceed to dye the wool. This operation is certain to prove immensely attractive to sight-seers, and, as well as the dyer, spinning and bobbin-filling, which will be shown here, is an extremely interesting process.  
In the second cottage there will be linen weaving and embroidery of the famous Kells Art Embroidery; whilst linen damask weaving on a Jacquard handloom and fringe-knotting will go on in the third cottage. Between this and the next cottage will be a model dairy, in which dairymaids will be at work churning and butter-making. I can assure our American cousins they will have a chance of some good butter, as we shall send over some of the world-famed Kerry cows, which will be stabled at the rear. There will also be a pleasant, cool spot here where visitors can rest and drink local milk.  
In the fourth cottage, which is under the special care of the Irish Industries Association, every description of Irish lace will be shown. There will be a Limerick lace worker at her frame, the Torihon lace worker at the pillow, the numerous varieties of point lace, and so forth.  
Sprigging and veining, which are employed in the production of the beautiful handkerchiefs of Belfast, will be shown in the next cottage. The girls of Down are especially noted for their exquisite and delicate work. We have not quite definitely decided about the two remaining cottages, but we shall probably show in the seventh, the wood-carving industry in Ireland, which has reached a really remarkable degree of development when one remembers the workers and teachers are peasant lads. You should see the set of ovals carved by some of my own boys for Lady Aberdeen last year. The expression of the ovals' faces, as well as the execution, was excellent. Other features of our Irish industrial villages will be a replica of Donegal Castle, an old well, and other interesting Celtic memorials. I believe the Irish village will be successful; we shall certainly do our best to make it so."  
**A Rare Egg on Exhibition.**  
A great rarity, in the shape of an Epyornis egg, has been exhibited at the Zoological Society, London. This huge egg is as nearly as possible a foot long, and the specimen in question is valued at about \$500, so that it rivals the egg of the great auk, which fetches such fancy prices. The eggs are occasionally found in Madagascar, but only a few of them have ever turned up. The bird which laid them is only imperfectly known, from fragments.  
**The Girl in the Stern.**  
De Garry—After all there's no exercise so pleasant as rowing.  
Merritt—That's so. When you're out with a pretty girl you always have something nice to look forward to.  
**Cruel Discrimination.**  
Maud—Have you taken any flowers to that delightful, horrible man who cut his wife into bits?  
Edith—No; they have proven him insane. I cannot waste flowers on a lunatic.  
Parents make two very grave mistakes. One is in thinking that a small child doesn't know when it is lying; the other in assuming that the same child doesn't know when its parents are lying.  
Mr. William Erastus Collins, of the Hartford Evening Post, has recently released his girth 12 inches—from 44 to 32

**"HAD HIS OWN WAY."**  
His Life was "a Dream" and She Said He Was Happy.  
When Mr. Youngwife came home that night he sighed dimly, then hoisted his feet to the mantel shelf, after the fashion of a dreaming man, remarks the New York Recorder.  
A light hand was laid on his shoulder, and a silvery voice chirruped:  
"My dear, you mustn't do that; it is such bad form. If you want to rest your tired feet use this lovely little stool that I made, all covered with roses."  
Later on he threw down his paper and yawned.  
"My dear, you mustn't do that. It is such bad form. If you want to put your paper aside, use that lovely little receiver on the wall there, that I embroidered all in violets and pansies."  
Later still he struck a match on his trousers to light his pipe.  
"My dear, you mustn't do that. It is bad form. If you want to strike a match use that lovely little wall mat, with 'Scratch My Back' on it that I embroidered. It was an idea of dear mamma's."  
At breakfast he aimlessly dripped some coffee over a piece of bread.  
"My dear, you mustn't do that. It is such bad form. Never let me see you do that again. Every time you wish to eat toast watch me; my way is exactly the same as that of dear mamma's."  
In the street car he thoughtlessly crossed his feet.  
"My dear," some one whispered, "do not do that. It is such bad form. You know you never would have done that before we were married. It is something mamma told me to be particularly careful about."  
Next evening he threw his shaving paper in the woodbox.  
"My dear, you mustn't do that. It is such bad form. Mamma always makes papa throw his papers in the fire. Use that lovely little holder filled with cute little red, white and blue shaving papers, all embroidered with forget-me-nots, just as mamma planned out for you."  
After the funeral, two months later, she was saying, as she untied the black strings of her mourning bonnet, and a few friends remained to console her:  
"Dear Tommy, I—I never knew what killed him. He was so good, and we were growing more and more like each other every day."  
"Yes," said Mrs. McGann, sympathetically, "he had his own way in everything. He was so good about the house. We never had a cross word. Then, when I thought our lives were a dream, he just up and died."  
"It is sad," sobbed Mrs. McGann.  
"It is, indeed, and now, kind friends, leave me while I throw off these things, put on my kitchen apron and dust up and sweep up the house. Dear Tommy was such a lover of order, he could not sleep well in his grave if he thought there was a lint on the floor. After that I will sit down, gaze at his photograph and let my flood of grief have full sway."

**MATIE SMITH'S NEW ARMS.**  
The Little Girl is Fitted with Mechanical Limbs and is Happy.  
Little Katie Smith, who some months ago lost both upper limbs from the effect of burns received from a red-hot stove, was yesterday given a pair of new arms.  
With Rev. Dr. F. N. Gregg and Miss Agnes Gregg, whose especial charge she is, the little girl visited the establishment of the makers of artificial arms, and the mechanical limbs were fitted to her. Within a few minutes she had gotten somewhat used to them, and used them in a manner astonishing even to the maker.  
The arms are really wonderful pieces of mechanism. Four months of time and several hundreds of dollars have been expended in their construction. The maker first found a little girl, Miss Katie Holcomb, of Ravensworth, who is about Katie's build, and took plaster moulds of her arms. From these moulds a plaster cast was made and from that a metal cast. Over this the aluminum arms were made. A single artificial muscle in the form of a cord and pulley is supplied each arm, operating by the motion of the shoulder muscles. The fingers of each hand are so jointed that the hand may be fixed in any of the natural positions. The maker proposes when Katie has gotten more accustomed to the arms to introduce another artificial muscle by which the fingers may be fixed or extended. Each hand is detached at the wrist the right uncovering a fixed fork and the left a spoon. Katie tried these yesterday and showed that she would soon be able to feed herself.  
These arms were a present to the little girl from the makers, Charles Trux, Greene & Co., who were asked for a cash subscription some months ago when the fund was being collected, but preferred to contribute a pair of arms.  
Mr. Gregg, Assistant General Superintendent of the Children's Home Society, whose ward Katie says she is, says the little girl is developing marked talent as an elocutionist and that she will undoubtedly be able to support herself. An entertainment for a little country town is already arranged.—Chicago Inter Ocean.  
**The Indians and the Elevator.**  
Grim old Chief Standing Bear of the Sioux, Black Eagle, Lost Horse and several other wild Indians, composing a delegation from the plains, were in San Francisco a short time since. When they made their first trip in a 10-story elevator they thought the building was on an upward flight to the happy hunting grounds, and they commenced a ghost-dance with weird songs and wild war-whoops. When they were about half-way up they gasped with terrible contortions and placed their hands upon their belts. The elevator boy was so frightened at the actions of the Indians that he bolted from the cage at the upper floor and started to run down stairs with Black Eagle and the rest after him. They thought that was the proper thing to do and did not realize that the boy was frightened out of his wits. The Indians, unused to stairs, fell in a heap and the boy escaped. It took an interpreter half a day to explain the situation to the Indians and induce them to put away their tomahawks.  
**Where He Wanted It.**  
Justice Stephen J. Field, of the United States Supreme Court, told me that while Cyrus was engaged in the struggles preliminary to the laying of the first cable his wife said to him one day:  
"Cyrus, I wish that cable of yours was at the bottom of the sea."  
"My dear," he answered calmly, "that's just where I wish it was."  
**A Compliment on Ice.**  
Mrs. Gadd—You do not show your age at all.  
Mrs. Gabb (delighted)—Don't I?  
Mrs. Gadd—No! I see you've scratched it out of your family Bible.  
Arabi Pasha has been given nominal charge of a Ceylon tea garden, with \$5,000 a year simply for the use of his name. Arabi the black.  
Mrs. Alright—John, I do wish I could cook like your mother did. Mr. Alright—You have enough to answer for already, Hetty, without that.  
**Syrup of Figs**  
ONE ENJOYS  
Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.  
Syrup of Figs is for sale in 75c bottles by all leading druggists. Have it on hand who may not have it, or who may not wish to try it. Manufactured only by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.