

Pretty and Pathetic.

PRINCE AND FLOWER-SELLER.

A pretty story of the late Emperor Frederick is told in one of the German papers. Some years ago, shortly before the death of the old Emperor of Germany, a tall, handsome gentleman jumped into a third-class carriage of a local railway at Berlin, just as the train was leaving the station. An old flower-seller, with a basketful of newly-cut hyacinths, was the only other occupant of the compartment. He asked the old dame to sell him a bunch, and, mollified by his suave manner, she chose the freshest and largest, and handed it to him. Its price was a penny, but as the gentleman had no coppers, and the old woman no change, no having sold any of her goods yet, she was paid with a mark piece, which, as she said at once was a thing that had never been heard of before in a third-class carriage.

Presently the stranger and the flower-seller were deep in conversation, and it turned out that the poor woman was the only breadwinner of a family of four. Her son was crippled, her granddaughter a little schoolgirl, and her husband had for some months past been out of work since a new railway official had dismissed him as being too old to do much work. The stranger then suggested that she should apply, on her husband's behalf, to the railway authorities. "That is no good whatever," she replied, as she wiped her tears with her apron. "If you haven't the Pope for your cousin nowadays, you can't get anybody to listen to you." "Then try the Emperor," the stranger went on. "Alas!" she sighed, "if the old gentleman was allowed to see the petition that are sent, it might do some good, but he does not get to know about us poor people."

"Well, then, let your husband write to the Crown Prince." "Yes," she said, "he might do that," and she would tell him so as soon as she had sold her flowers. By this time the train had got to the terminus, the old dame handed out her basket, and noticed with astonishment that the officials and the crowd on the platform looked at her carriage, and saluted and cheered.

"What's up?" she asked. "Why, the Crown Prince was in the same compartment with you!" Then the flower-seller held her head high and told every syllable of what had happened to the delighted crowd. Her flowers were sold before five minutes were over, and a fortnight afterward her husband was at work again in his old place.

HOW BILL CROSSED THE DIVIDE.

Bill raised himself tremblingly upon his arm and looked at me with a strange pallor gathering in his face. I was alarmed and tried to persuade him to lie down. But he would not and remained in his upright posture, resting against me for support.

"Ralph," he said in a hoarse whisper, "do you remember the time we crossed the divide together and went to prospect on the slope?"

"Yes, Bill," I answered soothingly, "but we'll talk about that some other time. You must be quiet now."

"I can't be quiet, Ralph, I'm running down—I can't last long an' I must speak, Ralph!"

"Yes, Bill?"

"We had a hard tussle when we crossed the divide, didn't we?"

"It was a rough trip, Bill."

"But we kept cheerin' each other on by talkin' about the Golden Gate an' the yaller dust we was goin' to git—didn't we?"

"Yes, Bill."

"We were goin' to become rich in a few months, Ralph, but that was thirty years ago, an' here we are in the same old rut."

I did not speak and Bill continued:

"An' the Golden Gate—there wasn't much sparkle about that, was there?"

"Only rocks, Bill."

Then Bill was silent. His head fell on his breast and I was about to lay him down when he roused up and whispered:

"Ralph, old friend, an' I goin' to find any gold across the divide?"

I could not answer him. My heart was full and I turned from his pleading eyes.

"Cause I can see the white tops of the mountains," he went on, shading his eyes with one trembling hand and looking up at the dark rafters, "an' they're a harder range than the Rockies, Ralph," he shivered. "There's a cold wind comes down from the snow an' ice on their tops an' it makes me cold. Let me lie down, Ralph, an' cover me up. There—thank you, old boy. I'm afraid," he added after a pause, "that my life ain't been right—I'm afraid I shan't find anythin' but rocks when I get over there. No Golden Gate," he mused wearily, as his eyes closed, "only rocks—rocks."

And I wept beside him and lived an age

in the hours of that night. And when the sun came and threw his beams over the lonely mountains my comrade had gone. He had "crossed the divide."

Neighbourly Neighbors.

Many persons indulge in sentimental twaddle about neighborly duty. It is one of the ways by which selfish and indolent people appeal to the sympathies of the more thrifty and liberal-minded, and command their services when they have fallen through their own folly. The good neighbor, in country parlance, is the one who at any time is ready to abandon his own household, or at least let them shift for the time for themselves, in order to recuperate his neighbor's fortune. Poor Mrs. Smith has allowed her baby to eat green apples, therefore thrifty Mrs. Brown, who has repeatedly warned her of the danger, is called up to attend to the infant's colic. Mrs. Smith would not and could not be of the slightest use to Mrs. Brown in any emergency. She will pathetically explain to you that "she never could do anything in anybody else's house. She would like to, but she can't." Mrs. Brown would be considered a bad neighbor if she did not do her best to help in such an emergency, it matters not whether her own children contract sickness from the absence of her motherly care. She is one who can help in other people's houses, and it is her neighborly duty to go. Because two persons purchase adjoining residences, it is no reason why they should have any social claim on each other. There is a strongly established idea in the country to the contrary, but it is a fallacy, and one that causes generous, busy women a great deal of needless annoyance and often positive work. It is an easy matter for a selfish woman to obtain from another, through some such pretext, valuable services. A weak woman may become so dependent on the kindly services of her neighbor that she fails to learn the most important lesson of life—self-dependence.

It is of course, delightful to have pleasant, congenial neighbors. It is not an uncommon thing for a number of people who are acquainted and have kindred tastes to live in the same village and the same parts of a city. While it is pleasant to have neighbors with whom we are on familiar social relations, the fact that we are neighbors merely is no reason why such relations should exist. Certainly no one has any reason to be offended if a neighbor chooses to live in retirement, or does not return obsequious calls. Too many of the calls on new neighbors, which are considered a social duty in many districts of the country, are simply prying errands to see if the parlor carpet is genuine brussels or rag, or whether the new neighbor keeps her hair in curl papers at calling hours, or is a good manager or a hopeless slattern, or something else, which is no possible concern of the caller.

Remarkable discoveries have been made at the Lick Observatory, San Jose, Cal. Professor Holden, the director, has secured through the big telescope better photographs of the moon than have been taken anywhere else, and the work of photographing goes on every hour when the satellite is visible. By studying these photographs with a magnifying glass and comparing them, any changes taking place on the surface of the moon may be discovered. The astronomers on Mount Hamilton have discovered some things that nobody else ever saw, but they have not determined whether these are new features or things that are too small to have been seen through a less powerful telescope. For example, upon the top of one of the mountains of the moon the photograph shows a luminous white spot that looks like snow. If that is snow, and if it was not there before, the presence of atmosphere is indicated. It has been believed that the moon has no atmosphere and therefore uninhabitable; but if it should be demonstrated that snow falls upon the surface of the satellite the accepted theory would be upset, and astronomers would begin to study the moon with new and greater interest. Objects upon the moon are detected by their shadows, and a projection or eminence fifty feet high casts a shadow large enough to be seen through the Lick telescope. If Professor Holden, studying his series of photographs, should discover some day a new shadow where none had been cast before when the moon was in the same position and under the same light, he would know that something had been erected upon the surface either a part of the crust upheaved by some internal movements or a building put up by living creatures. The moon appears to be a dead, desolate waste of played out volcanoes and cooled off lava beds, without atmosphere.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Silence is golden; chin music is cheap.

Births exceed the deaths by three every minute. Whisky lowers the man and raises the devil.

Berlin, with 1,315,600 people, has only 26,800 dwellings.

A sewing machine works twelve times as fast as the hand.

When the devil can get the eyes he is sure of the feet.

The people of the United States spent \$600,000,000 in tobacco in 1890.

There is a horse car line in Mexico which is seventy-two miles in length.

Doctors say that the left leg is usually stronger than the right.

The snail is a small fish in the water, but very large fish are often smelt in Summer.

Rosalind—"Are you engaged already?" Beatrice—"No, but I'm ready to be engaged."

"What is that out there in the water?" "It's the bell-buoy." "Why, it's ringing wet!"

Contrary to the proverb, the lawyer who proves himself a necessity usually knows some law.

There are not many offices that seek the men, but a good many of them are looking for pretty stenographers.

Watts—"How is old Gillfillan?" Is he out of danger yet?" Dr. Bowless—"I don't know. He died this morning."

He—"Oh, Miss Jeanie, I just worship you. I am over head—and ears too—in love with you." She—"Oh, Andrew, I can fancy now how deep your love must be."

For stings or bites from any kind of insect apply dampened salt, bound tightly over the spot. It will relieve and usually cure quickly.

A Philadelphian, recently deceased, left \$10,000 to be used to keep a lamp perpetually burning in his memory on an Episcopal church altar.

An appliance has been patented by three Buchanan (Mich.) young men whereby the pneumatic tire on a bicycle is kept inflated by the weight of the rider.

At Munich there is a hospital which is entirely supported by the sale of old steel pen-nibs, collected from all parts of Germany. They are made into watch springs, knives and razors.

A mathematician has computed the movements of a rider's feet while operating a bicycle, and has demonstrated that it requires less exertion to travel fifteen miles on a bicycle than to walk three miles.

Boston's new temperance law is rather peculiar. It permits any man to get tight twice a year without punishment, but if he is arrested for drunkenness the third time his sentence is imprisonment for a year.

An ambitious young preacher occupied the pulpit of a country kirk, in the temporary absence of its minister. The headle, as is usual, failing to reach his pew in time to hear the text announced, whispered to an old wife next whom he seated himself, "Whaur's his grun?" "Grun!" exclaimed the old woman, scornfully. "He has nae grun; he's soonin'!"

Foreign Army Notes.

Saxony's cavalry has a new sword, three inches shorter and considerably lighter than the old one. The blade is straight and the handle is of hard rubber. The new weapon is more easily handled but less dangerous than the one hitherto used.

At Sophia experiments have been made in the last four weeks to ascertain the accuracy of the rapid-firing cannon recently received from the Gruson Works in Magdeburg. At a distance of 5,090 feet, a target representing two field cannon and ten men was almost completely demolished by twenty-five shots. A line of thirty wooden soldiers, lying six feet apart so that only the heads were in sight of the marksmen received twenty-six loads of chain shot and nine of shrapnell. Twenty of the chain shot and forty-one pieces of shrapnell struck fourteen wooden soldiers.

The launching of the armored battle ship Sicilia at Venice last month added another floating monster to Italy's navy. It is but eleven feet shorter than the Sardegna, launched last year in Spezia and said to be the biggest war ship in the world, and is almost the exact counterpart of the Re Umberto, launched in Naples three years ago. The Sicilia carries an armor fourteen inches thick and has forty-eight great guns, besides numerous revolving cannon, mitrailleuse, &c. Like the Sardegna and the Re

Umberto, its crew numbers 673, including 21 officers of the general staff. The speed of the new battle ship is eighteen knots. The Sicilia has cost more than \$5,000,000, has been building since 1883, and will not be fully equipped for action before the summer of 1894.

Several officers of the Australian army have taken the course in military aeronautics at the Victor Silberer Institute in Vienna this year. Numerous trips in all sorts of weather have been made in the two great air ships Budapest and Father Radetzky, yet not a single accident has happened. Several trips were 200 or 300 miles long, and six were made on very stormy days. In most of the ascensions the officers were able to follow pretty closely the direction already determined upon. Landings were made in high winds, and in swamps, rivers and forests, without the slightest injury even to the balloons. The course of instruction will close this month with a series of ascensions by night in captive balloons for the purpose of making observations by means of flash lights.

The programme for the German fall manoeuvres is complete. The Fourth Army Corps, consisting of the Seventh and Eighth Divisions, a division of reserves, and another of cavalry, will go into camp in the vicinity of Erfurt and Gotha on Sept. 12. The two infantry brigades, the regiment of field artillery, and the pioneers, also ordered out for the manoeuvres, will be brought up by rail on Sept. 11 and 12 and will be distributed among the stations between Gotha and Erfurt. For the parade in Erfurt on Sept. 14 the regiment of foot artillery, No. 4, from Jüterbog will also be called in. Thirty thousand men in four divisions will be reviewed at the parade by the Emperor. On the evening of Sept. 14 there will be a grand tattoo of all musicians of the Fourth Corps as well as of the cavalry division, on the Frederick William square in Erfurt. On Sept. 15 the Fourth Corps in two armies will fight a sham battle northwest of Erfurt while the cavalry will proceed toward Cassel to determine the position of the advancing Eleventh Corps. The Fourth Corps will follow the cavalry on Sept. 16. On Sept. 17 the imperial headquarters will be moved from Erfurt to Muhlhausen, and there on Sept. 17 and 18 the manoeuvres of the Fourth Corps against the Eleventh Corps will culminate. On Sept. 19 the two corps will be united and will operate against a third corps of temporary formation. The exact size of the total force involved in the manoeuvres is not yet known. It will probably be about 60,000 to 65,000 men.

Ugly and Pretty Girls.

"No woman can ever afford to under-value beauty," some one sagely says. That she cannot! In the first place, it is very expensive to be plain. Ugly girls never get any drives in the park nor free seats at the theatre; neither ice-cream nor French candy. Indeed, the expensiveness of being an ugly girl is one of the worst things about it; there are no perquisites. She gets none of the plums out of life's pudding, for under the present conditions men do the carving. Hard, is it not, that anybody's destiny in life should be based irrevocably upon an accident over which she has no control, such as having been born with a red head or a pug nose? But this is a law under which women have lived since the beginning of time, and it doesn't give the ugly girls a fair chance, unless they use the wit which is often denied to their sisters, and cultivate a charm of mind or manner until it allures and fascinates mankind more strongly than mere beauty ever can. But there must be something beyond a mere veneer. Behind grace and winsomeness there must certainly be individuality, sympathy, generosity. The woman who would be fascinating must be interested as well as interesting. She must study the man she wishes should study her. She must listen to him a part of the time—not prompt the conversation. She must adapt herself to his moods, and respond to his conditions. She must become not an echo, but rather a corresponding chord of music. On the other hand, she must avoid complaisance. A man likes to be opposed by a pretty woman unless she be his wife. A spice of antagonism, a dash of rebellion, pleases "the brutal sex." Here is a kingdom worth conquering—an enemy worth vanquishing. Beauty is powerful; but the woman who can whet curiosity, penetrate cynicism, and find the heart beneath it, give vague, shadowy hints of her real self, allure, repel, cajole, command, grow scornful and tender in one breath, battle bravely, and yield gracefully, is the woman who succeeds in fascinating, whether she is pretty or plain.