An Old-Fashioned Maid.

She can peel and boil potatoes, make relish of all manner, but she doesn't know a fashionable dinner.

And as well she might, as it follows that propriety gives "Sarah a pattern, but she cannot sell her talents like from antique;

She knows how to set a table and make order out of Babel, but she doesn't know the value of a dress.

Cheap and tasteless I might call her—for of an expert modiste have taught her—but she doesn't know a fashion from mean;

She has quite a firm conviction one ought only to read fiction, and she does not care for science, alias "Sense and Nonsense."

And the way she makes her bonnets, sure is worth a thousand sonnets, but she doesn't know the value of a ruffle;

She can make her wrapper and dress fit a fellow that carries first prize at a county fair.

She is unversed in home complexity, where she has to wall things neatly, but from Brownie and a little elbow-grease;

Well, in fact, she is just a woman, gentle, healthy and human, and her faults she is quite willing to confess.

"Dear foolish to have tarried, as we went off and were married, and I tell you I am mighty glad of it.

—*William M. Leary in Judge.*

THE PRIMA DONNA.

My heart throbbed in exquisite vibration as the curtain fell, like charmed sympathy, from one who knew the tumult of loneliness.

"Thou to whom I live in location,
Come, see yet the shadow we follow.
Though myself do but feel, feel the sorrow,
Hey thou the true, and I'll believe thee.
Well, I'll, thy heart believe.
Let me, Silvia, the instrument."

Resting the gate in the villa wall and finding it open I almost involuntarily entered and, under the shadow of intervening foliage, crept nearer to the singer, as she continued:

"Have thy dalling, spare thy tenderness;
Still seek let beautifully thy pleasure,
Let the shining one be flattering,
Sitting on gem with lustre quivering.
Of the of gill are caught to me,
I would only look on thee."

"Paint for thee the deep sensation;
Rapture in partingall in
The I to thee high warmth feeling,
Hastney in that revealing;
Yet not destroy, if compassed
Is a lone, unfriended breast."

"Oh man!" I muttered; "Where are you hiding? How are you so blind as not to see; so deaf, not to hear; so cruel, not to respond to such a call?"

I felt it was with all my heart, for friendship's pleasure was that for which I longed the ostracy in but revealing was something which I could plainly understand as able to drive away the tumult that lay compressed in my lone, unfriended breast. Resolutely, now, I listened to the last verse:

"Absent still! ah, come and bless me
Lest these eyes again cause thee
Grief, in caution, I could fly thee;
Now, I no shadow of pain
In a look, if death there be,
Come, and I will gaze on thee."

The singer rose slowly when the song was finished and wearily caressed the balcony, gazing through a soft light falling from beyond an open door.

"Leonora!" I cried, trembling as I sprang from the shadows. "You are calling some one."

"Signor Anthony!" she exclaimed stepping back quickly toward the open door. "It is your voice. No! I was not calling any one."

"Do not go away, Leonora," I pleaded. "I did not come to disturb your sweet, I did not know that it was you while I listened to the singing. But now that I know, Leonora, tell who he is and where, and I will fetch him to you from the end of the earth, only in return forgive me and be my friend!"

Is was a curious combination of sentiments, but I did not consider the logical complications and, indeed, had no further desire to, when Leonora replied:

"As much as any one, Signor Anthony, I was thinking of you."

Oh, I could make a weary journey away to Bayreuth, on the Rhine, only to find that Mina was gone! after I had labored for the long years to win her; but I had only to follow the first caution prompting of a moment, only to walk beyond the Roman Gate to discover Leonora, beautiful goddess of the night, waiting for me, thinking of me, calling me. Apparently the balcony and leaning upon the balustrade again, without forethought or consideration, precisely what was in my heart.

"I have been wearily lonely, Leonora. My father has been from Florence more than six months and will not return for years, perhaps. I have done nothing good in my studio, for I cannot without some one to tell me whether I am right or wrong. I am gloomy and unhappy. I have no one to speak to; no one to make me forget myself as you used to. See! I have brought your little purse with me. In its all thus I have to remember you by, and together we have come to ask you if you cannot forget the past and come back again, sunshine, to the studio. I do not mean to act as a model any more, but as a critic to tell me about my work; to talk to me and cheer me as you used to. Will you not come, Leonora?"

I say in form long afterward and innocent, I am sure, of any desire to mitigate the slightest wrong or folly of those days that with all my heart, I meant practically when I said, no more and no less.

Leonora hesitated. I saw it as I leaned upon the wall of the vine-covered balcony and, looking up, pleaded more earnestly:

"Do not say no, Leonora, for if you know how much it would be to me to have you come you would instantly consent."

"Signor Anthony," she said, "the temptation is very pleasing to say pleasant things to women when men willis it. But I am not a silly girl, Signor, though I am poor and ignorant. I very well know that no one would come to me to criticise or tell them anything of the wonderful works of art that are born in Signor Winthrop's studio. This is folly, and what you say is not true."

"Leonora!" I exclaimed, "if I ever disbelieved you you need not believe now. It is true what I said. Did you not make me all that I was that was my glorious once? Had you not made me paint better than I ever painted before? And can you not do it again if you choose?"

"You never dismissed me, Signor," she replied, "and yet it was a very great mistake that I listened to you before. I know I am weak and foolish to be tempted to listen again, but one is always happy to hear that they have made others so, and if you will tell me truly just what is in that you ask of me now, I will think it over and decide."

Comprehending only the longing of my heart for something to mitigate my solitude and loneliness, I repeated from the song she had been singing, which seemed to express my sentiments so perfectly:

"'All I ask is friendship's pleasure.'"

"Friendship? Friendship?" she repeated slowly, in a voice that was so much like the music, so soft and low, that I could not wonder that, unconsciously, I had felt inspiration in my work. "Friendship for how long, Signor?"

"Forever," I replied, determined not again to sacrifice a blessing of my own free will.

"A friendship that shall last forever and be nothing, nothing more?" she asked deliberately and I, seeing in the thought the fitness of my hope, replied, more earnestly:

"A friendship that shall last forever, and be nothing more."

Slowly, very slowly approaching me with that subtle, graceful motion, seeming hardly to move the while, she sang the last lines of the song again:

"Come, in caution, I could fly thee;
Now, I nothing could fear thee.
In a look, if there death there be,
Come, and I will gaze on thee."

And with that, as she reached me, she placed her little hand in mine. It was the first time I had ever touched it, and eagerly clasping it I pressed it passionately to my lips. Then she took the purse that I was holding, looked at it earnestly for a moment, kissed it it and gave it back to me, as, bending over me, she whispered:

"I will come to the studio to-morrow, just before the sun sets. You will have finished your work. Good night."

Oh, the night (for was it Leonora) was marvellously beautiful as I walked back again, through the Roman Gate and down the old avenue of Florence.

CHAPTER XII.

PRINCIPIA'S REASON.

I knew Leonora too well to doubt that she would keep her promise, and, as my impatiently purblind me in the matter, I was actually consumed, for once in my life, of vague, pondering upon the wisdom of what I was doing. When I was alone in my studio, the next morning, after the first flush of joy had changed to calmer satisfaction, I asked myself if it were really, humanly possible to make and keep such a compact. There was a warmth of sentiment in the manner in which we had sealed it that was innocent. Why had she said: "In a look, if death there be?" Possibly because it was so written in the song. Why had she kissed the little purse and given it back to me? Was it simply to assure me of her friendship? Why should she come to me when I had fulfilled my work? It was while I was waiting that I had built her that I smiled her.

So far as I, personally, was concerned no fear accompanied, for I could readily understand my own pleasure in her friendship, and for the rest was I not Mina's? All the world could not have shaken me from that oath. Building, indeed, but a complete misconception of all that I have tried to say of myself could make my action or thought in this matter appear in any way as a conscious fault, helping the sentiments I have toward Mina, or an intuitive of any change in them. Had Mina been with me I should not have thought, much less have hoped, for other friendship, and while that love for Mina was in my heart I saw no possible danger in seeking and repeating external relief from loneliness. My fears were aroused only for Leonora. I wondered if she thoroughly understood, and asked myself if it were possible that I was leading her where my father had warned me by unfriendly entreaty. I even began to dread the approach of sunset, and restlessly occupied with myself a logical and obtuse system by which I should ever guard our friendship, that it might last forever but to the end benefiting me, keeping constantly before Leonora the pledge we had made, and ever building myself so consciously that there should be no danger of a moment of forgetfulness which might lead to a thought of question, suggesting I should be false to the future; such a fault of a philosopher will gratified ignorance make of one who is theoretically wise.

Before the sunset Leonora came. As ever, she was better than her word.

Was it Leonora?

The opal! the smile! the grace! They were Leonora. But where was the pure, ignorant model whose beauty I had begained so long to bless? Had it been light the night before I should, doubtless have asked myself that question then, and had I not been drawn by the singing to the villa, and in the dream been lost to everything but sentiment and Leonora before me I discovered that it was her home, I should, probably then have thought how much the fine it was for the home of a poor model. All this flashed across me, now, when, at last, I could not escape seeing it, for Leonora stood before me, dressed, as only an Italian woman can dress, in that exquisite harmony where the drapery is less than a part of herself, only an inferior answer that is graced by the wearer—not gracing her. Then, her costume was of the most costly fabric, but one could hardly notice it, for it clung about her figure so exquisite in the perfection that, with unconstrictile hesitation I approached her and my heart throbbed as I placed a chair for her.

She shook slightly from before my admiring gaze and a deep flush suffused her cheeks—the first effect of that manly watchfulness that was ever to stand guard for her—saying:

"No, Signor, I may not sit while you are standing, for I am only what you have made of your little model." Then, by fateful chance, her eyes fell upon the canvas at the opposite side of the studio, which, by instinct, she must have known was those which I had painted as the "Sunrise," for, rapidly crossing the room, she lifted the cloth which covered it.

Had I thought of the change which I had made in it I should have put those pictures out of reach, for it was some of those little should be the first work upon which to test the strength of our new compact, and I trembled as I saw the frown that gathered on Leonora's forehead, as, motionless, she stood before "The Night."

My lips were sealed and helpless. Silently I walked the earth. The frown gradually faded from the forehead and a strange smile gathered about the lips; neither of them casting a shadow over the eyes. It was as if those eyes were too deeply engrossed for external expression and must leave the forehead and the lips to betray the sentiment of the heart. What this sentiment was, however, that was thus betrayed, I could only wonder; for I had never seen that look on Leonora's face before. It was sad; it was pathetic; there was something in it that seemed almost heroic. She was very pale. She did not move; she did not turn her eyes from the canvas; but, at length, speaking very low yet so distinctly that every word seemed to pierce me, she said:

"This, Signor, is what I have been since you saw me. Is it not what I was when you painted the "Sunrise." Till then I had been as gaze as the morning. Now I have been as black as the night."

Even that delicate drapery, as she held it in her extended hand, did not tremble or waver, though her words, as she spoke them, fell like poisoned darts upon the motionless figure watching her from across the studio.

Before me stood the most beautiful woman that my eyes ever rested upon. If there in all the world a face and form without a blemish, a beauty that was absolutely perfect, it was this. Sunrise and twilight I stood there, moulding the words which she had spoken upon entering the studio. Then, suddenly coming to myself, I rapidly approached her, almost clutching her by the shoulder as I grasped:

"Leonora! you meant as beautiful as night."

Then she turned upon me. Her eyes met mine, and I trembled under the flashing splendor. She held a delicate hand upon my arm and free caressed nothing through my veins. She spoke. No matter what the words she said, her voice was more than harsh during melody. And yet she said:

"Signor, as black as night."

"God help me!" I cried. "Is this what I have made of my model?"

Then came glistened in those wonderful eyes. The face was as white as marble; as beautiful as the Venus de Medici. With not a quiver in her voice, without a trembling of a nerve, she hurled into my ears and replied:

"Signor Anthony, it was because I loved you. You were rich and proud and I was nothing; yet I loved you. Your father was afraid that my love might injure you. Wait, Signor, you shall speak when it pleases you, but what I say I know. That is why I went away. My heart was numb and bleeding. For a month I would rather have died for my love for you, but I kept away until I turned mad. Then I killed my sorrow; I buried my love and my heart together. I buried them deep, Signor. I buried them forever. They will never trouble me any more. I have been so sad so bad can be alone then, and so she made I am so happy, so happy as the angels. A great nothingness from the South plagued this the hand me sent took me away with him to Rome. For five months I lived such a gay life there as mortal never lived before. Five months! Just think how long it was! It was only a week ago when he thought that it was time that he should be losing some one else, and sent me back to Florence. But I had no broken hopes at parting, this time, oh, no! I came as happy as I went, and happier; for I had lost by disease. And oh, such diamonds! Beautiful diamonds! When I first came to you I was the poor, dear morning. While I was with you—I know you did not know it, Signor—my love for you burned like the midday sun. When I went away I was a sad and dreary evening. And after that, why, then the night, you know. Yes, now I am a clear and cloudless night. I have no more thoughts of sorrow; no more the danger of a broken heart; no more longing any more for love. I am just like the painting. When you began with me we were both of us the sunrise, and now we are both the night. Of course we see what you have made of your model. You need not that I or any one else should tell you how much you have improved upon us both. For all the world you could not turn that painting back to the sunrise it was at first. Oh, no! It is wonderfully changed for the better. No more, Signor, for all the world, would I be what I was when you painted me. That is all. Now you feel better about it. I can see it in your eyes. And if you think we pretty you can take me with you to the Caffe Rossi to supper. Then, if you will allow me to my home, I will change my dress and you can take me to the opera. Oh, I will be very dignified. You must not fear; you shall not blush for me. No soul in Florence knows or ever shall know what I have been, and I will never, never be as it again. I will wear my diamonds. They are real diamonds, and you shall be very, very proud of me. So we will forget the past and be just friends. You behold very soon at as a moment ago, but now you may kiss me, just once, if you like, only to make up, you know."

Madness of bewildered folly! Folly of bewildered madness! I kissed the parted lips that were raised to mine and we left the studio together. Was I sinned and delighted still? On the contrary I think that at that moment and, perhaps, for the first time in my life, I was absolutely satisfied. In the selfish, most intimate and selfish philosophy, I could not have hid a better plot. My fears were plotted and the dread suspense and apprehension which would have wrecked all the pleasure I was tasting, had suddenly disappeared. I no longer trembled lest my timid admission should lower a shadow over Leonora's life. I no longer dreamed that the unfriendly and would be able to keep the compact we had made.

What had I to do with her past or her confession that it should repel me from her? When she had told me once and again that she would not for the world be what she was, should I not believe her? Thus, arguing, I put the world of mother away from me, and without reproach and without question, gave myself unreservedly to the century of friendship's pleasure, which I had found flower in the "Sunrise," and which I had found as dear and pure again in the star of the evening, all unsullied in its lustre, the beautiful Leonora.

CHAPTER XIII.

MAN OR THE WOMAN.

The days were hours. Months flew by in sweet delirium. Leonora became my critic, my model, my friend. She was the soul of every touch of my brush upon the canvas; she was my stillness from every gloomy shadow; my companion in every happy hour. She paced as my model even, and so patiently as when she came first to the studio. She went with me to the Cafe Rossi and was not less refined than the stolidest dame of Florence. She was with me at the opera and she was more beautiful than any. She was the admiration of all my friends in whatever public we found them, and I the object of their health envy, forsooth, the beautiful and accomplished Leonora was my friend.

A year went by, then another was also gone before I realized it had begun, and the compact between us was unbroken. Was it tiring of Leonora? On the contrary, not a day passed that did not find me more dependent upon her, that she did not develop some new charm, some new, remarkable feeling, some unexpected attention. She told very little of her past history, and what she did not tell I refrained from asking; about, knowing well that it might be in some way connected with her secret, which I was by no means eager to probe more deeply and to which she never again alluded. She was an orphan, left alone as a little girl, to the cultured art a convent. She had been taken a month from the confines when I met her first, outside the Roman Gate, after the death of a relative had left her mistress of the picturesque little villa where I found her, and to that returned on coming back from Rome.

But this friendship of ours from Rome, time here, the course would not have run so smooth. Had it been anything, indeed, than what it was, and had she been anyone in all the world but Leonora, is would long ago have become either less or more sweet—or disappointed through his own fantasy. Instead, I waited just as eagerly for her coming. I enjoyed as intensely the drive, the opera and the supper afterward as upon the first week of our friendship. Is is true that I suffered, with a shudder, how we had a change was coming into my work as the result; that such surrounding gave new feeling; that all my favorite aims were material; that every light was fading, every shadow bearing some sentiment of night. "But surely," said I, "this is the man through my darkness of my life by Leonora; for I never knew them so bright and happy since I left that earthly paradise upon the Rhine." I thought it must be the effect of the painting, the "Night," that had stood so long before us in the dusk my eye for color and my disposition at the easel, and, closely covering it, I placed it in the darkest corner of the studio.

My paintings were not commanding enthusiasm as they had, that was easily accounted for in various ways. They were not so large, so startling, so unusual. I saw that, in some points, at least I was progressing, and could easily discover improvement in my work during the two years. Then, too, I had learned the secret of patience, of waiting; something which I never acquired in any degree till Leonora came to my studio. She seemed to give wings to my brush, and I more than gained in quantity all that I lost in quality, so that my income continued to increase, which was entirely satisfactory to my present mind; for I was painting for money now, not fame, as I had been, I was working for Leonora, not for Mina.

The second midwinter came, and with it a promise of a new company at the Opera House, for the season, with a new list of operas, and a celebrated prima donna who had never sung in Florence before, but who was expected to be vastly engaged in humming from Paris and Vienna, from Dresden, Munich and Berlin, from London and St. Petersburg. It was a grand occasion for the city, which, for years, had been deluged with old stock companies and threadbare productions till the audience as well as the prompter what was coming next; for all Florence waited with eager expectation the gala night of opening night. In the event of the winter, Stalls and boxes commanded fabulous prices, yet the Opera House would be tested to its utmost. What an opportunity for the beautiful Leonora!

Promptly as she promised, I had become exceedingly proud of her. Even now I felt a tremor for fear I were made a fool of Florence, Italy, Europe, or the world could have prominent her rival in beauty, while the modesty and refinement, the unostentatious timidity with which she shrank from all the world for me, made me the more anxious to avail myself of every opportunity to show her to the world, and let it see how very beautiful she was. Thus, without a moment's hesitation, I engaged the most prominent and expensive position in the house, the large box just upon the night of the Royal seats, with places for fifteen but with chairs set alone for Leonora and for me. What did I care for money compared with such a chance! My chair should be placed behind the curtains while Leonora's should stand at the very centre of the rail.

The longed for night arrived and Leonora outshone herself. Vestly, I could have fallen at her feet and worshipped her as the living Goddess. I realized the consummation of mortal admiration. There was absolutely nothing in Leonora which I did not admire. Memory could not recall for me one unfitted word, one cruel glance, one thoughtless, indifferent or annoying act, one motion that was not graceful, one word that was not music, one expression that was not in perfect harmony refined, not incapable of passion or emotion too capable of controlling them, she set them without one flash of dark to dim the lustre of the diamond.

Love! Were those sentiments of love? Was there no difference when I thought of Mina? I considered my claim upon Leonora precisely as I considered her claim upon me. Had she told me that night that she was to marry some one in the morning, I am confident that I should have said: "How happy will be the man whom you will bless. And how much, oh, how much I shall miss you." Would those have been my words had Mina told me that?

(To be Continued.)

Two Buttons on a Coat.

A Chicago tailor, conversing with a *Mail* reporter, suggests several improvements which might be instituted in male attire. He says: "Why do you want your tailor to sew three two buttons upon the back of your coat? Of what possible advantage are they? And the buttons upon the coat sleeves, too—what purpose do they serve? Do you know that the buttons upon the back of the coat and upon the sleeves are relics of a past age? Well, they are. Those buttons have held their own through all the mutations of time and fashion from way back in the feudal ages. Can you imagine how they originated. They were first used at a time when every man carried a sword and wore gauntlets. The buttons were used in fastening on the sword belt and gloves. But nowadays very few men wear swords, although all still carry sound those buttons that were sewed on hundreds of years ago to keep the sword belt in place."

A Rich Streak of Silver.

One of the silver mines in the famous Broken Hill district in Australia recently raised six tons of ore that contained 13,000 ounces of silver. This is equivalent to a yield of $2,750 per ton of ore.

Many of the Nevada mines are considered good producers when yielding from $24 to $30 in silver per ton of ore raised.

Some Kind of a Game.

"Did you ever see anything like this?" said a young lady to her escort as a church fair where nothing was in progress."

"Only once."

"When was that?"

"It was when a lemon man in New York stood up one hole in little game of faro and I was robbed of $25.—*Texas Siftings.*

Mrs. Woodworth, the female evangelist, was granted a divorce from her husband.

The Oregon Legislature has passed an Act prohibiting profanity. The proviso ought to be that sidewalks shall be kept clear of ice and snow.

THE FRIENDED AMERICAN.

The Poet O'Reilly on the Great Opportunities of the Race.

The following extract from Mr. O'Reilly's famous speech, "The Negro American," which holds a high rank among his many utterances in the cultured man's cause, is reproduced from Boston's "Life of John Boyle O'Reilly," published by the Cassell Publishing Company:

No man ever came into the world with a grander opportunity than the American negro. He is like a new metal dug out of the ruins. He stands at this late day on the threshold of history, with everything to learn, and free to unlearn that any civilized man in the world. In his heart still sing the free south of the jungle. In his mind lie, mellow the traditions of *Africa*. The songs with which his ancestors drove away the relentless from the tropical forests, from the great inland seas and rivers of the dark continent.

As sound the colored American has only a century or so of degrading civilized tradition and habit to forget and unlearn. His nature has only been injured on the outside by the late circumstances of his existence. Inside he is a new man, fresh from nature—a color lover, an enthusiast, a believer by the habit, a philanthropist, a cheerful, natural, good natured man. I believe the colored American to be the kindliest human being in existence. All the intermingling of slavery have not made him cynical or sullen or resentful. He has all the qualities that fit him to be a good citizen of any country; he does not worry his soul with the fear of next week or next year. He has feelings and convictions, and he loves to show them. He sees no reason why he should hide them. He will be a great natural expression if he dares express the beauty, the color, the harmony of God's world as he sees it with a negro's eyes. This is the meaning of race distinction—that it should help us to see God's beauty in the world in various ways.

Which this splendid man needs most is confidence in himself and his race. He is a dependant man at present. He is not sure of himself. He underrates his own qualities. He must be a self-respecting man. Not all men can be distinguished, but assuredly some distinct expression of genius will come out of any considerable community of colored people who believe in themselves; who condemn and despise the man of their blood who sees white men and their ways; who is proud to be a negro; who will hear himself according to his own ideas of a colored man; who will encourage his women to dress themselves by their own taste; to select the sixth colors they love; to follow out their own natural bent, and not to adopt other people's stupid and shop-made fashions. The negro woman has the best aesthetic eye for color of all the women in America.

The negro is the only graceful, musical, color-loving American. He is the only American who has written new songs and composed new music. He is the most spiritual of Americans, for he worships with soul and not with narrow mind. For him religion is to be believed, accepted like the very voice of God, and not invented, contrived, reasoned about, doubted and made fashionably lucrative and unclothable, as it is made by too many white Americans. The negro is a new man, a free man, a spiritual man, a happy man; and he can be a great man if he will avoid modelling himself on the whites. No race ever became illustrious by borrowed ideas or the imitated qualities of another race. No race or nation is great or illustrious, except by one test—the breeding of great men. Not great merchants or traders, not rich men, bankers, insurance mongers or directors of gas companies. But great thinkers—great sons of the world through their own qualities of brain and heart and emotion and culture and equipment, as they shine on them. Great poets—oh, great poets shine all—and their brothers, great painters and musicians, fashioners of God's beautiful shapes in clay and marble and harmony. The negro will never take his full stand beside the white man till he has given the world proof of the truth and beauty of heroism and power that are in his soul. And only by the organs of the soul are these delivered—by self-respect and self-reflection, by philosophy, religion, poetry, art, love and sacrifice. One great power will be worth a hundred bankers and brokers, worth ten Presidents of the United States, to the negro race. One great musician will speak to the world for the black man as no thousand editors or politicians can.

THE PERFECT MAN.

Rules of Measurement Used by Greek Sculptors.

From the crown to the nape of the neck is one-twelfth of a perfectly proportioned man, says the St. Louis *Republic*.

The head from the wrist to the end of the middle finger is one-tenth of the total height of a man of perfect proportions.

A man of good proportions is as tall as the distance between the tips of his fingers when both arms are extended to full length.

The face from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the end of the chin is one-tenth of the whole stature of a man of perfect mould.

If the face from the roots of the hair to the chin be divided into three equal parts the first division determines the place where the eyebrows should meet, the second the opening of the nostrils, if the man be perfect in form.

The proportions of the human figure are six times the length of the right foot. Whether the form is slender or plump the rule holds good on an average. Any deviation from the rule is a departure from the beauty of proportion. It is claimed that the Greeks made all their statues according to this rule.

A 24-STORY STEEL STRUCTURE.

The Tallest of Tall Houses in Toplofty Chicago.

Chicago already has 22-story, 16-story and 19-story buildings; but in the spring she will go herself one better and put up a 24-story steel office on Dearborn street, between Fifth and Sherman.

This vast structure will present unbroken fronts of stone and glass; but its strength will rest in its mass of steel columns, shafts, sleepers, sills, etc. The very lintels will be of steel. It is claimed there will be scarcely enough wood in the entire pile to furnish kindling for a single fire in a No. 7 cooking stove.

The Grave of Hamlet.

Succeeding generations have been very kind to Hamlet in taking such pains to build him a grave and keep it in repair. It is necessary for the world's visitor to this spot to pass through a garden and pay a pay a small fee, after which he may wander at his own sweet will among the great trees in a pretty grove on a little ridge. In the furthermost rear corner is a pyramid of stone of artificial roughness, about which a sickly ivy struggles for existence. That is all there is of it. Hamlet doesn't seem to care for much style in this matter; he probably finds this rustic affair amid the trees more to his taste. I imagine he might find it very pleasant to come out five evenings, sit down and lean himself up against this pile of stones and gaze out over the moonlit waters across to the spectral tower of Helsingberg and muse over historic hygmen. Over the wall, down in a little dell, they have named a trickling stream "Ophelia's Springs," inasmuch as that maiden did not consider it quite the square thing that Hamlet should have a grave and she be left without any such little remembrance. It is very convenient, accordingly, for the lovers of old when they wish to hold little spiritualistic seances up in the grove, and it is easy to imagine long and interesting meetings by the little pyramid in which the original ghost of Hamlet's father very likely makes cheerfully remarks about his former spouse.—*Berlin Letter in New York Times.*

Pleading for Homes.

Four thousand unemployed workmen who attended a recent meeting in Hamburg adopted a resolution which will be presented to the Senate, asking for the promulgation of a temporary law, forbidding house owners, at the end of the present quarter, to expel tenants who have been without work four weeks. They also ask the city for a loan of 50 marks each and that the children of suffering families be fed once daily with warm victuals in the public schools.—*New York Tribune.*

Bastinado Under Foot.

A story just started will give Congressman-elect Jess Simpson, of Kansas, a wide reputation for repartee. While he was at the Capital at Washington Monday a pretty woman then addressed him: "Is it true that you don't wear socks, Mr. Simpson? Won't you let me see, please?" "Madam," replied Mr. Simpson, gravely, "I'm a believer in reciprocity. Damn wear socks? If you'll show me yours I'll show you mine!"—*New York Standard.*

LORDS OF APPEAL.

A Curious Feature of the English Judicial System.

The appointment of Sir James Bacon to be a Lord of Appeals, says the London *Saturday Review*, completes the number of life peerages authorized by Parliament. There are now four of these functionaries in actual harness and in the receipt of salaries. They are Lord Watson, Lord Macnaghten, Lord Morris and Lord Herschell. Lord Blackburn, who has retired, is pensioned by recent legislation to retain his peerage and with it his seat in the House of Lords. The history of the new tribunal thus gradually formed is curious and interesting. No change has ever been effected in the position of the House of Lords as the Supreme Court of Appeal for the United Kingdom since 1876. Lord Selborne attempted to abolish its judicial powers in 1873; but he met with such strenuous resistance that he had to abandon the project, one of his most active opponents being the late Lord Cairns. Before 1876 there had been no recorded instance of a life peerage. Lord Palmerston had recommended the Queen to confer one upon Baron Parke. But the House of Lords, indignated by the late Lord Derby, would not allow Lord Wensleydale to take his seat until his patent had been made out in the ordinary way. The Appellate Jurisdiction Act of 1876 authorized the creation by slow degrees and in carefully specified circumstances of four official peers, or, as Prof. Freeman would perhaps prefer to say, lords of Parliament. They were not to be life peers. Lord Beaconsfield objected to that. It would be contrary to precedent, he said, whereas if they were members of the house only during their terms of office there was the precedent of the Bishops. Lord Beaconsfield's scruples prevailed and it was only after his death that a lord of appeal became a life peer—at least a life-long member of the House of Lords. In fifteen years since the Appellate Jurisdiction Act was passed, and yet the full number of these judges has only now been completed. They were intended as substitutes for the paid members of the Judicial Committee, of which Sir Barnes Peacock was the last survivor. Before 1876 the Lord Chancellor was the only peer bound by his office to sit and hear appeals. He had to depend upon the voluntary assistance of ex-chancellors and any late or present judge who happened to have been ennobled. Lord Eldon was content to affirm his own decisions in the presence of a bishop and a lay peer, who made the quorum. Lord Dacon provoked much criticism by sitting with the law lords, although he had only been a master in chancery. Yet to this day it is nominally the whole house which decides legal appeals, and every peer is constitutionally entitled to vote. In O'Connell's case a considerable number of them attended for that purpose and were with difficulty induced by Lord Brougham to retire. Since then the right has never been claimed, although an eccentric nobleman did attend in his place and intimate dissent from the judgment of his peers in the celebrated case of the bondholders in the Glasgow Bank to be unlimited. The forms of debate are still preserved. The lords rise to state their opinions, they address the House, the Chancellor puts the question from the woolsack, and in the event of an equal division the rule semper presumitur pro negante applies.

THE NEWEST INVENTIONS.

What the Ingenious Workers Now Offer the World.

A new railway appliance enables the conductor to signal to the engineer accurately and promptly by means of compressed air. It is a trigger device.

By the use of a new machine potatoes may be planted in a straight line and with the hills at equal distances apart.

A cotton stalk puller has a pulling wheel journalled near the ground on the lower end of a short vertical axle, and operated by gearing from the main horizontal axle.

A brush scraper for paint pails is new.

Science even buries as ingeniously. A knock down frame is adapted to be placed over a grave, with parallel tracks, and a carriage forming a bier running on the tracks to receive the coffin, the carriage having pivoted handles to facilitate lowering a coffin or casket to the bottom of a vault or a grave.

The latest cash register prints numbers and cuts off a check in one motion. The amounts is, of course, registered at the same click.

A new device of clasps and catches holds a ham like a genteel vise while the carver antistatically slices it.

AN IMPROVED STOPPER.

A Secret Device that Appeals to the Thirsty.

An English syndicate has introduced an improved stopper for bottles, which has the important advantage that it enables any part of the contents of a bottle being drawn off without injuring the remaining fluid. This result is reached by employing a glass plug and an India rubber ring, as shown in the engraving, an air-tight joint resulting between the plug and the bottle neck. The more the pressure inside the bottle the tighter the joint becomes, but when the glass plug is pressed inward, opening a passage at each side under the rubber ring, the liquid escapes very readily. Upon relaxing the pressure on the plug the joint is again made and the flow stops. An arrangement is used to press the stopper; but a thirsty man could easily contrive to release the liquid with the finger.

An Indian Challenge.

Two tribes of Indians in the upper part of California had as boundary between their districts, a low ridge where the streams headed. If you should go to where one of these streams, Potter River, rises, you would see still standing a tall pile of stones beside a never-failing spring; on one side of this cairn was the territory of the Pomo Indians, and on the other that of the Chumnis. These tribes were enemies, and were often at war. When the Chumnis wished to challenge the others to battle, they took three little sticks, cut notches round their ends and in the middle, tied them at the ends into a faggot, and laid it on this cairn. If the Pomos accepted the challenge, they tied a string around the middle of the three sticks and left them in their place. Then agents of both tribes met on neutral ground and arranged the time and place of battle, which took place accordingly.—*Ernest Ingersoll, in March St. Nicholas.*

The Bite of a Cat.

"Cat bites," said Dr. Gibler, of the Pasteur institute, "are much more common in Paris than they are here. Since I have been in this country I have treated only two persons who I had reason to believe were bitten by mad cats. In Paris mad cats are almost as common as mad dogs. People are often bitten by them while returning from the theatre. The cats shun the light and take refuge in the dark hallways. The noise of the people groping their way up the stairs late at night stirs the animals up, and often they fly at the faces of their disturbers. Before Pasteur, many people died in Paris from hydrophobia resulting from cat bites. But hydrophobia whether caused by cats or dogs, is far more prevalent abroad than it is in this country."

A Toronto Slander.

Toronto Telegram: On Monday a haughty stranger from London, Ont., struck Hamilton, Ont.

The crowd was coming out of the Centenary Church.

"What's all this about this sin't Sunday?" was the question, leveled at a citizen.

"Memorial service."

"Who's dead?"

"John Wesley."

"Poor man. An old settler, I suppose? Been dead long?"

"Only a hundred years."

"A hundred years, eh? That's Hamilton all over. A hundred years, and you only getting on to it now. London sin't so slow as that."

—First man—Your wife and my wife don't seem to get on very well together. Second man—Well, it's undoubtedly my wife's fault. First man—It's nothing of the sort, sir. My wife is entirely to blame. And after a few more angry words they came to blows.

In spite of his troubles arising from the disturbed state of Ireland, the lord lieutenant of that country has many pleasures. One of them is the right to kiss every pretty girl who makes her debut at his levees in Dublin castle. The present lord-lieutenant, the earl of Zetland, is said to claim his rights in this respect without the fear of the countess before his eyes.

—Vanik Dudley, who tried to shoot O'Donovan Rossa, has gone to England and will be placed in an asylum there.

FISHING IN THE ARCTIC.

When the Fish Are Pulled Out They Instantly Freeze Stiff.

Wherever there is a best field of this season's ice outlined by lines of hummocks the fish are sure to be plenty, says a writer in *Forest and Stream*. Such a field as this, about half a mile long, practically afforded a living to most of the people of the village during the season of 1889, because that year the ice was very unfavorable for sealing, and food was pretty scarce in the village. The fishing is carried on mostly by the women and children, though one or two old men generally go out, and one or two of the younger men, when they cannot go sealing and food is wanted at the house, will join the fishing party. Each fisherman is provided with a long-handled ice-pick, which he frequently leaves sticking in the snow near the fishing ground; a long line made of skin of whalebone, twelve lengths one on a slender wooden shuttle about eighteen inches long, and provided with a copper sinker and two pear-shaped "jigs" of walrus ivory, armed with four barbless hooks of copper, and a scoop or dipper made of reindeer antlers, with a wooden handle about two feet long. Really an Esquimaux, and especially no Esquimau boy, dies out of the house in the winter without one of these scoops in his hand. To every party of two or three there will also be a good-sized bag of sealskin, generally made of a piece of an old hayak cover, for bringing home the fish. Arriving at the fishing grounds each proceeds to pick a hole through the ice, which is about four feet thick, clearing out the chips with the scoop. The "jigs" are then let down through the hole, and enough line unreeled to keep them just clear of the bottom, where the fish are playing about. The reel is held in the right hand and serves as a short rod, while the scoop is held in the left hand, and used to keep the hole clear of the scum of new ice, which, of course, is constantly forming. The line is kept in constant motion, jerked up quickly a short distance, and then allowed to drop back, so that the little fish that are nosing about the white "jigs" after the manner of codfish, are hooked about the jaw or in the belly. As soon as the fisherman feels a fish on his hook he catches up a bight of the line with his scoop and another with his reel, and then reels up the line on these two sticks in loose coils until the fish is brought to the surface, when a skillful toss throws him off the barbless hook on the ice, where he gives one convulsive flop and instantly freezes solid. The elastic whalebone line is thrown off the sticks without tangling, and paid out through the hole again for another trial. If fish are not found plentiful at the first hole the fisherman shifts his ground until he "strikes a school." They are sometimes so plenty that they may be caught as fast as they can be hauled up. One woman will bring in a bucket of a bushel of little fish—they are generally about five or six inches long—from a single day's fishing. This fishing lasts until the middle of May, when the ice begins to soften. A good many are caught along the shore in November in about a foot of water, when there are no tide cracks in the ice.

As this season the Esquimaux use a little rod about two feet long, with a short line and flash ivory squid, at which the fish bite.

EASTER GLOVE TALK.

Why a "Glace" is Better Than a "Suede" —Finger "Tips."

A glace kid is superior to a suede kid. A suede is formed by removing the outer portion of the dressed skin, just as though we removed the outside cuticle from a human skin. An inferior or damaged skin will answer for a suede when it could not be used for a glace kid.

The pearoned buttons fastened by simply pressing one portion over the other do not "take" on ladies' gloves, as they cannot be moved if the wrist is too large or too small.

Ladies' sizes run from 5½ to 8, children's from 4½ to 6½, and men's from 6½ to 9½. A short fingered glove makes the hand look smaller, but not of as good a shape.

Handsome, riding gauntlets are—of a heavy grade of lamb skin in brown and russet tans, with the stiff gauntlet cuff.

Cotton is used for sewing the gloves, as it will not cut as soon as silk. White-sewn gloves are passe.

The long, wrinkled or Bernhardt glove comes in lengths of 28, to 30 buttons in light shades.

New gloves should be kept folded in oil paper to prevent any stiffening.

The Household Prize.

135 Adelaide street west, Toronto, Ont. "Your reliable preparation, St. Jacob's Oil has proved a benefit to me in more ways than one. I have used it for quinsy (outward application) with very beneficial results, and for a case of rheumatism, where the action was swift and sure, and a perfect cure was performed. I consider it a remedy to be prized in every household." THOS PEARSON, with Johnson & Brown.

WHERE THE BLOW FALLS.

An English Plan for Lessening the Dangers of Railroad Collision.

An interesting feature of railway accidents, to which the *Railway Press*, of London, calls attention, carries with it a suggestion for its remedy. A large proportion of the disasters on the rail result from the collision of moving trains with standing trains or single cars. In such collisions the loss of life is usually confined to the occupants of the forward car of the train. In fact, the *Railway Press* declares that "recent accidents have demonstrated with all the force of carefully arranged experiments that an express train traveling fifty miles an hour or more can run into a stationary one without serious risk to life