

THE WIDOW O'SHANE'S RINT.
Whist, there! Mr. Murphy, doan think me best
But I'm dyin' ter tell ye of Widder O'Shane;
She as lives in the attic nixt mine, doan ye
know.
An' does the foine washin' for ould Misther
Snow.

Wid niver a chick nor a child ter track in,
Her kitchen is always as nate as a pin;
An' her cap an' her apron is always that clane.
Och, a moherty foine gurul is the Widder
O'Shane.

An' wud ye believe me, on Saturday night
We heard a rough stip comin' over our night;
An' Mike, me ould man, he jist hollered to me,
"Look out at the door an' see who it might be."

An' I looked, Mary Murphy, an' save me if there
Wasn't Thomas Mahone on the uppermost stair,
He's the landlord; ye're seen himself, wid a
cane.
An' he knocked on the door of the Widder
O'Shane.

An' I whispered to Michael, "Now, what can it
mean
That his worship is callin' on Widder O'Shane?"
Rint day comes a Friday wid us, doan ye see,
So I knew that it wasn't collectin' the tea."

"It must be she owes him some money fer rint,
Though the neighbors do say that she pays to
the cint;
You take care of the baby, Michael Brady,"
said I.
"And I'll paape through the keyhole, I will, if I
die."

The howly saints bliss me! what shudn't I see
But the Widder O'Shane, sittin' pourin' the tea;
An' the landlord was there, Misther Thomas
Mahone.

A-sittin' one side over the table alone.

An' he looked at the Widder O'Shane, an' sez he,
It's a privilege great that ye offer ter me:
For I've not once sat down by a fair woman's
side I sat down by her that I once called me
bride.

"An' we're ye're poor now, Widder O'Shane?
Ye're a decent woman, both tidy and clane;
An' we're both av us here in the wurruld alone;
Wud ye think on unthin' wid Thomas Mahone?"

Then the Widder O'Shane put the tea-kettle
down, an' says, "Misster Thomas, yer name is a
crown."
I take it most glady"—an' then me ould man
Hollered, "Bridget, cum in here, quick as yer
can."

So then, Mary Murphy, I riz off that floor,
An' run into the attic and bolted the door;
An' I set to me Michael, "Now, isn't it mane?
She'll have no rint to pay, will that Widder
O'Shane?"

—*Youth's Companion.*

RIVALRY ON ROLLER SKATES.

BY SARA B. ROSE.

The Albion rink was crowded with young people. It was the night of the calico masquerade, and when the masque was over, the young ladies were to have a race for the championship of Albion. Every known shape and costume which could be formed from calico was there represented. Pirates in black and red, Undines in green, daisies in yellow and white, while one audacious young fellow represented a barrel of spirits, his head protruding from one end of the barrel, with long calico streamers depending from it, and his feet gracefully rolling along beneath. The best two young lady skaters, one of whom was expected to win the race, were attired in pretty suits of pink calico, with long streamers of pink ribbon floating behind them.

They usually skated together, unless it was when Alf Whitman, the brother of the taller of the two, joined them, and, leaving his sister Estelle to skate by herself, acted the part of a devoted cavalier to pretty Orette Harrington.

As soon as supper was announced the masks were lifted, and when it was over the young men stood aside to witness the race between the young ladies. None of the girls expected to distance Orette or Estelle, but several of them laughingly started out to keep them company.

Orette did not care to skate her best, for she knew that Estelle had set her heart upon the championship, and she cared too little about it herself to wish to offend her friend, who was of a very jealous disposition.

She had not thought of other opposition; but, as they turned the first corner, Estelle a little in advance, Orette was astonished to see a tall, slender young lady, in a black velvet dress, trimmed with old-gold satin, a black velvet cap upon her curly head, from which depended a long, old-gold-colored plume, and with white kid gloves upon her hands, which reached nearly to her elbows, shoot ahead of her friend and proceed to execute a number of intricate maneuvers in front of Estelle, and, in spite of this extra turning and twisting, the stranger always managed to keep in front.

Orette knew that this would be very displeasing to Estelle, and by a little effort she gained her side, only to see that provoking stranger waltzing like a whirlwind before them. She glanced at Estelle and saw that her eyes were snapping with anger, and her cheeks were flaming with rage.

Suddenly the waltzer put on an extra spurt, and in a moment she was half way around the rink ahead of her antagonists, and was apparently intending to pass them again shortly.

Orette and Estelle were now the only Albion girls upon the floor, the others having withdrawn to witness the exciting race.

Estelle Whitman was a good skater and was very sure upon her feet. She was very angry at the antics of the stranger, and noticing a group of empty chairs by the side of the rink, she glided to the side of the hall, and as if by accident, she stumbled over one of the chairs, sending it sprawling directly in the way of the girl in velvet.

Everyone expected to see the stranger waver or perhaps trip over the overturned chair. Not so; a flash of amusement passed over her face, she increased her speed, and with the utmost ease she jumped over the obstacle, and in a second more darted up to the judges' stand, the winner of the race.

After the excitement was over, Estelle informed Orette that the stranger's name was Flora Archer; that she had come from the village of Camden, near by, and Estelle added, with upturned nose: "She don't pay the least attention to any of the girls, but is all taken up with these half dozen Camden fellows, who, I do believe, brought her here."

Orette laughed a little and took off her skates, as the rest of the evening was to be devoted to dancing. She had promised the first dance to Alf Whitman, but when the set formed what was her astonishment to see him at the head of the dance with Miss Flora.

"Good evening, Miss Archer."

The skater laughed aloud, and then asked humbly:

"Am I then so feminine looking that

was finished, "see her lounging in the corners with the young men; and she jumps like a jumping-jack when she balances. Did you notice her, Orette?"

"Hush!" warned Orette; "somebody will hear you!"

"Well, I declare! I think I would stand up for her, Orette Harrington, when she is trying her best to get Alf away from you!"

Orette blushed at this coarse speech, and was about to move away, when Mr. Whitman and Miss Archer confronted them.

"Ah, girls!" said he, "I wondered where you were hiding your diminished heads. I wanted to present you to the belle of the evening."

Miss Archer cast a languishing glance at Alf, and appeared greatly pleased at this broad compliment; but Estelle frowned, and said in a cutting tone:

"I do not wish any introduction to Miss Archer, Mr. Whitman, and I think you might be a little more careful yourself about your acquaintances."

"Aha! my dear sister. So you are jealous are you? Do not mind them, Miss Archer; they are beneath your notice."

"I did not say I did not wish an introduction to Miss Archer," said Orette, quietly, although she was feeling much embarrassed.

"Thank you," said Miss Archer, bowing and leaving Mr. Whitman's arm. "Suppose we take some seats at the other side of the room."

Miss Archer assumed so much of the bearing of a cavalier that Orette, without thinking, almost, that she was a lady, took her arm, and left the brother and sister together.

Miss Archer drew some chairs into a cozy little corner, and the two sat down. They chatted a few moments, and then Miss Archer said:

"It is a very impudent question that I am about to ask you; but I would like very much to know if yourself and Mr. Whitman are engaged?"

"No," said Orette, smiling. "We are not engaged and never shall be."

"Ah!" hazarded Miss Archer, shaking her head; "that is because you are angry at him now."

"I am not angry," replied Orette. "He could not anger me by admiring another lady."

"But if you loved him?" persisted the strange girl.

"I never loved him," said Orette, laughing. "You may have him if you want him."

"You have made me very happy," replied the other, a smile in the dark eyes, then she picked up Orette's white hand and kissed it, while Orette looked her surprise. Miss Archer deepened it by asking:

"Will you dance the next set with me?"

"I am engaged for this set," replied Orette, adding: "Ladies do not dance together much here."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I forgot." Miss Archer drew on a very sober face.

At this moment Orette's partner claimed her. It was one of the young men from Camden.

"You are forgetting yourself," he said in a warning tone to Miss Archer, as Orette arose to take her place among the dancers.

The party was over before Orette and Estelle drifted together again. Estelle was still angry.

"What a dreadful evening this has been!" she said, peevishly. "I have lost the championship, and you, my dear, are surely going to lose Alf. He is hanging around her every minute."

"Never mind," laughed Orette, "I do not care in the least."

"Oh! It's well enough to say so, of course; for my part I'm glad the evening is over."

Hoods and cloaks were now being donned rapidly, and the two girls put on their wraps, and returned to the sitting-room. Estelle made a discovery. "Alf," said she to her brother, in an excited whisper, "that Miss Archer is in the gentlemen's dressing-room. I heard her talking and laughing in there as loud as any man. I believe she is going away with those Camden fellows."

"Don't alarm yourself," returned her brother, angrily. "Miss Archer gave me permission to see her home myself."

"And Orette and I can take care of ourselves, I suppose," was her dismayed answer; but, as she looked around for her friend, she saw her leaving that moment with a gay party of young people.

Estelle waited, with several others who were in Alf's confidence, to see him depart with the "belle of the ball," but they were disappointed. Miss Archer had disappeared, and could not be found anywhere.

"Served you right," was Estelle's comment.

The others said nothing then, but Alf in the next few days was not allowed to forget Miss Archer.

The days passed by and the skating in Albion rink was going on merrily one evening, when there was the stir of an arrival at the door and the six young men from Camden who had visited them before entered, accompanied by another. This time the noisy skating suit was a little different. It was now white satin with gold trimmings. The white and gold cap contrasted well with the dark curly hair, black eyes, and red cheek of the skater, the indescribable coat of white satin, gold lace and gold buttons fitted, the lithesome form to perfection, but instead of a skirt was now worn knee breeches of white satin and gold lace, and gold embroidered white silk stockings, white kid, shoes and gloves finished the costume.

Estelle Whitman was a good skater and was very sure upon her feet. She was very angry at the antics of the stranger, and noticing a group of empty chairs by the side of the rink, she glided to the side of the hall, and as if by accident, she stumbled over one of the chairs, sending it sprawling directly in the way of the girl in velvet.

Everyone expected to see the stranger waver or perhaps trip over the overturned chair. Not so; a flash of amusement passed over her face, she increased her speed, and with the utmost ease she jumped over the obstacle, and in a second more darted up to the judges' stand, the winner of the race.

After the excitement was over, Estelle informed Orette that the stranger's name was Flora Archer; that she had come from the village of Camden, near by, and Estelle added, with upturned nose: "She don't pay the least attention to any of the girls, but is all taken up with these half dozen Camden fellows, who, I do believe, brought her here."

Orette laughed a little and took off her skates, as the rest of the evening was to be devoted to dancing. She had promised the first dance to Alf Whitman, but when the set formed what was her astonishment to see him at the head of the dance with Miss Flora.

"Good evening, Miss Archer."

The skater laughed aloud, and then asked humbly:

"Am I then so feminine looking that

I am doomed forever to be Miss Archer?"

Orette only looked her surprise.

"Dear Miss Harrington, will you keep a secret for me? I am not a lady. My name is Fred Archer. My home is in Washington. Becoming quite an expert upon roller skates, I adopted these flashy costumes to make more of a sensation, and if you do not reveal my secret, I am anticipating quite a flirtation with our mutual friend and lover, Mr. Alf Whitman."

Orette colored a little, but she smiled also, and promised to keep Mr. Archer's secret for him.

From that moment his time was divided impartially between Miss Harrington and Mr. Whitman.

Alf became very loverlike, and declared his affection to be excessive. He also boasted to some of the fellows that he had "cut out" Ben Landis from Camden.

This was too much for Mr. Landis.

Alf nearly exploded with laughter, and in his merriment the whole joke came out.

Alf was nearly paralyzed, but he managed to get away from the rink somehow, the shouts of laughter stinging him like the cut of a whip.

Next day he called on Orette Harrington and astonished her by making her an offer of his hand.

He was refused decidedly.

He lost his temper and exclaimed:

"That Archer is nothing but a poor low scamp, who has crowded himself upon society by his fancy skating."

"You did not think of that when you thought he was a lady," retorted Orette.

That was enough; he left her. But after a time that speech gave Alf hope.

She was surely jealous or she never would have said that. He was preparing to offer himself again when he heard some news.

Orette was engaged to Mr. Archer, who had turned out to be the son of a wealthy Washington gentleman. He had been visiting his cousin, Ben Landis, where, together with the other young men of Camden, they had planned the joke which had resulted so disastrously for Alf. —*Chicago Ledger.*

CURIOSITY FACTS.

A SQUIRREL can run down a tree head first. The cat and the bear must get down tail first (if left to themselves).

THE STANDING ARMIES OF EUROPE aggregate 3,501,971 able-bodied men. The taxes for their support aggregate \$495,615,603.

WHILE BORING AN ARTESIAN WELL ON THE SORECKS TRACT, NEAR LOS ANGELES, THE WORKMEN DISCOVERED A DEPOSIT OF CONCH SHELLS AT A DEPTH OF 160 FEET.

A NEW MOTOR, DRIVEN BY THE EXPLOSION OF SMALL CARTRIDGES OF GUNCOTTON, HAS BEEN PRODUCED IN ENGLAND, AND IS SAID TO BE APPLICABLE WHEREVER SMALL POWERS ARE REQUIRED.

A PHILADELPHIAN WENT TO A PHYSICIAN WITH WHAT HE FEARED WAS A HOPELESS CASE OF HEART DISEASE, BUT WAS RELIEVED ON FINDING OUT THAT THE CREAKING SOUND WHICH HE HAD HEARD AT EVERY DEEP BREATH WAS CAUSED BY A LITTLE PULLEY ON HIS PATENT SUSPENDERS.

ON 4,692,348 PERSONS RETURNED BY THE CENSUS OF GERMANY IN 1882 AS ENGAGED IN AGRICULTURAL WORK, 1,230,080, OR NEARLY A MILLION AND A QUARTER, WERE FEMALES. THE LAND OF BISMARCK STILL ADHERES TO THE OLD FASHION OF HARNESSING WOMEN TO THE CART AND THE PLOW.

IN 1820 TWO HILLS OF AN AREA OF ABOUT 800 ACRES, OF ALMOST NO AGRICULTURAL VALUE, ON THE PROPERTY OF LORD CRAWFORD IN SCOTLAND, WERE PLANTED WITH FIR AND OTHER TREES, AND AFTER SUCCESSIVE THINNINGS, THE SALE OF WHICH REALIZED LARGE SUMS, THE REMAINDER OF THE WOOD WAS SOLD OFF FOR £16,000. THE SUM REALIZED FOR THE WOOD ON THIS WASTE LAND DURING THE FIFTY YEARS IS STATED TO BE EQUAL TO ONE-THIRD ELECTORAL VOTES. THEREFORE, IF NO CHOICE BY THE PEOPLE, THE ELECTION WOULD GO TO THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

IN 1796 THE ELECTORAL VOTE WAS 139. OF THIS NUMBER JOHN ADAMS, FEDERAL, RECEIVED 71, AND THOMAS JEFFERSON, DEMOCRAT, 68 VOTES. AS SOME OF THE STATES CHOSE THEIR ELECTORS BY THE LEGISLATURES, AND THE COUNT BEING CLOSE, WE ARE UNABLE TO GIVE CORRECTLY THE POPULAR EXPRESSION. IT IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN IN FAVOR OF JEFFERSON. BE THAT AS IT MAY, ADAMS WAS CONSTITUTIONALLY ELECTED. SOUTH CAROLINA CONTINUED TO CHOOSE HIS ELECTORS BY THE LEGISLATURE UNTIL 1860.

IN 1800 THE ELECTORAL VOTE WAS 139. THOMAS JEFFERSON AND AARON BURR, BOTH DEMOCRATS, RECEIVED AN EQUAL NUMBER—73 ELECTORAL VOTES. THEREFORE, NO CHOICE BY THE PEOPLE, THE ELECTION WENT TO THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

ON THE THIRTY-SIXTH BALLOT JEFFERSON WAS CHOSEN PRESIDENT BY THE FOLLOWING STATES, EACH HAVING ONE VOTE: GEORGIA, KENTUCKY, MARYLAND, NEW JERSEY, NEW YORK, NORTH CAROLINA, PENNSYLVANIA, TENNESSEE, VERMONT, AND VIRGINIA—TEN STATES. THAT BEING A MAJORITY OF ALL THE STATES, JEFFERSON WAS CONSTITUTIONALLY ELECTED.

IN 1796 THE ELECTORAL VOTE WAS 139. OF THIS NUMBER JOHN ADAMS, FEDERAL, RECEIVED 71, AND THOMAS JEFFERSON, DEMOCRAT, 68 VOTES. AS SOME OF THE STATES CHOSE THEIR ELECTORS BY THE LEGISLATURES, AND THE COUNT BEING CLOSE, WE ARE UNABLE TO GIVE CORRECTLY THE POPULAR EXPRESSION. IT IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN IN FAVOR OF JEFFERSON. BE THAT AS IT MAY, ADAMS WAS CONSTITUTIONALLY ELECTED. SOUTH CAROLINA CONTINUED TO CHOOSE HIS ELECTORS BY THE LEGISLATURE UNTIL 1860.

IN 1800 THE ELECTORAL VOTE WAS 13