

THE Loom OF LIFE.

J. B. SALIBURY.

The loom of life with sturdy beat—
The tramp, tramp, tramp of human feet—
Is weaving now a silken veil,
A living web, so fair, so frail,
Yet every thread is dearly bought—
A flashing gem for human thought.
The warp was drawn when morning stars
Attuned their harps to golden bars,
Which echoed down the hills of space,
And suns and worlds, with maiden grace,
Joined in the song, piercing the air
With darts of tone. 'Twas music rare
As long the lines of quietude light
That chased away the gloom of night,
There hung as jewels there and long
The swaying tentacles of song.
God's throne, the strong and sturdy beam,
Held fast the threads of light and gleam,
And souls slipped down the golden way
To mate with forms of sordid clay.

BAIRRE CENTER, N. Y.

A RAILWAY ROMANCE.

BY C. F. CARTER.

WITHIN the grimy corner that served for a telegraph office in the Warren Depot, one stormy November evening, a rosy-cheeked girl sat at a table receiving a message. Her task finished, she tossed her pen aside, and, looking out at the dripping landscape, exclaimed impatiently:

"Dear me, isn't this awful! I do wish that poky old Ironsides would come and relieve me. It will soon be dark, and then how will I ever get home through those oceans of mud?"

A solemn-looking young man, who had been furtively watching the operator's every movement, shifted his elbow into a more comfortable position upon the high counter and declared that was a hard one.

"Thank goodness," resumed the girl, "I haven't far to go. I'm glad I'm not a brakeman, obliged to be out in this storm all night. You don't have to go

"Well—you—are—a dandy," drawled Shanty, in a tone of withering contempt. "D'y'e mean to let that dinner-table railroad man cut ye out like that?"

"How can I help it?" "Lick him." "Lick him! I'll break him in two. But I'm afraid that won't help the matter any."

Shanty was prevented from expressing his views upon this point by the entrance of the conductor with the announcement that it was leaving time.

As soon as Ironsides made his tardy appearance Dora had encased herself in waterproof and rubbers, and, accompanied by Jack Bronson, started home. The scene he had at all pleased with the scene he had witnessed upon entering the telegraph office, and determined to intimate to Dora that the frequent presence of that brakeman in the telegraph office was very distasteful to him; but Dora prattled on so prettily that he hadn't the heart to chide her. By the time they had reached the Cheney mansion and were seated before a bright fire, he had nearly made up his mind to let the matter go, when, by a happy inspiration, he saw an easy way out of the difficulty.

"Dora," said he, suddenly, "will you marry me!"

Dora was so startled by this abrupt question that she was unable to reply for a moment, and Jack, remembering the old adage that "silence gives consent," concluded she was too much overcome with emotion to speak, and so put his arm around her waist reassuringly.

"Mr. Bronson," said Dora, rising to her feet, "I am very sorry. I never meant to encourage you to think we could ever be more than friends."

Jack was completely overwhelmed by this unexpected reply. He, too, rose to his feet.

"I suppose from that that some one

Charley Dunlap and Jack Bronson each instantly became serenely oblivious of the other's existence.

Upon reaching Mrs. Johnson's boarding house Charley was met at the door by the landlady's daughter, Angelina, her eyes sparkling with the complacent consciousness of interesting and exclusive gossip.

"Oh, Charley," she exclaimed eagerly, "what do you think? Dora Cheney's gone and married a drummer from Chicago. He's awful handsome, and his name is Harry, and they've been engaged ever so long—say what makes ye look so funny?"

THE PRESERVATION OF BEAUTY

According to the Laws of Health.



THE care and preservation of female beauty has been a study from earliest history. Even in the Bible we read of the arts that women have employed to enhance their beauty, and history and tradition have presented us some strange things to believe. Noted beauties have been mentioned as having taken baths of wine, of asses' milk, of milk and honey, and many other things to preserve their charms.

It is said by historians that some of the renowned beauties bathed in dew, collected by slaves, and others again in rain water, and so on through all the possible things in creation. It is even related of one great beauty that she was bathed every day in fresh bullock's blood while it was yet warm.

It would occupy the whole LEDGER to recount the stories current of the ridiculous ideas held by the ancients as to different means to preserve or restore their charms, and few of them would be of service in the light of science.

The most of the so-called cosmetics, from the very beginning of the use of them, were based upon poisonous substances, just as they are to-day, and we read in a book on Egypt that a paste made of an arsenical preparation was used over four thousand years ago, and from that time to the present day women have been using all kinds of preparations offered for sale by conscienceless persons, the most of them made of most dangerous minerals.

It would be a curious study to show in what beauty consists, according to different ideas, in different countries, though, according to their lights, the women in each do the most they can to render themselves attractive, and in all countries women have, and always will, rely upon the use of cosmetics of one kind or another to enhance their charms or conceal the ravages of time.

To impress upon those who may read this series of articles the fact that they are taking their lives, even into their hands, to say nothing of eventually ruining whatever good looks they had in the beginning, we shall tell them something of the materials which enter into the compounding of the various preparations now in the market, and which are said (by the makers) to be entirely harmless.

All of the so-called creams, and lily balms, and such like liquids, are of necessity based upon white lead, and are, beyond measure, injurious to health and beauty. The commonest kind of flake white is generally used in their manufacture, and what is in one bottle, for which the buyer pays from 75 cents to \$2, costs but the fraction of a penny. Rose-water, diluted with pure water, fills the rest of the bottle. The bottle must be well shaken before using, as the lead settles to the bottom, and the water then takes the appearance of cream, which is applied to the face with a sponge, which is exactly the same thing as painting a door or a wall, in effect, and a dead white is the result, which is unnatural and ugly. Some of them have a drop or two of cochineal added, which gives a so-called flesh tint, which is as glaring as the white in its unnaturalness.—Emma Vio in Chicago Ledger.

He Didn't Mean To.

Mamma—Now, Johnnie, dear, you'll keep nice and clean if mamma dresses you up nice in your pretty white suit, and puts on your lovely Fauntleroy saquee, won't you, dear? We're going to have company for tea, and mamma don't want them to see her little boy all dirty; you'll be very careful, now?

Johnnie—Yes'em.

Mamma—That's a good little boy. Here's a cookie for you, dear.

An hour later: Mamma—Why, Johnnie Kiser! What under the shining sun have you been doing? Just look at your clothes! Look at them! Literally and completely spoiled! What have you been doing?

Say? Johnnie—I wasn't doing nothing but just throwing dirt on Dicky Rogers, 'cause he throwed some on me; and then we made a little dam in the gutter, and had some fun rolling down that clay bank back of the house afterward, and—that's all. I—I didn't mean to get dirty.

Mamma—Oh, no! you never mean to do anything! I declare if you're not enough to try the patience of a saint! Dear me, dear me!—*Drake's Magazine.*

A RUSTLESS process is used in Pittsburgh, by which articles made of iron, tin, etc., are so treated that they can not rust though subjected to constant dampness.

NATURAL GAS HORROR. OFF WITH THEIR HEADS.

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION DURING A FIRE AT COLUMBUS.

Firemen, Police, and Citizens Mangled, Five Persons Being Killed Outright and Sixty Injured—List of the Casualties—A Scene of Terror.

Columbus (Ohio) dispatch: This city has been visited by a horrible calamity. The fire department was at the corner of Wall street and Noble alley busily engaged in extinguishing a fire, when an explosion suddenly occurred in the burning building. It was supposed to be gasoline, and no one was injured except a lady Mrs. Marriot, who resided there. She was taken across the street to a house occupied by William James, a bookkeeper. A crowd of spectators surged close up to the building where the fire broke out, and when the flames were got under control and the crowd was beginning to disperse another explosion occurred that shook the earth for several squares distant.

A sheet of flame shot up into the air and the next instant Mr. James' house was a mass of ruins and its occupants were buried beneath the debris. The scene that followed was terrible. Women and men ran to and fro, their faces, heads and shoulders covered with blood. Guided by shrieks and cries, the men who rushed to the rescue of the victims groped about in the darkness and dragged out the injured, and now and then stumbled upon a lifeless body.

The second explosion was of natural gas that came from a leaking gas-main in Wall street. The following is a list of the killed:

CHARLES BECH, JAMES SEYMOUR, a colored boy, Mrs. MARRIOT, An unknown white man and an unknown child.

Some of the wounded are: Dr. T. K. WISSINGER, WILLIAM BODY, ARCHIE NEIL, WILLIAM JAMES and wife, Mr. BANKINGER, T. SHOUTING, Policeman SYNSKY, CHARLES LIOKLEIEER, WILLIAM REILEE, BELL SMITH, ELMER GATES, Mrs. CONN, ED. KEEMER, CHARLES LOWERY, THOMAS DOYLE, FLORA BOWERS, TARN BEER, BENJAMIN MORGAN, MARSHAL KILBOURNE.

All of the above are badly burned and cut, some perhaps fatally. There were about forty others who received less serious injuries.

H. H. RIDDLEBERGER, DEAD.

The Ex-Senator from Virginia Passes Away.

Woodstock (Va.) dispatch: Ex-Senator H. H. Riddleberger died at 3:30 o'clock on the morning of the 24th. His death was not unexpected, and all the members of the family were at his bedside when the end came.

Senator Riddleberger began his public career when he was but a boy. At the close of the rebellion he was a captain in the confederate army and was but 20 years old. He was one of the most dashing soldiers in the Tenth legion. He was born at Edinburg, Va., and received a thorough education. He studied law and was admitted to practice in 1866, and quickly became the idol of the people around the section of country in which he lived.

For two years after the war he was the commonwealth's attorney and was twice elected to the House of Delegates and once to the State Senate. Mr. Riddleberger combined the profession of law with that of editor and was connected with three papers in that capacity—the Tenth Legion, Shepandoah Democrat, and Virginian. He was a member of the State committee of the Conservative party until 1875, was a Presidential elector on the Democratic ticket of 1876, and the same on the Readjuster ticket in 1880. In 1881 he was elected to the Senate as a Readjuster. His term expired in 1889. Mr. Riddleberger was an orator of no mean ability and a man who could have won a brilliant reputation but for his fondness for alcoholic stimulants.

MOST MUST SERVE HIS TERM.

His Sentence to One Year's Imprisonment Affirmed by the Supreme Court.

New York dispatch: Johann Most, the Anarchist agitator, will have to serve out the sentence imposed upon him some time ago by Judge Cowing. The charge against him was inciting to riot. His trial took place during the excitement caused by the hanging of the Chicago Anarchists. Shortly after that event the Anarchists in this city honored the memory of their dead brethren with a parade. There were also a number of meetings held, at one of which Most made a fiery speech that excited his auditors to wild frenzy, and before he could finish he was arrested. His trial followed and he was sentenced to serve one year in the penitentiary and pay a fine of \$500. The case was appealed and the Anarchist released on bail pending the appeal. The general term of the Supreme court has handed down its decision confirming the conviction and sentence.



JOHANN MOST.

Assistant Secretary Tichenor has informed the Italian chamber of commerce of New York that no good reason is perceived for a change in existing regulations relating to claims for damage allowances on green fruits.

The reports that a revolution had broken out in Costa Rica are denied by representatives of that country in Washington.

RECEIVERS OF PUBLIC MONEY SHORT IN THEIR ACCOUNTS.

The President Recommends the Removal of the Apaches to Indian Territory—The Annual Dinner to the Diplomatic Corps—Coinage of the Year.

Washington dispatch: Secretary Noble, through special agents of the Interior Department, has been investigating the accounts of a large number of receivers of public moneys in different parts of the country. The accounts of a number of these are found to be short, and upon the recommendation of the secretary the President has made the following peremptory removals:

R. W. Hutchins, Humboldt, Cal., alleged shortage about \$8,000; Fred W. Smith, Tucson, Ariz., alleged shortage to the United States about \$25,000 and to private individuals about \$23,000 more; Sterling S. Smith, Devil's Lake, N. D., alleged shortage about \$1,287; Francis L. Anderson, Del Norte, Cal., shortage about \$1,211; Charles Spalding, Topeka, Kas., alleged shortage about \$3,000.

About ten others who have been found to be short in their accounts will probably be removed within a few days.

The President has sent to the Senate Gen. Crook and Lieut. Howard's report upon the condition of the Apache prisoners at Mount Vernon barracks, Alabama. The President recommends that provision be made for locating these Indians upon lands in the Indian Territory, and says: "Some of these Indians have rendered good services to the government in the pursuit and capture of the murderous band that followed Geronimo. It is a reproach that they should not, in our treatment of them, be distinguished from the cruel and bloody members of the tribe now confined with them."

President and Mrs. Harrison gave the annual dinner at the White House to members of the diplomatic corps. Invitations were generally accepted, and all the prominent diplomats and their wives were present. Other guests were Assistant Secretary of State, Wharton, Congressman Hitt, Mrs. Allen and Gen. Michener of Indiana. The decorations and menu were most elaborate and the affair the most brilliant social event of this administration.

Director of the Mint Leach has issued a statement that during the calendar year there were coined at the United States mints 1,338,012 gold pieces, valued at \$21,413,931; 43,030,622 silver pieces, valued at \$35,406,683.15, and 64,772,283 minor pieces, valued at 1,283,408.49. The total value of the coinage for the year was \$58,194,022.64, of which \$34,451,811 were standard silver dollars.

Senators Hale and Dolph deny that Mr. Farrar of the Toronto Mail had appeared before the Republican members of the Senate committee on relations with Canada, in secret session, and influenced them in opposition to the commercial union bill in order to force annexation. They also deny the statement in the same report that there was bad feeling between the Republicans and Democrats on that committee.

A committee from the G. A. R., consisting of Gens. Merrill of Massachusetts, Blue of Kansas, Burst of Illinois, and Kountze of Ohio, was before the House committee on invalid pensions advocating the enactment of the disability pension bill, which proposes to pension those soldiers who are disabled, whether dependent or not, and also the passage of the service-pension bill.

The comptroller of the currency issues a statement showing that on Dec. 11 last there were 3,326 national banks in the United States with a capital of \$617,740,164, surplus fund of \$198,504,749, individual deposits of \$1,135,402,483, loans and discounts of \$1,797,359,787 and government deposits of over \$44,000,000.

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

One Man Killed and Several Women and Children Injured.

A Pittsburg dispatch reports a natural gas explosion on Butler street, near Thirty-seventh, completely wrecking the building. One man was killed and several injured.

The explosion was one of the most terrific that has occurred here since the introduction of natural gas. The house was a three-story frame structure and occupied by two families. Mrs. Theodore Ringer went to the cellar and ignited the gas, which had escaped and filled the cellar. The explosion followed and the house was crushed like an egg, portions of it being blown for half a square. The shock was so terrible that the walls of a brick building several rods away were cracked and shattered.

JOHN SLIP, aged 38, died shortly after being taken from the wreck. Mrs. THEODORE RINGER was buried in the debris and was not recovered for an hour. She is so badly burned that she can not recover.

ANNIE, KATIE and BENJAMIN RINGER, aged 3, 5 and 8 years respectively, are all badly burned and cut.

Mrs. JOHN SLIP was badly cut, and Amelia Slip, aged 15, was seriously burned and may die.

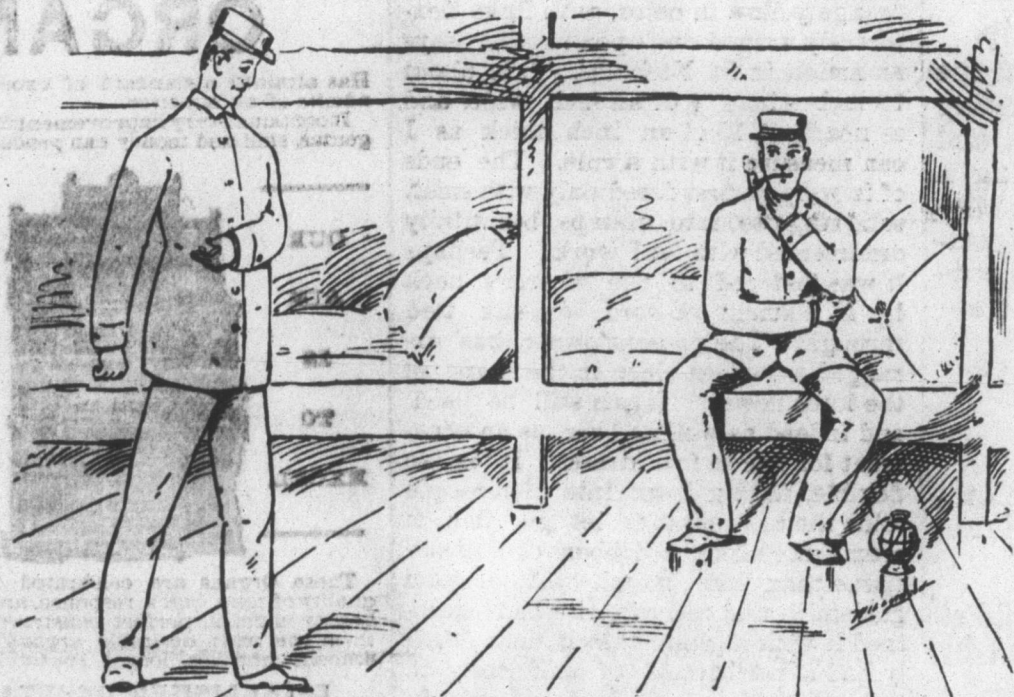
Mr. and Mrs. PAUL MELSER, aged 60 and 70 years, were on the third floor. Mrs. Melser was severely injured.

Mrs. Ringer's 2-year-old babe was rescued from the debris. The child was found under a table and was not injured in the least. The wreck took fire and the scene presented was frightful.

FLAMES AT NEW ORLEANS.

A Club House and Its Contents Destroyed at a Loss of \$40,000.

New Orleans fire started at 6 Baronne street, spread rapidly, and in a few minutes the upper floors of the four-story building, situated at the southwest corner of Baronne and Canal streets, occupied by the Chess, Checker and Whist club, was in flames, and the entire building and contents were destroyed. The total loss is estimated at \$40,000. The Chess club's loss will aggregate \$15,000, including library, furniture and fixtures. Inez Domecy's confectionary, on the first floor of 204 Canal street, was also destroyed. The loss is well covered by insurance.



out to-night, do you, Mr. Dunlap?" "Yes, we're marked out on number nine."

"That's so: I remember taking the order now. You're to have the 242. That's Jack Bronson's engine, isn't it?"

"Yes," was the reply, in such a dry tone that the operator turned with an amused smile and said:

"I don't believe you love your neighbor Bronson as yourself."

"Can't say that I do," replied the young man. Then, as though moved by a sudden impulse, he stepped to the side of the rosy-cheeked operator, and, bending down, until his mustache almost brushed her ear, exclaimed:

"Dora—Miss Cheney, I mean—I can't bear to see you treat that Jack Bronson as friendly as you do me any longer. I want you all to myself, don't you love me, Dora?"

"Dora," said Jack Bronson, "I mean—I can't bear to see you treat that Jack Bronson as friendly as you do me any longer. I want you all to myself, don't you love me, Dora?"

"Dora," said Jack Bronson, "I mean—I can't bear to see you treat that Jack Bronson as friendly as you do me any longer. I want you all to myself, don't you love me, Dora?"

The door had suddenly opened, revealing the astonished faces of Jack Bronson and Ironsides, the night operator.

"Charley," said Ironsides, as he stepped in and shook the water from his dripping hat, "I saw yer partner, Shanty, as he come along, and he told me to tell you to come down to the car."

Charley pulled his cap over his eyes and hurried out, wild with mortification and despair. So they were already engaged, were they? He turned toward the river, with a vague notion of throwing himself into its turbid waters, but changed his mind and started back to his way car. Reaching the car, he bolted in and flung himself upon a locker with a dismal groan.

Shanty was lying upon his back on the opposite side of the car, smoking vigorously. He was a man who never troubled himself about the affairs of others; but the conduct of his partner was so extraordinary that he stopped smoking, raised himself upon his elbow, and, after gazing a moment in speechless wonder, inquired:

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Got tired?"

"No."

"Got the colic?"

"No—oh, no."

"Well, what in thunder does ail ye?"

"Are you a friend of mine?" asked Charley, impressively, suddenly starting up.

Shanty's only answer was a look of astonishment.

"You see," went on Charley, "I told Dora I loved her—I mean—Jack Bronson—confound it, they're goin' to be married," he concluded, in desperation.

else has won your affections?"

Dora made no reply. "Then," continued Jack, in the most sarcastic tone he could command, "I am sure I wish you much joy, but I must confess I am a little surprised at your choice." And he walked majestically forth, slamming the door as he went, leaving Dora standing in the middle of the floor, speechless with indignation.

Not until he had nearly reached the end of his run that night had Jack passed through successive stages of anger, disappointment and chagrin and recovered his usual complacency sufficiently to remark to his friend:

"I understand, Jim, that Dora Cheney is going to marry that brakeman, Charley Dunlap."

"That so?"

"Yes; pity to see that girl throw herself away on such a good-for-nothing brute, ain't it?"

"That's what it is."

"Somebody ought to tell old Cheney what's up. He'd stop Mister Dunlap's little game."

"Ye-es."

"I never did have any use for that Dunlap. If he ever crosses my path



"GOOD EVENING, MR. BRONSON."

I'll drive him into the ground—notion to do it anyway on general principles."

A week later a solitary figure walking down the quietest of Warren's quiet streets had his attention attracted by two persons coming out of the Methodist parsonage. One he recognized as Dora Cheney; the other was a well-dressed stranger, who improved the opportunity to press a kiss upon Dora's unresisting lips as he assisted her into a waiting buggy. This proceeding so engrossed the attention of the solitary figure that he did not notice the rapid approach of a man from the opposite direction, equally intent as himself upon the scene across the street.

There was a muffled thud, a mutual recoil, a glare of recognition, and