

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

J. B. SALISBURY.

The loom of life with sturdy beat—
The tramp, tramp, tramp of human feet—
Is weaving now a silken veil,
A living web, soft and so frail.
Yet every thread is deeply wrought—
A shining gem for human life, the art.
The warp was drawn when morning stars
At dawn 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.
As long the lines of quivering 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 agleam,
And souls slipped down the golden way
To mate with forms of sordid clay.

BABE CENTER, N. Y.

A RAILWAY ROMANCE.

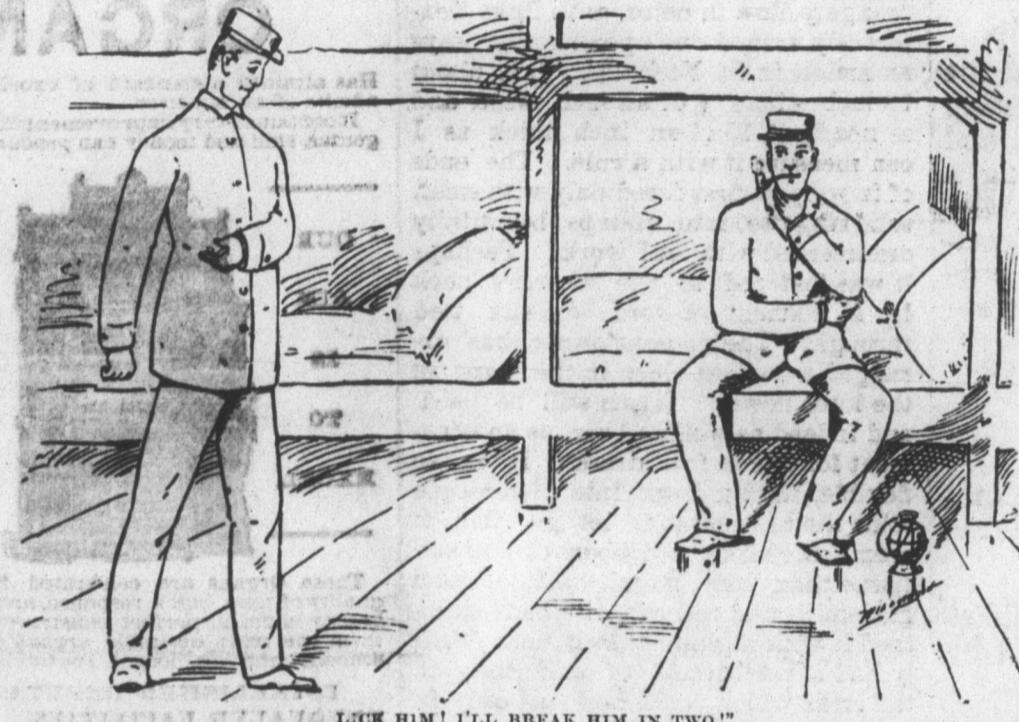
BY C. F. CARTER.

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



out to-night, do you, Mr. Dunlap?"

"Yes, we're marked out on number nine."

"That's so: I remember faking 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 just as friendly as you do me any longer. I want you all to myself, don't love you, Dora."

"Dora—Some one will come in. This is so very unexpected, and besides, you know, I'm already—Good evening, Mr. Bronson!"

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 I came 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."

"Gone to bed?"

"No."

"Got the colic?"

"No, oh, no."

"Well, what in thunder does all 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.

"Well—you—are—a—dandy," drawed Shanty, in a tone of withering contempt. "D'ye 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. Jack was not 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

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 fireman:

"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-ep."

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



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

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 placid consciousness of interest 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.

HE 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 bull'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 sacque, 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'm.

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 threw 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 BRODY.
ARCHIE NEIL. WILLIAM JAMES and wife.
MR. BANKINGER. T. SHOUTING.
POLICEMAN SYNSKY. CHARLES LIOKLEIER.
WILLIAM REILLY. BELL SMITH.
ELMER GATES. MRS. CONN.
ED. KEEMER. CHARLES LOWERY.
THOMAS DOYLE. FLORA BOWERS.
TAROW 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. RIDDELEBERGER DEAD.

The Ex-Senator from Virginia Passes Away.

Woodstock (Va.) dispatch: Ex-Senator H. H. Riddleberger died at 2:30 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 and fighters of 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, Shenandoah 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. At 12:30 o'clock on the morning of the 24th, Johann Most, the Anarchist agitator, was brought before Judge Cowing, who had been sitting in the courtroom since 10 o'clock. He was charged with inciting to riot. His trial had been adjourned on the 23rd, and he was now to be sentenced. The judge said he had been fully satisfied with the evidence presented and that he had no objection to the sentence of one year's imprisonment.

ANNE KATIE and BENJAMIN RINGER, aged 3, 5, and 8 years respectively, are all badly burned and cut. MRS. JOHN SLIP, aged 15, was seriously burned and may die. MR. and MRS. PAUL MELSHER, aged 60 and 70 years, were on the third floor. Mrs. Melsher 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.

At 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