

THE ART AS AN ENGINEER.

The party was delicious, and I want it myself. No! I put it in the pantry on the very lowest shelf. And to keep it from the insects, those at six and small. I made a river round it of molasses, best of all.

But the enemy approached it, all as hungry as could be. And the captain with his aid-de-camp just skimming round to see whether they could for this river, or should try some other plan. And together with his comrades he around the liquid ran.

To his joy and satisfaction after traveling around. The place where the molasses was narrowest he found. Then again he reconnoitered, rushing forward and then back. Till he spied some loosened mortar in the wall around a tack.

He divided then his forces, with a forman for each squad. And he marshaled the whole army, and before him each antrod; His directions were all given; to his chief he gave a call; While he headed the procession as they marched off up the wall.

Every ant then soiled his plaster, just a speck and nothing more. And he climb'd and tagged and carried till he'd brought it to the shore; Then they built their bridge, just working for an hour by the sky. After which they all marched over and all fell to eating pie.

—[St. Nicholas.

MAGGIE'S WEDDING GIFT.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

"A man's hat in his hand never did him any harm, Stephen, and I wish, dear, you had been a little more civil to Uncle Joseph."

"Nonsense, Maggie, darling. I don't like Joseph Hawick and his ways, and I am not going to pretend I do."

"His ways are very good ways. No one can say wrong of Uncle Joseph, Stephen."

"That is just it; they are too good. I rather think I am old enough to know what I am doing, and what I want. I have a good farm, I don't owe a penny, and I never mean to ask a favor except of you, or of my own hands. If I palavered over Joseph Hawick, he would be the very first to say I wanted the trifle of money he may have saved."

Maggie sighed, and then looked up into Stephen's handsome face and smiled. Stephen, of course, was right; a man with such eyes and such a figure could not, in love's sight, be wrong. He was brave and confident, too, and had that way of assertion which only very cool and sensible people can resist.

Uncle Joseph sighed, too, but it was a different sigh from Maggie's. He loved his niece with a wise and tender affection, and she had not chosen the husband that he would have chosen for her. Stephen Gray was indeed "well-to-do," and had a fair character, but the keen old man saw sad radical defects in it.

"He listens to no one but himself, and so he hears no advice but a flatterer's," said Joseph, "besides, Maggie, he is so proud, that I am feared he's bound to have a tumble."

"But, uncle, he has a big heart, and he's a good farmer, and even you can see that he is the handsomest man in the Dale."

"That is all true, girl, but God does not measure men by inches."

However, in spite of all disaffection, Maggie Hawick's wedding with Stephen Gray came off with great and widespread hospitality. Joseph Hawick had been friend of all the Dale folk and fine-spun linen, and not one of them missed an invitation. The guests feasted in the oak-panelled parlor, and the shepherds and cotters in the big barn. But all were merry and full of good wishes for the pretty bride and her handsome husband.

The number of the bridal presents Maggie received testified to it. Stephen's sideboard and buffet would be bright with silver tokens, and his presence full of snowy damask and fine-spun linen and blankets. But, upon the whole, it rather mortified him. He could not feel the loving kindness that sanctified the gifts, and the obligation was not pleasant to the self-sufficient young man. He had assured Uncle Joseph voluntarily, and with rather unnecessary pride, that he wanted nothing with Maggie, neither gold nor gear nor land; and yet, for all that, he looked rather anxiously for the old man's offering.

Joseph Hawick was believed, in spite of his eccentric attentions to poor patients, to "have money," and Stephen felt that a handsome check on Kendall Bank or a few government bonds would not be out of place; for he had been at some expense in refurbishing the old farm-house, and he was very anxious to try some new scientific experiments with his worn-out land.

But Maggie said nothing about her uncle's present, and Stephen was far too proud to ask her, until nearly a year after their marriage. But one day he had a long talk with old Squire Twaites about "high farming," and then the two men drifted into the discussion of some scheme for the draining of Druid's Moss. Then Stephen, thinking it all over as he smoked his pipe by the blazing fire, saw untold wealth of harvest from the rich alluvial soil and fabulous wheat-fields growing where men now caught leeches or shot wild fowl.

If he only had money! If he only had one thousand pounds in cash! Twaites and he would buy and drain the Moss. He sat dreaming over the project and counted the acres and bushels over and over, until he began to look upon Druid's Moss as the one thing upon the earth to be desired.

"Maggie," he said, suddenly, to the little wife, sewing and gently rocking herself beside him, "Maggie, what did Uncle Joseph give you for a wedding present? You never told me."

"I thought you would not like it, Stephen."

"Very likely not, but nevertheless, what was it?"

"A Bible."

"Just like him; and we had two family ones to begin with, not to speak of the little ones you have in almost every room."

"In the same way, Stephen, people give us napkins enough for three generations, and silver missives enough to serve all our friends. Uncle's Bible was by no means an ordinary one."

"How odd!"

"It has been in the Hawick household since A. D. 1616, and contains the family register for more than two hundred years. I am the last of our branch; I thought I would like to have it. It

is a queer old book with great brass clasps. I made uncle two solemn promises over it."

"What were they?"

"That I would never part with it under any circumstances, unless it was to give it back in his charge, and—and—"

"Well, what else?"

"That, whenever any other source of help and comfort failed me I would go to it—don't look so angry, Stephen."

"I think I have good cause to be angry; it is like a prophesy of ill fortune. Why should he forebode sorrow for you? And why should he suppose that you would need help or comfort I could not give you? If he had given you a thousand pounds it would have been more to the purpose."

Maggie looked quickly up. She had never heard such a sentiment from Stephen's lips before. Then she laughed gaily.

"A thousand pounds, Stephen! Why, what on earth should we do with so much money?"

"Buy and drain Druid's Moss, Maggie."

Maggie drew her eyebrows together and looked wonderingly at Stephen, who had it in his mind to pace the floor with rapid, thoughtful steps.

"Why, love," she said anxiously, "what can you mean? The Druid's Moss! What is that worth?"

"A few leeches and wild birds now, Maggie, but acres and acres of golden wheat and rich meadow-grass if it is drained. I was talking to Twaites about it to-day. Both our uplands are worn out; the Moss here, between us, would give five years of my life to own half of it and money sufficient to drain and cultivate it."

"How much money would do, Stephen?"

"A thousand pounds. I could drain part, and then save the proceeds to drain the rest. But where could I get the money?"

"I was thinking of Uncle Joseph. Would you let me ask him?"

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he would throw no more good money after bad, he said; but Stephen, with a determination that many thought a kind of madness, worked away.

And really, in the fourth year, it looked as if he would succeed. A portion that had been finished produced such a crop as made the farmers round the craggy summit of the great old hill. Stephen was jubilant; what could be done for two acres could be done for two hundred. He had proved his position, and was more enthusiastic than ever over his idea.

But Maggie was almost hopeless. She was beginning to suffer for very necessities; strange, hard men came with authority about her home, and Stephen looked so ill and haggard and was so irritable that her cup was full of sorrow. One gloomy afternoon, when it rained so heavily that work was impossible, she ventured to try to reason with and comfort the gloomy man, looking dolefully across the empty farm-yard toward the great, flat, dreary Moss.

"It will soon be over, my dear Maggie," he said. "To-morrow I am going into Kendal, to get another five hundred pounds, if I can, upon the farm planish and the rental of the stock. I am sure, if I get it, to put the whole Moss under wheat this year, and that will practically save us. If I don't, I have lost my estate and all these years' labor, and we shall leave this place, beggars, within a month. You know the worst now, Maggie."

The next day, amid the driving storm, she watched her husband make his last desperate journey. She turned and looked upon the pleasant room, where her three children played, and unconsciously about it, then she fled upstairs, and, falling down her knees, poured out all her heart in passionate, pleading prayer. As she rose, with streaming eyes, Uncle Joseph's last words flashed across her mind. Somehow, they held a new meaning for her. She unlocked her drawer, and lifted the old brass-bound book carefully and tenderly out.

It had comforted my fathers and mothers for a generation," she read softly. "I will see what it will do for me. And she unclasped it with a prayer: 'I was brought low, and He helped me.'"

They were good words, and she read the whole psalm through and turned the leaf. A Bank-of-England bill for one hundred pounds fell at her feet. She lifted it as though it had fallen from heaven, and commenced to turn, with eager, trembling fingers, the well-worn pages. One after another, bills fluttered into her lap until, from between the boards of Uncle Joseph's wedding-gift, she had taken eight thousand eight hundred pounds.

Can any one guess how she prayed again, and with what a radiant face she met the cross, wretched man that, half-drowned with the storm, walked about, up to the hearthstone?

"Stephen! Stephen!" she cried joyously. "Never look sad again! Uncle Joseph's wedding-gift has saved us! And she spread the money before him."

Maggie was right; the money saved Stephen every way. He bought Twaites out; he paid off all claims on his home; he restocked his farm, and triumphantly finished the draining of Druid's Moss.

Maggie's fortune was oddly given, but the eccentric old man did not judge far amiss. His wedding gift was blessed as he intended it should be—in two ways. For Maggie and Stephen learned to love it, not only for the material help it had brought them in their extremity, but also for the promise of the far more exceeding and abundant riches which it promised and provides for.—[The Ledger.

The Cat in Thibet.

The cat is treated by Thibetians with the most marked attention and forbearance. Even when it spills milk, breaks or destroys any valuable object, or kills some pet bird, it is never whipped or beaten in any way, but merely chidden and driven away by the voice, which were a dog or a child to commit these offences, they would be soundly thrashed.

Such very mild and considerate treatment might lead one to suppose that the cat is esteemed holy. But such is not the case. It is, indeed, regarded as a useful animal, to the extent that it contributes to the preservation of sacred pictures, robes, and sacrificial food, and the like, by killing the mice which consume and destroy these. But otherwise the cat is considered the most sinful being on earth, on account of its constant desire for taking life, even when gorged with food, and its torture of its victims. Its mild treatment is due to the belief that whosoever causes the death of a cat, whether accidentally or otherwise, will have the sins of the cat transferred to his shoulders. And so great is the burden of its sins that, even were one sir (two pounds) of butter for each hair on the cat's body offered in feeding the temple lamas before Buddha's image, the crime would not be expiated.—[Indian Antiquary.

The Metrical System.

Though a simple enough thing when properly applied, the metrical system is exceedingly confusing when come upon suddenly in connection with matters and subjects the dimensions of which have hitherto been expressed in common figures. The difficulty of a quick mental conversion from the old system of our grandfathers to the metrical is apparent when a man states his height in metres and his weight in kilos. Harald Hagen, the professional champion skater of Europe, now in this country, on being asked his height and weight replied that he was 1.88 metres in height, and weighed, in racing condition, seventeen kilos. It is no easy matter to understand at a thought that he is about six feet two and a half inches high, and weighs about 160 pounds. The metric system has been without a strong public champion in this country ever since the death of Alexander H. Stephens. It is slow in taking hold. Cloth is still measured by the yard, lumber by feet and inches, liquids by pints, quarts, and gallons, and weights by pounds and ounces, grains and drachms.—[N. Y. Times.

Dynamite and Gunpowder.

Dynamite is vastly more powerful than gunpowder. With the latter the volume of gas is 300 times as great as the grains used. With dynamite the volume of gas is 930 times, or three times as much. With gunpowder the gas is set free gradually; with dynamite instantaneously. Air presses with enormous weight on every surface. When an explosion takes place all the air must be pushed aside to make room for the gas. With dynamite it is less work to split the rock on which it is laid than to raise the column of air. With gunpowder there is less gas, and the gas being generated gradually, the air is moved gradually, and this less work than splitting the rock. If gunpowder is used to split a rock extra pressure is the shape of tamping is necessary.—[New York Dispatch.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JEST AND YARN BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Hard Lot—A Matter of Choice—A Great Improvement—A Predicament—Etc., Etc.

"Goodness me, Johnny! What are you crying about now?"

"'Cause Tommy dreamed about eatin' pie last night and I didn't."—[Indianapolis Journal.

A MATTER OF CHOICE.

"To think that my Ethel should have spoken so impertinent to papa at dinner. She never hears mamma talk that way to him."

Ethel (stoutly)—Well, but you choiced him and I didn't.—[Tit Bits.

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

Tailor—Checks I see are not to be used this Spring.

Customer—Well, that suits me; I always liked credit far better.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A PREDICAMENT.

Jason—I'll be hanged if I know whether it's safer to admit that strange lady as 'Miss' or 'Madame.'

Argo—Why, what difference will it make?

Jason—Well, you see, if I call her 'Madame' she'll think I think she looks so old that she must be married. And if I call her 'Miss' she'll think I've spotted her as an old maid who couldn't get married.—[Chicago News Record.

A GOOD REASON.

"I wish I was a twin," said Bobbie. "Why?" asked his father. "Then I could see how I looked without a looking-glass," said Bobbie.—[Harper's Young People.

A NATURAL INFERENCE.

"What are the principal products of the Sandwich Islands?"

"I am not sure, but I should say bread, ham and mustard."

A QUESTION NOT EASILY ANSWERED.

"So she is going to marry him?"

"Yes."

"Does she love him?"

"It is impossible to tell. He is rich."

MUCH TO LIVE FOR.

He loved her more than tongue could tell—at least more than his tongue could tell—for he had been telling her of it for months, and is still at it seven nights a week. He was sweet and musical as bright Apollo's lute, strung with his own hair, and when he spoke the voice of all the gods made heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Naturally, under such circumstances, the girl liked to listen. Yet she had lived in Chicago so many winters that she had some doubts about love keeping the cold out better than a cloak and serving for food and raiment. Sparrows and seakings, she knew were more comfortable from a practical standpoint.

Yet she loved to listen to this lover's love. It was a weakness women have even in Chicago.

On this occasion he had been talking to her of his love and his hopes for the future.

"I have so much to live for," he whispered tenderly, as he took her in his great strong arms.

She looked up into his face trustfully.

"I should say you did, George," she said with charming naivete. "I weighed 200 pounds to-day on papa's hog scales."

"Birdie," he murmured, and kissed her.—[Detroit Free Press.

THE SAD ELEVATOR BOY.

Old Lady—Don't you ever feel sick going up and down in this elevator all day?

Elevator Boy—Yes'm.

"Is it the motion of going down?"

"No'm."

"The motion of going up?"

"No'm."

"The stopping?"

"No'm."

"What is it then?"

"The questions."—[Good News.

SURE TO FAIL.

Bilkins—Your friend Scribner seems to be always short of funds. If his books don't sell, why don't you try him at office work when you need a new man?

Boomer—No use. A man who can't succeed as a novelist hasn't imagination enough for the real estate business.—[N. Y. Weekly.

HONEST.

He—Don't you think you could love me just a little?

She (decidedly)—No; I'm one of those impulsive creatures who never do things by halves.—[New York Press.

A BIG ROOM.

Mr. Gotham—How's business in your sector?

Western Friend—Booming, sir, just a booming. Why, sir, in Dugout City, where I live, they are opening up new streets so fast that the whole town is down with diphtheria.—[N. Y. Weekly.

AN AERIAL SUBTLE.

Manager—Mr. Skylight, I see you're late again this morning. Have you moved out of town?

Skylight—Yes, sir.

Manager—How far?

Skylight—The twenty-first story, sir.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

FASHIONS FOR '93.

Wife—Isn't it lovely? It was so delightfully antique I could not resist the temptation to buy it.

Husband—Well, I'll be damned! Here I've just been elected President of the Swear Off Temperance Society, and you go out and purchase an old-fashioned punch bowl as big as a tub.

"We needn't use it for punch, my dear."

"What can we do with it?"

"I was thinking we might keep it in the library. We can fill it with water, you know, and alonide of it have a sponge on a pretty Japanese plate."

"What for?"

"For wetting Columbia postage stamps, of course."—[New York Weekly.

A JUDICIAL OPINION.

Daughter (looking up from her novel)—Papa, in time of trial what do you suppose brings the most comfort to a man?

Papa (who is District Judge)—An acquittal, I should think.—[Brooklyn Life.

COMPANION PIECES.

Gildersleeve—A Philadelphia man has a carriage which he says Washington once owned.

Tillinghast—Who has the hack Washington took at the cherry tree?—[Brooklyn Life.

HER FAVORITE ATTITUDE.

In the Street Car: Gentleman (entering)—Will you kindly get up and give me your seat?

Lady—What do you mean by addressing me in that manner, sir?

Gentleman—When I offered you a seat last evening you said you preferred to stand. As I take you for a lady of your world, I will accommodate you by occupying your seat while you assume your favorite attitude.—[Boston Transcript.

HAD HIS EYES OPENED.

Green—There was a time when I thought I knew everything.

Brown—Yes. And you think differently now?

G.—I do.

B.—What made you change your opinion?

G.—Well, the fact is I am courting a widow.—[New York Press.

SELF-CONTROL.

Teacher—What is the meaning of self-control?

Boy—It's when a teacher gets mad, and feels like giving a boy a black mark, and doesn't.

A GREAT EFFORT.

Wee Miss—I hate that little girl!

Mamma—You should not hate anybody, my dear.

Wee Miss—Well, if I mustn't hate her, I'll try not to, but I guess I'll make my head ache.—[Good News.

DEFINITE ENOUGH.

Jack—I may kiss you, then?

Perdita (blushing)—Some time in the future, Jack.

Jack (eagerly)—When?

Perdita—Day before to-morrow.

MR. JONES TELLS A STORY.

Remarks.

"I know the best story about Simpson to-day," said Mr. Jones, as he settled himself comfortably for an evening at home. "You've seen that fur coat of his, Maria—well, it was—"

"Wait till I get me sewing, Jephtha," said Mrs. Jones. "There no begin."

"You know the outside of the coat