

HOUSE AND HOME.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN.

Where is the house, the house we love?

By field or river, square or street,
The house our hearts go dreaming of,
That lonely voice that hurrying foot,
The house to which we come, come,
To make that happy home our home.

Oh dear old house, for a long time
A melody of such curious things,
As a wisp of smoke counting o'er,
Ere the glad morning of songs and wings,
When a small rest makes all her heaven,
And a true mate that sings at even.

Up those dim stairs my heart will steal,
And quietly through the silent rooms,
And long in prayerful love will kneel,
And in the twilight glow,
Will set a certain twilight glow,
And under and order and make fair.

Oh, tarrying Time, hasten, until
You light our hearts, dear and warm,
Set pictures on these walls so chill,
And draw our curtains 'gainst the storm,
And shut us in to certain Time,
In a new world, a happier clime!

Whether our house be new or old
We care not; we will drive awry
From last year's nest its memories cold,
And all be glad that once was gay,
Oh, dear dream-house, for which we pray,
Ours to become slowly your way!

Mr. Weathercraft's Argument.

The murder of old Mr. Weathercraft created the usual nine days sensation, which died away temporarily at least on the commission of James Thompson, the deceased's butler, to take his trial for the crime. The case could not come on in the ordinary course of events for four or five months at nearest, so the public having taken the learned opinions of the various newspapers entered a unanimous verdict of guilty against the accused, and turned its attention to other matters. The law officers were to be trusted to do their duty at the appointed time, and the papers would, of course, make things as amusing as possible when that time came, so James Thompson languished in his cell forgotten save by those officially interested in introducing him to the awful majesty of the law.

Vox populi, vox dei! Let us follow the example of the sovereign people and leave old James in his solitary cell while we give a short account of Mr. Weathercraft and his melancholy end.

He was a man of 60 or thereabouts, a retired stock broker, rich and of good standing in the community, living in a well-appointed house, with a large staff of servants, much given to quiet hospitality, and since his retirement paying more attention to his kitchen and wine cellar than to the fluctuations of the market and the gambling (save the mark of bulls and bears). An old housekeeper presided over his establishment, and next to her in importance came the butler, almost as old both in age and time of service, he whom we have just left waiting trial for the murder of his master.

It would have been difficult to point out any peculiarity about Mr. Weathercraft, anything to distinguish him from other old, genial old bachelors of the same class. He was commonly supposed to have no eccentricities, no hobbies, and few strong opinions; in fact, those who knew him said he was only a crank on one subject.

To be called a crank is the penalty nowadays for holding and airing any opinion in which at least nine-tenths of the community do not concur.

Mr. Weathercraft, however, was called a crank on the subject of the death of the old man. He held indirect evidence in the deepest distrust, and though as firm a believer in hanging for murder as any criminal lawyer on or off the bench, yet he held that no evidence save that of reputable eye witnesses should send a man to the gallows.

On this cheerful topic he was much given to after dinner discourse, and his rather balding style known to the correspondents' columns of the daily papers. He was known to have written a magazine article on the subject, which, however, never saw the light, though it spent a whole year making the rounds of the magazine offices. Such is the blindness of the editors of "the press" to the value of the editor's pen.

His "letters to the editor" got him interviewed once or twice when newspapers were very hard up for copy. He enjoyed the process hugely and always asked the reporter to "call again."

When the old man was dead and his butler arrested, people said it was a clear case of Nemesis that the evidence against his slayer should be so convincing and at the same time so purely circumstantial, and some wag of a reporter was heard to wonder whether after Thompson's trial, conviction and execution, old Weathercraft's ghost would address ghostly denunciations to ghostly newspapers from a corner of ghostland and refuse to be interviewed.

The case indeed seemed clear enough. Mr. Weathercraft had gone to bed on the 19th of November well and in good spirits; on the following morning he was found dead, stabbed to the heart. The weapon which was found buried in the old man's heart was an old-fashioned silver skewer, part of the family plate, and had clearly been sharpened for its deadly purpose. The sharpening seemed to have been done with a file or some such rough implement. There was a very little external hemorrhage, only a few drops of blood being visible.

The last person who saw his master alive was the accused himself. According to story, he had gone up to Mr. Weathercraft's room with the plate chest, it being the old man's habit to keep the silver in his own room at night, though the key was always left with the housekeeper after the chest had been locked up. This had been the custom in the house for many years. His master was in bed reading a novel and said "good night" in his usual way. Mr. Weathercraft never locked his door at night, as the footman was expected to come in at 8 o'clock in the morning, fill the bath and light the fire.

This was all the accused could or would say beyond denying all knowledge of how his master had come to his death.

The footman on being examined testified to having found the body. He had entered as usual at 8 o'clock, scarcely waiting to knock, and had made arrangements for his master's toilet, thinking him asleep. Mr. Weathercraft was a heavy sleeper, but usually awoke when the bath was being filled. As his master did not move, the witness went to the bedside, and to use the poor fellow's own expression, "As I hope for mercy, sir, the face was the face of a dead corpse." This witness further added that the bed was but little disordered, the lamp was out and the novel lay open on its face on the floor. He did not remove the skewer or attempt to do so, but ran and told the housekeeper,

who sent him for the police. The housekeeper being summoned identified the skewer as part of the usual contents of the plate chest, which led to the recall of the butler, who, being asked whether he had counted the silver on the night of the murder, answered in the affirmative, but being pressed admitted that he did not often count the silver that was not in everyday use. Then finally, as if divining at length his real position, he broke down, calling on God to strike him dead if he knew anything about his old master's murder, and was led aside after saying it was a judgment on him for "leaving the silver uncounted."

The strongest evidence against the accused was found when a search was made in his room. It looked as if old Thompson must have been almost mad to have left so many mute witnesses against himself. In a tall vase on the mantelpiece was found a cheap file, which, when examined by an expert, proved to have small particles of silver still adhering to it. On a ledge in the chimney was Mr. Weathercraft's purse, containing \$45 in notes and some change. Finally, at the side of the coverlet, rather more than half way down towards the foot of the bed, were discovered three distinct stains, which expert evidence asserted to be blood stains, and seemed to have been left by a human right hand.

If motive were wanted for the crime, Mr. Weathercraft's will seemed to offer it. The will had been drawn up some months previously, and witnessed by the two men servants, and the last clause consisted of a bequest of \$10,000 to the accused himself. It seemed possible that Thompson knew of this bequest and that he had perpetrated this awful crime in order to benefit by it the same night.

It is not surprising, in the face of all the evidence, that James Thompson was fully committed to take his trial for the willful murder of his deceased master, or that public opinion almost unanimously condemned him in advance. During the four months that elapsed between the arrest and the trial James Thompson sat despairing in his cell. He spoke little, answering his lawyer apathetically, throwing no new light on the case but continuing to deny everything. He seemed like one in a hopeless maze who can't exactly understand how he got there and has given up all hopes of ever getting out. As we have said before, the public was tolerably unanimous in believing him guilty, though strange to say there was one notable exception. Had his lawyer, a sharp criminal practitioner who had taken up the case with his eye fixed on the \$10,000, almost believed him innocent, we may say almost, for Mr. Sharp made a point of never allowing himself to quite believe anything or anybody.

Mr. Sharp was a man of some ability, almost believed his client guilty; in the present instance he almost believed him innocent, and that was all. Indeed, there was something pathetic in the puzzled expression which never left the old man's face, and his occasional remark with a melancholy shake of the head, "It was all along of me leaving my sinner uncounted." Mr. Sharp, who was practical even in his opinion, once expressed an opinion to his partner in the privacy of their inner office that "if the fellow would only get off that Tommy rot about the sinner to the jury they would bring him in insane without leaving the box."

But if the lawyer believed or half believed his client innocent he found it difficult to offer even to himself any reason for the half faith that was in him, and it was with the worst forebodings that he saw the day of trial draw at last.

The case was called and Sharp did his best, but there was indeed very little to be done. There is an end to all things, even things legal, an end to challenges, an end to exceptions asked and taken. The judge delivered his charge and the jury left the box. It is supposed they did this as a compliment to Mr. Sharp, who was always popular with juries; in all events, they soon filed back again with a verdict of "guilty as charged in the indictment." Old Thompson was formally condemned to death.

He was led back to his cell, where his lawyer visited him and tried to cheer him by talking of "privileges" and "appeals." He recommended him to "make himself comfortable, explaining that, by the grace of God and the laws of the State, he had still a couple of years or so to live, unless things went very badly.

But the old man shook his head and said "No." He had been condemned to death, and the sooner he died the better; he didn't want any more palaver about it since it was all along of him that sinner he had left uncounted. In vain Sharp pointed out that uncounted sinner was not a hanging matter; old Thompson was firm, and the lawyer departed not altogether without hope and demanded a commission to inquire into the client's sanity.

The doctor came in due time and examined the prisoner. Then they talked it over among themselves and decided that though he was certainly a little odd he was sane enough to hang satisfactorily and handed in their report in that sense.

So old Thompson was told that he had nothing further to hope for in this world and sat down to wait through the months which the wisdom rather than the mercy of the law ordains shall elapse between a condemned man's sentence and execution. And here we must leave him while we pay a visit to the office of Mr. Fogey, the late Mr. Weathercraft's lawyer and confidential man of business.

It was a Monday morning just six months after Mr. Weathercraft's death. Mr. Fogey was busy, but when his clerk entered and handed him a card he glanced at it and ordered the visitor to be admitted.

The card bore the name Mr. C. J. Lacey, and underneath it was a business card connected with the late George Weathercraft's estate. He was just acquainted with Mr. Lacey and knew him to be a very old friend of his deceased client, but he was at a loss to divine the reason of his visit. The lawyer rose as the visitor entered, and motioning him to take a chair, asked how he could serve him, to which Mr. Lacey replied by producing a packet from his pocket and laying it on the table in front of Mr. Fogey. Then he sat down and began:

"Mr. Fogey," he said, "I have come here today in obedience to a request of poor dear Weathercraft. There is a packet which he gave me some six months or more before he was murdered, asking me to give it to you or your successor exactly six months after his death. The time is up to-day, and here it is."

The lawyer took the packet. It was a tolerably thick one, inclosed in a long business envelope. He turned it over in his hand and then remarked:

"I am not sure, Mr. Lacey, whether in view of the fact that the sinner and you should not have had this examined before."

"Well, I suppose you are right from your point of view," said Mr. Fogey, as he slit the envelope methodically along the top edge and opened the package. It contained a folio paper wrapper around ten United States notes, each for \$1,000. He counted the notes and laying them down opened the paper and read without comment, while Mr. Lacey listened in silent attention.

16 WASHINGTON AVENUE, April 26, 18—.

DEAR FOGEY: I must begin by apologizing for committing the letter to Lacey's charge rather than to yours, as might have seemed more natural, but I have thought that as a lawyer you might feel it your duty to make its contents known before the appointed time. At all events, you would have found yourself in a trying and difficult position. By obeying me you would possibly, as a lawyer, incur censure by opening the letter before the time you would defeat all my plans and hopes, so I shall hand this to Lacey in trust for you and beg you to forgive me.

I am confident when you read this I shall have been dead six months, murdered—for so the law has doubtless decided—by old James, my butler, with a skewer, part of the silver committed to his charge.

There will not have been wanting abundant evidence legally conclusive against my murderer or even motive for his deed; I may therefore suppose that by the time you read this he has been condemned and sentenced, but not executed, since the law requires an interval between sentence and execution.

The legacy left him in my will besides supplying possible motive for his crime and enhancing its heinousness, has probably furnished him means for proper defense on his trial. Yet, in spite of this, he has been convicted and sentenced. Is it not so?

And now to explain everything, to make the dark clear and the crooked straight.

On the 19th of November last I committed suicide, having previously arranged that everything should point clearly to the guilt of James, my butler. I secreted the skewer, I sharpened it with a file and placed the file in Thompson's room. I stained his coverlet with blood, my blood, for it came from a cut in my finger. I hid my purse in his chimney, and finally, on the night of November 19th I committed suicide by stabbing myself to the heart.

And now I give my reasons. In taking my own life I have doubtless committed a crime against the laws of God and the State, but I believe that the life of one man is of little value when weighed against even a possible good to the community. If my death fulfils the object I have in view then my life has been well sacrificed; and even if it fails, the intention will absolve me.

Next I have inflicted great anguish of mind on an innocent and virtuous old man; but here again the agony, even if it runs to martyrdom of one, must be weighed against the benefit of the many. For James Thompson himself I have endeavored to supply a consolation if not compensation, in my legacy of \$10,000 and the supplementary sum of \$10,000 which I enclose herewith. May he understand and forgive me.

Perhaps even now you scarcely understand what I hope to have accomplished by my death, but I will endeavor to explain. You have heard me speak, you have read my written words on the use of circumstantial evidence, I am convinced that so long as men are done to death on indirect evidence so long must the constant possibility of judicial murder lie heavy on the conscience of the nation. By my death and Thompson's conviction, I hope to awaken the public conscience to a sense of its shameful burden. If I am successful, then all has been done well.

Here is an innocent old man sentenced to death on circumstantial evidence of the clearest description, and but for this letter his sentence would eventually be executed.

All that I have done to fix my death upon Thompson might have been done by a third party had I been really assassinated.

In conclusion I beg that a copy of this letter be sent to each of the newspapers, and that the inclosure be handed to James Thompson with the assurance of my affection and thanks for his services voluntary and other.

For myself I feel that if this case leads to a revision of the law touching the infliction of the death penalty upon my life nor Thompson's peace of mind will have been vainly sacrificed.

Your affectionate friend,

GEORGE WEATHERCRAFT.

The two men sat silent for a minute while the lawyer folded up the paper and laid it on the little pile of notes. Then Mr. Lacey spoke:

"That was a bit of a crank on circumstantial evidence, but he must have been stark staring mad. I wonder what old James will think of it. I wouldn't have gone through it for a million."

"I doubt if old James would if he had been given a choice," replied the man in the frock coat, "but \$20,000 is a good round sum for the fellow to earn in six months, though he might have preferred earning it in some other way."

"Do you think it likely to have the desired effect on the minds of our lawgivers?" asked the other.

"Not the least in the world," replied Mr. Fogey, "that the reverse I should have feared, and has a shaggy coat of dark and light brown. Its head resembles that of a bear, but its long tail precludes the idea that it might be a cinnamom. It is supposed to be a specimen of the so-called fox-tailed bears which tradition says were once plentiful in the mountains in that vicinity." [New York Post.]

A REASONABLE REQUEST.

Sergeant (to recruit who has trodden heavily on his foot on alighting from the horizontal bar)—Bomben und Granaten! It is all very well, Schulze, your trying to tread in my footsteps, but you ought, at least, to wait till I have cleared off.

[Westfälische Volksblatt.]

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE adaptability of American women to any position in society is referred to in admiring phrases by a writer in the Popular Science Monthly. He says: "Wherever we meet the American woman—and we meet her everywhere, in the remotest of the English language, and of the highest European aristocracy, as well as in more modest conditions—we are struck with that marvelous adaptability in which wise men see the sign of the superiority of a race or of a species. It is revealed notably by that good humor with which she accepts the numerous petty annoyances that every change of medium implies and which, put the best characters on trial, she submits to them without effort, and criticizes them without bitterness; she is, further, prepared for them by her education, and does not expect to find everything easy. Then the necessity of manual labor does not seem to her like a degrading condition; at most only one or two generations separate her from the time when her grandmothers kneaded the family bread in the primitive settlements. These stories are familiar to her, and the lessons deduced from them are not discouraging or humiliating. She is the daughter of a race of emigrants who have become a great people through work, energy, and determination. She has in this her command a whole treasury of traditions from which she draws, not without pride, the mightiest aid in listening to these stories, that we are hearing one of those grand dames of the past century, emigrants and poor, telling with pride in their memoirs how, to supply their wants, they worked in London or in Germany, utilizing their accomplishments and their correct taste, and making trimmings and embroideries to sell with their own aristocratic hands."

An investigation of the cost of producing wheat in Kansas, recently undertaken by the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, shows that the labor involved in preparing the ground, sowing, harvesting and threshing the wheat, costs, on the average, \$3.86 per acre as against \$1.07 on non-irrigable lands of the Gangetic plains. In other words, the value of the labor involved in the production of a bushel of wheat in India is 53 cents as against 30 cents in Minnesota, the Dakotas, or Kansas, while the Indian, with his crude mode of sowing, plants a half more seed than the American with his drill. To this labor-cost must be added the value of the seed, either the land-tax of India or the interest on the investment in America, and the cost of haulage to the market, this last being greater in America than in India. Valuing the Indian's labor at five cents a day, the cost of merely cutting an acre of wheat is 60 cents, while it is done by contract throughout the West for 50 cents. So little does the rot cut in a day that he usually carries the produce of his labor home on his head.

One of the richest cities in the United States, the city of London, is at the head of navigation on Puget Sound, and which promises to be one of the greatest cities of the country. The town is only about six miles old, but it has a population of about 50,000 and is assessed at \$43,000,000. Its banks have a capital of \$3,000,000 and its car shops pay out in wages \$10,000 every month. It has fifty miles of electric lines and it is building a new line to the city of Seattle. The city is situated on the coast of the Pacific Ocean and has a long line of steamships to China and Japan. It is one of the great lumber centers as well as one of the great shipping ports of the northwest. And it sent out last year more than 6,000,000 bushels of wheat to foreign markets. It has a monthly pay of nearly \$300,000. It has a large number of elevators and factories. The city is one of the prettiest cities of the northwest. It has more millionaires to the block than any other town in the country, and its rich men have come to stay. They have built big houses, and it is a city of homes.

When a man who has grasped fortune's hand in business pursuits attempts late in life to shine as an orator the result is not always happy. This has been the case with Mr. W. H. Wood, who is now in France for his fine chess game. Mr. Wood, who is entirely a "self-made" man, has an ambition to shine in politics, and at the last election of members of the Chamber of Deputies he made the canvass in a Norman town. In order to impress his constituency with his eloquence he engaged a journalist to dictate a concluding speech and learned the discourse by heart. When he mounted the rostrum and began: "As a candidate for the Chamber comma knowing your needs comma I beg to solicit your suffrages full stop," there was such a roar of laughter at his proof-reader like dictation that he came to a full stop in fact.

The most serious menace to church-going in England has been tried to induce the wheelmen to conform to the law, and the bicycles of a few who have done so have been stolen by local church members, and the wheelmen now say that they will not go to church unless the church insures their machines. Many of the clergymen have become enthusiastic wheelmen, and it is said that one country minister was recently called on to officiate at a funeral wanted to ride to the cemetery on a wheel, wearing his surplice.

A BAVARIAN AERONAUT named Koch has a scheme for a new guideable flying apparatus, and the Bavarian Ministers of the Interior and of Education think enough of him and of it to make him a grant of \$400 to enable him to carry out his ideas. Koch has described his plan in a pamphlet entitled "Free Human Flying." The Preliminary Condition of Dynamic Aerodynamics. He will first acquire the necessary skill himself, and will practice over the Lake of Constance. The Prince Regent of Bavaria is much interested in the matter.

DENTAL is made in St. Petersburg for the unfavorable reports recently published in Great Britain and elsewhere regarding the practice of the coming harvest in Russia, and to the statement that the Government would, in consequence, prohibit the export of rye. The present condition of the crops, although unsatisfactory in the governments of Podolia, Kieff, and Cherson, is excellent in practically all other districts.

WOMEN have given an aggregate of \$2,328,078.18 to institutions of learning in the State of Massachusetts, of which Harvard has received more than half. Public libraries in the State have received from women gifts amounting to \$681,196; public and industrial schools have received \$123,000, and kindergarten, \$344,579. As early as 1864, Bridget Wynne gave Harvard College \$42, and in 1718 Mrs. Hutchinson gave \$10 to the same institution.

THE Infants Eulalie through the New York Herald denied the story that she snubbed Mrs. Potter Palmer and that she was rude to the citizens of Chicago. To a Herald representative the Princess explained that she tried everywhere to show her gratitude for the kind treatment of the American people and that

she had been offended by anything she would have instantly quitted the United States.

Mrs. S. L. OBERHOLSTER, National W. C. T. U. Superintendent, has, during the past year, established school savings banks in thirty-four public schools representing over 5,000 pupils, who have to their personal bank credit \$3,174.74. Girard College and other institutions, having the public school system, have also adopted this simple method of teaching thrift.

Fifty years ago Benjamin Potter, of Kent County, Del., left an estate for the benefit of the poor whites of the county. An accumulation of some \$6,000 is now to be distributed by the Attorney for the State.

THE BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

INSECT BITES—Bites of gnats, fleas, mosquitoes, flies, etc., may be avoided by sponging the face and hands with elder flower water. A weak carbolic lotion is also used for the purpose. It must not be too strong or the skin will be injured.

SINGING IN THE EAR.—That unpleasant sensation known as singing in the ear generally results from hardening of the wax. It may frequently be removed at once by sponging the ear with a little warm soap and water, or by dropping a little glycerine oil into the ear at bedtime. If these remedies do not answer, a mustard poultice applied just behind the ear at bed time, and repeated, if necessary, two or three nights, is an almost certain cure.

CLINICAL THERMOMETERS.—In stating that some 20,000 thermometers are standardized yearly in Berlin and 30,000 in the thermometric institute at Weimar, Professor Helmholtz also remarks that it is really a matter of life and death to be so accurate in the use of a thermometer. The range of 93 degrees and 99 degrees, years ago, even in the very best and most expensive of these instruments, errors of from 1 to 14 degrees being found. Medical men have discovered that the practical use of clinical thermometers is of extreme value, and following the example of Germany, great attention has been given to the standardization of these instruments. In other words, the absolute perfection in these instruments, the operations at Kew advancing this science being well understood. A special factor in thermometry is, of course, the best possible glass, and the claim has been made by English manufacturers that fifty years ago the work of graduation was done less efficiently than now, but that the glass of which the thermometers were made, being perhaps of inferior quality, was, or that account less susceptible to influence inducing various conditions of strain.

DAUGHTER OF QUININE.—"Dangerous, though popular," is the judgment pronounced by Dr. W. Thornton Parker in a recent elaborate paper on the present almost indiscriminate use of quinine, and this judgment is fortified by citations from numerous eminent authorities. Having to linger, large doses produce severe frontal headache, with dull and heavy, tense and sometimes agonizing pains. In toxic doses it excites convulsions. Cinchon and Cure find that the removal of the motor centers of the brain prevents these convulsions, and if the central hemisphere is removed on one side the convulsions are unilateral; and the other hand, Albertoni finds that quinine will induce convulsions when the central hemisphere or the cortical motor centres are removed. Dr. Bartholow states that in full medicinal doses, as the quinine accumulates in the brain, a sense of fullness in the head, constriction of the forehead, more or less giddiness and even decided vertigo are felt. In toxic doses these symptoms have been intensified—intense headache with constriction of the forehead, dizziness of vision or complete blindness, dilated pupils, or coma, dilated pupils, weak, flat ering pulse, irregular and shallow respiration, convulsions, and finally collapse and death. Dr. Wood states that the minimum fatal dose of quinine is not known, but probably varies much. Dr. Brown-Sequard states that in epileptics the attacks are rendered more frequent by the quinine. The opinion, also, that in large doses quinine without doubt abolishes the functions of the cerebrum.

Strange Relics Come to Light.

A remarkable discovery has just been made in one of the attics of the museum of the Louvre, Paris, where for many years a pile of old boxes containing various unclassified objects has awaited the investigations of the official staff. Among these flotsam and jetsam of the lumber-room is a green cartoon, bearing no external marks to distinguish it from the others, much less to indicate that it served as a sort of urn for part, at least, of the mortal relics of the royal personages. When this insignificant-looking casket was opened the first premonitory symptom of what was coming consisted of a whiff of that peculiar odor which clings even to the bones of Kings. Then a yellow sheet of paper was perceived, inscribed with the following inventory of the melancholy specimens that it half concealed: A shoulder-blade of Hugh Capet, a thigh-bone of Charles V., a shin-bone of Charles VI., sundry vertebrae of Charles VII., a shin-bone of Francis I., more vertebrae of Charles IX., a rib of Philippe Le Bel, ditto of Louis XII., the lower jaw-bone of Catherine de Medicis, a jaw-bone of Anne of Austria, a shin-bone of Charles de Rohan.

Opposite to each name is inscribed the date of its possession, and also a day (not always the same) of the month of October, 1793. This last piece of information supplies a clue to the whole mystery, and, as the paper is pronounced by experts to belong without doubt to the pen and reference, affords convincing proof of the genuine character of the remains. The box has, in the course of unknown migrations, received rather rough usage, for several osseous fragments are scattered on the bottom.

[Chicago Herald.]

How Many Stars in the Flag?

It is remarked as singular, and possibly an indication of lack of patriotism, that the average American, always excepting school children, cannot tell off-hand how many stars there now are in this country's flag. If any reader of this despatches to try the question on ten of his friends he will probably find that only three or four can give the correct number even after a minute of hard thought. The ordinary reply will range from forty to forty-four stars instead of the correct forty-four. The admission with four stars of North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Idaho and Wyoming has brought the list up to the last-mentioned number. The shape of the Union has been changed from a square to a rectangle, and the stars are arranged in six straight lines, the upper and lower ones containing eight stars, and the remaining four having seven stars.

[Philadelphia Times.]

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

"WE FOUR."

Out in the street Jack found, one day, An old umbrella, thrown away. "Better than nothing," he merrily said, As a cloud sent its raindrops down on his head.

Along came Bob: "Any lodgings to let?" "Yes," laughed Jack; "come in out of the wet."

Then Will came up with a "Halloo, boys! What's the occasion for all this noise?" "Come along in," said Jack, "an' see!" So the old umbrella gave shelter to three. And last of all, as they laughed together, A doggie, who hated such rainy weather, Came slinking by with his tail drawn in, And a very uncomfortable soaking skin.

"Come in with the rest of us, do," cried Will;

And doggie wagged a grateful "Will," "There, now," laughed Jack, "we're fixed, we four, An' there can't any lodgings to let for more."

—[St. Louis Republic.]

LOOKING FORWARD.

Little Emily had been very naughty because her mamma would not let her go out with a party of friends, with whom they were staying, and she screamed so that every one in the house was distressed and worried. Her mamma had to lock her up in a room and tell her she should not come out till she said she would be good, and promised not to cry any more. Every now and then her mamma would go and ask her to promise, but she only screamed the louder. At last a silence fell upon the house, and when poor mamma opened the door, there, stretched upon the floor, lay the pretty weedy little form, and when the dear mother drew her to her and asked the oft-repeated question, "Will you be good and promise not to cry any more?" the pretty eyes looked up, still full of tears, and the little girl said, "Yes, mamma, I'll be good, and promise not to never, never cry any more till some of my dear relations die."—[Harper's Young People.]

THE DOTTED PAGE.

The writing master entered the class room and passed from one pupil to another to review the task he had set before them.

He paused before the new comer: the page was blotted, scratched and disfigured with the stain of many tears. "Master," said the boy in trembling accents, "I have labored in vain; my hand is crippled; there is no resemblance between these crooked lines and the model I have endeavored to imitate; but, please, pity me, for I have done my best."

By his side sat his companion, "Behold my page!" he exclaimed. "It is a fair and clean, unsullied by a blot, untouched by an ungainly mark. O, Master, in my wisdom I forbore to incur your displeasure. Is not a blank page preferable to the tear-stained, misshapen attempt of a crippled hand that cannot and never will be able to make a fair copy?"

The master threw aside the clean white page without vouchsafing to cast a glance upon it, but he leaned with infinite compassion and tenderness toward the pupil who had done his best; gently he took his hand and guided it over the lines, with words of love and encouragement, and the humble pupil, with courage and rejoiced with his little companion looked upon his fair white page, and saw its brightness overshadowed by the displeasure of the master.

[New York Observer.]

A PAIR OF GOLDEN SLIPPERS.

You have no idea what little feet the children of Constantinople have, especially the girls. In the Turkish Building at the Chicago World's Fair, there is a beautiful booth at which golden slippers are sold. The slippers are the finest things you ever saw. They are very narrow and turn up at the toes, making a point like the top of a Chinese pagoda. They are made of something which looks like cloth-of-gold, and they are embroidered with cunning little gold roses surrounded by little gold leaves.

All the boys and girls who pass the Golden Slipper Booth go crazy with delight at the "angel slippers" as they call them, but when they try to get a pair to wear, then they realize what very small feet the Constantinople women and children possess.

Last week, a real funny thing happened at the Golden Slipper Booth. A party of Americans passed the booth and admired the slippers, as no one who seemed can help doing; but they did not buy any, although one of the little girls in the party said she would like to have a pair.

About five minutes after the American people had gone past, one of the older boys of the party came running back with a girl's overshoe in his hand. "Please give me a pair of your golden slippers just the size of this overshoe," said he. "They are for my sister, the little girl who passed here just now, and who said she would like to have a pair of your golden shoes. I stole an overshoe of hers out of my mother's hand, and so I got just the right size. Please, Mr. Turk, give me a pair just the size of these."

The little, dark-skinned Turkish salesman took the overshoe and tried to find a slipper to match it. But although the overshoe was not a large one by any means, there was not a single pair of the golden slippers in the whole booth that could match it in size. Yet the little girl who owned the overshoe was only ten years old.

When the boy saw that he could not buy his sister a pair of golden slippers to wear, he was very much disgusted, and some one heard him telling the clerk that he did not believe girls with such small feet could possibly have any brains