

A GREAT ARMY OF CROWS

THEY HAUNT THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT ARLINGTON.

A Million Find Shelter in the Tree-Tops at Night and Go Forth in the Morning.

It is not generally known, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that the great National Cemetery at Arlington, near Washington City, is inhabited every night by an army of a million or more of feathered natives of Virginia.

As the light penetrates the leaves and branches of the forest the feathered sleepers are awakened and rise with a bound into the azure blue, writes a correspondent of the Philadelphia Times. The morning air is stirred with the flapping of a million of wings and with light-pitched notes, as they are sung by the army of crows.

Late in the afternoon, just about a little before sunset, the observer will see a long and constantly growing army of these birds retracing their steps, or rather refining their tracks, southwestward to their nightly home in Arlington.

The usher straightened himself up in his uniform, bowed, and disappeared, returning the next minute to show in the visitor, who stopped on the threshold and dropped an old-fashioned courtesy.

She was a little old lady, dressed in shabby mourning. Her black merino gown had a greenish tinge, and was wrinkled and darned; a limp crape veil, which had evidently served through more than one period of mourning, hung down on each side from an old-fashioned bonnet, and beneath a front of false brown hair was a round, wrinkled face with bright little eyes, a small mouth and no teeth.

"No, sir," she replied. "I have managed to get on until now without asking. I have a small pension." "Ah!" he interrupted in a dry tone, "in that case I am afraid we can do nothing for you. We have a great many applicants who have no pension to rely upon."

"Ah, listen, sir!" she cried despairingly. "I have not explained everything. I had three sons, and they are all dead. The last one taught mathematics, and one day during the winter, when he was going from the Pantheon to Chaptal College, he caught a violent cold, which settled on his lungs and carried him off in two weeks. He had supported me and his child by teaching; the expenses of his illness and death used up all our little savings, and I had to raise money on my pension. Now I am alone in the world with my grandchild, and we have nothing. I am eighty-two years old, sir."

"You are from Lorraine, I see, madame," he said at last, turning towards her a face less stern, and on which a faint smile was seen; "I suspected it from your accent."

"I hate to see Johnny growing up so fast," said Mrs. Bloombumper. "Childhood is so sweet." "That is so," replied Bloombumper; "but that isn't the worst of it. We'll have to borrow a boy to go to the circus with."—Judge.

AUTUMN TIME

'Tis the season of autumn, the wild winds are blowing, No longer the sheen of the summer sun flooding The dark tangled woodlands, and no longer glowing Those glens where the silence of ages lies brooding.

THE GOVERNOR'S WOOING.

ANYONE receive Mme. Blouet, sir? asked an attendant, as he opened the door of the Deputy Governor's office.

It was a large, severe looking apartment, with a very high ceiling, two windows draped with green damask curtains, walls and armchairs of the same color, and heavy bookcases of mahogany. The highly waxed floor reflected the cold symmetry of the official furniture, and the mirror over the mantelpiece reproduced with exactness a black marble clock, two bronze lamps and a pair of gilt candlesticks.

Hubert Boinville, the Deputy Governor, was seated, with his back to the fireplace, at a large mahogany desk which was littered over with deeds and various papers. He raised his grave, melancholy face, which was framed in a brown beard, tinged with a few gray hairs, and his black eyes, with tired-looking lids, glanced at the card which the solemn usher handed to him.

On this card was written in a trembling hand, "Venue Blouet" (Widow Blouet), but the name conveyed no information to him and he put it down impatiently.

"It is an old lady, sir," said the attendant, in explanation. "Shall I send her away?" "No; let her come in," replied the Deputy Governor, in a tone of resignation.

"Have you ever received any assistance?" he asked coldly. "No, sir," she replied. "I have managed to get on until now without asking. I have a small pension."

"I am coming," cried a thin, piping voice from the next room, and the next minute the old lady came trotting out with her false front all awry under her blackcap, and trying to untie the strings of a blue apron which she wore.

"Oh, thank you, sir! How good you are! It is quite true that pleasant surprises never come singly. My grandchild has passed an examination in telegraphy, and while she is waiting for a position she is doing a little painting for one and another. One-to-day she has been paid for a large order, and so we have made up our minds," said the grandmother, "to celebrate the event by having only home dishes for dinner. The gardener down stairs gave us a cabbage, some turnips and potatoes to make a potage. We bought a Lorraine sausage, and when you came in I had just made a tot-fait."

He took a long breath, and then said quietly, almost harshly: "Will you marry me?" "Heaven!" she gasped, in a voice of deep emotion, but although her face expressed the deepest surprise, there was no sign of repugnance or alarm.

"Certainly," said the old lady, but M. Boinville will have a plain dinner, and besides he is, no doubt, expected at home.

Here the speaker rattled the chestnuts on the stove and then Claudette appeared, and the little woman went and brought in the potage and set it, steaming and fragrant, on the table.

From time to time the widow would rise and go to attend to her cookery, and at last she returned triumphant, bringing in an iron baking dish, in which rose the gently swelling, golden-brown tot-fait, smelling of orange flower water.

When he returned to his gloomy bachelor apartment those eyes were before him, and seemed to laugh merrily as he stirred his dull fire, and then he thought again of the dinner in the cheerful room, of the fire blazing up gayly in the dell stove, and of the young girl's merry prattle, which had so happily reassured him.

"I have passed the time for long," he said, "but she would be seized with a sort of tender homesickness which filled him with dismay and made him regret that he had never married."

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"Oh, a tot-fait!" cried Boinville. "That is a sort of cake made of eggs, milk and farina. It is twenty years since I heard its name and more than that since I tasted it."

"I am afraid it would not do," she said, "but she will soon be home, and she will be so glad to see you."

"Why not?" returned the old lady. "I think it would please him." And then, seeing that he was looking at her wonderingly, she went toward him, saying: "M. Boinville, you have already seen so kind to us that I am going to ask of you another favor. It is late, and you have a long way to go—we should be so glad if you would stay here and taste our tot-fait—shouldn't we, Claudette?"

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OLD-TIME RAILROADING.

Locomotives of Forty Years Ago as Fast as Those of To-Day. "To the younger generation of railroad travelers the idea that as great speed was obtained forty years ago from a locomotive as at the present time seems ridiculous. Yet this is a fact substantiated by documentary evidence."

This assertion was made to a reporter recently by M. E. Stevenson, formerly a train dispatcher on the Pennsylvania system. Mr. Stevenson entered railroad life as a very young man in the early sixties, and for twenty years thereafter learned about all there was to know in connection with the practical side of moving locomotives and cars and the speed of the game.

"Of course, I don't mean that long distance runs were made in as short time then as now," continued Mr. Stevenson, "but that for short stretches and with light loads the old-time locomotive could cut the air fully as fast as that almost perfect machine blowing off steam outside there now."

"In the early days of the steam engine we were much like you are to-day in regard to electricity. Steam was an unknown quantity. We believed that if the driving wheels were large enough; if the engine could be made to keep the track; and if we could find the man to drive it, a speed of 100 miles an hour could easily be obtained. Consequently all the locomotives of that time ran to tall wheels. On many of the railroads the engines were named after prominent public men instead of being numbered, and the greatest interest and enthusiasm prevailed over the speed attained. I would like to see one of those high-wheelers given a trial these days with the perfect roadbed in use. In those days the roadbed was a secondary consideration, and it was more than even chances that unless speed was slackened considerably at the first curve the train would jump the track."

"Now for facts and figures, the truth of which can be vouched for through documents held by the Baldwin Locomotive Works over in Philadelphia. During the early months of 1848 the Central Vermont Road was approaching completion, and Governor Paine, the President of the company, conceived the idea that the passenger service of the road would require locomotives capable of running at a very high rate of speed. A man by the name of Campbell was the contractor in building the line, and he was authorized by Governor Paine to go to Philadelphia and offer Baldwin a cool \$10,000 for an engine which could run with a passenger train at a speed of sixty miles an hour."

"The great locomotive builder accepted the proposition and immediately undertook to meet the conditions stipulated. The work was begun early in 1848, and in March of that year Baldwin filed a caveat for his design. The engine was completed in 1849, and was named the Governor Paine. My father, who was a railroad man before me, frequently told me of the excitement created by this locomotive upon its appearance in the Eastern States."

"The first trial of the Governor Paine was a great success, the speed attained being a fraction over sixty miles an hour, but the passengers on the train could be counted on one's hand, even the officials being chary of trusting their lives in the engineer's keeping. That locomotive was used for several years on the Central Vermont Road, and then rebuilt into a four-coupled machine, that is, making a straight connection to four driving wheels, as at the present time, instead of to two. During the career of this engine it was stated by officers of the road it could be started from a state of rest and run a mile in forty-three seconds. This was equivalent to a speed of nearly eighty-three miles an hour, and if due allowance be made for the start from a state of rest, it will be found that that locomotive was capable of going at the rate of fully 100 miles an hour."

"This speed if attained by the Congressional Limited or the Royal Blue Line would make the distance from Washington to New York in a little over two hours, taking in the stops at Baltimore and Philadelphia, thereby gaining in time nearly three hours. "In that year three engines on the same plan were turned out by Baldwin, but with cylinders 14 by 20 inches, and with 6-foot driving wheels, and were used on the Pennsylvania Road. They weighed about 47,000 pounds and were considered wonders. "A speed of four miles in three minutes, or eighty miles an hour, was recorded for them, and upon one occasion President Zach Taylor was taken in a special train over the road by one of these machines at a speed of sixty miles an hour. It is said that President Taylor at the conclusion of the trip fathered a joke that has come down to us in various forms. He was asked how he enjoyed the trip, and exclaimed with apparent enthusiasm: "Very much, very much. "When will you be ready to return?" inquired the conductor. "That is hard to say," replied the President, "but when I am ready I'll take the regular train."

"The New York Central, not to be outdone, ordered one of these engines and for several years thereafter remarkable speed was made on that road. You no doubt wonder why these engines were not retained up to the present time. The answer is that they are too expensive, the high rate of speed shaking them to pieces, and in five years making them practically worthless. Money was not as plenty in those days as now, and \$10,000 was quite an item. The locomotive of the present time will last fully forty years, are much more elaborate and complicated, but cost on an average of about \$10,000, the exact amount paid for the Governor Paine in 1849."

According to Ruskin. "Life without industry is guilt, and industry without art is brutality." But the brutal man is immortal. Hence it would follow that art is a moralizing force. In what way may it be regarded as a moral lever in a materialistic age? Mr. Ruskin, with other social reformers of the day, speaks again and again of the need of more integrity and simplicity.

It is better to suffer than to sin. An honest critic is a good friend. People with no faults have few friends. Cloven feet are often found in patent leathers. Self-deception is the worst kind of deception. Love never complains that its burden is too heavy. A good man is killed when a boy goes wrong. The faith that moves mountains began on grains of sand. It doesn't make a lie any whiter to put it on a tombstone. Find a man who has no hobby, and you find one who is not happy. The only joys which live and grow are those we share with others. Every drop of rain that strikes the earth does its best to give man bread. Some people never find out the real worth of their religion until they lose all their money. How much easier it is to keep in the middle of the self.—Ran's Horn.

A Simple Barometer. A simple barometer filling a common, wide bottle within three inches with water. An oil-flesh should be added and stripped of. This should be plugged as far as possible with a cork. The barometer. In a higher than the bottle; in wet weather it will fall to the mouth of the glass; in a gale of wind, or before the gale, water has, it is the flask alto-

A Mean Man. "Come here, I'll show you the way you want to blow."

Hears angry footsteps. "There's the horn. Now keep quiet."

"You're a naughty girl for blowing the horn as you did while baby is asleep."—New York World.

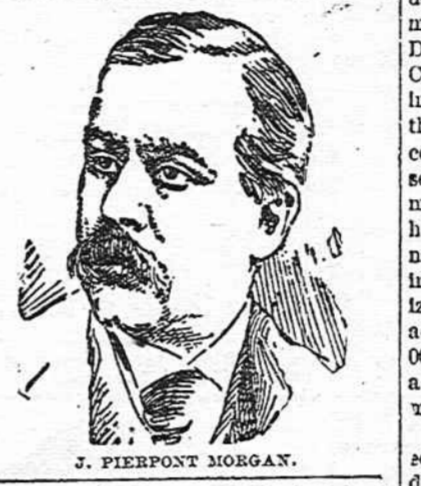
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J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

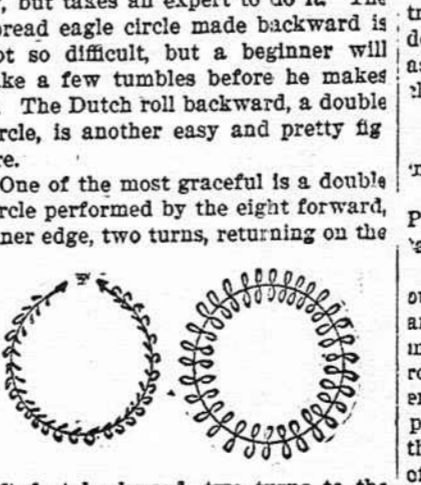
manding physique, and his hair and mustache are gray. His face is ruddy with exercise and good living, and he should by all these signs be an extremely good-natured personage. He affects, however, a brusqueness and a reserve that hides all this when he is downtown, and he can freeze a bore more quickly and effectually than any other man in New York City.

In his home life Mr. Morgan is that a father and husband and host should be. In his town house at 213 Madison avenue, or his homes at Newport and Highland Falls, he is courteous and hospitable itself. Mr. Morgan is a member of a score of the leading clubs in New York, London and Paris, but he rarely goes to them, and seldom goes to social functions or to the opera or theater. He is seldom seen on the street, for he sticks closely to his desk from 9 until 4 o'clock. His one hobby is his steam yacht, the May, which he bought in England for \$175,000. It deserves that backneyed definition, a "floating palace," and he spends all his spare time in summer aboard of it. Mrs. Morgan, who was Miss Frances Tracy, has many charities of her own concerning which she is as modest as is her husband.

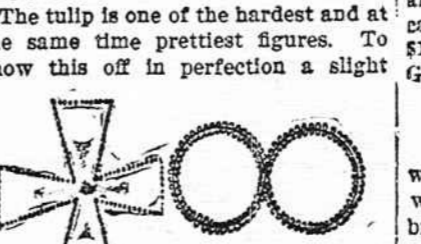
FANCY SKATING.

A Few Illustrations of Some of the Prettiest Movements.

One of the prettiest movements made by fancy skaters is the grapevine. It is made by describing a number of S's or figure 8's close together until a complete circle of them is made. It is prot-



ty, but takes an expert to do it. The spread eagle circle made backward is not so difficult, but a beginner will take a few tumbles before he makes it. The Dutch roll backward, a double circle, is another easy and pretty figure.



One of the most graceful is a double circle performed by the eight forward, inner edge, two turns, returning on the left foot backward, two turns to the right. The Maltese cross is an old favorite. By beginning at the center the twelve lines of the figure can be described without going over the same line twice.



The tulip is one of the hardest and at the same time prettiest figures. To show this off in perfection a slight sprinkling of snow is needed. There are sixteen lines and two stems to be described, and none but an expert should attempt it.