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

T 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. Every morning, just before daybreak, the soldiers of Fort Meyer, near-by, notice a stir in the tall treetops, in the branches and on the extreme limbs of the primeval forest which forms the cemetery.

As the light penetrates the leaves and branches of the forest the feathered sleepers are awakened and rise with a bound into the szure 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. Like an army with banners, well trained, mystic, wonderful, these denizens of the forest rise in graceful flight, and with the lightness and gracefulness of gyratory curves, they fall into the line of march with tremendous energy and speed across the sky toward the northeast. Directly across the old Potomac River where the Grant Memorial Bridge is proposed to be built, over ancient Georgetown and Northern Washington, hiding the rising sunlight from the suburban villas, speeding gracefully over the old village of Bladensburg, the ancient dueling ground for the National Capital, the army of Potomac crows marches across the fresh morning into the upper Chesapeake Bay atmosreaches the bay and commences to settle down to work by the time the rear guard has left Arlington.

Late in the afternoon, just about or a little before sunset, the observer will see a long and constantly growing army of these birds retracing their steps, or rather reflying their tracks, southwestward to their nightly home in Arlington. The numbers of this migratory flock, as well as the regular, periodical character of their diurnal flight, produce a spectacle of more than ordinary interest. Their going and coming has attracted a great deal of notice and been a subject of scientific inquiry for a number of years. As a matter of fact ever since the Potomac Valley was settled the ancestors of this great army of crows occupied the woods and wooded hills along the show in the visitor, who stopped on river in Alexandria and Fairfax Coun | the threshold and dropped an oldties. Before the war they occupied an immense strip of pines above Georgetown, but the woods were de-The crow is not the enemy of the

but rather his friend. It is true that he will follow the grain sower and eves, a small mouth and no teeth. pick up a small portion of the seed pick up a small portion of the seed "Sir," she began, in a somewhat which is sown, but the crow has ar breathless voice, I am the daughter. appetite for animal food, and is always sister and widow of men who served on the lookout for cut worms and their country. I applied some time other enemies of the farmer. Thou ago to the department for help and I sands of these crows, in their flight have come to see whether there is any towards the Chesapeake in the early hope. morning, stop on their way, like stragglers and foragers from an army, out moving a muscle of his face. He and settle down upon the farms for had heard so many applications of this half an hour or more, during which kind! period they gather up millions o: worms of various kinds, and relieve the farmer of them, while at the same They are helpful fellows, are these asking. I have a small pension." crows, and the farmers in this country do not put up scare-crows, as they do

dwell along the banks of the Potomac, to rely upon." or who are engaged in boating or fishing, generally see the entrance gates to the National Cemetery grow black thing. I had three sons, and they are in the evening as the wearied predatory all dead. The last one taught matheperipatetics settle there. The reader matics, and one day during the winter, probably knows that at each of the when he was going from the Pantheon entrances to the National Cemetery to Chaptal College, he caught a violent iron gates are hanged from immense cold, which settled on his lungs and granite pillars, surmounted each with carried him off in two weeks. He had a slab bearing the chiseled name of supported me and his child by teachsome of our great military leaders. ing; the expenses of his illness and The pillars were formerly used in the death used up all our little savings, portices of the old War Department and I had to raise money on my building. They can be seen with the pension. Now I am alone in the naked eye from the Washington side of world with my grandchild, and we the river, and when the crows settle have nothing. I am eighty-two years there-whole platoons of them-the old, sir." entranca gates appear to be draped in Tears had gathered under her wrinmourning, while the trees are dark- kled eyelids as she spoke, and the Depened into a semblance of crepe dress- uty Governor was listening more ating, as though all animate nature were tentively than at first. A peculiar singready to weep for the fallen brave ing intonation of the speaker's voice, men and true who slumber there.

when their numbers are greatest, the familiar music; the old lady's way of spectacle presented is truly imposing. speaking had for him a flavor of home Gradually the black speck settling which produced a most singular sensaupon the slab which crowns the pillar | tion in his mind. He rang his bell and grows before the vision, and as the sent for Mme. Blouet's "papers," and advance guard covers the gate the re- when the sedate usher had laid a thin mainder of the army, waving their package before him he examined the black flags, sweep shricking over and yellow pages with evident interest. beyond until every leaf is obscured, almost wholly, by the amazing host.

well drilled, observant of rules an from your accent." subject to discipline. Their daily course is regular when observed in it entirety; although seemingly irregalar and ragged to the casual observer. They travel in squads and company, France like a flying camp." which have military cohesion, all he ing related to each other in platous regiments and brigades. Their disci pline is rigid and their tactics as perfect as that of their human prototypes. albeit upon a different plan, fittel, o course, to their circumstances an conditions. They have shirmisher and outlying sentinels whether in night by day or at rest by night. Moreover, they are truly guardians of the

for peither man nor beast could enter Arlington at night without arousing the crow sentinels who would give the alarm, and millions of throats would at once respond, cawing their announcement of the intrusion and calling for action to repel the invasion.

A TRIAL TO THEM. "I hate to see Johnny growing up so fast," said Mrs. Bloobumper.

"Childhood is so sweet."

"That is so," replied Bloobumper: "but that isn't the worst of it. We'll have to borrow a boy to go to the cirous with."-Judge.

AUTUMN TIME, -

Tis the season of autumn, the gild winds are blowing, No longer the sheen of the summer sur flooding

The dark tangled woodlands, and no longer glowing Those glens where the silence of ages lies brooding.

Tis the season of autumn, the sk(are beclouded. There's a wail in the wind and a blur on

the blossom. For soon will the glory of summer shrouded.

And death will stalk dismal on Nature's cold bosom! -Montgomery M. Folsom, in Atlanta Journal

THE GOVERNOR'S WOOING



AN you receive Mme. Blouet, sir? asked an attendant, as he opened the door of the Deputy Governor's office. It was a large.

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 Gov-

ernor, was seated, with his back to the fireplace, at a large mahogany desk which was littered over with deeds phere. The head of the column usually 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, "Venve 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 at-

tendant, in explanation. "Shall I send her away?" "No; let her come in," replied the

Deputy Governor, in a tone of resign

The usher straightened himself up in his uniform, bowed, and disappeared, returning the next minute to fashioned courtesy.

She was a little old lady, dressed in shabby mourning. Her black merino stroved during the war and the mod gown had a greenish tinge, and was ern crows were obliged to forsake the | wrinkled and darned; a limp crape home of their ancestors and seek their veil, which had evidently served nightly refuge in the natural groves through more than one period of about the ancestral home of the Lees. mourning, hung down on each side from an old-fashioned bonnet, and befarmer in this section of the country, neaths front of false brown hair was a round, wrinkled face with bright little

The Deputy Governor listened with-

"Have you ever received any assist-

ance?" he asked coldly. "No, sir," she replied. "I have time they satisfy their own appetites. managed to get on until now without

"Ah!" he interrupted in a dry tone, "in that case I am afraid we can do in many portions of the United States. nothing for you. We have a great The river men, that is those who many applicants who have no pension

> "Ah, listen, sir!" she cried despairingly, "I have not explained every-

and the sound of certain provincial ex-In the spring time and fall especially, pressions seemed to his ears like once

"You are from Lorraine, I see, madame." he said at last, turning towards A signal officer at Fort Meyer says her a face less stern, and on which a that these black soldiers of the air are faint smile was seen; "I suspected it

"Yes, sir; I am from Argonne." she answered. "And you recognize my accent? I thought I had long since lost it. I have been knocking about

The Deputy Governor looked with increasing compassion at the poor widow whom a harsh wind had torn from her native forest and cast into Paris like a withered leaf. He felt his official heart growing softer, and smiling again he said:

"I am from Argonne. I lived near your village for a long time, at Clermont." And then he added, Gayly: 'Keep up your courage, Mme. Blouet. I hope we shall be able to help you.

Will you give me your address? "No. 12 Rue de la Sante, near the Capuchin Convent. Thank you, sir, for your kindness. I am very glad to have found a fellow-countryman," and after courtesies the widow took her do-

parture. As soon as she was gone, M. Beiaville rose, and going to the window, stood looking down into the garden with his face against the glass. But he was not looking at the tops of the away and began discussing, and at last half leafless chestnut trees; his dream; the girl whispered:

nevond the plains and the chalky hills of Champagne, past a large forest, to a valley where a quiet river flowed between two rows of poplar trees, to s little old town with tile-roofed houses.

There his early childhood had been passed, and later his vacations. His father, who was Registrar in the office of the Chief Justice, led a narrow, monotonous life, and he himself was accustomed to hard work and strict discipline. He had left home when in his : enty-first year, and had returned only to attend his father's funeral.

Possessing a superior intellect and an iron will, and being an indefatigable worker, he had risen rapidly on the official ladder, and at thirty-eight years of age was made Deputy Governor Austere, punctual, reserved and coldly polite, he arrived at his office every morning at exactly ten o'clock and remained there until six, taking work with him when he went home. Although he was possessed of keen sensibilities, his bearing was so reserved and undemonstrative that he was thought cold and stern.

He saw very little of society, his life being devoted to business, and he had never had enough leisure to think of marrying. His heart, indeed, had once asserted itself before he had left home, but as then he had neither position nor fortune; the girl he loved had refused him in order to marry a rich tradesman.

This early disappointment had left in Hubert Boinville a feeling of bitterness which even the other successes of his life could not wholly efface, and there was still a tinge of melancholy in his being. The old lady's voice and accent had recalled the thought of the past, and his quiet was overwhelmed by a flood of recollections. While he stood there motionless, with his forehead pressing against the window pane, he was stirring, as one would a heap of dead leaves, the long slumbering memories of his youth, and like a sweet delicate perfume rose the thoughts of by-gone scenes and days.

Suddenly he returned to his chair, drew Mme. Blouet's petition to him and wrote upon it the words: "Very deserving case." Then he rang his bell and sent the document to the clerk in charge of the relief fund. On the day of the official assent to

Mme. Blouet's position, M. Boinville left his office earlier than usual, for the idea had occurred to him to announce the good news himself to his aged country-woman.

Three hundred francs. The sum was out a drop in the enormous reservoir of the ministerial fund, but to the poor widow it would be as a beneficent

Although it was December the weather was mild, so Hubert Boinville walked all the way to the Rue de la Sante, and by the time he reached his destination that lonely neighborhood was wrapped in gloom. By the light of a gas lamp near the Capuchin Convent he saw "Number 12" over a halfopen door in a rough stone wall, and, on entering, found himself in a large market garden. He could just distinguish in the

darkness square plots of vegetables, some groups of rose bushes, and here and there the silhouettes of fruit trees. had the good luck to run against the gardener, who directed him to the Widow Blouet's lodgings upstairs.

steps, M. Boinville knocked at a door under which a line of light was to be seen, and great was his surprise when, the door being opened, he saw before him a girl of about twenty years holding up a lighted lamp and looking at him with astonished eyes. She was dressed in black and had a fair, fresh face, and the lamp light was shining on her wavy chestnut hair, round, dimpled cheeks, smiling mouth and limpid blue eyes.

"Is this where Mme. Blouet lives?" asked M. Boinville after a moment's hesitation, and the girl replied: "Yes. sir. Be kind enough to walk in. Grandmother, here is a gentleman who wants to see you."

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

it possible, sir? Excuse my appearance. I was not expecting the honor of a visit from you. Claudette, give M. Boinville a chair. This is my grandchild, sir. She is all I have in the world."

The gentleman scated himself in an antique armchair covered with Utrecht velvet, and cast a rapid glance round the room, which evidently served as both parlor and dining room. It contained very little furniture:

small stove of white Delft ware, next to which stood an old-fashioned oaken clothes-press, a round table covered with oilcloth and some rush-bottom chairs, while on the wall hung two old colored lithographs. Everything was very neat and the place had an oldtime air of comfort and rusticity. M. Boinville explained the object of his visit in a few words, and the widow exclaimed:

"Oh, thank you, sir! How good you are? It is quite true that pleasant surprises never come singly. My grandshild has passed an examination in telegraphy, and while she is waiting for a position she is doing a little painting for one and another. Only 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 tomo dishes for dinner. The gardener down stairs gave us a cabbage, some turnips and potatoes to make a poice. We bought a Lorraine sausage, and when you came in I had just made

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

His face became strangly animated, and the young girl, who was watching him earlously, saw a look of actual graceliness in his brown eyes. While te was lost in a reverte of tot-fait Claudatte and her grandmother turned

"Why not?" returned the old indy. I think it would please him." And then, seeing that he was looking at them wonderingly, she went toward

him, saying: "M. Boinville, you have already ocen 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?" "Certainly," said the girl, "but M. Boinville will have a plain dinner, and besides he is, no doubt, expected at home."

"No one is waiting for me," an swered the gentleman, thinking of his usual dull, solitary meals in the restaurant. "I have no engagement, but-" he hesitated, looked at Clandette's smiling eyes, and suddenly exclaimed.

"I accept with pleasure." "That is right!" said the old lady, briskly. 'What did I tell you, Clau-Quick, my pet, set the table dette?

while I go back to my tot-fait." The girl had already opened the press and taken out a striped table loth and three napkins, and in the twinkling of an eye the table was ready. Then she lighted a candle and went down stairs, while the old dame sat down with her lap full of chestnuts, which she proceeded to crack and place upon the stove.

"Is not that a bright, lively girl?" she said. "She is my consolation; she cheers me like a linnet on an old root."

Here the speaker rattled the chestnuts on the stove and then Claudette reappeared, and the little woman went and brought in the potee and set it, steaming and fragrant, on the table. Seated between the octogenarian and the artless, smiling girl and in the midst of half rural surroundings, which constantly recalled the memory of his youth, Hubert Boinville, the Deputy Sovernor, did honor to the potee. His grave, cold manner thawed out

apidly, and he conversed familiarly with his new friends, returning the with merriment at the sound of the patois words and phrases which the old lady used.

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, goldenbrown tot-fait, smelling of orange flower water. Then came the roasted chestnuts in

their brown, crisped shells. When Claudette had cleared th table the grandmother took up her knitting mechanically and sat near the stove, chatting gayly at first, but she now yielded to the combined effects of the warmth and fell asleep. Claudette put the lamp on the table, and she and the visitor were left to entertain

each other. The girl, sprightly and

light-hearted, did nearly all the talking. -When he returned to his gloomy bachelor apartment those eyes went 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 blaz-At the other end of the garden two or ing up gayly in the delft stove, and of more quickly and effectually than any At the other end of the garden two or the young girl's merry prattle, which other man in New York City. Deputy Governor made his way, and sensation of his twenty-first year. Nore than once he went to the mirror and looked gloomily at his gray streaked beard, thought of his loveless After twice stumbling on the muddy | youth and of his increasing years, and said with La Fontaine:

"Have I passed the time for lov-Then he would be seized with a sort of tender homesickness which filled him with dismay and made him regret

that he had never married. One cloudy afternoon towards the end of December the solemn usher opened the door and announced: "Mme. Blouet, sir."

Boinville rose eagerly to greet his visitor, and inquired, with a slight blush, for her granddaughter. "She is very well, sir," was the

swer, "and your visit brought her luck; she received an appointment yesterday in a telegraph office. I could not think of leaving Paris without again thanking you sir, for your kindness to us." Boinville's heart sank.

"You are to leave Paris; is this posicion in the provinces?"

"Yes, in the Vesges. Of course, I shall go with Claudette; I am over is made by describing a number of S's eighty years old, and cannot have or figure 8's close together until a comrecognizing the Deputy Governor, "is much longer to live; we shall never plete circle of them is made. It is preb part in this world."

"Do you go soon?" "In January. Good-by, sir; you have been very kind to us, and Claudette begged me thank you in her rame.

The Deputy Governor was thunderstruck, and he answered only in monosyllables, and when the good woman had left him he sat motionless for a long time with head in his hands. That night he slept badly, and the

cext day was very taciturn with his employes. Towards 3 o'clock he brushed his hat, left the office and jumped into a cab that was passing, and half an hour later he hurried through the market garden of 12 Rue de la Sante and knocked tremblingly at Mme. Blouet's door. Claudette answered the knock,

and on seeing the Deputy Governor she started and blushed. "Grandmother is out," she said. "but she will soon be home, and she

will be so glad to see you." "I have come to see, not your grandmother, but yourself, Mile. Claudette,' he returned. "Me!" she exclaimed, anxiously, and

he repeated: "Yes, you," in an abrupt tone, and then his throat seemed to close and he could hardly speak. "You are going away next month?"

The girl nodded assent. "Are you sorry to leave Paris?" "Yes, indeed, I am. It grieves me to think of it; but, then, this position is a fortune to us, and grandmother

he asked at last.

tell me what it is."

will be able to live in peace for the rest of her days." "Suppose I should offer you the same means of remaining in Paris, at the same time assuring comfort to Mme. Blonet?"

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed the young girl, her face brightening.
"It is rather a violent remedy," he said, hesitating again. "Perhaps you would think it too great an effort?" "Oh, no; I am very resolute. Only

He took a long breath, and then said quietly, almost harshiy;

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. Her bosom heaved, her lips parted and her eyes became moist with tender brightness.

Boinville dared not look at her, les he should read refusal in her face, but at last, alarmed by her long silence, he raised his head, saying: "You think me too old-you are frightened-"

"Not frightened," she answered simply, "but surprised, and-glad. It is too good. I can hardly believe it." "My darling!" he cried, taking both her hands, "you must believe it. I am the one to be glad, for I love you.'

She was silent, but there was no mistaking the tenderness and gratitude that were shining in her eyes, and Hubert Boinville must have read them aright, for he drew her closely to him, and, meeting with no resistance, raised her hands to his lips and kissed them with youthful fervor.

"Oh!" cried the old lady, appearing on the scene at that instant, and the others turned round, he a little confused, the girl blushing but radiant.

"Do not be shocked, Mme. Blouet, said the Deputy Governor. evening that I dined here I found a wife. The ceremony will take place next month-with your permission."

HE HANDLED THE BONDS.

Pierpont Morgan, the New York Banker Who Is Worth \$40,000,000. The success of President Cleveland's ate bond issue is due in great part to J. Pierpont Morgan, the famous New York banker, whose wealth, at a conservative estimate, is said to reach \$40,000,000. He gives away in charity more than any man in the United States, but his right hand is an utter stranger to his left, and an invariable accompaniment of his good gifts is the proviso that his name must be kept gay sallies of Claudette and shouting hidden, on the penalty of no further subscriptions. He is a man of com-



J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

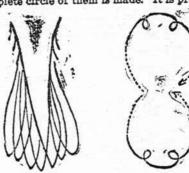
manding physique, and his hair and mustache are gray. His face is ruddy with exercise and good living, and he should by all these signs be an extremely good-natured personage. He affects, however, a brusqueness and a reserve that hides all this when he is downtown, and he can freeze a bore

organ is an that a father and husband and host should be. In his town house at 210 Madison avenue, or his homes at Newport and Highland Falls, he is courtesy and hospitality itself. Mr. Morgan is their lives in the engineer's keeping. a member of a score of the leading | That locomotive was used for several clubs in New York, London and Paris, but he rarely goes to them, and seldom and then rebuilt into a four-coupled 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 During the career of this engine it is his steam yacht, the May, which he was stated by officers of the road it bought in England for \$175,000. It could be started from a state of rest deserves that backneyed definition, a and run a mile in forty-three seconds. "floating palace," and he spends all This was equivalent to a speed of nearhis spare time in summer aboard of it. Iy eighty-three miles an hour, and if Mrs. Morgan, who was Miss Frances due allowance be made for the start Tracy, has many charities of her own concerning which she is as modest as that locomotive was capable of is her husband.

FANCY SKATING

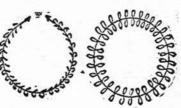
A Few Illustrations of Some of the Prettiest Movements.

One of the prettiest movements made by fancy skaters is the grapevine. It



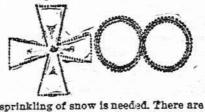
ty, but takes an expert to do it. The spread eagle circle made backward is not so difficult, but a beginner will take a few tumbles before he makes it. The Dutch roll backward, a double circle, is another easy and pretty fig

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



scribed, and none but an expert should

OLD-TIME RAILROADING.

Locomotives of Forty Years Ago as

Fast as Those of Tc-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 evilence."

This assertion was made to a reporter recently by M. E. Stevenson, formerly a train dispatcher on the Pennsylivania 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 locomctives and cars and the speed of the

"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 en-

gine 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 -From the French, in Short Stories. 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 these 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 accept ed 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 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 years on the Central Vermont Road machine, that is, making a straight connection to four driving wheels, as at the present time, instead of to two. from a state of rest, it will be found going at the rate of fully 100 miles an

nour. "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 minates, 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 exlaimed with apparent enthusiasm:

"'Very much, very much.' "'When will you be ready to return? nquired the conductor.

"That is hard to say,' replied the President, but when I am ready I'll 'ake the regular train.' "The New York Central, not to he

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, bottle within three are much more elaborate and compli- with water. Ar cated, but cost on an average of about \$10,000, the exact amount paid for the Governor Paine in 1849."

According to Ruskin. Ruskin, as an art critic, says: "Life

without art is brutality." But the higher than the brutal man is immortal. Hence it bottle; in wet a would follow that art is a moralizing will fall to wit force. In what way may it be regarded mouth of the fia as a moral lever in a materialistic age? sixteen lines and two stems to be de- Mr. Ruskin, with other social reformers before the gal of the day, speaks again and again of water has, it is the need of more integrity and sim- the flask altog

plicity in modern him He auso points to simplicity and sincerity and truth to nature as the first requisites of true art, and recommends them both to artists and art students. But are simplicity and sincerity the characteristics of age which begins to take a deeper in terest in art, so that the latter becomes actually an important ethical factor in the refining process of society?

Art has mostly flourished in the midst of a corrupt society, the product itself of a perishing civilization, reflecting in its later developments a contemperaneous degeneracy in mind and morals. This is simply a historical commonplace. Mr. Ruskin replies after this manner: Tracing the rise, progress, and decline of high civilization, he speaks of a period bearing street resemblance to the times we live when "conscience and intellect ar highly developed that new forms of error begin in the inability to fulfill the demands of the one, or to answer the doubts of the other." "Then," he says, "the wholeness of the people is lost; all kinds of hypocrisies and oppositions of science develop themselves; their faith is questioned on one side and compromised with on the other; wealth commonly increases at the same period of destructive extent; luxury follows, the ruin of the nation is then certain."

He shows how in such a case art be comes the exponent of each successive step in the downward course, not as the cause, but as the consequence of such a state of things. "If in such times fair pictures have been misused, how much more fair realities? And if Miranda is immoral to Caliban, is that Miranda'r fault?"-The Scottish Review.

A Mean Man.



"Come here, I'll show you the way on want to blow."



Hears angry footsteps.





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

WISE WORDS. It is better to suffer than to sin. An honest critic is a good friend. People with no faults have few

Cloven feet are often found in patent 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 loseall their money. How much easier it how they ought to wa keep in the middle of

self .-- Ram's Horn. A Simple B

A simple barometel filling a common, wi oil-flask should b and stripped of This should be in plugged as far pickle bottle. barometer. In fi without industry is guilt, and industry will rise into t gale of wind, a