

THAT BASHFUL BLINKER.

BY W. J. SAUGHTER

OW pretty she was as she sat with her shapely fingers dancing on the keyboard of her typewriter.

I think in the time to come when the classic period for the future centuries, as the ancient Greek is the classic for us of this time, that instead of the maiden with the distaff as we have, they will have the maiden at the typewriter, as one of the beautiful figures that make our era everlasting.

Her eyes were so blue, her cheeks were so pink, and truly, her hair must have been transplanted from the banks of the Pacific whose shifting sands were crystals of pure gold.

The man sat near her dictating a letter.

On the window pane next to the street were the words "Hurford, Blinker & Co., Brokers," and the man dictating was the Blinker of the firm. He was also the Hurford and the Co., seeing that he had bought out everybody else, including the well-known name of the firm.

And what a man was Blinker—Haverhill Blinker. A bachelor of forty years' experience, a business man of large and increasing wealth, a calculating speculator, a good all-round fellow, and among women the very prototype and synonym of bashfulness. To see him bow and smile and act as a lady when meeting her would have led the most critical to say he was a courtier of courtesies, but if he became necessary for him to go beyond the bowing and smiling limit, he had no further charms for Haverhill Blinker. Strange to say, too, he was not always conscious of his weakness, and there were times when he really thought he was quite a ladies' man.

When he recovered from one of these latter attacks he was always surrounded by a large circle of sympathizing friends (male).

Until within six months he had never been able to persuade himself that the real and only way to accustom himself to the use of a woman's society was to employ a "lady typewriter," and then he did it because a relative of his, his aunt, in fact, in a neighboring town, had asked him as a special favor to help the daughter of an old school friend of hers, if she desired, who was quite a skilled stenographer and typewriter.

It was entirely beyond the comprehension of Mr. Blinker's aunt that he should have done so. He had never known a woman who was so good at her work, and he had never seen a woman who was so bashful as she. He had never seen a woman who was so good at her work, and he had never seen a woman who was so bashful as she.

When Mr. Blinker finally appeared, and the office boy and the clerk collapsed, he hadn't the least idea who she was, and his heart began to pound in his chest, and he felt as if he were in the midst of a cyclone.

"Is this Mr. Blinker?" she inquired, rising to meet him as he came hesitatingly toward her.

"Yes," responded Mr. Blinker, as if he were a schoolboy about to be licked for pasting a wetwad on the wall.

"May I inquire to what I am indebted for the honor of this visit, Mr. Blinker?"

Blinker would no more have made such an egregiously silly and stilted speech as that to a man than he would have tried to hold the truth in his hand, but this was a woman, and Blinker was not responsible.

"Your aunt," said the visitor, with a roguish twinkle in her eye, but Blinker didn't see it any more than he saw profit in honest politeness, and he stammered.

The very idea of his saying "Ma'am," to a girl like that! It would have been criminal if Mr. Blinker had been responsible.

Then she told him who she was, and the way Mr. Blinker began to assume airs and strut around as if he were a mighty potentate with a lot of subjects as funny as it could be in six months, and he sat near her dictating a letter.

In the midst of it she stopped short. He had been tempted to do this many times before. He had studied the matter thoroughly, as he thought, and having considered it in every light and having deliberated upon it for many days, and having tried to accomplish the desired result by every means in his knowledge, he had at last determined to do this.

Therefore he stopped in the midst of it.

"I am very sorry, Miss Prince," he began, quite abruptly, and as if he wanted to get through with the disagreeable task in a hurry, "but I am afraid I shall have to lose you as my typewriter."

She clutched suddenly at the sides of the machine as if to support herself.

"W-w-why," she stammered with quivering lips, "why, Mr. Blinker, what have I done that I should be discharged without warning?"

"But I'm giving you warning," he said, half with bravado, half with apology. "You don't have to go right away."

"I do not want to go at all until I know why I am going," she argued. "This is all I have in the world, and I am entitled to know why I am unfitted for this."

"Oh, it isn't your fault, exactly,"

he went on evasively. "There are such things, you know, as misfortunes, which can scarcely be classed as faults. In your case, Miss Prince, your misfortune is that you are too pretty," and Mr. Blinker actually tucked his head to one side and smirked at her.

She had been suspicious for a long time, as most women are when they have their wits about them under circumstances similar to those surrounding Miss Prince and Mr. Blinker, and she almost smiled through the mist that was gathering in her eyes.

"You have always said, Mr. Blinker," she pleaded, "that you liked to see pretty things in your office."

He coughed nervously, uneasily. How many things he had said to her he did not know. How many more he wanted to say he did not know. What he was now saying he did not know how he was ever going to finish.

"I know that," he admitted, "but sometimes, you know, my dear Miss Prince, a man cannot always have what he wants. As long as I was a bachelor, Miss Prince, I could do as I pleased, but I am to be married, at least I hope so, and you know a man's wife sometimes differs with him on what may seem to the world at large to be quite trivial points."

Married!

At one blow all her castles were thrown to the earth, with not so much as a corner standing to show that they had ever been other than crumbling ruins.

True, he had never said anything definitely to her, but there is so much more in what is never said, and daily out of the unspoken affinity which surely existed between these two congenial people the more foolish woman had constructed such hopes as women cherish to the end of time. That he had thought enough of her to warrant these hopes, a thousand wordless witness testified.

Now thus in the very midst of the work that he had given her to do for him, and that she loved to do because it was for him, the blow fell.

"Yes," she responded to his statement in the faint pathetic questioning that fills a woman's voice when she is thus called upon to face her heart's doom, and her hands unconsciously sought to go on with her work.

"Yes, Miss Prince," he said, with no sound of sympathy in his voice, "and I am pretty sure my wife will not permit you to remain here as my typewriter. I may say, and he smirked again, "as my pretty typewriter."

She even went further and said she would like to see the traditional wiles of the widow on the unsuspecting and bashful Mr. Blinker.

"By all means, Mr. Blinker," she said coldly, "gain the wife. The world is full of typewriters, but it is not every day that a man can get a wife. At least such a wife as you deserve," and in spite of herself there was something soft in her tone that she did not want to be there.

Mr. Blinker noticed it, too, but he didn't stop to comment upon it.

"Good for you, Miss Prince," he laughed. "I knew you were a woman of sense."

She shrank as if she had been touched with a hot iron.

"Thank you, Mr. Blinker," she said, "now, if you please, we will go on with our work."

It had seemed as if a lifetime had past since she had written the last word, and as she bent down over it, as if the better she wrote it was, a tear fell upon the line.

Mr. Blinker also observed, but said nothing, seeming to enjoy it.

"Before we do, Miss Prince," he said, "may I ask a favor of your hands as a promise?"

"What is it? Yes," she answered.

Mr. Blinker raised himself. "That, if this woman whom I am soon to ask formally to be my wife," he said, "should refuse me, that you will marry me."

For an instant the girl looked at him, then she rose to her feet, her eyes flashing blazing.

Mr. Blinker saw that the tigress was about to spring, and he was frightened.

"Wait, stop!" he exclaimed, holding up his hands as if to shield himself from the blow. "Hold on till I tell you who the woman is. It's you, Miss Prince—you—you! Won't you marry me? Will you be my wife? Haven't you always known I didn't care a cent for any woman on earth but you? But, darling, don't look at me like that!"

Mr. Blinker was going all to pieces mentally and emotionally, and the young woman took pity on him, for it dawned upon her all at once that this more bashful a bachelor is the more ridiculous he is in love, and the only way to prevent a tender emotion from becoming ludicrous is to accept it on the spot.

Which she did, and Mr. Blinker never had another pretty typewriter.

—New York Sun.

Houses of the Stone Age.

On St. Kilda's Island, which lies in the Atlantic, eighty-two miles west of the main island of the Hebrides, a house belonging to the stone age has been discovered, with a number of stone weapons, hammers and axes. There are only seventy-one inhabitants on the island, which is 4000 acres in extent. The minister is at the same time the doctor and the school teacher. He sails to the mainland once a year to shop for the whole island. Scientific American.

Don't Like Poorhouses.

There is such a deep rooted dislike among paupers in Ireland to enter the workhouse that in the county of Antrim, for instance, there are only 1000 persons in six workhouses that have room for 5000.

A FACTORY OF FEAR.

DYNAMITE-MAKERS FEAR TO OBEY ALL SAFETY RULES.

Making and Mixing the Terrible Explosive—20,000 Pounds Turned Out Daily—Shanties in Jersey Wilderness.

RECENTLY the Cuban Junta, located in this city, placed a large order for dynamite, variously estimated at from 50,000 to 500,000 pounds, says a New York correspondent. It was probably nearer the former than the latter figure, but even if it was the minimum amount, it would be sufficient to tear some pretty big holes in the Spanish ranks, if properly applied.

The concern that secured this order has made lots of dynamite for the Cubans in the past twenty months; it also supplies the needs of Uncle Sam whenever he is in want of anything in this line. For a long time it was kept busy turning out 20,000 pounds of the stuff a day for the contractors at work on the Chicago canal. In a year it turns out enough of the explosives to almost blow the earth into smithereens.

It would seem that a concern which does all this would be an imposing affair, with a factory, or series of factories, with numberless acres of floor space. But it is just the reverse, and a stranger could stand in the very center of the dynamite factory and not recognize it as such.

Dynamite is a peculiar commodity, and it is manufactured under peculiar conditions. Uncertainty is the ruling word about dynamite, and this dominating feature permeates the whole establishment. The factory is located at Gibbstown, N. J., a place so small, and in a section of the State so sparsely settled that the outside world would never have heard of its existence, perhaps, were it not for the dynamite.

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There is such a deep rooted dislike among paupers in Ireland to enter the workhouse that in the county of Antrim, for instance, there are only 1000 persons in six workhouses that have room for 5000.

workman is a spy upon his neighbors, for he knows that his safety depends quite as much upon the others as upon himself.



FILLING CARTRIDGES.

Dynamite is principally a mixture of sulphuric acid, Chile saltpeter and boxwood sawdust. There are a good many other things which enter into its composition, and before it takes the shape of the finished cartridge it passes through a variety of hands. There is one thing that the dynamite worker is thankful for, and that is his job will never be usurped by machinery.

Nearly a dozen of the shanties are chemical houses. They are called "safety buildings" and are used for the storage of the many acids which help to make dynamite what it is. One of the initiatory stages of the cartridges is "cooking" of the dynamite gelatine. The product of the cook is nitro-glycerine. Many acids are poured into a big leaden tub, and a thermometer like a hawk, and chilled water is added from time to time to keep the temperature of the mixture

which man.

After all the acids have been added the mixture is allowed to stand, and then nitro-glycerine comes to the top like cream in milk. It is skimmed off and carried to another house, where it is mixed with the prepared raw material, principally sawdust.

When the coalition has been effected the result is loose dynamite, looking like a mass of brown sugar. It is for all the world like the run-down pack house, where it is stuffed into the cartridges. The loose dynamite is placed in a dampened trough on a damp table, and the men fill the long narrow tubes with the stuff, using wooden scoops. Great care is taken that none of it drops on the floor, as a happening of that kind might be the preliminary of a big disaster. In this preliminary of a big disaster. In this preliminary of a big disaster.

My first two lizards had been captured, one in the Spanish Princess and the other at Tern, in France; where I called them the Spanish and the French lizards, but afterward gave them the names of Pedro and Pierre. I was surprised on the very first day that occupied myself with their education to observe the absolute contrary of their character and dispositions. Pierre, more over at once by the honeyed dainties I offered him, soon became acquainted with letting himself be handled without trying to bite or run away, and to hide himself in my clothes, referring the back, and untamable, if one tried to catch him, withdrew into a corner, and then stretching his paws in front of him, his eye glistening and his mouth wide open, hissing, springing at the hand that came near him, and if he bit it, holding firmly and causing the blood to flow, revealed a resolution that even impressed the young man in my laboratory.

I made a cage for the lizards of iron wire, open above, and having a large room in my country house into which the sun shone all day on three sides, I put them in it. Pierre soon learned to leave his cage, to climb up to the windows by some rags I had hung to them, and passed from one to another, following the sun. In the evening he returned to the cage. Pedro, more stupid, tried vainly to get out of the cage, and when I put him in the cage of a window in the sun, let himself be overtaken by the shade, persisted for hours in efforts to get through the glass, and finally went to sleep where he had been left. — J. Delbois, in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

Waste gases from blast furnaces at Florde, Germany, will be used in the production of a new kind of gas engine, which will drive dynamo for light and power.

MIRROR SPEECH.

NEW MENTAL MALADY WHICH ATTACKS SOME PEOPLE.

A Chicago Society Woman's Affliction—Similar Cases Noted Elsewhere—People Who Talk, See and Write Backward.

A STRIKING and severe case of the mental malady called "mirror speech" has been noted by a brain specialist, says the Chicago Times-Herald. This disorder, which has only just been named, and only recently discovered to be a disease at all, had attacked in its most persistent form a woman in the doctor's clientele.

The patient is a decidedly well-known and popular society leader on the south side. She is a nervous and delicate little woman, and has for some years been under the casual care of her physician. During the last few months she had apparently thoroughly recovered at least a month ago. While conversing her family and immediate friends noticed that her speech, whenever she was permitted to talk, was strangely incoherent and meaningless. They attributed the fault to her weak physical condition. In the course of a few days it grew perceptibly worse, and the physician's attention was called to it.

Her speech now became utterly wild and beyond comprehension. She spoke no particular words, but seemed simply to articulate empty and non-connected syllables. The physician pronounced it to be a case of "mirror speech," an odd affection of the brain, in which there occurs a complete reversal of the order of syllables in a sentence, just as the order of a series of objects from right to left is reversed by reflection in a mirror.

This curious brain trouble is far more prevalent and widespread than is evident to a casual observer. Although there are few cases in which it becomes a persistent malady of some days' duration, it lasts generally but a few hours, sometimes but part of an hour, and most frequently for a few moments, days apart. It is due either to extreme mental exhaustion or undue mental excitement. It always takes the form of the perversion of the syllables of a word. Some minds are particularly more susceptible to it than others, and women rather than men are subject to it. It is a daily recurrence in listening to the ordinary remarks of an extremely tired woman to note how frequently she makes incomprehensible utterances, totally un-

as to the correct way to wait and other important matters.—Washington Star.

Secret Senate Sessions.

Ex-Secretary Harrison says in the Ladies' Home Journal: "In the Senate the use of the secret session is frequent and familiar. The Senate rules and orders on a motion made and seconded to close the doors on the discussion of any matter, the doors shall be closed and remain closed during such discussion. So when Executive nominations or treaties are under consideration, the galleries are cleared and the doors closed—only Senators and certain necessary officers who are sworn to secrecy being allowed in the chamber. There has been an earnest attempt made to abolish the secret sessions of the Senate, but it has been ineffectual. These sessions are called 'executive sessions,' because they are almost wholly devoted to executive business—namely, the consideration of appointments to office and foreign treaties. It seems to me that it is quite as necessary and appropriate that the consultations in the Senate as to appointments, and especially as to treaties, should be confidential as the consultations of the President and others whom he may consult about the same matters, should be so."

Oldest Known Insects.

The oldest known insects are found in the Devonian rocks of North America. They are referred to the order Neuroptera, and allied to the Mayflies. In the succeeding epoch, the carboniferous insects make their appearance similar to the cockroach, the grasshopper, and the beetle. The most butterflies are known. It is not difficult to understand why the earliest insects should not have been highly colored. In the Devonian and carboniferous periods there were no flowering plants and no birds. Insects are furnished with bright colors for the purpose of protective mimicry. Butterflies, for example, which have no weapons of defense like the bees, are colored like flowers, which they resemble in their life as they are their food. Birds seek these insects as their food, but they often mistake them for flowers and thus pass them over. In the ancient epochs, before birds existed, it was therefore needless for insects to be protected by their bright color.—Boston Journal of Commerce.

Birds Strangely Concealed.

Mr. A. H. Thayer, an artist, believes he has discovered that the light color of the under parts of birds is concealed by mammals. At a recent meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union he proved by experiments that an object nearly of the color of the ground, like a parrot, is very conspicuous when placed a few inches above the soil and viewed from a little distance. But when the under side is painted white, and gradually lowered into the color of the upper part, the object disappears. He proved by the same process that by blending with the ground, the whiteness of the under parts of birds is concealed.—Boston Transcript.

Fortune for \$70.

Several days ago the school teacher Robert J. Carter struck an Alden's Rock, off the coast of Maine, and lost all appearances. He was a total loss. Nautical experts agreed that she would have been blown there by her owners. Charles Bartlett, who bought it for \$70 "on spec," win and tide floated the schooner off, and to the amazement of the sailors was drifted up Portland Harbor. Bartlett had her to him. She is worth \$70,000 and has been carried a cargo of 1200 tons of coal, most of which is salable.—Boston Transcript.

The Poetic Muse

MOTHERS READ THIS.

The Best Remedy.

For Flatulent Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Nausea, Grogginess, Cholera Infantum, Teething Children, Cholera Morbus, Unnatural Drains from the Bowels, Pains, Griping, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion and all Diseases of the Stomach and Bowels.

PITT'S CARMINATIVE

Is the standard. It carries children over the critical period of teething, and is recommended by physicians as the friend of Mothers, Adults and Children. It is pleasant to the taste, and never fails to give satisfaction. A few doses will demonstrate its curative virtues. Price, 25 cts. per bottle. For sale by druggists.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

ENGLISH BREAD CRUST FOR FOWL.

Put a cupful of bread crumbs into half a pint of milk, add a clove of garlic or a small onion left whole, a blade of mace, a lump of butter about the size of a pea nut, pepper and salt. Let the mixture boil until it thickens to the consistency of drawn butter. The onion and mace are removed when it is put into the sauce tureen. It is much daintier and more wholesome than gravy. Cold boiled fish is always served with roast fowl in England, and those who have so eaten it approve highly of the combination.

AN HONEST MEAT STEW.

Real honest meat stew is a delicious dish, but this is one of the best ways to make it. Cut the meat into small dice with a sharp knife and put to stewing gently in a pint of hot water or sweet, not very salty, beef stock. Stir till tender, then put in three tablespoonfuls of flour, cold-boiled potatoes. Stir in quarter of a cup of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour till it is smooth, one tablespoonful of beef extract, teaspoonful of lemon juice and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Stir this evenly into the bubbling stew and season with salt and pepper to taste. It's good and you are bound to think so. Toasted bread is nice to eat with it. It is an excellent "hurry-up" dish.

BAKED BEANS.

Use milk pudding and stewed fruit for bilious dyspepsia.

After washing, never wring worsted dress goods. Shake them.

Bamboo furniture can be cleaned with a brush dipped in salt water.

Soak black calico in salt and water before washing, and so prevent its fading.

Toilet vinegar, cologne water and alcohol are good for oily and moist hands.

Spirits of turpentine is the thing with which to cleanse and brighten patent-leather.

A dress pattern always makes a nice present, and can be bought in a box for that purpose.

The dirtiest frying-pan will become clean if soaked five minutes in ammonia and water.

Moderately strong salt and water taken by the teaspoonful at intervals is a cure for catarrhal colic.

No receptacle for soiled clothing, even if handsomely decorated, should be kept in a sleeping apartment.

When baking sponge cakes always have a steady oven, and do not open the door for the first twenty minutes.

Fresh fish should not be soaked in water before cooking; this treatment only ruins the flavor and makes it soft.

Whiten yellow linen by boiling half an hour in one gallon of fine soap melted in one gallon of milk. Then wash in suds, then in two cold waters, with a little bluing.

If your window glass is lacking in brilliancy clean it with a liquid paste before putting on a new pane. A little of this mixture will remove specks, and impart a high luster to the glass.

Electricity can be utilized for table decoration in wonderful ways. Miniature flowers, surmounting an electric light, produce a beautiful effect, and a table can be arranged among ferns so that they resemble a cloud of fireflies.

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As to Friends and Enemies.

Preserve me from my friend, because I wish to be in his ear.

The Blossom of Mr. Heart.

As my eyes are twinkling,
And my lips are smiling,
Silver laugh a-tinkling,
Shining teeth a-pearing,
When she is nigh
I gasp and sigh,
I cannot fly
The spot;
There is no heart so soft
That sweet Forget-me-not.

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