

According to the Chicago News, the leading newspapers in Havana, Cuba, advocate reciprocity with the United States.

Italy has ordered the study of English to be added to the curriculum of all Italian universities, and has endowed the necessary professorships for the purpose.

It is estimated that the railroads of the United States lose \$2,000,000 yearly by landslides, \$5,000,000 by floods, \$1,000,000 by fire, and \$2,000,000 by collisions.

At a banquet in Sheffield, England, the other day, Lord Wolseley, in addressing the yeomanry cavalry, advised them to receive themselves good shots and efficient to fight on foot, because the days of fighting on horseback in England were past and gone.

It seems to be a fact, states the New Orleans Times Democrat, that as the urban population increases, marriage decreases. The increase in the urban population of the United States during this century has been from four to twenty-two per cent.

"The romance of diamond mining is all gone," laments the St. Louis Star. "It is now a matter of excavating vast beds of blue clay by machinery, washing it and sifting out the diamonds, which, after being roughly sorted for size, are sold in bulk by weight."

The number of tramps has decreased seventy-five per cent. in the last five years, and it is the law passed by the different States which have done it, opines the Detroit Free Press. When you make tramp a crime you oblige a tramp to go to work and make an honest living.

Statistics show that there are some two million people in this country dependent upon the railroads for support. The number of employed is put at 704,743. In case of a general strike, remarks the Boston Celticist, the number of people to suffer direct loss is thus shown to be very large.

The salary list of the staff of the great...

THE PATHWAY THROUGH THE WOODS.

Two was only a little pathway,
Bordered with marigolds sweet,
With the green leaves over-arching,
The marks of unfrequent feet.
The golden tints of the autumn
Brought one of my saddest moods,
As I look that lonely pathway
Through the solemn, silent woods.

Chirp, chirp, said the brown songster,
As he hopped from limb to limb,
Stealing one look at the stranger.
Then seeking the shadows dim.
anon, a sound that was sweeter
With fairy like interludes
Came over my soul like ether
And charmed that path through the woods.

Thereafter there came a vision
As bright as a faded day,
A maiden of wondrous beauty
Stood right in my narrow way.
She blushed, and twilight grew rosy
Down through the soft solitude.
I had met my fate, and knew it.
In the pathway through the woods.

Many happy years have blessed me
Since that quiet gloaming hour,
And to-day beside my home hearth
I dote on that woodland flower.
There is sunshine in her presence
No matter what care intrudes,
And dear for her sake, forever,
Is that pathway through the woods.
—William Lyle, in Detroit Free Press.

GABE HARDESTY'S "HANT."

BY HENRY C. WOOD.

In Taylor's Cove, one bleak March night, the scene presented a striking combination of dreariness and cheer.

The mountain-sides were snow-clad and desolate—the lonely pines huddled together in little groups, with bowed heads, as if trying to ward off the wintry blasts, while snugly built within the sheltered cove a comfortable log-cabin nestled close to the overhanging rocks like a swallow's nest under the eaves.

From the two small windows in the cabin's front the bright glare of a generous fire within shone forth, and now and then, as the door opened, a broader pathway of light streamed out across the dreary waste of snow and made a gigantic jack-o-lantern amid the dense shadows of the surrounding hills.

On a nearer approach the sound of revelry might have been heard within the cabin—the see-saw of a squeaky fiddle—the patting of hands in rhythmic accompaniment and the noise of dancing feet mingled with gay voices.

It was a fitting time for merriment and goodly cheer, for Sam Taylor's pretty daughter, Mollie, was to wed Gabe Hardesty, one of the tallest, sturdiest lads to be seen in the hills.

Many had already been to the wedding, and were now gathered about the cabin, and were

Oh! how slowly the days and nights went by. They seemed to grow longer and longer. Poor Gabe!

of the pretty bride-elect on her unhappy days!

Mollie refused to be most miserable, while Gabe, and even her father, did all that was possible to make her happy.

ruined. He held the...

erlong an' let yer all see what a piece of luck an' why he could...

It was all too true, even the less groom was being hurried, and further away from his waiting ones, and the merry company who had gathered to witness his marriage, as the officers, with their unlucky prisoner, rode along the winding mountain way toward the valley lands and the Federal court, in which he was to be tried for illicit stilling.

While his fate under ordinary circumstances would have been a matter of comparative indifference, it was now a thing of the utmost moment to him, and the young mountaineer was beset with harassing fears.

This anxiety of mind lasted him throughout the slow, tedious journey down to the valley lands, and through the imprisonment which followed, until the slow process of the law had fixed his punishment at two years in the State prison.

Two years of captivity to him who had been as free as the bird and beast of his native hills, yet even he failed at first to realize how many weary days could be crowded into two long years of waiting.

If he could have hidden his sweetheart good-bye, and whispered into her ear how lasting was his love, and entreated her to be of good cheer until he came back, fate would have not seemed so cruel, but to be thus dragged away on his very bridal night, that was, indeed, a trying ordeal.

Nor was this lessened, when one day there came to his knowledge, through a guard, who had been among the rascals when he was captured, the fact that he had been betrayed into their hands and the secret location of his cell revealed by one of the mountaineers of that region.

On closer questioning, and after a more minute description of the man by the guard, Gabe Hardesty suddenly guessed that his betrayer was none other than Milt Spurlock, his rival in the affections of the pretty girl he was so soon to have wedded.

From this moment the tortures of jealousy were added to his already unhappy lot.

He had so nearly gained the coveted prize, that, until this moment, he had never once doubted her constancy or love; but now a thousand horrible fears lashed him with their relentless scourging.

He grew hollow eyed and thin, while his customary lethargy gave place to a fierce restlessness, like some captive animal pining for his native jungles.

His very dreams were filled with unhappiness and unrest.

Again and again the fair vision of the pretty mountain girl disturbed his slumbers, yet now it was ever marred by the dark shadow of Milt Spurlock, which seemed to hover always near.

Once he dreamed that his marriage was taking place in the cabin by the hillside, yet after the ceremony was over he saw, all at once, that the groom was not himself, but that Milt Spurlock had usurped his place, and he awoke in a great terror.

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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. BY THE MERRY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Truth—Sound Advice—Different Kinds of Understanding, Etc. "No truth on earth, as by the old adage, 'No woman have real golden hair.'"

There were strange rumors afterward that the Governor, hearing the story of Gabe's arrest on the eve of his marriage, and learning of his subsequent good conduct in the prison, had pardoned him before the expiration of his sentence, and that it was Gabe himself who had come back on this eventful night and meted out such swift vengeance to his betrayer.

There were few, however, who did not shake their heads incredulously at these rumors, and say they knew a thing of flesh and blood from one that came out of the darkness and the grave, for did not several who were present at the merry-making stoutly aver that they had even clutched at this vanishing figure after the fatal deed was accomplished and their fingers had closed on the thin air?—Dodge's Magazine.

The Inventress of Lace.

In the churchyard of Annaberg, near an old lime tree, there is carved in relief upon a chaste marble tombstone an angel placing a crown upon a woman's head, while beneath is inscribed:

Here lies BARBARA UTTMAN, died: 11th of January, 1575, whose invention of lace in the year 1561 made her the benefactress of the Harts Mountains. An active mind, a skillful hand. Brings blessings down on the Fatherland.

This Barbara Uttman, who introduced pillow lace into Germany, was born in the year 1514 in the small town of Ertzdorf, which derives its name from her family. Her parents, burghers of Nuremberg, had removed to the Saxton Harts Mountains for the purpose of working some mines.

Here Barbara Ertzdorf married a rich master miner named Christopher Uttman, of Annaberg. The Protestant tradition says that Barbara Uttman "learned" lace making from a native of Brabant, whom the cruelties of the Duke of Alva had driven from his country. But as the Duke of Alva did not go to the Netherlands until 1567, and as Barbara Uttman was teaching lace at her school in 1561, this report must be taken out of the domain of fact.

At all events while we know that Barbara Uttman did not invent lace, since it antedates any record we have and is as old as the hills, one might say, to her we must give the honor of not only introducing pillow lace into Germany but of introducing, renewing and fashioning the art of stitching and making new combinations, uniting with a fresh beauty and grace the laces of other countries.

Military Utility of...

An important feature in military manoeuvres in 1889 was the training cavalry horses the officers of the Guards detected the problem for themselves into the river with great success several succeeded in reaching the opposite bank in safety, which was held by the enemy.

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you. You believe in the old adage 'Time is money'?"

Charley—"I do, thoroughly." Mr. Dute—"All right, then; hereafter you may work twelve instead of ten hours each day."—Jeweler's Circular.

TURNING THE TABLES. "By the way, Mr. Trotter," inquired the young man who was waiting to see Miss Rosalie, "when are you going to bury your dog?" "Bury him!" growled the old man. "I only bought him yesterday." "So your daughter informed me," replied the youth, calmly; "but I met him coming in to-night, and I think you'll find him a good subject for a funeral. I always did dislike dogs."—New York Herald.

AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE AGENCY. Sweet Girl—"Pa, the house next door was robbed last night." Pa—"Mercy! Next door!" Sweet Girl—"Yes, and the burglars have been in two or three houses on this block within a week." Pa—"I know it. I know it. It's terrible! But what can we do?" Sweet Girl—"I was thinking it might be a good plan for Mr. Nicetellow and me to sit up a few nights and watch for them."—New York Weekly.

DIDN'T WAIT FOR IT. Lady (as the tramp came into the yard) "I suppose you want something to eat, do you? Well, you'll get the cold shoulder from me." Tramp—"Cold shoulder! Ah! If there is any one kind of meat which I am particularly fond of, it is cold shoulder, madam. Now, if you will also kindly supply me with a little bread and butter and a piece of apple pie, I should—"

But just then the servant girl, who had heard the conversation, came out of the back door with a pail of hot water, and the tramp nearly broke the gate in his haste to get out of the yard.—Mansie's Weekly.

HER TRIFLING OMISSION. "I can't see what is the matter with this cake," the young wife said, putting in the eggs and the yeast, and the corstarch and the butter, and the recipe says, and I don't believe it will be any good." "It will be all right," said the man, "it will be all right."—Mansie's Weekly.

HE DIDN'T PAY FOR THAT. Tommy (surprised)—"Why, papa, I thought one spoonful of sugar was always enough for my coffee!" Tommy's Papa—"This is a restaurant, my son. Take all the sugar you want."—Chicago Tribune.

CAREFUL ABOUT COLORS. Amy—"I have such a headache! What would do it good?" Jack—"Try a cup of green tea." Amy—"Oh, no, not for the world! Green doesn't suit my complexion at all."—Mansie's Weekly.

A BAD NEGLECT. Amy (on a railway platform) "I am the builders of this bridge, and I am the cater to the public." Mabel—"It is a very bad neglect."—Mansie's Weekly.

A BIG ENGINEERING FEAT.

GREATEST BRIDGE IN THE WORLD TO SPAN THE HUDSON.

A Forty Million Dollar Steel Structure Will Connect Jersey City and New York.

The greatest cantilever bridge in the world is to span the Hudson River from New York to New Jersey, says a letter from New York to the Chicago Herald. It will be bigger and longer than the enormous structure in Scotland which crosses the Firth of Forth and is the most extensive structure in existence built on the cantilever principle. It will be one-third longer and much wider than the suspension bridge which unites New York and Brooklyn, and will cross the water at a greater elevation by twenty feet than does the East River bridge.

Its cost will be about \$40,000,000 and five years will be required to construct the work. As the new aqueduct is the marvel of the nineteenth century in hydraulic engineering, so in bridge construction will the proposed structure be the wonder of the age.

The engineers, Thomas C. Clark and Charles B. Brush, have practically determined upon the location of the approach on the opposite shores, but of course decline to make that knowledge public as yet.

The law says that the bridge must span the metropolis between Tenth and 181st streets, on private property, to be acquired under the right of eminent domain. In New Jersey it will probably start from the lower part of Palisade Ridge in Jersey City, where the ground is 100 feet above the level of the Hudson, and a natural grade to the approaches of the bridge would be secured without the building of a viaduct.

If this proves to be a bad plan, it would be a very bad thing for the city of New York to be obliged to build a bridge across the Hudson.

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