POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Some smart men are fools for revenue only.

Lots of bright hope is exchanged for gloomy experience.

The giddy girl makes a merry companion, but a sorry wife

Art is long; that is why women linger in front of mirrors

Some people can best make their presence felt by their absence.

A man's head is apt to feel light when he has a heavy load on.

Blessed are they who know enough to let well enough alone

It is the heartfelt welcome of the dog that tells the tail

A blind man should never attempt to build a house until he gets his site.

It's foolish to worry about the things you can help or the things you can't.

Pyramids are so called because they appear amid the desolation of the desert.

The truth that occupies a nutshell finds some minds too narrow to give it room

Conceit is not a virtue, yet every man should have a little of it in his make up

The more a man gets the more he wants, and the more he wants the more he doesn't get

Contrary to the general rule the street car conductor, any fool is liable to danger on a source of revenue

The man who wears a pink diamond isn't necessarily an Irishman just because he wears a shamrock

Any man who can deliberately pass a dog fight on the street without glancing at it possesses true dignity

Dumb waiters carry everything but gossip

Black eyes are beautiful only when given by nature

Some people believe what they hear and doubt what they see

The individual who repeats a slander stamps it with his approval

It is sometimes easier to borrow money than it is to pay it back

Making other folks miserable is the one enjoyment for the chronic dyspeptic.

UGLY LUCETTE:

A TALE OF MODERN LIFE AND NOT OF FAIRYLAND.

BY MRS. A. M. F ANNAN.

"Imagine it as a bridal trip," remarked young Haskins.

"Or a midsummer excursion," suggested his friend, Mr Brink.

"If one could but find mermaids and coral grottoes," exclaimed Miss Peasley.

"Sea serpents and devil fish would be the most likely find—eh, professor?" put in Mr. Haskins.

"Hush, you make my flesh creep," said Aunt Bently. "I don't care to know any secrets except those on the top of the ground—or water. But where are my nieces? Ah, I see—leaning over the rail perhaps preparing to take a deep sea plunge, and not a hand to save them."

This remark broke up the conversation. The young men sprang to the side of the girls, and Dr. Wykoff took Professor Peasley from one arm and Miss Peasley upon the other and invited them to go with him and see the furnishings of the yacht.

Aunt Bently was left alone with Ernest, whom she noticed to be in a pensive mood, and she sought to cheer him up.

"You must not mind my flippant talk," she said, by way of attracting his attention; "we society women get in a way of talking simply to amuse. I fear you think us not serious enough."

"I delight to see everybody happy, and in their own way," said the young man. "My own means of pleasure are restricted, therefore I can better delight in the freedom of others."

"I notice you are sad at times?" said Aunt Bently.

"Not sad," he said, "but pensive and lost in thought I must think, and there is one thought comes into my mind that always makes me seem sad. But I am not really so, for I have learned to wait with patience the good that the wise Ruler has in store for me."

Aunt Bently pricked up her ears. What could he mean?

"I trust that you will be very happy," she said, "and that you will not have to wait long for it."

"Ah, I trust so," he replied.

"Oh, my dear Mr. Cline," she exclaimed, thinking she saw an opportunity, "if I could assist you in any way. I am sure you could confide in me. Sometimes the counsel of a mature woman is better than that of any other possible person. You can rely implicitly upon my assistance or advice at any time."

"You are very kind," said the young man, with a faint smile, "and I shall remember and perhaps make use of your offer. There is one object nearer my heart than my own happiness, and that is to make one whom I know is worthy of it happy—as happy as this world will allow."

"And might I know who this person is?" inquired Aunt Bently.

"Not yet," he said, "but I trust the time may soon come when I can tell you."

Aunt Bently, seeing that he was not disposed to be very confidential, did not pursue the conversation further. Indeed, the supper being ready, all arose to go to the cabin.

"Who can it be?" asked the scheming old lady to herself, as she walked along on the young man's arm, "Clara or Victorine?"

Chapter XII.

Left alone to her own resources of amusement or occupation, did Lucette suffer no sad hours? Did the thought of her sisters away on the yacht with her old school friends, and of the object so openly avowed, awaken no pangs of sorrow or jealousy? Were there no bitter reflections as to the results of the self-ab[illegible] made?

No. She had [illegible] thoughtful, brotherly companion as of yore? Had he sought to find her? Did he remember his promise, "I will see you again?"

She could not help feeling a pang—a pang foreign to her generous nature—as she realized they had been so near together, and he had not known it or had not sought to see her.

But she would not accuse him. Perhaps he had good reasons. Why should he care for her? Or, if he did, was he not now a tall and handsome young man and she just entered him so in her mind, and was she not still "Ugly Lucette?"

There was an element of buoyancy in Lucette's nature that was one of its most delightful characteristics. It had its birth in a spiritual depth of consciousness that could overlook the narrow boundaries of the present, and see the realization of her highest aspirations in some happy future, whether of this world or not she did not pause to reflect. It was this that made her so cheerful under neglect and contempt, so willing to sacrifice herself for the good of others.

So she did not grieve or despond, although many a furtive sigh escaped her in her lonely hours as she thought of her old friends.

And then came a surprise for her, in a letter from Aunt Bently, mailed at Newport. It read as follows:

MY DEAR LUCETTE. I will drop you a line, which I hope you will get a few days before we return. Have Janet open the cottage, and get everything ready for our return. The rich Mr Cline and Dr Wykoff will call on us as soon as we get there, and I have promised the doctor he may see you. He is really already much interested in you, if I am a judge. The girls have had a delightful time, and yet we regret gone almost as well as I could have wished. There were unfortunately two impudent young fellows in the party, but I don't believe either of them has a penny, which is rather too disguised to your sisters. Still, it may have done no harm. I wish they were less deep. I to flirt. Girls are not as sensible as when I was young at least you are the only exception that I know of. You must look your best when we get back. You will see that everything is ready for us.

CYNTHIA BENTLY.

This letter aroused anew in Lucette's breast the aversion she had previously felt to meeting her old friends under the patronage of Aunt Bently. She resolved not to be humiliated by the position in which she would inevitably be placed. No, she would wait for some happier occasion.

She quietly determined that she would open the cottage and see that it was made ready for the guests, and then would make the day of their return the date for a trip she had planned with Fred Kent out to some riffs in the open ocean, a couple of miles beyond the mouth of the harbor, where some rare specimens of the deep water sea mosses were to be found.

There was no thought of danger in such a trip. The intrepid lad had sailed his staunch boat to Nantucket in a half gale in the late fall season, and should she fear a mere excursion outside the mouth of the harbor in the calm summer weather? She would leave a note for her aunt, and hoped that when she returned the guests would be gone. At least, it would not appear that she had waited to receive them.

Many will no doubt criticize the sensitive girl's action. They will sneer at the self consciousness that could find offense in so common a social custom. They do not understand the dignity of a pure and generous nature, that flees from a false position as it would from a deadly sin, now the sensitives cultivated in a refined mind by years of cold criticism and suppression.

Lucette did not hesitate. She had great firmness in one direction—that of guarding her self respect.

Chapter XIII.

"There will be no storm to-day," said Fred Kent, as he guided his staunch little boat fearlessly out through the south channel of Vineyard Haven.

"It looks clear enough now," said Lucette.

"More likely to be a calm," said the boy.

In truth, it had been clear a week, and the atmosphere had taken on that faintly dusk haze that indicates continued dry weather.

A slight but steady breeze head the boat on its course. The long swells rolled lazily upon the South Beach, lapping the sands with the endless unrest of the ocean. The fishing boats at hand moved about freely in the slightly chopped sea, but the distant sails of ships seemed to remain perfectly still to seaward.

"It's a land breeze," said the boy, "and we'll have smooth water further out."

So it proved. The boat moved steadily out toward the riffs, which it reached in hour, when sail was taken it, and they began their search for the floating sea mosses, which are loosened from the rocks by the never ceasing ebb and flow of the ocean tides, breaking in foam over the hidden rocks. The wind soon died nearly out, and the boy got out his sweep to urge the boat forward as they moved from point to point, Lucette handling the net and gathering in the delicate and mosslike forms of the polyzoa, which were placed in a tub of sea water.

Hour after hour sped by, while Lucette was absorbed in the fascinating pursuit, or, with the aid of a small sea glass, studied the innumerable forms of life that teemed in the water about her.

While slowly propelling his boat near the rocks toward which the afternoon tide was sweeping, the boy suddenly gave an exclamation, and the oar snapped in two in his hands. It had caught in a rock that jutted near the top of the water, and the rocking of the little vessel in the riffs had broken it off near the middle.

"Plague the rock!" muttered the boy. "That is too bad."

"Oh, I will buy you a new one," said Lucette, generously.

"Tain't that. I can make a new oar easy enough. But suppose no wind should come up."

"What of it?" asked Lucette, with sudden interest.

"Well, we wouldn't get home to-night," was the ominous answer.

"Do boats ever have to remain out here all night?" queried Lucette.

"Yes, sometimes. The fishermen don't mind. Nobody's ever got lost, and sometimes boats have had to stay out here in a blow."

"Can't you mend the oar?"

"Not so as to do any good with the tide running out."

They were all alone on the still water, with just the lulling music of the tide breaking over the rocks to interrupt the silence. The fishing boats had all disappeared; it was not a good day for bluefish, and they would not take the chance of being becalmed outside.

What was to be done? Both of them sat for some time in silence, reflecting on the problem.

"If there were any other boats out here," said the boy, "I might borrow an extra oar. But there ain't. I guess our only chance is to hail a tug or launch, if any of them run down here. There won't be any sailing vessels trying to make harbor such a day as this, and they couldn't if they wanted to."

The boy put up his sail, and let out every reef, to try the chance of a breeze if one should come, but not a breath of wind answered the invitation.

The sun sank lower and lower toward the low headland of Chappaquiddick, and the first shadows of evening seemed to be settling on the water.

The smoke of several steam vessels had been seen in the distance, but they were evidently standing on their course up or down the coast. But now the light blue smoke of a vessel burning hard coal was seen approaching from a southeast direction, and they could soon make out a tern back hulled steamer swiftly approaching them.

"She's a yacht and she's going to make the harbor," exclaimed the boy cheerfully. "I'll hail her."

He quickly lowered the sail, and, climbing the slight mast, he frantically waved a streamer he had taken from the small bunk in the stern of the boat.

The people on the yacht were evidently on the lookout. The vessel slightly changed her course, and soon slackened speed, approaching until she was within hailing distance of the boat.

"Boat ahoy!" came a voice from the deck; "what's the matter?"

"We're becalmed out here, and I've broke my oar, and there's a lady aboard. Are you going to make harbor?"

"Yes. Do you want a line?"

"Of course," answered the young sailor; "I don't believe there's any chance of our getting in to-night alone."

"Invite the lady aboard," said a low voice from the deck.

The yacht approached still nearer, and a line was thrown so as to be grasped by the boy, and the boat was speedily hauled to the side of the yacht.

A ladder was let down, and Lucette clambered as gracefully as possible up the side of the vessel. As she stepped aboard, her sunbonnet slipped accidentally back, revealing her features.

"Why, its Lucette!" exclaimed the voice of Clara, who was standing near.

All crowded forward, while Lucette stood half amazed at the unexpected nature of her reception.

"Lucette, have you come out of the ocean like a mermaid?" asked Aunt Bently, who never allowed surprise to overcome her. "I must admire your yachting costume. Dr Wykoff, this is my niece Lucette. I have spoken to you about. I didn't expect to introduce her so informally—"

But Aunt Bently's apology was cut short. Dr Wykoff had the hesitating girl in his arms in a moment.

"This is my little Lucette—little no longer—but the same, I know. Ernest, Ernest, this is Lucette—our own Lucette—we have found her again."

"Well!" began Aunt Bently, in amazement, and then she stopped as the young man came forward with both hand outstretched.

"Ernest!" broke in unconscious tones from Lucette's lips.

"I need no other guide than that voice," he exclaimed, as he put aside those who would have led him, and took her sun browned hands in his own.

"I said we would meet again. The time has come. I have so much to say, but it can not be now."

"What does it all mean?" at last asked Aunt Bently.

"He must be the blind boy she used to know at Mount Vernon," whispered Clara "and Dr Wykoff—why, how foolish of us!—of course she went to school to Dr. Wykoff there."

"And this is the result of my campaign," muttered Aunt Bently; "we will see—we will see."

Lucette was led off by Ernest and the vivacious Dr. Wykoff to the cabin, while the line of the sailboat was made fast, and the yacht's bell jingled, and she again took up her course for Cottage City.

Chapter XIV.

It was plainly to be seen that Aunt Bently's plans were awry. During the short run to the wharf, Ernest and Lucette had thought and voice only for each other.

"I never saw Lucette so selfish before," pouted Clara to Aunt Bently.

The latter closed her lips firmly. "Who can blame her?" she said. "And this is the object nearer to his heart than any others, and she the one that he desired to make happy! Well, I have had my labor for nothing."

"It can't be," murmured Clara, desperately.

"Let us wait. We will soon see."

They arrived at the cottage to find it lighted and ready for their reception. Soon all were gathered in the pleasant reception room, lit by a dozen small glass globes, as is the fashion of the summer cottage, that shed a warm and brilliant light around. In the soft glow, all could see that Lucette's face was radiant, and that it took on a beauty that was the expression not of outward grace but of the pure soul within.

"You haven't told us, Lucette, why you were out on the water," said Ernest.

"I was gathering sea mosses," she replied, smiling.

"I never knew you to be disobedient before," interposed Aunt Bently, "and, to tell the truth, I can't understand your conduct, Lucette, although I know you are wiser than other people and see things that they don't."

"I knew that he would come, my brother and my friend," said Lucette, gently, "but it was right that it should be in his own good time. My foolish trip spoiled my plan."

"Which plan was to be sought for in the good old-fashioned way, I suppose," said Aunt Bently, and not to be disposed of by a meddling matchmaker."

Lucette blushed, and turned appealingly to Aunt Bently. But Ernest Cline took her hand gently in his.

"When we parted as children, Lucette," he said, in tones so earnest and tender that all were thrilled by them, "I said we should meet again but how little I knew, in my boyish mood, that to meet you again would become the strongest necessity of my existence. They say you are ugly, but I have never seen anything but your soul, and I know that is as beautiful as a seraph. Others may not prize you to me you are more than all else in the world. My life has had but one object, to return in due time, and find you the same beautiful being that I left years ago."

Lucette was too proud and happy to be abashed. Words from the lips of Ernest had for her a meaning that robbed them of personality.

"But Lucette," interrupted Dr Wykoff, "you haven't told us yet why you avoided us."

"That will be for me to tell some time," interposed Aunt Bently.

"Well we were not much deceived," continued the doctor. "We had many a merry talk I must and I, and we thought that the modesty of the little Lucette was a good omen of the success of our trip to Boston. Ah Lucette, you did not know we came to win you?"

Clara and Victorine and Aunt Bently as well heard this with amazement.

"You heard I was in Boston?" asked Lucette.

"You did not know we were waiting for you at our good friends the Hortons when your letter came saying you were compelled to go to Boston? Of course, you did not. Having been foiled in our plan to ensnare you in your nest, we followed you in your flight."

This language was rather allegorical, but everybody understood the good doctor's meaning. It was plain enough that Aunt Bently's grand matrimonial campaign had been a failure. Her proteges were too chagrined to say anything.

"Never mind," she said to them afterward, "we have learned a good lesson. You have only now to acquire Lucette's graces of character to be perfectly irresistible." With their success or fortune, however, we have no concern.

Wealth is a marvelous beautifier in the eyes of the world. As the wife of the famous blind millionaire, Lucette found fashionable society ready to make amends for its former contempt. She was no longer "Ugly Lucette."

But she preferred to live apart from the gay world. Her first object of life was to lighten the semi darkness in which her husband was forced to live; the second to be a wise almoner of the fortune he was resolved to devote to works of charity and public utility.

HUMOR IN NORTH AND SOUTH

Northern Fun Stings, but Southern Fun Only Tickles.

Fifty or more Northern newspapers have each a special humorous department, filled principally with satires upon fashionable people or some other class peculiar to large cities.

Northern fun—city fun—as prepared for print by professional humorists, is a whip with a smart snapper at the end; Southern or country fun is a straw that tickles.

The one is much like a hornet with his sting in first rate working order; the other is like an irrepressible and unconscious child.

The Southern humorist meanders through a couple of hundred pages as genially, gracefully, and also as aimlessly as a brook through the meadows and woods, yet, like the brook, he reaches the place he started for, which is that particular part of the reader's mental anatomy from which the smiles come.

He seldom cracks a joke. He never skilfully leads up to one, as our Northern humorists do, yet he makes the reader smile and murmur "How funny."

His fun is first cousin to that of the New England farmhouse and the Western quarter section shrewd, pithy, but good natured, and without a trace of the "hayseed" rudeness and coarseness that is put into the mouths of the impossible farmers who are manufactured by city jokers.

Well, it takes all sorts of people to make a world, and humor of any kind is so rare that all kinds are acceptable. Almost any of us will go through the week's output of humorous papers and wish there were more of them—look first think in the morning, at the funny column of his favorite city paper and wish it were longer, yet he will always be ready to welcome all humor that drifts in from the rural districts and wish there was a hundred times as much more of it.—New York Telegram.

A House With 4000 Rooms.

The Vatican, the ancient palace of the popes of Rome, is the most magnificent building of the kind in the world. It stands on the right bank of the Tiber, on a hill called the Vaticanus, because the Latins formerly worshipped Vaticinium, an ancient oracular deity, at that place. Exactly when the building was commenced no one knows. Charlemagne is known to have inhabited it over 1,000 years ago. The present extent of the building is enormous, the number of rooms, at the lowest computation, being 4,422. Its treasures of marble statues, ancient gems, paintings, books, manuscripts, etc., are to be compared only with those in the British Museum. The length of the statue museum alone is a fraction over a mile. Conservative writers say that the gold contained in the medals, vessels, chains and other objects preserved in the Vatican would make more gold coins than the whole of the present European circulation.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A pure blue is the natural color of water.

Virginia holds first place in the production of peanuts.

The cause of Freedom is the cause of God.—Bowles.

To cure soft corns, apply raw cotton soaked in castor oil.

There are over forty American lawyers located in Manila.

The annual value of the Porto Rico coffee crop is $8,739,788.

The old Lake Front Park in Chicago is now called U. S. Grant Park.

Seams of coal have been found in New Zealand which are 45 feet thick.

It is computed that there are 455,000,000 believers in the Buddist religion.

About 2,000,000 tons of sugar is consumed in the United States each year.

The price of grain is about 12 cents higher at present than at this date last year.

It costs 75 cents per 100 pounds to ship wool from Sydney Australia to London.

There were about 16,000,000 bunches of bananas sold in the United States last year.

The Shah of Persia smokes a pipe the bowl of which holds half a pound of tobacco.

There are some sheep ranches in Australia which almost equal in area the whole of England.

Twenty-five 1,445,850 acres of land in Oklahoma set apart for the support of the public schools.

Seven hundred Kansas quail are being distributed by sportsmen in the vicinity of York, Pa.

There is a book made of marble at the Strozzi Palace, in Rome, the leaves being of almost transparent thinness.

The making of baskets, boxes, panniers, hats, bonnets, etc., is the source of livelihood of thousands of people in Germany.

The man who wrote the book explaining how it was possible for a man to live one hundred years died at the age of thirty eight.

An officer in the German army estimates that there has been 30,000,000 men killed in war in civilized countries in the last century.

Chicopee, Mass., with a population of 14,000 in 1890, is the only town in that State which is without either a daily or weekly newspaper.

Tobacco smoke changes color after entering the mouth. The smoke issuing from the end of a cigar is a deep blue, but is of a brownish tint when expelled from the mouth.

Under an old law in Kentucky, which has recently been declared unconstitutional, negro vagrants were sold on the block for a term of years.

The cost to the State for the maintenance of convicts at the Michigan penitentiary is 38½ cents per day for each man and the daily earnings of each prisoner averages 35½ cents.

Prince David of Hawaii, like his aunt, ex-Queen Liliuokalani, is infatuated with Washington and may make it his permanent home. The prince is greatly interested in automobiles.

The ruins of an Aztec city, which from appearances had fully 100,000 inhabitants, has been discovered near Guadalajara, Mexico. No record can be found as to the identity of the city.

Not long since the missionaries in China distributed 84,000 bibles among the natives and upon investigation later it was found that the heathens had used the leaves of the books to make firecrackers.

A new and strange profession for women is that of dinner-taster. In Paris there are women who visit houses and taste the different dishes intended for the table and suggests improvements and give the cook ideas for new dishes.

The anti-lynching law has been sustained by the Supreme Court of South Carolina. The law provides, among other things, for the payment of $2,000 to the estate of the party lynched by the county in which the lynching takes place.

The prices of horses and mules next spring will probably be as high as at any time in the history of our country. This will be the case because of the large number of horses and mules purchased for use in the English, American and other armies.

It is a well known fact that Danish butter brings the top price in all markets. The Danish farmers excel in the art of butter making, and it is said that they increase the quantity and improve the quality of the butter by feeding their milch cows sunflower cake.

The largest wagon in the world was made in California. The workmanship alone cost the owner $1,000. The hind wheels are 8 feet high, the tires 8 inches wide and it measures 35 feet from the tip of the tongue to the tail board. The wagon weighs three tons, and has a capacity of 24,000 pounds.

An anti-trust association has been formed in Chicago made up of resident and traveling salesmen of the United States. The object of the association is to prevent the future reduction of salaries and to obtain, as far as possible, a reinstatement of the salaries paid before the business depression of 1893.

DR. BABCOCK'S EPIGRAMS

We are not responsible for the roots of sin in us, but we are responsible for the shoots.

Character is the confirmation of choice, the petrifaction of tendency.

It is easier for us to escape from our shadow than from our vanity, for we can generally blow out the light.

A great many deaf and dumb people are given to making off-hand remarks.

GOLDEN RULES FOR COOKS

A place for everything and everything in its place.

Cleanliness, economy and punctuality.

Keep all dry stores, such as rice, sugar, carbonate of soda, etc., in clean, dry, covered tins and jars, or dust and insects will soon appear.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

Laugh, if you are wise.—Martial

The absurd man is he who never changes.—Barthelemy.

God has delegated himself to a million deputies.—Emerson.

Power is the most persuasive rhetoric.—Schiller.

Prayer is a cry of hope.—A de Musset.

The mind is playful when unburdened

To be idle is the ultimate purpose of the busy.—Johnson.

He who is without friends is like a body without a soul.—Italian Proverb

Lying is the strongest acknowledgment of the force of truth.—Hazlit.

He who has good health is rich, and does not know it.—Italian.

A willing burden is no burden.—Italian Proverb

Man may content himself with the applause of the world, and the homage paid to his intellect, but woman's heart has holier idols.—George Eliot.

The Turks have a proverb which says that the devil tempts all other men, but idle men tempt the devil.—Colton.

The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies which invite me.—Victor Hugo.

Men are made by nature unequal. It is vain therefore, to treat them as if they were equal.—Froude

Christianity teaches us to love our neighbor. Modern society acknowledges no neighbor.—Disraeli.

Properly there is no other knowledge but that which is got by working, the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge, a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds in endless logic vortices, till we try and fix it.—Carlyle

Love is gone—gone where the spinning wheels are gone and the quilting bees and the slow wagons, and the peddlers who brought bargains to the door on sunny afternoons.—George Eliot