

BEFORE THE DAY.

awakened at the dawning, but we never saw the day; And we spoke our little prologue, but we never reached the play. Our love was sweet and certain till gray sorrow drove the curtain. We wakened at the dawning, but we never saw the day.

AN ACTRESS' TRIUMPH.

The marchesa Capranica del Grillo, (Ristori) was the greatest actress of the Italian school, not only, but she was, as well, the most beautiful woman of her day. Her hair was dark as night. Her wonderful eyes so large and brilliant that they reflected every passion of her dramatic soul, while her every movement was eloquent with a natural dignity that proclaimed her a queen of tragedy. In the fury of emotion she was simply sublime.

one day while her maid was brushing her hair, and so great was her surprise at Legouve's treatment of the subject, that she found herself gesticulating and declaiming as if acting it upon the stage. "Oh, Signora, Signora, what is the matter?" exclaimed the cameriera, "am I hurting you so much then?" "No, no, child, do not mind me, go on."

In 1857 Ristori was playing in Madrid at the Zarguelo theatre. The play was to be Maria Stuart. She stood attired in the coil and black robe of the unhappy Queen, surrounded by members of the first Hidalgo of Spain, who had assembled behind the scenes to do her honor.

"Tell me," she commanded, turning to the Duke, a well known enthusiast in all matters dramatic, "what was the meaning of that bell I heard ringing through the streets of Madrid by a religious confraternity?" "It was," replied the Duke, "for the purpose of collecting funds for masses for the soul of the unfortunate Chapado who will be executed to-morrow; he was a soldier, who in a fit of passion struck at his sergeant with his sabre. Military law is concise, and Michels Chapado will be shot at daybreak to-morrow."

Every vestige of color left her face, and she trembled in every limb from the excitement of the undertaking she had determined to attempt, but her courage was invincible. Turning to a servant she commanded:—"Go and request the Minister Duque Narvaez to do me the honor to speak for a moment with the Marchesa Capranica del Grillo behind the scenes."

"Well, Madame," he remarked at length, "you must have your desire. I cannot yield, but you yourself may request an audience of the Queen. Plead the cause of the unhappy man before her. Her Majesty will at once fall back upon the pledge she has given me, to refuse in justice to the laws. If she does, then send for me; we shall see."

Chapado was saved! His pardon was signed by Queen Isabella herself, and with the documents in her hand, Ristori left the royal box, overcome with her success. The entire audience, who had been made aware of what was transpiring rose en masse as she appeared upon the stage, and the Queen of tragedy received then and there an ovation such as passionate Spaniards, only, can give.

ABOUT PAINS.

HOW THEY ARE MADE AND WHAT BECOMES OF THEM.

The Expensive Ones Are Not Marketable and the Marketable Ones Are Not Expensive—A Queer Family Legacy—Often Hurled With the Owner. Hundreds of thousands of artificial teeth are manufactured and sold every year. What becomes of them? It is like asking what becomes of pins and other things which are practically indestructible, says the Boston Herald.

When the plates were discovered and the expert dentist was able to supply a whole mouthful of new teeth the teeth themselves were carved out of ivory. But constant grinding would wear away the ivory and these elephant teeth were not satisfactory. To-day all artificial teeth are made of porcelain and will outlast a Methuselah. Those which are known in the trade as "store teeth," being carried in stock by the big dental supply houses, are manufactured in enormous quantities.

While a cheap grade of "store teeth" can be bought for a few cents apiece, they are not nearly as satisfactory as the standard commercial article which is used by most dentists. A big supply company will carry hundreds of samples of teeth, all of standard quality, but differing greatly in size, shape and color. In color alone from twenty-five to 100 variations may be presented.

In teeth that are made to order nothing is impossible, from the short, white teeth of normal youth to the long, discolored ones of extreme age, and the prices range with those of watches. The teeth are set in plates of rubber, gold and aluminum, but the highest achievement is considered to be a platinum plate upon which has been fused a lining of tinted porcelain similar to that used for gum work. Tinted plates have been made of the same material as the teeth, but as the porcelain shrinks in the firing the fitting of such plates is uncertain.

And now for the answer to the question, "What becomes of false teeth?" Sometimes they are lost, sometimes stolen and sometimes left as a family legacy. Generally, however, they are buried with the owner and he forever hidden in the ground. It is occasionally suggested that there is quite a business in second-hand false teeth, but if there is such a traffic it is not of large proportions. Second-hand teeth are valuable only for the platinum wire that they contain and when they fall into the hands of regular toothmakers they are smashed up to get the platinum out.

Scientists have demonstrated that the purest air in the cities is found about twenty-five feet above the street surface. This goes to prove that the healthiest apartments are those on the third floor.

SLAVERY LONG A THORN.

Its History Years Before Uncle Sam Abolished It.

The negro question is not of recent origin. The illud of our woes began in 1620, when negroes were first brought to the colony of Virginia and sold as slaves. Slavery antedates history. The traffic of Europeans in negroes existed a half century before the discovery of America. The very year in which Charles V. sailed with a powerful expedition against Tunis to check the piracies of the Barbary States, and to emancipate enslaved Christians in Africa, he gave an open legal sanction to the African slave trade. When independence was declared in 1776 all the colonies and slaves.

Slavery, said the late Senator Ingalls, disappeared from the Northern States "by the operation of social, economic and natural laws," and "the North did not finally determine to destroy this system until convinced that its continuance threatened not only their industrial independence but their political importance." In the course of years "the peculiar institution" assumed a sectional character. The war between the states precipitated a crisis. President Lincoln then began the work of emancipation. "As commander-in-chief of the army and navy in time of war, I suppose I have the right to take any measure which may best subdue the enemy."

The Bulgarian blue roses would appear closely to resemble the chrysanthemum, which frequently changes color to the eye of the observer, for in one case they are reported to be of a beautiful azure blue, and in another they are said to be of a greenish blue, the latter hue recalling the delicate tints of the turquoise. A sample of the soil in which the bush is growing has, it is said, been sent to a chemical laboratory to be analyzed, but surely, says the Gardeners' Magazine, would have been more sensible to have taken as many buds as possible from the branch and worked them to other stocks, with a view to a perpetuation of so remarkable a novelty.

Only Bridge of Its Kind. Floating Bridge over Glenmore Pond is one of the curiosities of Lynn, and is claimed to be the only structure of its kind in the world. In 1808 a bridge of somewhat similar design was built across the upper end of Lake Quinsigamond in Worcester, but it was constructed simply of two tiers of logs, covered with planks, and was never satisfactory. The Lynn bridge on the other hand, has been in constant use for nearly a century, and is stronger now than ever, as the wood does not rot under water, and the pine logs which form the foundation are as firm as on the day when they were hewed and put together.

The Duke of Veragua, who lost an annual pension of \$6,000 through the cutting off from Spain of the Cuban revenues, does not appear to have much idea of the value of money, at least when it is the money of other people. When he was in this country during the Chicago exposition he complained of the cost of a telegram he wanted sent, but when he learned that the signature was not charged for he signed himself thus: Christopher Columbus de Toledo Larreatqui de la Gante Almirante, Duque de Veragua de la Vega, Grande de Espana, Senador del Reino, Caballero de la insignia Orden del Toison de Oro; Gran Cruz de la Concepcion de Villarramos, Gentil Hombre de Camara del Rey Don Alfonso XIII.

WHEN ROSES FADE.

Summer is going—her footsteps fall!

Summer is going—her footsteps fall! In the deepening shadow of hedge and wall, but the breezes, sighing a kind refrain, Kiss her and lead her thro' Hollyhock lane.

Summer is going—why may not I With her to eternal roses fly? Out there in the gardens of endless June, Where life leads over Love's path, rose-strewn.

END OF A MASQUERADE.

It was at a masquerade at Galli verti's studio, one of the old Roman palaces, there were music, the tripping sound of dancing feet, laughter, and the unintelligible hum of conversation mingled in a gay medley.

Carson, an American, a new arrival in the city and a stranger to that colony of sculptors and painters, had been accidentally separated from the friend who brought him, in the crowd, shortly after his entrance to the ball-room. He was wandering listlessly among the merry maskers, quite regardless of their gibes and laughter at his expense.

"I fear that I am intruding, signora," he said. "Not so. The balcony is free to all who come. There can be no intrusion."

"I have not been alone," replied Mr Carson. He glanced around, but the lady was gone.

"The lady. Did you not see her when you came?"

"A caprice, my dear boy. I saw no lady. No; you sat there mooning, staring in a most sentimental manner at that Moorish lantern hanging over there. Come along, they are waiting for us."

"Certainly; but your friends? Their carelessness is criminal." They walked through the square and down several streets almost in silence. Presently she stopped before the entrance of a house.

"Here, signor," she said. Almost simultaneously she swayed forward and caught his arm, at the same time uttering a smothered cry. "You are hurt!" he exclaimed, anxiously. You have twisted your ankle on those wretched stones.

"What noise is this?" called a masculine voice in Italian. Carson began a hasty explanation to the man, whose face protruded from a partially open door.

"She does not belong here," he said. "She is a stranger. She is pale as death. Unfasten her clothing, she must have fainted. Where is the janitor? The fool—he never is here when he is needed. Call him, signor, and send for a physician." His hasty hand broke the knot of ribbon that confined her bodice.

"There's always bound to be kickers," exclaimed a Meandering Mike. "Did you ever know a time when the people agreed unanimously that they had the right man in the right place?" "On'y once," replied Plodding Pete. "I was being put into jail on de occasion."—Washington Star.