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BETTY AND THE BABY.

My home seems deserted, I'm lonely and sad,
I'm as shy the prisoners of home I once had.
I try to be cheerful, I fail to be glad
Since Betty left home with the baby.

I sit in the corner, and I read and I write,
I whistle and sing, but the only delight
That is mine is to joyfully dream every night
Of Betty, who's gone with the baby.

It seems that a month of her absence I can use
As I dandle the baby in joy on my knee,
But no man was ever more lonesome than me,
Since Betty's been gone with the baby.

The house is a picture of silence and gloom
As I walk through its halls that are still as a tomb,
Like a ready man, slowly marching each room
For Betty, who's gone with the baby.

She has "gone to see ma," and it's sorry a wife,
Every day that she stays makes a terrible strife,
And I'll never be happy or smile
Until Betty comes home with the baby.

'Twill be joy to my heart when the message shall come
That the son and our children no longer will roam,
Good wife's this old room's now lonely at home
When Betty's back with the baby.

—W. D. B. Hays in Louisville Times.

HOW GIRLS SHOULD RIDE.

Sensible Suggestions to Mothers About Their Daughters' Riding.

There are very few accidents in riding for which the responsible management of the rider is not directly responsible. Seventy-five per cent of the women ride absurdly, and poor form in their case shows much more plainly than in the man. Their shoulders are twisted, their heads askew, the toes are seen continually kicking the skirt, and they rise to the side. Here in New York we find much improvement in the public form, due to better instruction and the dread of overzealous spectators, but the actual knowledge of the horse is quite as deficient. These are women, of course, who go in for riding as a pastime, and who ride as they do for nothing at Narragansett—because the rest do so, and the opportunity of exhibiting a flashing costume is not to be lost. Those will ride about as they swim. A groom and the saving rope will always be at hand, and it is quite necessary that they should.

To the young women that have passed the age when they are susceptible to instruction we have nothing to say. When they become mothers, however, we bid them, with all the emphasis at our command, that if they allow their daughter to grow up with as little practical knowledge of the horse as they have, may the future revolt be upon their heads. First of all, it is a mistake to allow a girl to begin riding lessons too young. At the last year or so, children eight, ten and twelve years of age have been seen at the riding schools, making a very pretty ensemble in an evening entertainment, but much too tender to go on the road. It is well enough to allow them to become a bit familiar with the horse under private instruction, but fifteen is quite young enough for her to begin riding. No child has sufficient physical strength or judgment for the management of a pony saddle.

When your daughter begins her lessons, go for yourself, or get some one who does know, that her instructor is competent. Not one so called, riding master in a city knows little else than how to fit his animal and make a pirouette for the benefit of the spectators that goes to horrified wonder at this offshoot of the circus ring master, in his tights and green boots. It is just as easy to learn to ride properly as not, but difficult to correct bad form in the saddle when once acquired.

See that her shoulders are squarely to the front, that her knee is close to the horn, so she may press hard against it in case of necessity, and close to the saddle flap as well (this will stop the naughty and incorrect pendulum motion of the stirrup foot and strengthen the seat); that she rises from the right knee, and not from the stirrups, so is the case with nineteen women out of a hundred; that her hands remain steady, and that in rising, for economy and back do not fall into the absolutely unparliable and ungraceful measure movement. The correct seat is very difficult to acquire, especially in the average young woman, whose sides are bound in tightly laced corsets and whose muscles are entirely dulcinet. It would be well to twelfth dumb bells and go through a series of body movements to make the muscles elastic.—C. W. Whitney in Harper's Bazar.

A Home Made Cannon.

Take a thick glass bottle, fill it three-quarters full of water, dissolve in that water about a dessert spoonful of bicarbonate of soda. Make a cylinder of a large card, stop up one end of it with a piece of crumpled tissue paper, and put into this cylinder a dessert spoonful of tartaric acid. Fasten this cartridge thus manufactured by a pin and thread in the neck of the bottle, which is placed upright on the table.

Let the opening of the cartridge be at the top, and regulate the length so that it does not touch the water. Then cork the bottle tightly. Now our cannon is loaded. All that remains to be done is to fire it off; for this purpose place the bottle carefully in a horizontal position on two pencils laid parallel on the table to form a gun carriage. The water penetrating the tube or cartridge will dissolve the tartaric acid and the carbonic acid gas which will be the result will force the cork out of the bottle with a violent explosion. By one effect of the reaction the bottle will roll back, imitating the recoil of a piece of artillery.—Chambers.

A Peculiarity of the Capital.

Washington is the only city of a quarter of a million inhabitants in the Union that has no factory work. The lack of manufacturing and commercial enterprises reduces the working women to a minimum. A few are employed in retail stores, phone graphic offices and private offices, but the majority who earn their living are in politics. Another result is the total absence of economical home life. Even the poorest little shared nonsense has a house of her own, where she prides herself on the neatness and high principles of her daughter's grandmother.—Washington Letter.

Mrs Edwards on Writing.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards says that the notion of success in the writing of fiction is to be obtained by a single rapid movement, is "in the succession of my own experience not quite so. Some of my best stories have been the result of long years of waiting, watching and patiently, but I work out a story half with the conscious intention to teach certain lessons, to reach certain hearts, to do certain work, to strike certain blows. The thinker, the reader, the student, the observer, the friend of the unknown is to contribute the material of the story, the sympathy, the suffering and sometimes the tears of pain."

Women and the Eight Hour Movement.

The question "What part are the women workers taking in the eight hour movement" has been asked of several prominent labor people. Their replies might all be summed up in the words "Not any." Those who are taking the active part in the eight hour movement are already working only nine hours, and their wages average three or four dollars a day. "There is no trade or women thoroughly organized, and until they are," says the secretary of the Working Women's society, "they can do nothing. Those who are in organizations are trying to get the state to regulate their hours of labor, and it seems positively sinful, from more than one point of view, to think that we women are asking that our sisters shall not be allowed to work more than ten hours a day. Ten hours is now considered a terrifyingly long day by those men who are striving for eight hours. But these men have excellent wages even for that short time, while the women of New York, if they worked even longer hours could not make an honest living. And even this simple demand we could not obtain."

The eight hour movement is an argument in favor of organization of women separate from men. The men of a trade are naturally selfish; they consider their interests first, consequently reforms in the condition of women are tardy. And it always will be so until women themselves take up these problems. That, too, is one of the further hopeless things. Women are not usually good material in a labor organization. There are always outside influences—home ties that are brought forcibly to bear upon their actions at the critical moments. Then most girls feel that they won't have to work always; that they will soon have a home of their own. This has much to do with retarding organization among women. That it will be a great many years before women will have the eight hour work day is the general opinion. It may be trite to say that working women receive smaller pay and invariably work longer hours than men.

The girl who is a saleswoman works in the better class of stores nine and one-half hours four days in the week and thirteen hours the remaining days. In the smaller places she usually spends thirteen or fourteen hours every day, sometimes in a seven day week. If she is employed in a shirt factory, or if she makes gloves, overalls, jumpers, underwear, dresses or flowers, she works ten hours in the factory, because the law compels the manufacturer not to employ her longer, and then takes home work enough to keep her busy until 11 or 12 o'clock at night. If she is a dressmaker, milliner or tailoress she considers herself lucky to get four hours' work in the dull season and works sixteen in the "drag." If she is employed in a restaurant she works from 7 a. m. to 10 p. m.—New York Recorder.

Another Vanderbilt Yacht.

Mr. Fred Vanderbilt was so much pleased with the excursions which he had upon James Gordon Bennett's yacht the Namouna and his brother's noble steam yacht, the Alva, that for the first time in his life he became quite infatuated with steam yachting, and determined upon his return to America to have one built for him. But by the merest chance he found in England a very fine yacht for sale. It is the Conqueror, and while not so perfect a specimen of steam yachting architecture as is the Alva, yet it is a very stanch and convenient vessel.

Mr. Vanderbilt bought it, after inspection, and expects to take his first cruise in it with his family and a small party. He will sail from one of the English ports and visit Norway and Sweden, so as to arrive by the middle of June at the Land of the Midnight Sun. He will not return to America in the yacht, but it will be brought over for him. He may on his return pass at sea his brother Cornelius and Chauncey M. Depew, who expect to sail early in July.—New York Cor. Philadelphia Press.

Easy Fishing in Texas.

Friday night L. Frankel, Mr. Smith, Miss Isadore Smith and others got into a scull and started up the stream, rowing up against the water blue and flags. The river was exceedingly muddy from the rain, and before the boat had proceeded for a large bass leaped from the water into the boat. It was followed by another and another, until within the space of a few minutes there were fifteen flopping, flourishing bass in the bottom of the boat, ranging from half a pound to three pounds in weight.

The action of these fish cannot be accounted for, as there was no light whatever in the boat. Several of the larger fish attempting those acrobatic feats jumped entirely over the boat.—San Antonio Express.

An Extraordinary Id.

During the recent visit of Jay Gould, of New York, and his daughter to this city they were taken through the treasury building, and, of course, into the money room. There, as is usual, the guide gave them the opportunity of holding $1,000,000 in their hands. The Hibernian guide, who had no idea who the visitors were, remarked:

"Och, miss, all yez only wanud the robber or that how yez wouldn't be nad to worry about where yez would be getting your spring wraps at all, at all."—Washington Cor. Philadelphia Record.

A Mining Tot Heel.

A North Carolina man exploded twenty pounds of gunpowder under a mass of rock on the side of a mountain to lower it, and the shock sent five acres of trees, soil and stone running down for half a mile to fill up a valley and create a lake a mile and a half long. He has not been seen since the row.—Detroit Free Press.

The Opening of the Season.

Merchant—We will pay you three dollars a week if you think you can do the work.

Young America—All right, boss. Draw up the contract an I'll sign wid pen ink.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Steady Hand at Eighty.

Mr. Eli Kittredge, the famous penman of this city, has recently received a number of books and a map of the United States from Vice President Morton in acknowledgment of some of Mr. Kittredge's fine work. Mr. Kittredge is able to write on the back of a postal and the last address delivered by the Secretary Windom.—Belfast (Me.) Age.

An Apparatus to Discover Comets.

The simultaneous of solution to light has been taken advantage of by Professor Barnard, of Lick Observatory, Cal., who has employed it in making a device for automatically detecting comets. A prism is placed in front of the object glass of the telescope, and, as is well known, a prism will divide a ray of light into its primary colors—red, orange, yellow, etc. Back of the prism is a metal diaphragm with slits, corresponding to the position of the three extraordinary bands which characterize the spectrum of comets only. When the light passes through the prism it is decomposed, and if the light is that from a comet certain rays will pass through the slits and fall upon a selenium cell which connects with a battery and an alarm.

The most curious thing about the process is that the light of ordinary stars does not affect the apparatus, and that it is susceptible only to comets. The telescope is made to sweep the heavens by automatic machinery, and so the alarm will ring if a comet emerges across the face of the prism, the astronomers are not required to sit up all night to watch for the comets any more. Professor Barnard has the apparatus so arranged that it will ring the alarm in his bedroom. This invention is regarded as an extremely important one in the mechanics of astronomy.—Boston Transcript.

Employment for Women in France.

In all trades connected with food in France women are largely employed. In biscuit making they need to serve a somewhat arduous apprenticeship. The manufacture of shawls is very well paid, but is fatiguing. Taken as a whole there are not so many men employed in factories in Paris as in some other French towns. Sorting rags is a very unhealthy occupation. In this women are much employed, and receive in payment fifteen francs a week. Women are also employed in leather manufactories preparing the leather which is afterward pressed in machines.

In the making of military equipments women work equally in shops and in their own homes. Several large firms have the monopoly of this work, which is chiefly done by means of the sewing machine. In the making of perfumery, too, women are much employed; this and soap making needs but a very short apprenticeship. Tobacco employs 1,200 women out of 1,800 workpeople. For this six months' apprenticeship is needed, and the lowest salary is 34 francs a day. Workers of fine stuff for furniture receive three francs a day. The weaving of galloons for carriages and ribbons for decorations is done entirely by women.—New York Sun.

Clothing the Eiffel Tower.

The Frenchman appeared at a linen factory in Jarcelay, in the Volga, four weeks ago, and told the manufacturer that they were French gentlemen as commissioners with an order for a cloth case in which to wrap the Eiffel tower in winter. They promised so many sealed documents and letters with the signatures of celebrated Frenchmen that the manufacturer swallowed their marvelous story and agreed to take the huge contract. The "commissioners" required from him $1,200 as an earnest of his intention to turn over the tower's new clothes, and left him with directions that he should go to Paris at once to communicate further with the city officials and to measure the tower. He went, with several assistants who were to help him determine the details of the undertaking, and thereby spent $200 more to learn that he had been swindled.—New York Sun.

Four of a Family Buried Together.

Four of the family of Adam H. Bowers, living about fifteen miles from Salem, Or., were buried side by side Sunday; all having died in the prime. A young daughter died at 12 o'clock Friday night; at 1:30 her mother followed. The next night at 12 o'clock the father died, and at 1:30 o'clock his mother passed away.—San Francisco Bulletin.

A London medical man says: "Be careful in your dealings with brass rails. It imitates the stomach for more than space, and an overdose will bring on an unpleasant sensation for days."

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