

At a recent meeting of the American Society of Civil Engineers, B. W. DeCourcy related an interesting experience while acting as Supervisor and Bridge Engineer of a railway. He had to use one of the three-wheel velocipedes running on the railway, frequently employed by the maintenance of way officials, and as his track ran through a number of narrow cuts, he happened one day to think over the best thing to do should he meet an engine. He decided that the only way out of this trouble would be to jump and at the same time overset the velocipede to the right. A trial of this plan showed that it could be carried out without injury. The value of this study was apparent some time after, when Mr. DeCourcy was running out with his foreman to inspect a bridge and met a locomotive ahead of time in a rock cut about eighteen feet deep. He threw himself to the right and jumped at the same time, catching the small wheel and throwing his back against the rocky side of the cut. It was done so quickly that the engineer thought he had run over the men and so reported at the station.

In answer to an inquiry, the New York Sun recently named the ten best American poets as follows: Emerson, Poe, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Halleck, Lowell, Holmes, and two ladies, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke. Whittier, after a life given to the good of humanity and the enrichment of that which is best in literature, is dead at the ripe age of 85 years. He did not have the singularly marvelous genius of Poe or indeed of Halleck, nor was his poetry marked by that finish and delicate employment of words noticeable in the works of Longfellow, Lowell and Holmes. He did not have the dreamy vision or fancy of the former, nor the sprightly wit of the latter poets. He is, nevertheless, fully deserving of a high place in the Sun's list. He gave the earlier part of his life to the slavery question, and many of his best poems were inspired by the earnestness and devotion shown by him in this work. All were poems of the heart, and each carried a good lesson.

The only high school in Iceland is at Seykjasik, and it has been in operation for over a year. The principal subjects taught are Icelandic in its grammar and literature, Danish, English, Sloyd wood carving, arithmetic and singing, to which from two to eight hours a week are devoted, but the foremost place in the educational system is given to tailoring, by which the hours from 10 to 2 are occupied during four days a week. This is because there are no tailors in Iceland, and that the women must make the men's clothes as well as their own. Cooking is also practically taught.

The Argosy complains that "Newsboys are in hard luck these days. In Boston they have been forbidden to board the street cars with their wares, and now a company is being formed in Chicago to sell newspapers on the nickel-in-the-slot system. The wonderful part of the last named scheme is that the machine will make change for the customer. Surely our boy workers have real grievances. The advent of the patent leather and russet shoe has made sad inroads into the bootblacking industry, the cash railroads in dry goods stores have to a great extent superceded cash boys, and now the newsboy's vocation is threatened with extinction."

A formidable antagonist to telegraph construction in Mexico is found in the monkey. The favorite diversion of these animals when not in quest of food is to betake themselves to the telegraph lines for gymnastic exercises, and linemen assert that often 100 able-bodied monkeys have been seen swinging on the wire, festooned, monkey fashion, by looping their tails. The continuous vibrations of these forest gymnasts start the iron nails used on the cross-arms, and these often come down, bringing the wire with them. And it is not a safe matter to undertake to dispose of these coat monkeys. Linemen have found that on shooting a monkey swinging on the wire they have been pursued by a whole regiment of monkeys.

IF I WERE FAIR.

"Then she looked into her mirror." If I were fair! If I had little hands and slender feet; If to my cheeks the color rich and sweet Came at a word, and faded at a frown; If I had clinging curls of burnish'd brown; If I had dreamy eyes aglow with smiles, And graceful limbs and pretty girlish wiles— If I were fair, Love would not turn aside; Life's path, so narrow, would be broad and wide.

If I were fair! Perhaps like other maidens I might hold A true heart's store of tried and tested gold. Love waits on Beauty, though sweet Love alone, It seems to me, for aught might well atone. But Beauty's charm is strong, and Love obey The mystic witchery of her shy ways. If I were fair, my years would seem so few; Life would unfold sweet pictures to my view.

If I were fair, Perhaps the baby, with a scream of joy, To clasp my neck would throw away its toy, And hide its dimples in my shining hair, Bewild'ring by the maze of glory there! But now—oh! shadow of a young girl's face; Uncolor'd lips that Pain's cold fingers trace, You will not blame the child whose wee hands close, Not on the blighted bud, but on the rose So rich and fair.

Oh! just a little fair, with some soft touch About my face to glorify it much! If no one shunn'd my presence, or my kiss, My heart would almost break beneath its bliss, 'Tis said each pilgrim shall attain his goal, And perfect light shall flood each blinded soul, When day's flush merges into sunset's bars, And night is here. And then beyond the stars I shall be fair!

[Edith Kutter, in The Spectator.]

A BROKEN COMPACT

BY ISABEL HOLMES. I said I wouldn't be fooled by a woman the second time, and I mean to stand by my resolution," Eric Fleming said, with emphasis. He was scrutinizing a young woman's photograph closely, by the lamp-light, which filtered softly through a pink globe, filling the room with a dreamy mellow radiance, that inclined a man to sentiment, in spite of himself. "She's not exactly pretty," he repeated musingly, "but she's what is infinitely more dangerous to a man's peace, she's magnetic. It's these women magnets who play the deuce with us. Mere beauty of feature doesn't count for much in the long run. She looks high principled. Pshaw! Didn't I think Maude had principle, and didn't I prove her to be the veriest double-faced creature who ever wheedled a man into believing in her?"

safe boundary. Danger was not likely to result to either from over-precipitation. As time wore on, Eric began to find that his attachment was of an altogether different nature from that he had felt for Maude. A singular soothing influence seemed to float out from Clara when he was with her, and envelop him like a garment. Alone and apart from her he tried to analyze his feelings. He put an embargo upon himself. His experience had developed in him a stern self-repression.

One evening after an hour's solitary reflection on the situation, he sat down and wrote: "Resolved,—That I will not speak of love to Clara Raymond until three years from my first meeting with her have elapsed. If at that period we are still good comrades, I will ask her to marry me."

He enclosed the paper in an envelope, sealed it, and wrote across the back: "Compact with myself, to be kept until Oct. 16, 1880." Two years had passed. Clara Raymond had just returned from a short season abroad, on one of the staunch and safe Cunarders. One bright crisp morning she paid a visit to the Art Museum in Coply Square. She wanted to inspect some copies of Grecian statuettes and groups, the originals of which she had seen in the British Museum.

A few visitors were coming and going through the doors of the museum, but Clara did not see any of her own acquaintance. She was looking well, but there was a pensive expression in her brown eyes. Eric had called to see her the evening before. His manner had puzzled her. He had no longer the free-hearted friendliness of their earlier acquaintance. He had greeted her with manifest pleasure shinning in his eyes, and afterwards made his adieus in a cold, constrained manner. She wondered if the publishing firm in which he was a junior partner, was embarrassed. He had talked of his short trip to the Pacific coast in disjointed sentences.

He had acted his part blungrily. It is not easy for a big heart to stay its genial currents. There was a troubled undercurrent in Clara's thought, as she passed through the rooms slowly. She lingered some time in the Egyptian room, amid the mummies, scarabs, fragments of sculpture, hieroglyphics, and all the sacred relics of past civilization, torn by profane hands from their resting-places. She wondered what was the history of the princess whose face and form were pictured in the glass case. She fancied the spirits of these mummified bodies wandering back at last to be reunited with them, only to find that the sacred tombs had been despoiled of their silent inmates.

Clara found her way into one of the Greek rooms. As she stood studying a statuette of Hercules with the golden apples in his hand, she heard familiar voices. They were the voices of women. She turned to see them, but they were hidden from her view behind some tall marble figures. "I have known him for years," one voice was saying. "He isn't the kind of man to love a second time. That Maude Blanchard was a little idiot. She threw Eric over for a handsome dissipated creature. She has probably begun already to harvest her regrets."

Clara would scorn to be a listener, yet the name of Eric seemed to root her to the spot. "No doubt of that," returned the other. "What do you think of his attentions to Miss Raymond?" "I think he is acting wrongly. A man has no right to win a girl's love unless he can return it. I have seen them together, and I know that she has become strongly attached to him. But he will never get beyond friendship, and he'll keep other men away. He doesn't know that he is selfish. He doesn't realize that he is wronging anybody."

ship, she had managed to put an infinite distance between them. She did not seem lovable, as once. A certain hardness in speech and manner frequently jarred upon him. But this hardness melted into gentility, he could see, when she talked with Henry Nash or Fred Roberts. With them and others she was smiling, radiant.

He could not know her struggle. She was stamping out her love slowly but surely, with all the strength of her proud nature, and at the same time striving to save herself from growing bitter. In time she should be able to treat Eric more kindly—when she had conquered herself. "He might almost sympathize with me," she thought, "since he has been through the same experience."

"I suppose she is heartless as Maude if the truth was known," Eric thought bitterly, as he put down the picture and began to walk off his disturbance. There was a rap at the door. He opened it. "There stood Henry Nash. "Good evening." "Ah, good evening. Come in; have a chair." "In the doldrums?" asked Nash, as he sat down, with a glance at Eric's moody countenance. "Why, no," said Eric slowly, resuming his seat, and slipping Clara's picture under a pile of papers, a movement which did not escape the eye of his caller.

"I've seen you with a happier phiz," remarked Nash, as he took up a volume of Shelley's poems and began to turn the leaves idly. "The two young men had been friends from boyhood. It was a union of dissimilar temperaments. "Well, I have felt happier in my life-time," assented Eric. "May I ask what is this document?" said Nash, as he came upon Eric's resolution between the leaves of Shelley. He took up the envelope and read, "Compact with myself, to be kept until Oct. 16, 1880."

"O, that's a private matter between myself and me," returned Eric, reaching out his hand for the missive. "Nash saw that he changed color. "I'll wager it's a compact that is better broken than kept, come now," declared Nash. "I don't know about that," Eric rejoined quickly. "Does it relate to a woman?" "Ye-es."

Nash's eyes shone keen enough to see through a milestone. "Excuse me. Whose picture have you got there under the papers?" "Photograph? O, that's of Clara Raymond," said Eric carelessly enough, as he drew it from the hiding place. "What did you put it out of sight for?" "Out of sight? It was a purely mechanical movement on my part."

"You are in love with Clara Raymond," declared Nash, bluntly. "Who says I am?" asked Eric, to gain time. "I say so. I've been watching the game from the first." "Then I wish you'd tell me exactly how the case stands on her side," remarked Eric. "You would know yourself, if you weren't blinder than a bat. She has been fond of you, but she's wearing herself now as fast as possible."

and death-like by the light of the less red eye. He was pinned to the wreck so that he could not move a muscle. "We are both here, it seems," he said with a weak smile, as she stopped before him.

"And one of us is a prisoner," she joined in a cheerful tone, though her heart was heavy. "Can you not move all?" "No. I think my arm is broken, and cannot breathe easy in this position. Still, I am much better off than many others. If they would only move the things off, I could—"

"I am pretty strong," she interrupted. "Perhaps I can help you—"

She stopped suddenly with a stronger look in her eyes. A fire had kindled in the engine. The flames were already leaping toward her. "Clara wonders to this day at the strength which came upon her, as she moved the wrecked sections of the engine, sufficiently to extricate and drag him to the brookside beyond the reach of danger. By that time he had fainted from the pain of his shattered arm. She bathed his face with water, and he revived presently to see her standing over him. He could feel that soothing influence outflowing from her toward him, as in the long ago. It was above his pain.

"You have saved my life," he said. "My arm will be all right after a while." "But you will suffer a great deal of pain, first," she suggested. "Yes, but if I might hope that the pain is broken down from us—" he began wistfully. "You may hope," she said softly. And then they heard the ambulance coming—Yankee Blade.

Skill Required in Steel Making.

An uninformed person, watching the production of steel by the open hearth method, sometimes thinks the process a very rough, haphazard operation. This is totally at variance with the facts of the case, since the manufacture of a uniform grade of steel, even from a uniform grade of raw material, is a delicate operation. A few years ago it was thought that the perfected chemical process and methods of analysis would surely result in even grades of product, but unfortunately this expectation has proved a castle in Spain, and manufacturers realize that the temperature at which different stages of the operation are carried on is of as much importance as the chemical composition. It is now acknowledged by many of the leading producers that a comparatively small error in estimating the temperature of the furnace, may have a disastrous effect on the quality of the metal. Hitherto the eye of the workman has been the sole reliance in estimating this temperature, and the skill of some of these men is really remarkable. Now, however, an instrument called a pyrometer is being introduced for the purpose of indicating the temperature with greater accuracy.

Average Life of Ships.

The Maritime Register publishes a statement recently made by Robert Thompson, president of the Northeast Coast Engineers and Shipbuilders' Association (English), which says that the average life of an American-built ship is eighteen years. The life of an Italian-built vessel is placed at twenty-seven years. This comparison, the journal says, will startle many shipping people, and some may dispute its correctness. It is shown that the conditions upon which the comparison between the two was made have greatly changed and the table has little value now. In the new merchant marine which is being built up in this country steel and iron largely take the place of wood, and Americans rank high as expert shipbuilders, it is quite likely that the new vessels will be found to be equal in all respects to those built in foreign yards. The average life of the ships of other nations is given in the table. Those of France are placed at twenty years, the Dutch twenty-two, German twenty-five, and British twenty-six.

Triplets Sixty-nine Years Old.

The other evening, at the residence of Alden T. Brown, Waltham, a reception was tendered to three of Mrs. Brown's aunts, who are triplets and sixty-nine years of age, the anniversary of their birth occurring on the 20th of last June. Mrs. Brown's mother, a sister of the triplets and herself a twin, was present. These four ladies were born in Union, thirteen children, seven of them being twins and triplets. The reception last evening was tendered to Mrs. Martha A. Hagar of East Somerville, Mrs. Sarah A. Fassett and Mrs. Mary A. Fassett, both of North Union, Me., and also to Mrs. Nancy Greene, who is living with her daughter, Mrs. Alden Brown. The triplets, when young girls, all worked in the cotton mill with General N. P. Banks when he was bobbin boy there. This was the first meeting of these ladies for twenty-six years.

Democratic Candidate Formally Accepts.

PAIGN QUESTIONS DISCUSSED. Views on the Tariff and the Currency Nearly Half the Document Sent to the Lodge Bill and Similar Contested Legislation. CHARLESTON, W. Va., Oct. 30.—The acceptance of the National Democratic nomination by Gen. A. E. Stevenson, announced here today. CHARLESTON, Oct. 29.—THE HON. WILLIAM L. WILSON, CHAIRMAN, ETC. When in the presence of my countrymen I accepted the honor conferred upon me by the convention over which you presided, I promised to indicate by letter in a more formal manner my acceptance of the nomination tendered me by the assembled representatives of the Democracy of the United States. At that time I have been engaged continually in the discussion before the people of many States of the Union of the principles emphasized by the convention as presented by our candidate for President, Grover Cleveland. Opportunity has been denied me to write with the freedom I would like to the more formal promises to your committee. The full discussion of public questions is annually expected from a candidate for President, has been rendered imperative by the complete presentation of the Democratic creed, by the gentleman with whom I have the honor to be associated as a candidate on the National ticket. His treatment of the issues before the country—for discussion—has been so complete that I can assure you that I have more than endorsed his position as well as the emphasis of my unqualified approval.

The greatest power conferred upon our government is that of taxing the people. The great struggles of the past for civil and political liberty have looked to the limitation of this power. The right to tax—a right which should always be limited by the necessities of the government—and the benefits of which must be shared by all whenever this power is used to draw tribute from the many, is a benefit of the few, or when part of the people are oppressed in order that a few may prosper unduly, equalizing the sight of justice, hard to be secured, which is used to excite the passions, and there arises artificial conditions which the beneficiaries look upon in due time as vested rights.

It is plain that our present inequitable system of tariff taxation has promoted a growth of such condition in our land, and though it has been by an industrial and enterprising people, a friendly and productive soil and the high development of political liberty. If the deficiencies of this system shall be added a new tenure of power to the people have already enjoyed, the development of unfavorable conditions must be until the power to tax will be paid for the perpetuation of privilege, and the preservation inviolate of their prerogative.

There is no longer pretext or excuse for the maintenance of a war tariff in this time of peace and more than a quarter of a century after the close of the national platform of the National Democracy, a demand for the reform of the tariff and the adoption in its place of one which will insure equality to all people. I am in full and hearty accord with these purposes.

The convention also declared its preference for the currency question in favor of the gold standard, when it said in the platform: "We hold to the use of both gold and silver as the standard money of the country, and to the coinage of both of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value, without discrimination against either metal or charge for maintenance of the dollar unit of both metals to be of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value, or be adjusted through international agreement, or by such other means of legislation as shall insure parity of the two metals and the equality of every dollar at all times in payment and in payment of debt, and that all paper currency shall be at par with and redeemable in gold and silver."

Another issue of great moment in the pending contest is the Force bill, which cannot be considered in detail. It may mean the control of the bayonet. The Republican party acts in the Fifty-first Congress, and the platform in its late national convention, stands pledged to the reform of the bill. That it will pass, it will be the power no sane man can deny. The prosperity of our common country is an issue of great importance. My nomination I have been proud to accept, and I have the honor to meet you in the presence of the people of all classes and conditions. I found a general and growing apprehension of the evils, which, if they were not remedied, would result from the Lodge bill, and similar threatened legislation of the Southern States, established during the Reconstruction period, and that the immigration of the investment of capital, which had ceased.