A Drop of Ink.

A drop of ink—how much it holds,
Upon my pen-point newly wet;
A brilliant fancy it enfolds,
Perhaps, if I could only get
It rightly spread about upon the sheet
Of paper, spotless, free from stain—
Alas! I gaze out in the street
And chew my penholder in vain.

Maybe within that inky drop
A poem lies, designed for fame;
But I can't reach Parnassus' top,
Because, you see, my feet are lame.
An epigram it may contain
Replete with wisdom and with wit,
I'm sure it would not make me vain
If Fate would let me make a hit.

But while I'm speculating here,
The ink will dry upon my pen;
I'll cast aside all doubt and fear,
Maybe my Fate will hold me then.
All men of genius, I suppose,
Dash down their burning thoughts red-hot—
I'll do the same myself—here goes!—
By Jove! I've only made a blot!

A Quarrel.

There's a knowing little proverb,
From the sunny land of Spain;
But in Northland, as in Southland,
Is its meaning clear and plain.
Lock it up within your heart;
Neither lose nor lend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Try it well in every way,
Still you'll find it true,
In a fight without a foe,
Pray what could you do?
If the wrath is yours alone,
Soon you will expend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel
One can always end it.

Let's suppose that both are wroth,
And the strife begun,
If one voice shall cry for "Peace,"
Soon it will be done.
If but one shall span the breach,
He will quickly mend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Afterward.

Never," he vowed it, "while life may last,
Can I love again. I will die unwed."
"And I, too, dear, since our dream is past,
I will live single," she sobbing said.

A storm of farewells—of wild good-byes—
He rushed from the spot, like an outcast soul.
She hid in the pillow her streaming eyes,
And wept with anguish beyond control.

Just five years afterward, they two met
At a vender's stand, in a noisy street;
He saw the smile he could ne'er forget,
And she the eyes that were more than sweet.

"Oh, Kate!" "Oh, Harry!" { "How well you look!" / "How well you look!"
"I stopped," he said, "just to get a toy
For my little girl." "I wanted a book,"
She softly said, "for my little boy."

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"To escape from me!" he repeated sadly. "But, my poor child, if I had known that my presence gave you any pain, I would have put hundreds of miles between us. Do you know that your' disappearance almost cost me my life?"

"I know that you have been ill," she said brokenly; "but you are better now, and—and happy, Guy."

"How can I be happy, Shirley, when I see you thus?" he asked, with an intense sadness. "Do you not guess how much we have suffered on your account? And that you should be here in this capacity fills me with horror!"

"How did you know that I was here?" she said feebly. "I would have gone to the uttermost parts of the earth not to see you."

"But why did you fear me, Shirley? My one desire in life is for your happiness and your peace."

"I came away because—because—" Her voice failed her, and the words died away upon her lips, her head drooped on her breast, her hands were clasped tightly together.

"Because, in your generosity and unselfishness, you thought that I should forget you if you let me. My darling, how could you think that? You should have known that no suffering could equal the suspense! Why did you go away?"

"Oh, thank Heaven that I did!" she cried, the words breaking from her with a passionate anguish.

He looked at her in intense sorrow—a sorrow mingled with surprise and a little doubt. Had she left him, not because she wished to save him from increased shame, but because she thought him guilty of the crime of which he had been accused? It was the first time the thought had struck him, and it brought with it a pang, keener than any he had yet suffered, that she should doubt him.

His arms, which had been held out to her in infinite longing, in passionate tenderness, fell to his side; out of the gray eyes which had been fixed upon her face with such love all the eagerness died; over his face passed a shadow heavy as night; and, in a breathless silence, he faced her as she stood leaning against the wall, her head turned back over her shoulder in an intensity of terror which might well seem to him horror of his guilt, her whole frame trembling as she shrunk from him.

"You doubt me—you!" he exclaimed; and, few as the words were, they were full of a reproach which, in its very gentleness, must have cut her to the heart had she doubted him.

Her eyes met his wonderingly and without understanding; and, as he met her glance, the darkness passed, for he knew that his thought was wrong.

"I doubt you!" she said faintly. "What do you mean? What do you know?"

Her voice was very low and hurried as she asked the second question, and the terror in her eyes deepened.

"I feared—the doubt was but momentary, my dearest—that perhaps you too believed that I had been the murderer so many deem me," he said gently. "It is not so, Shirley?"

"The murderer!" she repeated vaguely. "What murderer?"

"Have you forgotten, Shirley? Ah, poor child, would to Heaven you could forget much of that terrible past! Love, do not shrink from me—I will not touch you if you do not wish it; but I have much to say to you, and—and you cannot—you must not remain here, you know!"

She moved slowly and feebly back into the room.

"No, I cannot stay here, and you must leave me, Guy!" she said huskily. "I have been dismissed, you know. Oh, since you have been staying at Erindale, you must know what—what—they say of the village school-mistress!"

She threw up her hands with a little laugh, which was so bitter and mocking and full of despair that it struck like a blow on his heart. He went to her side; then, with a gentle strength which she could not resist, he put her into a chair, and, moving away a little, looked down at her with inexpressible tenderness and sadness.

"Poor child, how terribly you are changed!" he murmured softly. "Tell me of yourself, Shirley. Why—good Heaven! —I remember now they told me that when you came here you were—"

He could not utter the word; the thought was too painful—that she, his cherished darling, should have known want and misery. It was too horrible.

"That I was starving," she said, with a little smile. "Did it hurt you to think of it? Ah, do not—do not look at me so, Guy! That is all over now, you know. You must forget it, and—"

"Do you find forgetfulness so easy, my dearest?" he said gently.

"No; but you will find it so," was the mournful answer. "Think of me as they think of me, Guy! Think of me as a woman fallen too low even to fill such a humble post as this. Has Lady Oliphant told you why they are sending me away?"

"My darling, peace!" he cried entreatingly, cut to the heart by her words and manner. "You are breaking my heart, Shirley. You will come to me now, my dearest—you will not leave me again? Let me take care of you. Give me a right to protect you."

"Oh, hush!" she almost shrieked, "Oh, hush—he does not know—he does not know—no, you shall not touch me! Avoid me rather, as you would any vile, polluted, poisonous thing."

She had left her seat, and was pacing up and down the room in an agitation which was past all control—she seemed terrified and shamed almost beyond her strength. Guy watched her piteously, all his heart going out to her in an agony of tenderness and love; not knowing what to say to comfort her, and sorely puzzled and bewildered himself.

That he should have discovered Shirley [illegible]lynn in Mrs. Grant, the Erindale school-[illegible]tress, was strange enough; but, as he [illegible]d her, he recalled the stories which [illegible] the round of the village and [illegible] Rectory and the Hall—of the [illegible]ngely timid visits of the doctor [illegible]ght walks with him—also [illegible]ces and the presence of a [illegible] cottage on Christmas [illegible] all mean? It was [illegible]range mystery was [illegible]rue that Shirley [illegible]he—Guy—loved [illegible]nd see them happy together. She need not fear.

"Shirley," he said, and his voice was very low and his face very colorless as he went toward her, "I cannot even believe your own witness against yourself. Why do you not trust me, dear? Is it that, after all, you doubt me? Is it that you believe me the murderer of your husband? Ah, you know that, deeply as he had wronged me, I forgave him all fully!"

She was looking at him now with a strange expression in her eyes. It seemed as if she longed, yet feared, to tell him something—to trust him, but dared not. For a moment she stood thus voiceless, silent, pale as death itself; then she turned from him with a passionate gesture of despair and resumed her restless walking to and fro.

"I forgave him all fully, and few, I think, mourned his death more truly than I did," Guy continued sadly, "That shame and disgrace fell upon me through his death did not affect my sorrow. You know—do you not?—that all our searches for the murderer have been fruitless; but some day—some day, surely, the crime will be brought to light!"

"Oh, no—oh, no—oh, no" she screamed wildly. "It must not be—the crime has been expiated and atoned for, the search must cease. Guy, for the love of Heaven, you must give it up! What can I say, what can I do to induce you to grant me this?"

"My dearest, the search is over; there is no need of such distress. But in my own heart I feel, I am sure, that I know the murderer, and, if it please Heaven ever to bring us face to face, he shall pay the penalty of his crime."

"Oh, Heaven, cease, or you will kill me!" She swayed forward and sunk down at his feet in a sudden weakness and terror which took all the light and life and warmth and color from her face, over which stole an ashy-gray shade like the hue of death itself.

As he stooped over her to raise her, with hands that shook like a leaf, she shuddered at his touch and shrunk away.

"Shirley!" he exclaimed, with quick pain. "What have I done that you should fear me thus?"

"I fear you—as I fear the whole world now!" she said faintly, without lifting her head; and the despairing hopelessness of her tone made him shiver as if a sudden chill had touched him.

"You might fear the whole world, my dearest, and yet not fear me," he answered softly; and, as the grave, gentle, tender voice fell upon her ear, she raised her head suddenly, and tried to stand. He lifted her to her feet, put her gently into a chair, and, drawing up another, sat down near her.

"What is it you fear to tell me?" he said, so gently that the words were as a caress; but she only shook her head wearily in silence.

"You know that Jack is here?" he asked tenderly

"Yes."

"You will see him, of course."

"I have seen him," she answered pitifully.

"But he does not know," he began.

"No; I have seen him as I have seen you, unseen myself, Guy"—and she looked up at him pitifully. "Do you not remember? It is not so many months ago that I was in the room where you were. You had come to fetch Madge at Mrs. Ford's cottage; it was the day after they had taken me in."

"And you were in the room, and—"

"You did not see me, Guy—and the reasons I had for wishing you not to recognize me then are tenfold stronger now."

"I cannot understand them, Shirley."

"Nor is it necessary that you should. Ah, if I could trust you—if I could trust you!"

The great tears welled up slowly into the weary eyes and fell heavily upon the clasped hands as they lay upon the table. He leaned toward her, with a great earnestness upon his face.

"Listen to me, my darling," he said very gently, but with an impressive gravity in look and manner. "You have acted, I am sure, with perfect unselfishness throughout everything. You have suffered as I think few people have ever suffered; but your unselfishness and your suffering, my dearest, have missed their aim. You thought to spare me; but, sweet, did you not know that you were adding greatly to my misery?"

"I knew; but it was right—and, oh, how earnestly I thank Heaven for giving me strength to go!"

"Even now?" he said sadly.

"Even now—ay, more than ever now."

"But, Shirley, you left me to save me from disgrace. You thought that, if you became my wife, you would add to the suspicion of my guilt. But I have borne the suspicion for over a year now, alone and uncared for. Think what it would have been to me, Shirley, to have had your love to brighten those weary months! And you, my poor girl!" he added tenderly. "What has your life been? You have known even want, in your vain endeavor to teach me a lesson in forgetfulness—a lesson, darling child, that I shall never learn."

She had covered her face with her hands as she listened, and Guy could see how she trembled.

He went on softly—

"You have—you must have—some other reason for your avoidance of me," he said, with tender reproach. "Try to trust me, Shirley. Was it solely to avoid me that you left Exminster?"

"Yes," she said, without uncovering her face.

"You had no other reason?"

"I had no other reason—then."

He glanced at her quickly.

"But you have now?" he said eagerly. "What is it, Shirley?"

She did not reply; but the hidden face sunk lower until it rested upon the table.

"What is it, Shirley?" he repeated very softly, but with a grave, gentle tone of command in his voice which forced her to answer:

"I cannot tell you," she said faintly.

"Is it that you no longer love me?" he asked, with the same perfect gentleness; and she was silent.

There was a long pause. Guy's face had grown very pale, and his lips quivered. He had taken her silence for an affirmative answer to his question, and it had given him a sharp pang, as if a knife had been thrust into his heart; but he would not let her see how much he suffered, he would not add to her unhappiness.

"Is it indeed so?" he said then. "Well, I cannot quite say yet that I am glad, dear; but I shall be glad if I see you happy once more. Will you not trust me further?"

"I have nothing to tell you," she said, under her breath; then, uncovering her face, she looked up at him with shining restless eyes.

"You yourself have chosen wisely and well, Guy; you could have no sweeter, truer woman for your wife than Madge. Ah, if you knew how good she has been to me, and how much her love has brightened the months I have spent here! I cannot bear that she should think me unworthy; but some day she will know."

"I do not understand you, dear," he said gently and soothingly, wondering and fearing he hardly knew what from the expression in the great burning eyes which met his, and then wandered away so quickly. "Madge is a very dear girl; but she will never be anything to me but my old friend's daughter. To you she may become a nearer relative, for, if Jack has his wish, she will be your sister."

"She? Madge! Oh, Guy, is it true? And you—you are not sorry—you do not ove her?"

She spoke with a more natural expression now; the bewildered look had passed, and a tinge of color had stolen into her face in her momentary gladness. It was a wonderful relief to Guy to see that color and the changed expression of her face, and he smiled as he answered—

"Sorry! I am very glad," he said gently. "Why should I be sorry, Shirley?"

"I thought—I thought she was to be your wife."

"I shall have no wife, Shirley," he replied. "I am growing into a confirmed old bachelor. Do you know, dear, that Madgie had something to do with my finding you to day? Jack and I had both noticed so many little things in her which reminded us of you that, when Lady Oliphant described you to me to-day, a thought flashed upon me like lightning that Mrs. Grant must be our Shirley."

"Ah, Heaven send that she be not like me!" she answered bitterly. "Oh, Guy, when I think of the misery of all these years, I wonder that it has not killed me! It seems to me that only the happy die: the wretched are always left."

"There are many happy days in store for you yet, Shirley," he said gently. "And now, dear, may I ask you a few questions? Only one or two, which may be of use to me. Shirley, when and why did poor Hugh dismiss Latreille?"

She started violently, and once more the wild look of terror flashed into her eyes.

"Why—why do you ask?" she forced herself to say, trying to hide her agitation.

"For a simple reason, dear. The man was a scoundrel. I have no doubt—"

But she interrupted him with a cry of pain.

"Oh, let him rest—let him rest!" she cried pitifully. "It hurts me—it hurts me to think of him!"

"Dear child, it grieves me to pain you. But, Shirley, if I am not very much deceived, he is the man we should have looked for when we sought poor Glynn's murderer. He was a thorough villain, I feel sure, and—"

"Oh, hush—oh, hush! Guy, I cannot bear it. Let him rest."

"Let him rest—the murderer of your husband? But, Shirley, for my own sake, if not for the sake of justice, it is only right that I should try to convict the villain of the crime of which I feel sure he has committed. And, by Heaven," he added passionately, "the execrable scoundrel who murdered a defenceless man, and who has let me remain under the stigma of a dastardly crime, shall pay the full penalty of his sin!"

Shirley stood looking at him in silence for a moment: then, with a shrill piercing cry, she fell forward on the table, where she crouched in a passion of terror and fear, which found vent in the little inarticulate cries and tearless sobs which alarmed Major Stuart greatly and bewildered him still more. Was it merely the recollections of her husband's terrible death which so unnerved her? What mystery was there connected with it which distressed her so greatly? What was the meaning of the anguish she evinced whenever her husband's murderer was mentioned? Could that man, Latreille, whom Guy firmly believed to be the guilty man, have her in his power in any way?

Was it that she feared him? It had seemed strange to Guy that the man's name had not been mentioned at his trial; but he had accounted for that by the fact that some years had elapsed since he had left Sir Hugh's service; and it was only long months afterward that the thought struck him that Latreille had had something to do with the murder. He remembered then having seen him from the balcony of the "Pack of Cards" the night before the murder was committed, and the agitation and pallor with which Sir Hugh had greeted the trifling remark on the subject which he had made. But, after all, these were very trivial grounds on which to suspect a man of murder; and Guy was annoyed sometimes at the tenacity with which he could not help clinging to the idea. Now Shirley's intense emotion at the mention of the man's name seemed to increase these suspicions a hundred-fold. Had she some unknown reason for trying to conceal his guilt? For a moment this thought struck him forcibly; the next he rejected it as unworthy of her.

As he stood hesitating, not knowing what to do for the best, whether to leave her or to insist, for her own sake, on the solution of this mystery, the sound of a slow, heavy footstep on the stairs startled him; and Shirley lifted her head and looked round her in wild affright.

The steps came nearer; they were in the passage now; and, with a wild cry of terror, Shirley tried to reach the door, but her strength failed her. She sunk on her knees by the table, making desperate but vain efforts to cry out again; but her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth, and no sound came. Guy looked at her in questioning alarm and something in his face gave her strength, she sprang up and ran to the door, barring it with her slight arms.

"Shirley," he said, sternly, "what is the meaning of this? Whom have you hidden here? What is—Merciful Heaven, who is that?"

For the door had opened gently from the outside, and the face which appeared in the doorway was one which he had never thought to see again in life. It was the face of the man whom Shirley had succored on Christmas night—of the man whom Guy had loved, and who had betrayed him—of the man for whose murder he was tried for his life. Yes; altered, changed, and death-like, it was nevertheless the face which had once been so handsome and so gay—the face of Hugh Glynn!

CHAPTER XLVIII.

At first the stunning shock of his surprise deprived Guy Stuart of the power of motion and utterance; and he never afterward could remember what passed during the first few moments after Sir Hugh's appearance. He realized vaguely that Shirley, quite calm and composed now, had gone to her husband's side, and that she supported him with his arm drawn over her shoulder; then that she led him slowly to a chair, into which he sunk, pallid and exhausted with the effort he had made. And then, as Guy came back slowly to knowledge and recollection, he forgot all else but the joy and relief of seeing that Hugh Glynn lived. The past wrong, the long years of misery were all forgotten; and in a minute he was on his knees by Hugh's side, his strong hands, clasping the attenuated fingers of the man who was supposed to have been murdered and who now, judging from his appearance, had not many days of life.

"Hugh, dear old fellow!" was all he could say; and at the tenderness and pity in his voice Hugh Glynn's dim eyes filled with tears, which fell slowly and heavily down his thin cheeks.

"Guy, old friend!" he said, brokenly; and there was a long expressive silence in the little room.

Shirley, white as death, but perfectly calm, stood by her husband's side looking with anxious eyes at Guy's bowed head, which rested on the arm of the chair. She saw that he had not realized the whole truth, that there was no room in his heart for anything but great and intense joy at Sir Hugh's reappearance; but she knew that, once the first delight was over, the reaction must come, and he would guess at the truth.

And the joy was but short-lived; ere five minutes had elapsed Guy lifted his head and saw Sir Hugh's sunken eyes fixed upon him, and every shade of color died out of his face and lips as he rose to his feet and drew back a little, more overcome than he had ever been before in his life as the truth flashed across him.

Shirley watched him anxiously and pityingly, knowing from her own experience what an awful shock this must be.

"Guy, my poor fellow," Sir Hugh said, faintly: "have I done wrong to trust you? This poor child has borne the burden of this awful secret, already too long, and your voice—"

He sunk back, exhausted even by the few words he had spoken, and Shirley bent over him, anxiously lifting his head upon her arm and holding some restorative to his lips.

Guy watched her almost jealously. How tenderly she moved him! How compassionate was the fair face bending over his! With what intense adoring love the sunken eyes looked up to hers! How gently she held the thin burning hands on which—great Heaven, was it possible?—on which must lie the stain of blood!

"We can trust Guy," he murmured, faintly. "He will be pitiful—the end is so near now."

Very pleadingly, very sorrowfully, with an entreaty that she could not put into words, Shirley's eyes went to Guy's face, and his lip quivered as he gave her an answering look of reassuring tenderness and love; but he was still too much under the influence of his horror and amazement to utter the words which would have given her consolation.

"Tell me," he said huskily. "Who—who—who was the man whom—"

"Latreille," Hugh Glynn answered, brokenly, in a tone of intense sadness and humiliation; and even Guy's stout heart and courage quailed at the terrible inference which could not fail to be drawn from the fact that Hugh Glynn lived, and that the man whom they found among the rocks at Easton, disfigured past recognition and wearing Sir Hugh's clothes and ring, was Latreille.

"Heaven knows," Sir Hugh went on, the some unutterable sadness in his voice, "that I never meant to kill him. I had arranged to meet him on the cliffs that morning, and he angered me by his insults and insinuations, and—"

Once more his voice failed him, and he became so faint that Guy was alarmed, and anxiously assisted Shirley in her efforts to restore him. It was in Guy's strong arms that he was carried, not back to the attic-room where he had been concealed ever since the Christmas night when he had almost met his death in the snow, but into the inner bedroom on the ground-floor; and here he was laid upon the bed, weak and faint, with the hue of death on his cheeks and lips, and dark marks, almost like bruises, under the dim eyes. Even had he been the murderer in intention that he had been indeed, no one could have denied him the meed of pity that his condition demanded. That he was dying was but too evident.

As he watched Shirley tending him so gently, trying to smile into the failing eyes which rested upon her with such love, Guy's heart bled at the thought of the anguish she had suffered, the misery, the fear. The thought was unbearable agony; no misery he had ever imagined for her could equal that which she had endured; and he turned away from the bedside to hide his agitation, and went into the sitting-room, where he threw himself into a chair, bowing his head upon his hands.

What thoughts succeeded each other in his brain during the short solitude which followed he never knew. His head was confused and bewildered, and he could feel only a dull self-reproach for the hatred and detestation with which he had thought of the unfortunate Latreille. He could not yet realize the dreadful complication which had arisen, that Hugh, instead of being victim, was the murderer, and that he had been concealed because the danger of detection would be terrible, and that a new trial was possible for poor Shirley, one which would be infinitely harder to bear than the last had been, for, whereas then she had been assured of the innocence of the accused, now she could not doubt his guilt.

A light touch on his bowed head aroused Guy, and, looking up, he saw that Shirley was beside him. Her face was very pale still, and there were traces of tears upon it; but it had lost the look of fear and horror which had been so painful to witness; and, when her eyes met Guy's it seemed to him they were softer and clearer for the tears they had shed.

He was too deeply moved to speak for a moment, but he took her hands in his in a close friendly clasp, and looked up with frank kindly eyes, in which there was no passion of tenderness now, into the lovely changed face; and Shirley saw before her the Guy Stuart of old, who had pleaded with her for Hugh's forgiveness in the stately drawing-room of the grand London house where she had reigned as mistress.

"Shirley," he whispered, brokenly, "forgive me."

"I have nothing to forgive," she answered, unsteadily. "If you had really doubted me, it would have been but natural. But—but"—her lip trembled a little here—"do not talk of it; we want all our courage and all our faith now. Will you come to him?"

"Yes, at once."

"And—and"—she hesitated as they approached the door between the two rooms, and turned to him with a timid sweetness which made him feel as if he could fall at the feet of this woman who had borne so much misery and sorrow, and had only been ennobled by the suffering—"and you will be gentle with him, Guy? He has suffered, oh, so terribly, and he will need all our kindness and forbearance!"

"You may trust me, Shirley," he said, so gently, yet so gravely, that the words fell upon her heart like balm. He was so strong, so brave, so true. Oh, yes—oh, yes, she could trust him!

She opened the door for him and let him enter alone, while she waited for a few minutes until the tears which his gentle words had caused had ceased to flow. When she followed him, Major Stuart was sitting on the bed, supporting Sir Hugh on his arm with all the tenderness of a woman; their hands were clasped in a grasp which took them back to the old days before Shirley's beauty and sweetness had won both hearts, and Sir Hugh's eyes, sad indeed still, met his wife's with a little smile in their depths."

"I knew we could trust Guy," he said, in his low faint voice. "My darling, it makes me so happy to think that you will no longer be alone. Give me some more of that stuff Litton left me, Shirley," he added, in a moment—"it puts some life into me—that I may tell Guy all that I told you that Christmas night, my poor child, when you saved my life and I nearly frightened you to death."

(To be continued.)

THE FEMININE COMPOSITOR.

Type-Setting the Most Thankless Work a Woman Can Engage in.

Of all the occupations in which a woman can engage for the purpose of making a living the most thankless is that of setting type, says the Denver *Tribune*. The female compositor leads a weary, dreary life. She is never permitted to strike a phat take, she is denied the inestimable boon of setting up the thoughtful matter which emanates from the editorial-room, she is never reckoned capable of handling manuscript, and the very idea of her being competent to set up a display head is deemed atrocious. She is expected to hammer away at miscellaneous reprint; the only bonanza she ever strikes is solid minion with an occasional oasis of leaded brevier when the business manager concludes that advertising is dull enough to admit the biggest kind of type. But this is not all—no, the worst remains to be told. When the work is done for the day, it is not with the female printer as with others of the trade. She cannot adjourn to a convenient and comfortable saloon and play pedro or old sledge for the beer or throw dice for 5 cent cigars or jeff for the drinks. She must pick her way home through all sorts of weather to a dreary room and a cold bed. She has no wife to thrash, no children to scold, no furniture to break—none of those sweet luxuries which are supposed to be part and parcel of the glorious art preservative. As a class, female printers are diligent and worthy. They never "sojer;" they never bother the editors for chewing tobacco; they never prowl around among the exchanges for the *Police Gazette*; they never get themselves full of budge and try to clean out rival print shops; they never swear about the business manager; they do not smoke nasty old clay pipes; they never strike for more pay; they do not allude to editorial matter as "slush" or "frogwash;" in short, they are patient, gentle, conscientious and reliable. They peg right along for $7 a week, dress tidily, keep solid with the foreman, and, last of all, when the female compositor gets tired of her treadmill, unceasing round of toils, she marries the best-looking printer in the shop, and then she becomes a verier slave than before.

Hints for Young Housewives.

Glycerine does not agree with a dry skin.

If you use powder always wash it off before going to bed.

When you give your cellar its spring cleaning add a little copperas water and salt to the whitewash.

A little ammonia and borax in the water when washing blankets keeps them soft and prevents shrinkage.

Sprinkling salt on the top and at the bottom of garden walls is said to keep snails from climbing up or down.

For relief from heartburn or dyspepsia drink a little cold water in which has been dissolved a teaspoonful of salt.

For hoarseness beat a fresh egg and thicken it with fine white sugar. Eat of it freely, and the hoarseness will soon be relieved.

If quilts are folded or rolled tightly after washing, then beaten with a rolling pin or potato masher, it lightens up the cotton and makes them look soft and new.

Chemists say that it takes more than twice as much sugar to sweeten preserves, sauce, etc., if put in when they begin to cook as it does to sweeten after the fruit is cooked.

Tar may be removed from the hands by rubbing with the outside of fresh orange or lemon peel and drying immediately. The volatile oils dissolve the tar so that it can be rubbed off.

Moths or any summer flying insects may be enticed to destruction by a bright tin pan half filled with kerosene set in a dark corner of the room. Attracted by the bright pan, the moth will meet his death in the kerosene.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Infantile Wisdom.

Child—Have I hurt you?

Mother—Oh—oh—you—you bad child—don't you know I have—a—corn?

Child—Then you'll have a tree on your foot presently.

Mother—A tree!

Child—Yes, the teacher told me that great trees from little a-corns grow.

Matrimonial Item.

Mrs. Yerger, of Austin, rebuked her servant, Matilda Snowball, for being too fond of company.

"You have four or five men visiting you in the kitchen every night. That will never do."

"Dat's all right. Dey all wanster marry me. I doan 'low none udders to hang 'roun' de premises."—*Texas Siftings.*

Good Enough Cold.

Woman of the house (to tramp)—I can't give you nothin' hot, 'cept perhaps the weather, but I kin give you 'most anythin you want cold.

Tramp (a tear of gratitude trickling down his wan cheek)—Thanks, madam; I think I'll take a little cold cash.

A New Hampshire girl boasts of having the finest dried apple blossom collection in existence. We never knew before that the dried apple blossomed.—*Puck.*

TOO MUCH LOVE MAKING.

When it Interferes With a Maiden's Beauty Sleep.

It is cruel from beginning to end, a woman's part in love so often is one of self-destruction, writes Shirley Dare in the New York *Sun*, of June 24th. It begins with the love making, when the youth, fascinated with a novel interest more potent than bicycle or business, outstays the moon in that long, lingering talk which is so sweet, but which breaks up her beauty sleep when she needs it most. For love is an upsetting thing to young nerves, and sending a girl off with feet cold and hands trembling and heart throbbing at mention of a name or sound of a voice is not conducive to good circulation and sound rest by day or night. The dreams, the uncertainties, the drain of feeling all tax her nervous system, till few persons can realize the strain of mind and nerve in which a highly wrought girl can live weeks, months and years. Then the introductions to the new relatives, the preparations for the wedding, all tell on the average girl, who takes more or less of her own responsibilities beforehand American girl fashion. All this courting time he has been coming two, three, five nights a week on his idiotic adoration trips. The girl would be glad to be spared so much of his presence but she hardly knows how to tell him so, and isn't aware that six months or so of such courtship is excellent preparation for a stupid honeymoon. Married, a man cannot realize that his wife is not just as able as his fellows of the club to sit up till any hour of morning, keeping up bright conversation, playing whist or eating suppers at 1 a. m. There is almost nothing worse than keeping a delicate young woman up late, till her eyes shut and her sentences wander for very sleepiness. Oh, the pretty, languid-eyed women I have heard say, "If I only didn't have to go out to night, to please Tom" or Jack. Or it is: "The hardest work I have to do is to be amusing all the evening to Arthur, and keep lively talk, when I'm so tired with calls or housekeeping or baby that I don't know what I'm saying, and if I don't make his home cheerful and keep bright, he'll go off to his club, or where he can find company." And a few years later I hear that woman is utterly broken down, very likely a case of insanity. It isn't any fancy work I'm putting in here. I've seen too much of life to have any use for that. But these are some of the little useless ways in which lover-husbands are cruel to their wives. And then they come and lament and wonder why Irene has gone off so, and doesn't take any more interest in her music as she used.

What fools these mortals be!

Laura Schirmer's Romantic Story.

Boston's dudes are heart sore over the news that comes from the Orient to the effect that among the fourteen ladies of the Sultan's harem recently killed by poisoned ice-cream was their former favorite, Laura Schirmer. She was a charmingly pretty songstress, with a voice of most sympathetic and peculiar color. A few years ago some admirers made up a purse to enable the ambitious girl to take a season of musical study in Italy. Last summer, while on a yachting cruise on the Bosphorus, she met one of the Sultan's officers, who told her such glowing, fascinating tales of life in the autocrat's palace that she was induced to become one of the Sultan's left-handed wives. Once behind the latticed windows of her gilded prison nothing was heard of her in the gay world she had left so recklessly. Not long ago, however, a story came from over the sea telling of a romantic episode in which the tenor Perugini had played a part. He had been asked to sing to the ladies of the harem. Of course, a curtain hid his handsome figure from the midnight eyes of his auditors. They might hear, but neither touch nor see. He had hardly finished his first number—a beautiful aria from "Les Huguenots"—when from behind the tantalizing screen came the following solo from the opera, in tones of rarest timbre. Perugini recognized the voice at once, so the story goes. He had heard it time and time again in Boston and in Italy. There was no mistaking it. He tried in vain to get some message to the singer, but the fear of the bastinado was more potent than his proffered bribes. But the memory of that melancholy voice pursued him even to St. Petersburg, and he hurried back to Constantinople determined to enlist the aid of the American Minister in effecting Laura Schirmer's release. In attempting to get a word of cheer to his unfortunate countrywoman he had occasion to employ the services of an old hag who sold cosmetics to the imprisoned beauties. After two or three spying calls at the palace she brought him word that the young girl who had answered his song had died; she was one of the fourteen whose death was announced in the official bulletins from the harem.

Improvidence of Western Pioneers.

But the worst vice of the average pioneer is his improvidence. It is true that there are many things against him, such as poverty, to begin with, exorbitant railway charges, high rates of interest, and, finally, and fatally in most cases, a total lack of thrift and management. His first step is to make his commuted entry at a cost of $200. This means a mortgage on his farm. Then it is not a question of how little money he can get along with, but how much money he can borrow on his "quarter." They talk the matter over with great interest among themselves, and will travel fifty miles half a dozen times if they hear of an opportunity to make a deal with a loan agent whose company will lend $100 more on a quarter section than the others. With few exceptions the only people among the first comers who retain their farms are the foreigners, principally Germans and Scandinavians. These men, drilled into the most rigid habits of economy by the experience of hundreds of years in a hard struggle for existence, will start with the Americans under precisely similar circumstances, and while the latter give way under the severe conditions imposed upon them, the foreigners will surmount the same obstacles and make a success of life; if, indeed, they do not go to the other extreme and work and starve themselves to death—instances not so rare as one might imagine. The farms of nearly all of the unfortunate representatives of old time Yankee industry and economy are provided with the most expensive kind of modern agricultural machinery, for all of which they are in debt, and which is left exposed to the elements when not in use. Yet these people are the pioneers of true civilization; upon the wrecks of their fortunes abler hands will build anew, and if the second attempt fails success crowns a third effort. Here the law of the survival of the fittest is seen in full play.—*Frank H. Spearman in Harper's Magazine.*

Tale of a Handsome Woman.

They tell a pretty tale, if only it had a pretty sequel, of a handsome Chicago woman whose husband had been for some years absent on diplomatic business abroad. One fine afternoon she received a letter setting a day some months distant for his return. Now the lady, though handsome, was stout, and she could not endure the thought that the man who left her young and slim should find her obese and aged. So then, putting all other business out of hand, she devoted herself with assiduity to one of the various Turkish bath systems for putting aside unwished for pounds. The lady was persevering and the doctor skilful; the arrival of the steamer found her weighing to an ounce what she had weighed when her youthful husband sailed away. She got back her girlish figure, but she could not present her handsome face. The fine lines which seamed it in every direction were a heavy price to pay in exchange for the matronly proportions which she feared her husband would not look with favor upon. The husband—that chance had not occurred to her—had gained avoirdupois also, and if she had let herself alone they would have made a well matched, portly pair.—*Chicago Herald.*

Johnny Told the Truth.

"You don't eat a great deal, my little man," said the minister who was taking dinner with Johnny's parents.

"No, sir; don't need to."

"Perhaps you are training to be another Dr. Tanner and fast forty days."

"Forty days ain't nothing."

"Johnny, don't talk nonsense," interposed his mother.

"Why, ma, it ain't anything at all." Then turning to the minister. "I've got an uncle who lived over a month on water."

"Why, Johnny," said his mother again, "if you don't stop telling stories——"

"But it isn't a story. It's my uncle Ned who is captain of an ocean steamer. I guess, ma, he's lived on water more'n a month, often."—*Merchant Traveler.*

The man who says he will welcome death as a release from a life made up of sorrow generally sends for four doctors when he has the colic.

HEALTH AND KICKING.

If You Would be Well and Attractive, Learn the Can-Can.

Why is the cat the very Circe of pets and type of all that is most [illegible] in women? writes the author of the "Ugly Girl Papers." Why, but for her supple grace and exquisite nervous strength which make her tread as light as her hold is sure. Add to this that a cat is clever as Old Egypt, and capable of as devoted attachment as the Princess Lamballe, and there is good reason to reverse the attainder against cats, and take them as models for women instead of libellous types. Such grace of suppleness, such endurance to preserve the grace and lightness born of easy nervous strength are an unmatched outfit for the needs of a woman. The beauty-loving Greeks felt this, and the Doric maidens who ran races in the Olympic games, and those who took part in professional dances, were so supple that each could, bounding, strike her loins with the sole of her foot. You see in classic marble the spring of the elastic figures, which appear borne along by some effort of will which has nothing to do with cords and muscles. Actresses work hard to gain and keep pliancy of limb. I knew one ambitious creature of rounded figure, who, like most women, could hardly lift her arms to do her own hair, but whose stage training included a variety of muscular exercises fatiguing to inspect. To stand and kick at a mantel sixty times with one foot, as many times with the other, for two hours a day, gains pliancy of leg and ankle. To stoop and touch the floor without bending the knee gives command of the limb, but to do it 100 times in a morning is harder work than you or I have yet undertaken. Then came exercise with gymnastic pull of stout rubber cords a yard long, with wooden handles, screwed to the wall, by which one might grip, swing, wrestle, hang backward at full weight, or turn hand over hand and over head till the figure lost all the disabilities of ordinary too, too solid flesh and blood, and seemed plastic to the sentiment, as nature ordained. But at cost of months of toil and desperate aches this wonderful command was gained. I question if the play was worth the candle, except to a professional. The whole system of gymnastic exercises for indolent women and overtrained girls is so artificial, normal and worthless for practical ends that it has no use in our scheme of beauty. The gymnasium turns out bouncing girls, with biceps that fill out a tailor-cut sleeve well; but of what use are the biceps after all? The machine-gained muscle wants endurance, the wiry, staying quality which comes of gentler exercises, steadily kept up with growth. Men and women are meant to work with hands and body, and in the order of nature no lasting beauty or strength is possible unless the human being is steadily trained to genial, useful, necessary labor.

Piscatorial Prevaricators.

The London *Advertiser* man evidently knows all about fishing. He has been there and has done some talking when he got home, like the other people he hits off in the following: "The way a man, at other times truthful, will lie after he has been off on a fishing excursion is something fearful to contemplate. He will wander around all day, get his feet wet, his legs muddy, his clothes torn and his face sunburnt, without capturing enough fish to make half a meal for a moderate sized cat. And yet he will talk about that expedition for months as though it were a most glorious success from a fisherman's point of view. The number of two-pound trout, or six-pound bass, or ten-pound minnows that he caught will be something enormous. He will even lie to the wife of his bosom, to whom he is under special obligations to be truthful, and back up his unblushing falsehoods, if necessary, by a surreptitious visit to the fish market before he gets home. So noticeable has this become, indeed, that it is proverbial to speak of any report which seems to show a marked degree of dubiosity as a 'fish story.' Even a clergyman is not safe from this moral blight. Here is one reverend D. D. who has been writing a magazine article describing some of his fishing experiences, in which he incidentally mentions his catch as '150 pounds,' and finishes up with the candid confession that, large as were the fish he caught, they 'will grow larger as the months go by.' No doubt of it. His '150 pounds' will be 300 long before Christmas. All this is very sad to contemplate. Why is this thus? And what is the remedy for this melancholy moral disease? Some drastic measures will have to be adopted, for mild ones are quite ineffectual. We have our doubts about the efficacy of legislation to make men truthful. But if nothing else can be done the Ontario Legislature might try its hand; and, if it can do nothing else, it can make the close season for fishing extend from the 1st of January to the 31st of December."

A Medicine Dog Feast.

In company with a friend I visited an encampment of Indians at the Pipestone quarries, Minnesota, and witnessed one of the national feasts of the Sioux. The Indians belonged to the Yankton tribe, and numbered about sixteen lodges, or 80 people, including in their number bucks, squaws, papooses, boys, girls, old and feeble warriors, not counting the large number of dogs. To many the Indian cur would appear a worthless piece of property, but at the feast in question the most gaunt and hungry looking dog of all played an important part. A trench about three feet in length and one foot in depth had been dug and into this the lean old dog was placed and covered over with sticks, on which dirt was piled, leaving the head only to protrude. Two days was he confined in this artificial oven. At the expiration of the two days the master of ceremonies, or medicine man, pronounced all mystical rites properly observed and that it was time to carry out the completing act. This was done by removing the dirt and piling on more sticks, covering the animal completely. Fire is now applied to this heap of brushwood and the once respectable cur made a roast dog. Upon our arrival the roasting had just been finished and the whole camp were crowding around the smoldering embers to get a portion of the much-prized "medicine dog," which, when eaten, is supposed to prolong life and to instil into the ordinary savage the qualifications for a warrior. While we were not altogether welcome guests, courtesy seemed to forbid the savage from ignoring us, which many would have preferred to the dainty piece of roast dog, offered first to me and then my friend. The medicine dog feast seems to be of both medical and religious character, an ancient custom to which the Indian clings with tenacity.—*C. J. Crandell in Detroit Free Press.*

Thunder Proverbs.

If the birds be silent expect thunder.

If the cattle run around and collect together in the meadows expect thunder.

If the clouds grow rapidly larger expect much rain, and also thunder.

Two currents in summer indicate thunder.

If there be any falling stars during a clear evening in summer expect thunder.

Increasing atmospheric electricity oxidizes ammonia in the air and forms nitric acid, which affects milk, thus accounting for the souring of milk by thunder.

Thunder in the evening indicates much rain.

When it thunders in the morning it will rain before night.

Thunder in the north indicates cold, dry weather.

Thunder from the south or southeast indicates foul weather; from the north or northwest, fair weather.

With a north wind it seldom thunders.

Much thunder in July injures wheat and barley.

Thunder in the fall indicates a mild, open winter.

Distant thunder speaks of coming rain.

Open to Suspicion.

Merchant (to Partner)—Here's Hupenheimer, of Illinois, writes that there is a mistake of $10 in the footing of his bill.

Partner—In his favor?

Merchant—No, in ours. Honest man, eh?

Partner—Does he send another order?

Merchant—Yes, a big one.

Partner—Better get a special rating from Bradstreet before shipping the goods.

Mr. Manhattan—"That baby is making a dreadful noise, nurse." Nurse—"Yis, sor; the poor little thing's teething, and its yerself wud cry, sor, if yez had the same pain." Mr. M.—"Can't Mrs. Manhattan—can't its mother quiet it?" N.—"Perhaps she cud, sor, if she were here; but she has gone out, sor." Mr. M.—"Gone out? Where?" N.—"She's gone to the dentist's, sor, to have Fido's teeth filled."

THREE BODIES IN ONE DAY.

Ghastly Finds on the Beach at Coney Island Yesterday.

Coney Island is gaining the name of "Suicides' Resort." Three drowned bodies have been found there inside of twenty-four hours. At 10 o'clock yesterday morning the body of a man about 35 years old was found floating in the bend at Gravesend Beach. The man was neatly dressed in a blue serge suit, Oxford ties, white socks and white shirt. He was 5 feet 11 inches in height. The most singular thing about the case which indicates foul play is that the man had fastened around his body a satchel of white canvas in which were three cobble-stones weighing about seventy-five pounds. Upon the bottom of the satchel was painted in black letters, "John Baker, New York." In the bag besides the stones were two felt hats, and a red bandana handkerchief. The body was removed to Stillwell Morgue, at Gravesend. It had evidently been in the water several weeks as it was in such a state of decomposition that the face was unrecognizable.

At 7 o'clock yesterday morning the body of a well-dressed elderly man was found off Coney Island Point. The man appeared to be about 65 years of age. He had gray hair and gray side whiskers. The body was attired in Scotch plaid pants and black corkscrew coat, vest, white socks, collar and black necktie. The deceased man was 5 feet 9 inches in height, and the body appeared as if it had only been in the water for a short time. The corpse was removed to Stillwell's Morgue, at Gravesend, where it lies for identification.

At 7.30 o'clock last night Detective Henry Gilloughby found a leather satchel and a coat and vest on the beach near the Brooklyn, Bath & West End Railroad depot, Coney Island. The satchel contained some collars and cuffs, a necktie and white apron. It is supposed that the owner has committed suicide.

Yesterday morning, as Detective Gilloughby was walking along the beach, he saw a man sitting on the sand crying. When he questioned the man the latter said: "I am tired of living. I have been looking for work and cannot find any. The people here won't help me. I cannot even get a crust of bread to eat."

The detective gave him a silver quarter and told him to go and get something to eat. He noticed that the man had a satchel with him. It is supposed that he became desperate and committed suicide by jumping into the water.—*N.Y. World.*

Glimpses of Queer Customs.

Paris is about to follow the example set by London in the matter of titled shopkeepers. One of the most popular and pretty of Parisian countesses is opening a millinery establishment, whence she will dispense hats, bonnets and costumes to her friends for a consideration. A well-known marquise has for some time been making a neat little income by hiring out her magnificent silver plate, cut glass and silver candelabra for wedding and other festivities. Another Parisian of high position is proprietress of a successful little shop which deals in curios and artistic trifles. In London, lady shopkeepers are intent rather upon success than on privacy. They wait upon customers in person, and work as hard as any of their assistants. One very charming personage, whose name may be found in the peerage, tries on bonnets herself in the interests of her customers to the detriment of her coiffure, but the great advantage of her exchequer. Two or three ladies are seriously inclining toward the project of a large poultry farm not far from London. An elderly lady of position has already gained for herself quite a reputation as a mender of fine old laces. There are abundant openings for cultivated women who do not despise the labor of the hands.—*London News.*

The women in the Sultan's seraglio, at Constantinople, have just been vaccinated, to the number of 150. The operation took place in a large hall, under the superintendence of four gigantic eunuchs. The Italian surgeon to whom the task was confined was stationed in front of a huge screen, and the women were concealed behind it. A hole had been made in the centre of the screen, just large enough to allow an arm to pass through, and in this manner the arms of various colors and sizes were presented to the operator in rapid succession. It was utterly impossible for the surgeon to get a glimpse of his patients, but, in order to guard against the chance of his being able to see through the screen, two eunuchs, who stood by the operator, threw a shawl over his face the instant an operation was concluded, and did not remove it until the next arm had been placed in position.—*Indian Medical Gazette.*

Right Doing From Inclination.

Contemplate now the doings of one whose acts according to Kant have no moral worth. He goes through his daily work not thinking of duty to wife and child, but having in his thought the pleasure of witnessing their welfare; and on reaching home he delights to see his little girl with rosy cheeks and laughing eyes eating heartily. When he hands back to the shopkeeper the shilling given in excess of right change, he does not stop to ask what the moral law requires; the thought of profiting by the man's mistake is intrinsically repugnant to him. One who is drowning he plunges in to rescue without any idea of duty, but because he cannot contemplate without horror the death which threatens. If for a worthy man who is out of employment he takes much trouble to find him a place, he does it because the consciousness of the man's difficulty is painful to him, and because he knows that he will benefit not only him but the employer who engages him; no moral maxim enters his mind. When he goes to see a sick friend the gentle tones of his voice and the kindly expressions of his face show that he is not come from any sense of obligation, but because pity and a desire to raise his friend's spirits have moved him. If he aids in some public measure which helps men to help themselves, it is not in pursuance of the admonition "Do as you would be done by," but because the distresses around him make him unhappy and the thought of mitigating them gives him pleasure. And so throughout; he ever does the right thing, not in obedience to any injunction, but because he loves the right thing in and for itself. And now who would not like to live in a world where every one was thus characterised?—*From "The Ethics of Kant," by Herbert Spencer.*

The European "Situation."

If only there could be a general European row, a regular Donnybrook fair of a scrimmage, the air across the pond would be cleared. This eternal feinting and fencing without ever coming to real blows is keeping everybody on tenter-hooks of suspense all the time. Men who ought to be earning their living are kept marching up and down, pipe-claying their gloves, and doing other kinds of military foolery. Two young whiffets wearing crowns solemnly visit each other and tell each other that it's a fine day if it doesn't reign, and all Europe holds its breath for fear that one royal puppet should be caught sticking out its tongue at the other royal puppet, in which case Germany and Russia would spring at each other like wild-cats. Thousands of men would shoot and kill each other for a whim. It is easier to let loose the tiger than it is to catch him again and chain him up, and, perhaps, it is the fear of this which makes the Czar of the Russias a little careful where he treads when the ground is honeycombed with Nihilism.—*Chicago News.*

A New York Drummer Marvellously Cured by a Michigan Bath.

"I've just returned from a week's sojourn at Mount Clemens, Mich.," said a travelling man at the Astor the other day. "It's a great place for baths, you know, and they pretend the waters are curative.

"I thought I would have a little fun when I arrived there, so when I got off the train I made myself up all bent over with rheumatism. They asked me immediately if I didn't want a bath. I told them that I was too weak then, but later on I would.

"When I got ready to try the waters a couple of attendants helped me down from my room, undressed me, and I was placed gently in the water. After I had been in about half an hour the proprietor of the place nearly had a fit when he saw me acting like an athlete. He wanted a testimonial—offered me $50 for it.

"He gave the wonderful cure out all over the place, and before a day had passed by I was a regular sensation."—*N. Y. World.*

It is announced that Lord Dufferin will shortly give to the world a memoir of his mother, who was Sheridan's granddaughter, and who inherited much of the family wit and brilliancy. Lady Dufferin's "Lament of the Irish Emigrant" has long been regarded as one of the most exquisite short poems in the language, but it is only one among many gems coined by the genius of this gifted daughter of Erin.—*Montreal Post.*

SANITY AND INSANITY.

Difficulty in Distinguishing Between Them.

The difficulty in distinguishing an insane from a sane man, particularly if it be a case of monomania, is oftentimes very great, as the following incident will show: A few years ago a physician whose entire life, almost, and practice had been spent in an atmosphere of insanity, and who is considered the best authority extant on such matters, called at the St. Louis Insane Asylum for the purpose of looking through it, relying on a physician of his acquaintance who was located there to show him about. Near the gate he met a gentleman who was very sedate, courteous and intellectual. Of him he inquired of his friend, only to learn that he was absent at the time. Supposing his companion to be a medical attache of the place, from certain terms and theories peculiar to the medical fraternity which the latter advanced, he engaged him in conversation. The man was very rational and displayed a thorough knowledge of the classics and of science and art as well, upon which he talked at length and very entertainingly. Finally he volunteered to show the visitor through the institution, and as he did so he made a minute diagnosis of each case which was presented. The visitor was charmed until suddenly interrupted by the appearance of the keeper and assistants, who unceremoniously seized his edifying conductor, manacled him and led him to a cell despite his violent resistance. This would have been quite natural under the circumstances with even a sane man, and the expert was undeceived still, until his former entertainer shrieked back to him, "They're going to crown the Emperor of Germany and I scorn the crown. Save me! Save me!" The expert's medical friend appeared on the scene a little later and congratulated the visitor on his narrow escape, informing him to his astonishment that this was the most violent subject under their charge; that he had escaped his cell for the third time on this occasion and that in the former instances he had brutally beaten his keepers. This demonstrates the inability of even the most experienced judge to decide infallibly as to the condition of a man's mind.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

PORTABLE TIMEPIECES.

The Latest Caprice of Parisian Fashion in the Line of Chronometers.

Parisiennes are never so happy as when they are changing the "fashions." No sooner has one come into vogue than it is supplanted by another, and so the perpetual transformation goes on with the regularity of a pendulum until it comes to a full stop, and then begins over the old ground once more. Some months since it became highly unfashionable to have pendules, no matter of what period or artistic sumptuousness of design and ornament, on your mantelpiece. The reason for this was that ladies carried little portable watches, first on their card-cases and afterward embedded in the handles of their parasols and "gamps." There was, therefore, no occasion for them while visiting to cast furtive glances at pendules when they wanted to know the time. It was, moreover, a dastardly reproach, if not a glaring insult, to your fair visitor to keep a clock on the mantelpiece of your salon when you knew, or were supposed to know, that she had a tiny chronometer made after the most approved style ticking in the top of her parasol. Now another slight change in the fashion of portable timepieces has set in, and the last command of modish caprice is to carry a small watch embedded in a bracelet of morocco leather which is worn around the wrist.

The Book of Jonah.

The truth is that "Jonah" is the most beautiful story ever written in so small a compass. Now in writing it is condensation that declares the matter; verbosity and garrulity have their day, but only hot-pressed narratives live for ever. The Book of Jonah is in forty-eight verses, or 1,328 English words. Now, take 1,328 words in our current narratives, how far do they carry you? Why, ten to one you get to nothing at all but chatter, chatter, chatter. Even in those close models, "Robinson Crusoe," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Candide," "Rasselas," 1,328 words do not carry the reader far; yet in 1,328 words of Jonah you have a wealth of incident, and all the dialogue needed to carry on the grand and varied action. You have also character, not stationary, but growing just as Jonah grew, and a plot that would bear volumes, yet worked out without haste or crudity in 1,328 words.—*Charles Reade.*

"All other goods by fortune's hand is given,
A wife is the peculiar gift of Heaven."

Is your wife changed and your home unhappy? Does she go about with gloom on her face and do you see no more the smile that won you? It is because she is bilious. Bile causes half the misery of the world. Her system is clogged up, her head aches. Get her a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets and they will give her relief and the atmosphere of home will grow bright again. One tiny, sugar-coated granule a dose.

Permanently Injured.

Young Sappy—"I was knocked senseless by a polo ball two years ago."

Old Sappy—"How long before you expect to recover?"

Then Tell It.

To the victim of pains and aches no tidings can give greater pleasure than the means of relief. Polson's Nerviline exactly fills the bill. Nerviline cures rheumatism, Nerviline cures cramps, Nerviline cures headache. Nerviline is sure in lumbago. Nerviline, the great cure for internal or external pains. Trial bottles costing only 10 cents may be had at any drug store. Buy one and test it. Large bottles of Nerviline only 25 cents, at all druggists. Nerviline, nerve pain cure.

It is not true that the old Endicott pear tree at Salem, Mass., is dead. It is alive and well and will bear fruit this season. This tree was planted by Governor John Endicott some time before 1634. It has reached a ripe old age, and while its death would be lamented it would not be surprising to many.

That dainty lady tripping by,
How light her step, how bright her eye,
How fresh her cheek with healthful glow,
Like roses that in Maytime blow!
And yet few weeks have passed away
Since she was fading, day by day.
The doctor's skill could naught avail;
Weaker she grew, and thin and pale.
At last, while in a hopeless frame,
One day she said, "There is a name
I've often seen—a remedy—
Perhaps 'twill help; I can but try."
And so, according to direction,
She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription,
And every baleful symptom fled,
And she was raised as from the dead.

A Quiet Household.

Old Mrs. Bently (to art dealer)—I want to look at some pictures.

Art Dealer—Yes, madam; something the way of still life?

"Yes, I reckon so. My husband is gittin' old an' crickety, an' he can't abide the least noise."

A Reward of $500

is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. The mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties of this remedy are irresistible. 50 cents, by druggists.

Heroic Measures.

George (to best girl)—I see wearing a bang, my dear Clara.

Clara—Yes, George, and I don't think is very becoming to me.

George—Then why do you wear darling?

Clara (shyly)—Because I am tired being kissed on the forehead, George.

San Francisco newspapers are discussing the wonderful strength of Hans Hensen, a seaman on the revenue cutter Corwin, now in the harbor there. For raising a disturbance on board ship he was put in irons, but giving his wrists a sudden wrench he snapped the tough steel bracelets as if they had been made of paper.

The scenery to be carried by Kellar, the great magician, next season, will consist of silk plush curtains similar to those used in "Corsair." He will carry three complete sets.

DONL 32 88.

DUNN'S
BAKING
POWDER
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