A Threat for Dress Reform.

(From the Jennie Miller Illustrated Monthly.)

'Twere better by far
To be as you are,
Than to pull yourself in at the waist.
To look as the laced,
Your organs compressed,
In a libel on the civilized taste.

Just look at the "Japs,"
With their series of wraps!
For that's all their garments consist in—
What freedom and grace
In each motion you trace!
And yet awkward stage you persist in.

Behold the result!
(Not very occult)
When you put on your shoes in the morning,
You must sit on the floor
To push in a drawer—
Your knees you must use, spite of warning.

In time comes old age:
With important rage
Your shoulders sit bent you're beholding;
Your knees filled with water,
In plaster supporter—
But there! of what use is my scolding?

Auld Lang Syne From the French.

(Scottish American.)

The French have always been enthusiastic admirers of Scotch poetry, but their efforts to translate it into their own language are not always successful, as the rendering of Auld Lang Syne will show. Rendered somewhat literally the translation is:

Must one neglect one a friend,
Should we forget the tender feelings
Of those whom we formerly loved,
In the days of our youth!
In the days of our youth!
Let a sweet glass again be filled
To the days of our youth.

We ran upon the grass,
Pulling flowers unceasingly;
But oh! what tedious journeys we've had
Since the days of our youth.

We played in the water
When the summer sun oppressed us,
The sea, now separating us, has been roaring
Since the days of our youth.

Let us embrace then, dear friend!
Let my hand press yours,
Let us drink a glass quite full
To the days of our youth.

ROMANCE OF A DREAM.

(By L. C. Lillie.)

I BELIEVE my old friend Dr. Von Jarn would never have told me the story, but for the fact that travelling together one winter's night our train had a slight accident, causing a long delay, and the doctor and I, ascertaining we would be kept until daylight, ploughed our way through the snow to a farmhouse, where a light was burning. We paid the woman of the house for the use of her sitting-room and fireside and for some simple food. The doctor produced his flask of old rye, we had our pipes, and settled ourselves down for a chat by the fire.

"It's not more than two miles from here," said the doctor, suddenly.

"What?" I queried.

"A place where I had the queerest experience—or rather the sequel to one."

"Can't you tell the story?"

"I believe I will," he exclaimed, flinging his arm over the back of the chair. "It's not a story I want to tell most people, but it's come back vividly as ever to-night. Now, wait a bit, major. I want you to understand one thing—I'm no believer in spiritualism, or any so-called supernatural humbug. As for this experience, I can merely give facts; I pretend to no solution. Perhaps some clever hypnotist could make it clear, I can't; it's my first, last and only record of the kind."

I certainly knew Dr. Von Jarn to be the least visionary of men. He was regarded in the profession as a peculiarly hard-headed, practical man, deceived by no fancied ailment—rather too severe upon "nerves"—preferring some very delicate surgical operation requiring his skilled and steady hand to anything which merely involved the treatment of "symptoms," no matter how interesting.

"It was the 14th day of June, 188—," he went on in a deliberate voice. "I made a note at once of the date. I had not been very well—curiously enough for me I felt my nerves were rather out of kilter, and when I went to bed I determined I would run down to a friend's place for over the Sunday and race up. I fell into a fitful sleep, noticing the last thing that the clock pointed to 1 a. m. Of course, I don't know when the dream began, but, major, never with my eyes wide open was anything clearer than the incidents of that dream. I saw myself in a large handsomely furnished room. The wall paper, very handsome of its kind, was light buff and gold, the hangings and chair coverings crimson plush. A chandelier held half a dozen globed burners, two of which were lighted and made the room brilliant. Seated at a table in the centre of the room, and busily engaged in writing, was a handsome man perhaps five and thirty, dark in coloring, with regular features, a sweeping moustache and no defect save a peculiar scar just under one eye. I seemed present in the room, yet invisible. Very soon—time in the most vivid dreams, cannot be calculated, you know—a knock sounded on the door. The gentleman turned his head, said 'Come in,' and there entered a tall, thin foreigner—a man one would at once distrust, yet perhaps have reason to fear. He seated himself at the table, and, twisting his long hands together, began talking in a language I could not understand. The other responded with angry shakes of the head; the foreigner sneered, shrugged his shoulders, finally rose, as did the man who was writing. Angry words seemed to rain thick and fast. There was a brief confusion, then the foreigner, forced his companion back toward the bed—finally upon it. I saw the gleam of a knife—a great spurt of blood flew out, some on the wall paper near the bed, and all was still. The foreigner bent his ear to listen, waited a moment, and then scaled a fire escape I could see to the street below. The door opened again—this time an exquisitely lovely woman in night attire, with rich braids of golden hair falling below her waist, hurried in. She looked at the motionless figure on the bed. She wrung her hands—she called upon him to speak—and my strange dream ended seeing her sink to the floor in a swoon. I awoke with great beads of cold sweat on my brow, and trembling from head to foot. Had I actually in the waking world witnessed a murder it would have seemed no more real to me than the murder in my dream. Fully awake I cried out, 'Villain—where can I find you?' Well, major, you know my reputation as a cynic and a scoffer, and I didn't like to tell anyone of the dream or how it had affected me. The boys would have had too good a thing out of it, so I just kept still, but I never forgot one detail of it. I would know that room—the tones of the men's voices—the sounds of their unfamiliar language—just as I would know their faces or gestures. Above all did I never forget the beautiful, anguish-stricken face of the woman. Two years obliterated no part of my memory of that—well, I called it, I admit, experience in second sight. It was too unlike all other dreams to consider it as such.

"Engrossed as I was in my profession, yet from time to time my strange 'murder' dream, as I called it to myself, would come to mind forcibly, vividly as ever. My duty called me one sultry July to a town near here, I arrived late, saw my patient, and, tired out, hastened to the hotel. The clerk assigned me room 49. I followed the porter, feeling dull and sleepy, into a large room where he speedily lighted two or three burners in the chandelier, put down my valise, a pitcher of ice water, and then departed. Tired as I was, the familiar aspect of the room suddenly aroused my senses. Where had I seen that room before? I had never visited X—— in my life; of that I was certain; and here I found myself in a room where every detail, plush furniture and hangings, gold and buff paper, centre table, mirror and chandelier were familiar as though I had known them all my life. Suddenly in a flash I remembered—it was the room of my dream. Involuntarily I turned to the wall by the bed, seeking some sign of the blood stain. All I found was a space where evidently some chemical had been used to wash out something, thus destroying the pattern of the paper.

"I slept lightly, and as early as possible sought the clerk at the desk.

"'I have a reason for asking,' I remarked, 'whether the room in which I slept, number 49, was not the scene of a murder two years ago last June 14th.'

"The clerk looked a trifle vexed. 'Why, not a murder, doctor,' he answered; 'it was only a suicide case. A Mr. Harmon from Stockbridge came on here, and in the night cut his throat.'

"'Was he alone?'

"'Quite.'

"'His wife or—daughter?'

"'Oh, he had no daughter; he was a young man. His wife arrived the next morning and was nearly crazy.'

"'Can you tell me where she is now?' I inquired, fairly breathless with interest to follow up every clue in this most singular experience.

"'Why, as it happens,' said the clerk, 'she is in X—— to-day, visiting her sister; but she never comes near the hotel since her husband's death.'

"He readily gave me the address where I could find Mrs. Harmon, and in the most strained and peculiar frame of mind you can imagine I went out about 11 o'clock to Orchard street, where Mrs. Field, the sister of Harmon's widow, lived.

"Ushered into a long, cool, shaded drawing room, I felt like one living out a dream. How much more so when the portieres moved and a tall, slender, black-robed young figure appeared. I had seen her only in night attire, with long golden braids hanging to her waist, yet there was no difficulty in recognizing the woman of my dream. The beautiful pale face, deep blue eyes, the profuse blond hair, coiled now in rich braids about her shapely head—all had been photographed on my mind too clearly to mistake them in life.

"She advanced, holding out her hand; then with a faint smile said: 'I have your card; pray be seated. Is there anything I can do for you, doctor?'

"I paused a moment. We sat in easy chairs facing each other. The delicate beauty of her face was set off by the dark crimson cushions at her back. Then I said, slowly and impressively:

"'Yes, my dear madam; will you first tell me where you were on the night of June 14th, 188—?'

"She started. Her face crimsoned and paled.

"'I? June 14th, 188—? In Stockbridge, I was at my home.'

"'In it possible,' I exclaimed, "that you were not here in X—— the night your husband was murdered?'

"She passed her hand softly over her brow and gazed at me intently.

"'No,' she said, almost in a whisper, 'only in my dream; but he was murdered—I know it. It was no case of suicide.'

"Her eyes, feverish and brilliant, were fastened on my face as though seeking what knowledge I had of a hidden crime, and her slender little hands were clasped tightly together.

"'Tell me,' I said, in the soothing voice we medical men must use at times, 'what did you dream that night? We can help each other to solve the mystery of your husband's death.'

"Her gaze shifted now. She looked beyond me out into the fragrant gardens. Presently, in a low voice, and still with averted eyes, she said:

"'Philip left me early that morning to come here and collect a large amount of money due him. He had put it in a lawyer's hands, but the man was either a knave or a fool, as we could make nothing out of him. Philip and I were to go the next afternoon for a few weeks to Bar Harbor, and we were like a pair of happy children planning our holiday. There was no reason for his taking his life. He was in vigorous health, well off, and we had been married a year without a really angry word between us. It was a lover's holiday all the time. That night about 8 I began to feel strangely nervous. There was a man for whom my husband had done many kindnesses and whom I entirely distrusted. He was a Polish Jew—clever, capable of earning a good living, but by instinct preferring devious methods whereby to procure a livelihood. He had been employed by my husband as secretary at one time, but dismissed for his lack of punctuality. Yet even after that Philip helped him constantly. That fatal night he called at our house and asked to see my husband. I told him Mr. Harmon was in X—— on business, to be back the next day. He left. I went to bed at 10 o'clock. Then came the dream. I saw the room in the hotel at X—— as plainly as I see this. I saw myself in the door for a moment only, but in that moment Zoborinski's figure was before me and escaping from a window. I seemed to be alone bending over my husband, who lay upon the bed—the assassin's knife in his poor dead hands—his throat cut. I wrung my hands—I tried to speak—I could not. I awoke about 3 o'clock and took the first train to X——, where I was met with the news that my husband had committed suicide, the proof being the knife clinched in his hand. What could I do? No one had seen Zoborinski!—no one has since, but day and night I pray to God that dreadful charge may be taken from him.'

"She paused, pale, but feverishly intent upon what I had to say. In as calm a manner as possible I related the peculiar incidents of my dream on June 14th, and my seeing her in night attire bending over her husband.

"'What—what sort of a gown was it?' she asked.

"'I only remember deep lace on the neck and sleeves.'

"She left me and in a few moments returned with a night dress in her hands.

"'Like this?' she whispered.

"'Yes,' I answered. It was precisely what I had seen in the dream.

"'What can we do?' the girl said, looking at me piteously. 'No one can find Zoborinski, and two years ago the coroner's inquest ascribed his death to suicide.'

"'Let us wait,' I said, rising, for I felt as much nervous strain as she could bear had been put upon her.

"I returned to the hotel, and passed two hours revolving this strange case in my mind. I felt no doubt that the Pole had murdered his benefactor for the money or papers he had about him. I questioned the clerk at the desk again as to who had seen Mr. Harmon the night of the supposed suicide. No one, was the answer. I then gave as good a description as I could of the Pole, and the clerk at once remembered that such a man had come in about 10.30 p. m., had looked over the register, going away soon after. This proved to my mind clearly that the Pole, having ascertained the number of Mr. Harmon's room, quietly walked up to it, and had left by the fire-escape after locking the door on the inside. It was certainly a cleverly planned and executed murder.

"I presented myself at Mrs. Harmon's in the afternoon with what new points I had in the case. She was, of course, intensely interested. 'I will find him if the earth holds him,' she said, with an intensness none could doubt.

"'What do you propose to do?' I inquired.

"'I shall go first to Vienna, where I last heard of him; after that I cannot say; but time, money, strength shall be as nothing spent in this case.'

"'I cannot tell you, major, how her feelings influenced mine. Had I been able to do so I would have started with her at once on this strange quest. That being out of the question, all I could do was to help her in so far as I could, and two weeks later I saw her off in a German steamer whereby she could reach Vienna within 18 hours after landing.

"'A year passed, during which time I heard in no way from my fair friend. I forgot nothing connected with the strange experience, but all such memories were in a hidden part of my brain or mind. I might be conscious from time to time of their existence, but they were not present to me unless summoned forth. On the 14th of the next June I received an unsigned letter, written in the third person, requesting me to call at a certain hour at a house in East —— street; a former patient of mine, it said, was ill there. I went. The hour was 9 p. m. The house was one of a dingy row of brick dwellings in a cast off sort of street. On entering I could only ask for the sick person who had sent for the doctor. The woman who had admitted me led the way at once to a room on the ground floor.

"'There, lying on a forlorn looking bed, was the wreck of the beautiful woman I had last seen in X——. One glance told me that her disease might be fatal.

"'She held out her hand with a wan smile.

"'I have accomplished my purpose, doctor,' she said; 'I have spent it all—time, money and strength; but I found him and I wrung from him an acknowledgment of his crime.'

"'She spoke slowly and with some difficulty, but I knew it was not wise to restrain her.

"'I found him in an Austrian prison,' she continued, 'where he had been placed for a new crime. I told him there had been a witness to the murder he committed, and at last, owing to the money I could give him for his own use in the prison, he confessed it all. He had tracked my husband, watched him draw the money from the bank and also convert some bonds into cash, and then seeing him in the hotel had found the number of his room on the register and—we know the rest. What I want you to do for me is to make the facts known that Philip Harmon was not a suicide, but a murdered man.'

"'She handed me a paper signed by Zoborinski, and giving details, which proved the fact. I tended her for days, watching every fluttering of life in the frail body. At the end of two weeks I was able to move her to my brother's house, where I lived and had my office. There she rallied.'

"The doctor paused. Daylight was coming in grandly through the shutters of the windows, and sounds of farm yard life were audible.

"'Our relief train should be here soon,' the doctor said suddenly, stopping in his pacing up and down of the room.

"'Did Mrs. Harmon die?' I enquired.

"'No,' he answered shortly; 'we never talk of that experience now, she and I. You have met her often, major. Don't you know that she is my wife?'

WHY TOMMIE LEFT SCHOOL.

A Bright Little Sketch by Fidelo D. Holland.

"The subject for composition," said Miss Ketchum, the teacher of the high school at Weighback, "Will be 'The Domestic Cat'"; and she wrote the title in large letters on the black-board. Tommie Higgins, the bad boy of the school, hugged himself, and, nudging his nearest neighbor, whispered:

"I kin yarn 'bout that, you bet."

"Silence!" thundered Miss Ketchum, in her big contralto voice. "Thomas Higgins, stand out on the floor."

After some slight hesitation, due probably to native diffidence, Tommie did as he was told.

The following Monday the compositions were read aloud by their respective authors. All went well until it came to Tommie Higgins' turn to air his literary efforts. With a glance of defiance, mingled with triumph, he read as follows:

"The Domestick Cat.—There is cats as is nice, and there is cats as is not nice. I know an old cat and her name is Mariar; she is about 40 years old. She has not never had no kittings of her own, but she sets up to boss other fokeses kittings and teach them no end of stuff. Our old cat to home sits on the fence and mows to Mis Black's cat. No cat won't mow to that old cat Mariah, shees so cross and old and homely."

The whole school was demoralized by the time Tommie's composition was concluded. Miss Ketchum, whose name was Maria, and whose maiden years exactly corresponded with those of the feline subject of the essay, was speechless with indignation.

Tommie does not go to that school now. Tommy has eaten his meals off the mantelpiece for some time. Strange to say, he cannot bear to even look at the family cat, but kicks her remorselessly every time she ventures near him.

HOW TO KISS GIRLS.

Just Kiss 'Em—Don't Stop to Argue the Point.

They were out at the gate, flirting, chatting and laughing in the moonlight. He thought her eyes were very lovely, and her red, soft lips curled just too tantalizingly as she mocked some of his words and mildly chafed him. He thought he'd like to kiss her, so he "tried it on."

Now, when it comes to kissing a girl, there are men and men. Some men—these are the bunglers—ask a girl for a kiss, and then try to persuade her into giving it. The other men—these are the artists—take the kiss and do the persuading afterward. A girl may try to get mad with one of these men, but she feels an awfully strong inclination to laugh when it's all over, and he may be afraid she'll scold, but he's got the kiss all the same. "Come what may, he has been blessed."

This fellow was one of the former kind—the bunglers. He asked her to give him a kiss, and of course she said she wouldn't do it. Moreover, she was filled with indignation, amazement, shocked feelings and things. Then he started in to persuade her. He is a lawyer, and his logic on this occasion was not half bad, so the girl says. He made an eloquent plea, and it took him some twenty minutes arguing to convince her according to his satisfaction that the kiss was a perfectly excusable piece of naughtiness. He worked hard, but at last he thought he had satisfied his scruples with sophistry, so he said: "Well, now that I've argued the case for with you I'm going to kiss you." She gave him a look of greatest naivete and said, in a suppressed, impatient tone: "Well, you didn't expect me to kiss you first, did you?" He was flabbergasted. She was the first of that species known as "the summer girl that he had met, and this staggered him.—*Chicago News.*

Watermelons in Washington.

It is very hot in Washington. The horses flounder and stick in the pavements like flies on fly paper. The solid asphalt rolls along in the gutters, and even the greasers earn their living by the sweat of their professional brows. Every man you meet has an infallible recipe for keeping cool, and in imminent danger of sunstroke stops to tell you of it. Sometimes he bears himself up with cold water plunges. Sometimes he drinks quarts of ice water. Sometimes he wears impossible clothes, but in all times he is damply, redly, awfully hot. The white man, who in this matter is almost invariably a woman—for where a clever woman can't keep cool, humanity may prepare to fry—doesn't pretend to be cool. He isn't and he knows he can't be. He simply doesn't mind the heat. He wears low-cut collars and thin clothes. He carries a sun umbrella. He bathes often in warm water. He drinks cold, but not iced, lemonade. He brushes his hair off his forehead. I use the pronoun generally. He goes out without gloves. He knows he is hot, and he makes up his mind to be hot and not say anything about it. A calm mind is the coolest thing in town, but there are two other things that help to make life endurable. One is the cool breeze that always blows through the porch of the capitol, and the other is the watermelon which has just come to town. If you want to enjoy life, buy you a watermelon, put it on ice, and, rising in the dead of night, attired as best suits solitude and the hour, take your prize to a corner where no one can see how you eat, and revel in untamed, savage satisfaction. If you never were happy before, you will be then, and you won't at all mind the antics of the thermometer.—*St. Paul Globe.*

How to Prevent Snoring.

It is a pity we don't learn a few lessons from the original inhabitants of this continent and profit by them. Whoever heard an Indian snore? If Indians never snore, why should the pale face? I'll tell you why. Indians have, from the beginning, lived and slept in the open air. Snoring simply means sleeping with the mouth open—a most unhealthy as well as hideous custom, the proper sieve for air being the nose. For Indians to breath through the mouth would be to offer a receptacle for many an unwelcome guest, as well as to warn the enemy of their presence. To guard against such evils, Indians are taught to keep their mouths shut from earliest infancy. Many a time I've watched Indian mothers close their babies' mouths after putting them to sleep. Habit finally becomes second nature; hence the Indian is the most silent of animals.

The Tickled Toad.

Few things are more amusing than to watch a toad submitting to the operation of a back-scratching. He will at first look somewhat suspiciously at the twig which you are advancing toward him. But after two or three passes down his back his manner undergoes a marked change; his eyes close with an expression of infinite rapture, he plants his feet wider apart and his body swells out to nearly double its ordinary size, as if to obtain by these means more room for enjoyment. Thus he will remain until you make some sudden movement which startles him, or until he has had as much as he wants, when, with a puff of ungrateful delight, he will recover himself to his usual dimensions and hop away, bent once more on the pleasures of the chase.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

The Summer Girl.

"You will be mine, then?" he said, as he clasped her in his arms. "I will," she replied, as she laid her head upon his shoulder. "It seems to me that your face is familiar," he said, after a delicious pause; "have we not met before?" "Why, certainly," she replied, "at Bar Harbor last summer we were engaged."

A Good Plan.

Old Doctor—No, sir. I never have a patient die on my hands—never.

Young Doctor—How do you manage it?

Old Doctor—When I find a man is going to die I get him to call a specialist.

In a Quandary.

Rowley (soliloquizing before the door at 2 a. m.)—If I don't go in (hic) the cop will run me in, an' (hic) if I do go in my wife (hic) will turn me out. What ish (hic) a fellow to do

A dinner was recently given on the stump of a tree to 28 persons near Tacoma, Wash.

Mr. Simson—Who are you writing to, Willie. Willie—To grandfather. Mr. Simson—But he, poor man, is dead. Willie—I know it, but I am writing in Greek. he's dead language, ain't it?

Peter the Great superintended the management of the first Russian newspaper.

UNDER AN AWFUL HEAT.

Summer Misery in the Sweltering Heat of New York.

Dreamer of the liberty, equality and fraternity of a republic, go down to the "Bend" of Mulberry street any of these hot days and see Little Italy. Taken from *dolce far niente* of the Mediterranean and the slopes of the little Alps, how do the olive-skinned immigrants stand the sweltering reflection from the granite blocks of the paving? Under the low archways and in the pinched alleys the mothers gather, holding moist Pippo or Amita in their bare arms. Overhead a streak of blue sky peeps between the ugly tenements, and below splashes of white sunlight and dark shadow, and women in loose dresses of gaudy color. But there is no rest for the eyes on cool, white marble architecture; no splash of sparkling fountain, no perfume of the myrtle and the orange bloom, no indolent, contented breadwinners. Past these women and children hurry hungry, thirsty, perspiring hundreds, many of whom seek the stale-beer dives for forgetfulness, or the vendors of cheap notions and cheaper food. At the corner stands, twirling his club, the representative of what seems to them a profounder tyranny than the monarchies of Europe—the blue-coated policeman.

When the sun is at its highest during the hot days of last week, a narrow slice of shade on one side of the street is all that remains as a refuge. The men creep closer and closer to the grimy walls, the women cling tighter and tighter to the babies, and shift their resting places so as to gain the cooler spot, the children nestling in the narrower spaces.

The other day a horse stood in front of a low, heavy-eaved house on Madison street. A mourning coach stood a few doors distant, and in the shadow of both sat children at play. Under the very wheels of the waggon of death, and almost under the horses themselves were the little ones, seeking to avoid sunshine as a mole would avoid the light of day.

Sleepy, blear-eyed, dirty, they lay in all positions possible, braced against the barrels, bales and boxes, as idle-looking as the waves slapping the beams below. The horses lifting the freight into the holds moved with slow steps, the whistles of the skippers had a far-away misty sound as if the worker's lungs were longing for a summer vacation.—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

ABOUT SUMMER DIET.

Persons Should Adapt Their Food to the Season.

Half the illness that occurs at one season, I think I can safely say, is due to improper dieting taken at another, says Dr. Yorke Davis, in the *Popular Science Monthly.* We hear of people feeling weak in the spring, or suffering from those different ailments due to malnutrition, such as boils, skin diseases, obesity or debility. Now, this would not be so if the person adapted his diet to his requirements and to the season. No sensible person would think of keeping a large fire burning in his room in the summer. If he did he would undoubtedly soon feel the effect of it; but many a man who would feel himself insulted if he were not thought a sensible person will eat in the summer to repletion foods the particular action of which is to supply heat in excess. Perhaps I cannot do better here than to explain that the foods that are converted into heat—that is, keep up the heat of the body—are starches, sugar and fat; and those that more particularly nourish the nervous and muscular system are the albumens and salts; and a perusal of or reference to a prepared table will show what these are and also the amounts of the different constituents they contain. At a glance the reader will see that the largest propertion of summer food should consist of green vegetables, cooked or as salads; white or lean meats, such as chicken, game, rabbits, venison, fish and fruits.

The Paper Age.

The world has seen its iron age and its brazen age; but this is the age of paper. We are making so many things of paper that it will soon be true that without paper there is nothing made. We live in paper houses, wear paper clothing and sit on paper cushions in paper cars rolling on paper wheels. If we lived in Bergen, Norway, we could go on Sundays to a paper church. We do a paper business over paper counters, buying paper goods, paying for them with paper money and deal in paper stocks on paper margins. We row races in paper boats for paper prizes. We go to paper theatres where paper actors play to paper audiences. As the age develops the coming man will become more deeply enmeshed in the paper net. He will awake in the morning and creep from under the paper clothing of his paper bed and put on his paper dressing gown and his paper slippers. He will walk over paper carpets, down paper stairs, and seating himself in a paper chair will read the paper news in the morning paper. A paper bell will call him to his breakfast, cooked in a paper oven, served on paper dishes laid on a paper cloth on a paper table. He will wipe his lips with a paper napkin, and having put on his paper shoes, paper hat and paper coat, and then taking his paper stick (he has the choice of two descriptions already), he will walk on a paper pavement or ride in a paper carriage to his paper office. He will organize paper enterprises and make paper profits. He will sail the ocean on paper steamships and navigate the air in paper balloons. He will smoke a paper cigar or paper tobacco in a paper pipe, lighted with a paper match. He will write with a paper pencil, whittle paper sticks with a paper knife, go fishing with a paper fishing rod, a paper line and a paper hook, and put his catch in a paper basket. He will go shooting with a paper gun, loaded with paper cartridges, and will defend his country in paper forts, with paper cannon and paper bombs. Having lived his paper life and achieved a paper fame and paper wealth he will retire to paper leisure and die in paper peace. There will be a paper funeral, at which the mourners, dressed in paper crape, will wipe their eyes with paper handkerchiefs, and the preacher will preach in a paper pulpit. He will lie in a paper coffin. Elsewhere in this paper it will be seen that he has a chance of doing so already if he is a paper—we mean pauper. He will be wrapped in a paper shroud, his name will be engraved on a paper plate, and a paper hearse, adorned with paper plumes, will carry him to a paper-lined grave, over which will be raised a paper monument.—*The Paper Record.*

Where the Apostles are Buried.

All that now remains of the Apostles of Christ are in the following places, says the Philadelphia *Press.* Seven are sleeping the sleep of the just in Rome, viz.: Peter, Philip, James the Less, Jude, Bartholomew, Matthias and Simon. The remains of three lie in the kingdom of Naples—Matthew at Salerno, Andrew at Amalfi and Thomas at Ortona. One, James the Greater, was buried in Spain, at St. Jago de Compostella. Of the exact whereabouts of the remains of St. John the Evangelist there is much dispute. Mark and Luke are buried in Italy—the former at Venice and the latter at Padua. St. Paul's remains are also believed to be in Italy. Peter is buried in Rome, in the church which bears his name; so, too, are Simon and Jude. James the Lesser is buried in the Church of the Holy Apostles; Bartholomew in the church on that island in the Tiber which bears his name. The "Legends of the Apostles" places the remains of Matthias under the altar of the renowned Basilica.

How to Wash Windows.

There is a knack even in washing windows. They should be kept clean and thoroughly clear for the display of goods. Choose a dull day, or, at least, a time when the sun is not shining on the window, for then it causes it to be streaked, no matter how much it is rubbed. Take a painter's brush and dust the windows inside and out, washing all the woodwork inside before touching the glass. The latter must be washed simply in warm water and diluted ammonia—do not use soap. Take a small cloth with a pointed stick to get the dust out of the corners; wipe dry with a soft piece of cotton cloth—do not use linen, as it makes the glass linty and dry. Polish with tissue paper or old newspaper. This can be done in half the time taken where soap is used.

Doubtful.

Fweddy—Cholly, I'm feeling wocky. I think I'll soak my head.

Cholly—It won't fetch anything, dear boy, unless the hat goes with it.

On Monday evening Wm. Ouiett, a section man, working for Mr. Monder, at Port Caldwell, started to go to Peninsula harbor. He was struck by a freight train and killed.

Eight farm delegates from Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire, passed through Montreal yesterday on their way to inspect and report upon the farming lands of Manitoba, Alberta, and Assiniboia.

LAUGH AND LEARN.

A March Melody.

Sip
I am the boss mosquito;
Sometimes I'm called
Skeeter for short.
I am all right,
And hungry enough for six.
I am out for blood.
If you think I am satisfied
To subsist on
Lean dudes and summer resorts,
Or on the unburned fishermen
With alcoholic breaths,
You are way off.
I shall linger in the moonlight
And haunt the dim piazza
At midnight's solemn hour
And dine sumptuously on the
Girl graduate and the tempting debutante.
I shall sample the blushing cheeks
On next year's June brides
And lull them with the melody
Of my kazoo.
I am a skeeter that has got
Sand.
I wear spikes in my
Shoes and my kit of tools
Is mostly gimlets
I can outsing the girl in the
Lower flat.
Get onto my
Curves.

The hammock girl is in full swing.

Mr. Carnegie's charity doesn't seem to begin at Homestead.

It is a pretty small scandal of which there isn't enough to go round.

It is a very rare girl who smiles so pleasantly on an old man as on a young one.

Verily, my son, wrath is nursed on the bottle; kind Mother Nature has no food for it.

A liberal spirit broadens a man. You can always detect a liberal spirit in a man's breath.

It is surprising how many parents there are who try to scold sweetness into their children.

Indiana has more Germans than any other State. They constitute 55 per cent. of the population.

No self-respecting Saratoga trunk goes travelling now-a-days without a leather belt around its waist.

Women are braver than men. It is not the man who first tackles the ice cream to see if it is poison.

According to the returns of the census there are nearly 2,000,000 more men than women in the United States.

"Who steals my purse steals trash," quoted Mrs. Tompkins. "Yes," observed her husband, "dress goods samples."

Mrs. 149—I like Dr. Winkeye so much. Mrs. 148—So do I. He always advises me to go to such nice places for one's health.

Siberia is to have the longest railway on earth. It will extend from the Eastern coast to Moscow, Russia, a distance of 6,000 miles.

"By reptiles we mean such creatures as creep along the ground. Can you name one as an example, Adolf?" Yes; my little brother."

Giddy—Whatever tempted Bricabrac to marry that dreadful-looking old maid? Gaddy—Oh! just his fad for collecting antiques, I suppose.

"What is so rare as steak well done?" said the June poet sadly to himself as he contemplated the ill-cooked meat set before him in a third-class restaurant.

Penelope—Whydo you say Charley Nixon is like a spy-glass? Perdita—Because I can draw him out, see right through him, and when I am tired of him, push him up.

A man can sit down in a cheap restaurant and smile sweetly at the pretty waiter girl who brings him a miserably cooked mess which would drive him to divorce at home.

Little Sadie—Oh, Uncle Harry, Miss Brown and Mr. Swift are in the parlor, and she has her head on his shoulder! Uncle Harry—That is all right. She has a lien on him.

Frankly—Now, I have taken a day off to see this game, and I want you to tell me where to put my money." Hankly—Cert, old boy; just go back and give it to your wife.

The Queen has not yet donned the blue ribbon. Part of Her Majesty's golden wedding present to the King and Queen of Denmark consisted of a cask of Lochnagar whiskey, 20 years old.

First juryman—We can't convict the prisoner of bigamy. Second—Why not? First—His having a wife made his second marriage null and void. Hence he has but one wife, and, as I understand bigamy, it is having two.

Tenniel, the cartoonist of *Punch*, is 72 years old, elastic of foot, supple of fingers, and bright-eyed as in his youth. He has but one eye since a friend's foil maimed him in a fencing bout 50 years ago. But what "an eye for effect" it is!

Casper Corker—Say cull! If I was goin to kill meself, I'd take morphine. Jonas Deadbeat—Don't you never do it. Casper Corker—Why not? Jonas Deadbeat—A friend o' mine did it onct, an' they found 'im an' walked 'im eight hours to bring 'im to!

In Brooklyn the other day a father complained to a Police Justice that his landlady had kept his baby because he had not paid his board bill. She had cared for it quite a time while the father was seeking work and appears to think she has a lien on the child's affections.

Of the 11,000,000 women in Italy, nearly 2,000,000 are employed in industrial labor, and over 3,000,000 in agriculture. They are in the majority in the cotton, linen and jute industries, and in the silk trade there are 117,000 women employed, and but 17,700 men.

Philadelphia has a free milk tent on Franklin Square where thirsty citizens are refreshed with the cool lacteal fluid, contributed by Chester county farmers. Milk has been rapidly increasing in popularity as a beverage during the past three or four years. No saloon, restaurant or stand for the sale of summer drinks is now without it.

The greatest sum ever paid for telegraph tolls in one week by a newspaper was the expenditure of the London *Times* for cable service from Buenos Ayres during the revolution in the Argentine Republic. The cost of cabling from Buenos Ayres to London was $1.75 a word, and the *Times* paid out $30,000 for one week's despatches.

In his early youth Mr. Gladstone wrote "poetry"—and poetry very poor of its kind. Curious delvers in the volumes of the *Eton Miscellany* will find enshrined there these first efforts of a clever boy. His "Ode to the Shade of Wat Tyler," is, perhaps, the best of his verses:

Shade of him whose valiant tongue
On high the song of freedom sung;
Shade of him whose mighty soul
Would pay no taxes on his poll;
Though swift as lightning, civic sword
Descended on thy fated head,
The blood of England's boldest poured,
And numbered Tyler with the dead!

Still may thy spirit flap its wings
At midnight o'er the couch of kings;
And peer and prelate tremble too,
In dread of nightly interview!
With patriot gesture of command,
With eyes that like thy forges gleam,
Let Tyler's voice and Tyler's hand
Be heard and seen in nightly dream.

The new Greek Cabinet seems to have the Greek symptoms. Such names as Tricoupis, Dragoumis, Theotokis, Simopoulis, Koconakos and Tsamados make it as easy of identification as Homer's catalogue of ships.

How to get rid of surplus milk—cheese it.

A bootblack may be ignorant, but he is fitted to shine in society.

There probably never was a man who could wear carpet slippers without looking slouchy and worthless.

Mrs. Rice—I have a good dog; now would you buy a gun to scare off tramps? Mrs. Spice—No, a cord of wood.

The French and Italian silver coin of 2f. and below are 835 fine, but their twenty franc and 10 franc pieces are 900 fine.

Dancing is taught in many of the public schools in Scotland, and is made a feature of the closing exercises at the end of the term.

Lawyers must be superior to other men, or they are generally seen at their best when going through the greatest trials of their lives.

Mrs. Bloobumper (looking up from the newspaper)—George, dear, what is the labor problem? Bloobumper—How to get more wages for less work.

Tertullian, who wrote about A. D. 195, said that kissing was first instituted for the purpose of discovering whether the person kissed had been guilty of tippling.

A railway locomotive earns on an average about $100 a day until it gets smashed up. This would be a good income, but it's life is as uncertain as that of a rented piano.

The man who knows it all,
And keeps it, we adore;
But he who knows it all,
And tells it, is a bore.

They were just engaged. "We had better be married to-morrow," said he. "So soon?" "M'ham. Your father and I differ in politics, and there is no telling how soon we may be deadly enemies."

Omitting a few Esquimaux exceptions, all other spears throwers appear to be ambidexterous. The development of a purely right-handed implement points to a southern origin for the original inventor.

"Why is it that you are bringing up your daughter to work for a living when you have enough to keep her in comfort at home?" "I want her to be able to support her husband properly if she ever gets married."

The fifteen-inch aerial torpedo thrower, now introduced as a British service weapon for coast defense, resembles in appearance a powder gun, having the axis of its trunnions at or near the centre of gravity of the barrel.

M. Zola used 500 goose-quills, five and a quarter pints of black ink and half a pint of red ink in writing his last novel. But goose-quills and pints of ink alone will not produce novels, particularly of the Zolaistic kind.

Vests are quite indispensable in this Summer's wardrobe. Every woman who aspires to dress effects has a drawer full of them. They range from delicate silk with a frill down the front to pique or marseilles.

Minnie—I am almost sure that Mrs. Fourhundred has not been accustomed to good society. Katie—Why? Minnie—Well, last night she invited Miss Sparrow to sing, and as soon as she began Mrs. F. quit talking.

It is said that if good seeds are sown they are sure to come up. It may be added that bad seeds are, also. In the moral vineyards no seed is ever too dead to sprout, to spring up and grow. Even dragon's teeth will make a crop.

"Palet is playing in hard luck," said one artist to another. "How?" "He painted a picture of the grate in his room, and got it so natural and life-like that a new servant he had threw a scuttle full of coal through it and ruined it."

Rev. Dr. C. A. A. Taylor, of the Florida African Methodist Episcopal Conference, has figured it out that hell is really a lake of fire and brimstone, 52 miles beneath the earth's surface, and having an area of 544,900,000 cubic miles.

AS USUAL.

He knew "it wasn't loaded," he was "certain 'twas unloaded,"
And he looked into the barrel of the gun;
Then he pulled the trigger gently, just to make assurance sure—
And his funeral's to-morrow, prompt at one.

Customer—Is this one of your "special sale" days? Dry goods clerk—Yes, ma'am. This is umbrella day. "I thought it was umbrella day yesterday." "Yes, ma'am. It's been umbrella day right along for about four months, ma'am."

Italian workmen testify their respect for Christopher Columbus by donating several days' work on his monument at Eighth avenue and Sixty-ninth street. This is not less touching than the story of the widow's mite.—*New York Recorder.*

The gauntlet glove for shopping, driving and seaside wear is now considered the proper thing. For the seaside white and tan chamois are the favored materials. The cuff is frequently embroidered in black or gold thread, with the same stitching down the back.

The front name of Adlai Ewing Stevenson, Cleveland's running mate, occurs but once in the Bible, according to the Concordance—in I. Chronicles—and then simply as the father of his son, a young man who acted as herdsman for David. The present Adlai acted as herdsman for Grover.

Plans are being examined for the construction of a railroad across the main chain of the Caucasus Mountains. The line will have a length of 100 miles, and will present great engineering difficulties. There are to be two tunnels, one four and a third and the other six and three-quarters miles long.

Captain Marryat, the jolly British tar, while in New York on the Fourth of July, 1838, wondered why so many men engaged in celebrating Independence Day should be dependent—upon lamp-posts. He had failed to make allowance for the praiseworthy fact that these men had entered into the patriotic celebration with a great deal of spirit.

'Tis Sunday in the Morning.

The prospect brightens as it nears,
Fondly as any lover
We greet the day that time endears,
Our six days' toiling over;
The great wife sets about the house
With touches of adorning;
And hums the while with pleasant smile—
'Tis Sunday in the morning.

Our joy and crown, whose very name
Is ever wreathed in beau