

**Some Rare Exceptions.**

There was a woman all alone  
Within a gloomy house  
Who in the watches of the night  
Beheld an awful mouse.  
And then the woman, fair but frail,  
In wildest terror fled?  
Ah, no! She caught it by the tail  
And soon the mouse was dead.

A fellow loved a maiden once  
And she became his bride.  
And pretty soon his wife's mamma  
Came with them to reside.  
And then they fought like cats and dogs,  
And never could agree?  
Oh, no! They live together yet  
In peace and harmony.

Once on a time a thoughtless boy  
Who sought to have some fun  
Heedlessly at a playmate aimed  
A rusty, broken gun.  
And one fair youth was killed and one  
Was fearfully alarmed?  
Ah, no! It wasn't loaded, so  
That neither one was harmed.

A girl who'd taken lessons  
At a cooking school or two  
Her heart unto her suitor gave,  
As women often do.  
He ate some cake she made and then  
He died, poor hapless man?  
Ah, no! He says his wife can bake  
"As good as mother can."

A youth who loved his sweetheart  
As he loved his very life  
Fell on his knees and begged of her  
To be his darling wife.  
Ha, ha! And then she told him  
That she would his sister be?  
Ah, no! They soon were married  
And are living happily.

**Dining With Victoria.**

Dining with the Queen is considered a great social honor, although a rather dull affair as far as enjoyment goes.

Full court dress must be worn by the ladies. The gentlemen either wear their court dress or the Windsor uniform, which is really an ordinary dress coat, faced and cuffed with red silk, and adorned with gilt buttons instead of the ordinary black ones.

A writer in an English paper says:

"The guests assemble beforehand in a waiting-room—at Balmoral this is called the anteroom, but at Windsor the grand corridor is used for this purpose. They range themselves in two rows, the ladies on one side and the gentlemen on the other, and the persons of highest rank are placed furthest from the door at which the Queen will enter.

"About nine o'clock the Queen appears, and when she has received the salutations of her guests, she passes down between the two rows to the door of the state dining room, and goes straight in to dinner.

"The guests join in couples and follow her. During dinner there is very little talking. The guests converse among themselves, for it is not according to etiquette to speak loud. From time to time the Queen speaks to some one of her guests; but as it is not proper to disagree with her there is, naturally, not very much done in the way of conversation between her majesty and her subjects.

"Dinner usually lasts for an hour or so, after which the whole party adjourns to the drawing room. Here the Queen makes a few remarks to each guest in turn, which the latter replies to suitably, and without the smallest trace of originality.

"This ended, the Queen returns to her private apartments, and the dinner party is ended. It must be added, however, that dull as these entertainments are, there is not a single person who would seriously wish never to be present at one, for an invitation to dine at one of the royal palaces with the Queen, is the highest social honor that can be conferred on a subject."

**Timid Bridegrooms.**

Clergymen assert that, in most cases, brides are more self-possessed during the marriage ceremony than the bridegrooms. The Philadelphia Call tells of the following instances where this assertion is verified:—

I was once "best man" to a stalwart, middle-aged bridegroom, noted for his courage and feats of daring, and when the time came for us to go down stairs to meet the bride and her attendants, he nearly had a fit, and he looked like a walking corpse all through the ceremony.

I had to keep saying, "Brace up, old boy," and "Come, come, you've got to go down," to get him started, and at the door he was idiotic enough to clutch at me and say,—

"Say, Fred, how would it do to have Mary and the preacher slip in here and have it all over with before we go down at all? I can't go through it before all that crowd."

"Idiot," I said, pointedly enough to leave no doubt as to my meaning, "Mary won't come in here, and you will go down this instant."

He got through, at last, without doing or saying anything ridiculous, in which respect he was luckier than another stalwart bridegroom of my acquaintance, who was so dazed and overcome that he held out one of his own fingers for the ring when the minister said, "With this ring I thee wed."

Another bridegroom I knew lost his head to such a degree that when it came time for him to say, "I, Horace, take thee, Annie, to be my lawful wedded wife," he said, in an unnaturally loud tone, "I Annie, take thee, Horace, to be my lawful wedded wife"; and when the time came for him to introduce his bride to some of his friends who had not yet seen her, he did it by saying, awkwardly, "Ah, er—Miss Carter, this is my wife, Miss Barton," calling her by her maiden name.

Few men say "my wife" easily and naturally the first time they use the words in public.

A funny case was that of a bridegroom who stared blankly at the minister until asked if he took "this woman to be his lawful wedded wife," when he started and said, in the blandest manner,—

"Beg pardon, were you speaking to me?"

**How to Kill a Cat.**

In most large cities all that is necessary is to send word to the "Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," and shortly after an employee arrives, puts a drop of some powerful medicine on the cat's tongue, and all is over; but as this is not possible in all places, we are glad to quote from the English Mechanic the following paragraph:—

The most merciful way of destroying cats is to chloroform them.

Draw a sock—knitted one preferred, as being elastic—over pussy's head so that the toe of the sock is brought to her nose, or nearly so; then pour about half a teaspoon of chloroform on the sock close to her nose.

Almost as soon as she has become frightened by the unusual smell of chloroform, she quietly goes off to sleep; a little more chloroform is added, perhaps twice, and pussy never wakes again.

The indiscriminate laying down of poison for cats, or anything else that may come along, cannot be too strongly denounced. If the cats are not "in hand" that are required to be poisoned, they may be caught in wire traps, like large rat cage traps, and chloroformed by spray from a small spray producer, without removal from the cage, until asleep or dead.

**Acrost the Top o' the Bars.**

Ruthie an' me, we wuz neighbors,  
An' hed ben fer yars an' yars;  
Atween us a ole Virginny fence  
With a handy pair o' bars.  
An' Ruth an' me from childhood  
Hed got in a sort o' a way  
O' comin' each to our side the fence,  
Jest at the end o' the day,  
Fer ter keep up a neighborly feelin'.  
An' gossip a little, perhaps,  
Prophecies 'bout the weather,  
An' talkin' about the crops,  
A-lingerin' along in the twilight  
(We'd done it fer yars an' yars),  
Exchangin' of neighborly intrust  
Acrost the top o' the bars.

We begun it when I wuz a shaver  
An' Ruth wuz a mite o' a girl,  
With eyes big ez blue chiny sassers  
An' hair allers tryin' ter curl  
In spite o' their efforts ter smooth it  
An' braid it up spick an' span  
(Fer Ruthie's folks they wuz Quakers—  
B'lieved i' lairness wuz part o' God's plan).  
An' Ruthie an' me we wuz playmates,  
An' tho' we'd git spunky an' riled,  
We allers cooled down a-towards evenin'  
An' met at the fence, calm an' mild,  
Ter sorter review the events o' the day  
An' chat about this an' 'bout that;  
To relate how the hents hed stole out their nests,  
An' the hired man hed drowned the cat.  
A-lingerin' along in the twilight  
(We'd done it fer yars an' yars),  
Exchangin' of neighborly intrust  
Acrost the top o' the bars.

An' some how er other, the older  
'At Ruthie an' me peared ter get  
The more store we sot by that ole fence.  
An' the curesist part of it yit  
Wuz thet when we both wuz raley growed up,  
Ruthie, fair, blue-eyed, with gold locks,  
An' me a great feller with whiskers,  
A-standin' six feet in my socks,  
We kept comin' jest ez we allers hed done,  
An' we allers found plenty to say  
When me met fer a chat by the ole rail fence,  
Jest at the end o' the day.  
An' onct, when the full moon wuz shinin',  
An' Ruthie looked uncommon fair—  
I think 'twuz the spell o' the moonlight—  
But I lost my head then an' there,  
An' I wondered how in creation  
I hed never thort of it afore—  
Thet Ruth wuz the one livin' woman  
'At I could love an' adore.  
'At some way my lips they found Ruthie's  
As we lingered under the stars,  
Exchangin' of neighborly intrust  
Acrost the top o' the bars.

ELIZABETH A. VERE.

**Moderation in Work.**

Take pity on yourself, dear mother, and do not work too hard. You owe more to your dear ones than well-cooked meals, and rooms that are kept spotlessly clean at the expense of your health and patience. Rest more, for hard work and overtaxed nerves make a naturally loving, patient woman, cross and irritable; the little ones do not understand this, and the husband wonders why wife loses her temper so much sooner than she did in former days.

Let the children give you more help. If it is out of the question to hire a good girl, leave back rooms for Edith to sweep when she comes home from school. The exercise will be good for her, and the experience as well. In taking up the household work gradually, she will become familiar with the different details, and lighten your labor very much. Either in a city or country home it is well to require some assistance at her hands; if in the city, it will prevent her spending too much time on the streets, and if it be in the country, these little duties will prevent lonesomeness.

Take the children into your confidence, tell them that you are tired, and would appreciate their help very much. Gently request them instead of commanding, and unless they are unusually thoughtless and unconcerned they will be loving, considerate companions, as well as dutiful children.

"ALICE."

"What did the minister preach about?" asked mamma of her little boy who had attended church. "He preached about two hours," said the small hopeful.

Brine—"I don't see how you manage to get along with that wife of yours." Henpeque—"I don't manage. She does."

"Does your daughter speak the languages?" "Not to any extent. She can say 'yes' in four of 'em in case any foreign nobleman asks her to marry."