Wichita Eagle

AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces blown
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
No street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy bounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

—Whittier.

THE OLD TUNIC.

At the time when I was clerk in the office of the minister of war I had for a colleague and fellow clerk one Jean Vidal, an old non-commissioned officer who had lost a left arm in the Italian campaign, but who still had his right hand with which he accomplished marvelous feats with the pen, in round hand, running hand and Gothic hand, and executed with a single stroke of the pen a small bird in the flourish to his signature.

Vidal was a worthy man, a typical old soldier, upright and pure. Although he was hardly forty years old, and but few gray hairs appeared in his pointed zouave beard, yet we already called him at the office, Pere Vidal, but with less familiarity than respect, for we knew his life of honor and devotion in his small, cheap lodging in the farthest part of Grenelle, where his sister lived with him, a widow, with a long string of children, and where he supposed this little world upon his slender income, that is to say, the payment for his cross, his pension and his clerkship—3,000 francs for five persons. Never mind. His frock coats, with the empty left sleeve looped up on the third button, were always brushed as for a review by the inspector general, and the red ribbon of his decoration, always fresh, was so serious a thing to the good man that he took it from his buttonhole whenever he carried a package through the streets, sometimes a pair of boots from Latour's, or a pair of trousers bought in the morning at the Belle Jardiniere.

As I used to live then in the environs of South Paris, I frequently shaped my homeward way so that I could go with Pere Vidal, and I amused myself by getting him to recount his campaigns as we walked by the vicinity of the Ecole Militaire, where at that time could be seen (it was during the last years of the empire) the showy uniforms of the imperial guard, fuglemen in green, lancers in white, and the somber and magnificent officers of the artillery in black and gold, a costume in which it is quite worth while to go and be killed. Sometimes in the hot summer evenings I offered a glass of absinthe to my companion, a luxury which poor Vidal economically denied himself, and we would stop for a half hour before an officers' cafe in the Avenue de la Mothe Piquet. On such days the old "sub," who had become the most steady of family men, and had quite lost his habit of gossiping, would rise from the table with an heroic giddiness in his head, and I was sure of hearing for the rest of the way some good war story.

One evening—I believe, God forgive me, that Pere Vidal had taken two glasses of absinthe—in making our way through the miserable Boulevard de Grenelle, he stopped suddenly before the place of a dealer in second hand military clothes. There are a good many of them in that quarter. It was a dingy, dirty shop, displaying in the window some rusty pistols, wooden bowls full of buttons, gilded epaulettes, and in front were hung, among some miserable rags, several old coats of officers, ruined and tattered by the sun and rain, but which, still preserving the impress of the shape and the breadth of the shoulders, had something vaguely human in their appearance. Vidal, grasping my arm with his only hand, and looking at me with a gaze that was not without suggestions of absinthe, lifted the stump of an arm to point out one of the coats, the tunic of an African officer, with its skirt in a hundred plaits and a triple braid of gold twisting into an eight on the shoulder.

"Look at that," he said; "that's the uniform of my old corps, a captain's tunic."

Then, coming nearer to examine the tatters more closely, he read the number engraved on the buttons, and called out excitedly:

"It is my regiment. It is the First zouaves!"

But suddenly Pere Vidal's hand, which had already laid hold upon the old tunic, remained fixed, his face darkened, his lips trembled, and lowering his eyes he murmured in a frightened way:

"My God! If it should be his!"

Then, with a sudden gesture, he turned the tunic round, and I could see in the middle of the back a little round hole, the hole of a bullet, encircled with a black stain which was undoubtedly old blood; and that telltale hole was as shocking, as pitiful, as a wound.

"Oh! oh!" I said to Pere Vidal, who had suddenly dropped the coat and was on his way again, stepping quickly with bowed head, "there was a sad scar!" And anticipating a story I added, to excite my companion into telling it, "The captains of the zouaves were not usually shot in the back."

But he did not appear to hear me, and he muttered some words, biting his mustache: "How came it to be stranded there? It's a long way from the battlefield of Melegnano to the Boulevard de Grenelle. Oh, I see it: the crows that follow the army; the robbers of the dead. But why just there, two steps from the Ecole Militaire, where his regiment is stationed with the other? And he should have passed by here! he should have recognized that! Oh, it is like a ghost!"

"Look here, Pere Vidal," I said, beginning to be a good deal interested, and taking him by the arm, "you are not going to continue to talk in enigmas, and you are going to tell me what memories have been awakened by that pierced tunic."

I certainly believe that without the two glasses of absinthe I should have learned nothing, for at that demand Pere Vidal looked at me distrustfully, almost anxiously; but suddenly, as if making a great resolve, he said shortly:

"Well, yes, I will tell it to you. Inasmuch as you are a well informed and honest young man, I have confidence in you, and when I have finished you shall tell—frankly—your hand on your heart—if you think it strange in me to be moved as I have been moved. Let us see. Where shall we begin? First, I cannot tell you his name, the other, since he is living, but I shall call him by the nickname which we gave him in the regiment, Thirsty—yes, we used to call him Thirsty—and he well answered the name, being one of those who don't stir from the canteen, and who toss off twelve small glasses at the twelve strokes of noon. He was sergeant of a company when I was quartermaster, and he marched by my side as file closer. A good soldier, a very good soldier, a drunkard, roisterer, fond of rows, with all the bad habits of Africa; but brave as a bayonet, with cold, steel blue eyes, brown face and red beard. Not an easy man to get on with. When I reached the depot of the war battalion Thirsty had just completed his service. He re-enlisted, took his bounty and went on a three days' spree, during which he rolled through the low quarters of Algiers with four or five other rakes like himself piled up in a caleche, and carrying a tricolored flag, with these words, 'This will not last always.'

"They brought him back to the barracks, his skull cracked by a saber's stroke. He had been in a row with some loafers at the house of a Moorish woman, who had received during the squabble a kick which proved fatal. Thirsty recovered. He was put in the stocks for fifteen days and stripped of his sergeant's stripes. It was the second time that he had lost them. If it had not been for his bad conduct Thirsty, who was of good family and fairly educated, would have been an officer long ago. Now, after the affair of the Moor, his stripes were taken off; but six months later, as I passed the quartermaster sergeant's, I saw that he had them on again, thanks to the indulgence of his captain, an old African campaigner, who had seen his bravery in Kabylie.

"Before long the old campaigner was promoted to be chief of the battalion, and they sent us a new captain, a young Corsican named Gentile, of 25, just from the military school, cold, ambitious, full of merit, they said, but very exacting, hard on his men, giving you six days in the guard house for a spot of rust on your gun or a button missing from your gaiters; moreover, having not yet served in Algiers and admitting no sort of laxity or frolicking. Capt. Gentile took a dislike to Thirsty at once, and the dislike was reciprocated. Indeed, it could not be otherwise. The first time that the sergeant did not respond to the evening call, eight days in the stocks; the first time that he got drunk, fifteen days. While the captain, a small brown man, stiff as wire, and with the bristling mustache of a frightened cat, would throw his punishment in his face, saying in a hard voice, 'I know who you are, and I'll humble you, my boy!' Thirsty did not say anything, and walked quietly to the side of the guard house, but the captain would have spoken more mildly, perhaps, if he had seen the angry flush which mounted to the sergeant's cheek when he had turned his head, and the gleam of rage which shot from his terrible cold blue eyes.

"The emperor declared war upon Austria, and we embarked for Italy. But we are not concerned with the story of that campaign. I will go on with ours. During the preparations for the battle of Melegnano, when I lost my arm, you know, our battalion camped in the middle of a small village, and having broken ranks, our captain made a brief address—a proper thing for the captain to do—to remind us that we were in a friendly country, and that our honor demanded good behavior from us, adding that any annoyance to any of the inhabitants would be punished severely. While he was speaking, Thirsty, who was standing unsteadily by my side, leaning on his gun (he had half emptied since morning the keg of the cantiniere), shrugged his shoulders lightly, but happily the captain did not see it.

"In the middle of the night I started out of my sleep. I jumped off from the bundle of straw on which I was sleeping in a farmyard, and I saw in the moonlight a group of soldiers and peasants, who were tearing from the arms of Thirsty, furious as a wild beast, a pretty girl, who was invoking to her aid the Virgin and all the saints in Paradise. I ran to hold him, but Capt. Gentile reached him before me. By one glance of his eye (the little Corsican had the look of a master) he stilled the sergeant; then having calmed the Lombard by some words that he said to her in Italian, he turned and stood before the culprit and said, shaking his trembling hand in his face:

"'They ought to blow out the brains of such wretches as you. In the meantime I will see the colonel, and you shall lose your stripes again and for good this time. We shall fight to-morrow; see that you get yourself killed.'

"We turned in again, but the captain was right, and at break of day we were roused by the firing of cannon. We flew to arms, formed in line, and Thirsty (his cold blue eyes had never looked more cruel) stood by my side. The battalion began its march. It was to dislodge the white coats who had fortified themselves, with several pieces of artillery, in the village of Melegnano. Forward march! We had scarcely gone a couple of kilometres when, whizz! the grapeshot of the Austrians struck us in the flank, and some forty of our company went down. Then our officers, who were awaiting the order to charge, made us lie down in the corn fields as sharpshooters. But the officers naturally remain standing, and I tell you our captain was by no means the least erect of the lot. We, on our knees in the corn field, continued to fire on the battery which was within range. Suddenly some one touched my elbow, and turning I saw Thirsty looking at me, his lips curved in a wicked smile as he loaded his rifle.

"'You see the captain,' he said to me, nodding toward him with his head.

"'Yes; well?' I replied, looking at the officer, who was about twenty paces from us.

"'Well, he shouldn't have spoken to me as he did last night.'

"Then, with a quick and rapid gesture, in two movements he brought his piece to his shoulder, fired—and I saw the captain suddenly twist, throw back his head, beat the air for a second with his two hands, drop his sword and fall heavily on his back.

"'Assassin!' I cried, seizing the sergeant's arm. But he threw me three paces from him by a blow on my chest.

"'Fool, prove that I killed him.'

"I rose in a fury, but the rest of the company rose too. Our colonel was there, bareheaded and on a smoking horse, pointing with his saber to the Austrian battery and shouting at the top of his lungs:

"'Forward, zouaves, with the bayonet!'

"What could I do but charge with the others? It has become famous, that charge of the zouaves at Melegnano. Have you ever seen the angry sea beat upon a rock? Yes? Well, it was like that. Each company swarmed up like the surges on the rock. Three times the battery was covered with blue coats and red trousers, and three times we saw the earthwork reappear with its rows of cannon undisturbed, like the rock after the receding wave.

"But the Fourth company—ours—must carry the place. In twenty bounds I reached the redoubt. By the aid of my gun I mounted the slope. But I had only time to see a pair of blonde mustaches, a blue cap and the carbineer's gun, which almost touched me. Then I felt such a shock in my shoulder that I believed my arm had been blown off. I dropped my gun, everything whirled around me! I fell on my side near the wheel of a powder wagon and lost consciousness.

"When I opened my eyes I heard only the sound of distant firing. The zouaves were there, formed in a disordered semicircle. They cried 'Vive l'Empereur!' and brandished their guns at arm's length in the air.

"An old general, followed by his staff, came up at a gallop. He reined up his horse, and, waving his gilded chapeau in the air, he cried: 'Bravo, zouaves! You are the first soldiers of the world.'

"I was sitting by my wheel, piteously holding with my right hand my broken left arm. My broken paw, and I recalled the frightful crime of Thirsty—killing his officer from behind on the field of battle.

"Suddenly he came from among the ranks and advanced toward the general—yes, he himself, Thirsty, the assassin of the captain. In the fight he had lost his cap, and his shaved head appeared traversed by a saber stroke from which a stream of blood ran down his forehead and on his cheek. Leaning with one hand on his gun, he presented an Austrian flag, tattered and with great red stains on it—a flag which he had taken. The general seemed to regard him with admiration and find him superb. 'Say, Bricourt,' said he, turning to one of his artillery officers. 'Look at that. What men!'

"Then Thirsty said in his hoarse voice: 'That's true, my general, but you know the First zouaves. There are enough of them for more than one time.'

"I could embrace you for that phrase," cried the general. "You shall have the cross, you know."

"And repeating always, 'What men, what men!' he said to his aide-de camp a phrase which I could not understand myself—I am too ignorant, you know, but I remember it all the same—'Isn't it, I Bricourt? it's like Plutarch.'

"But at that moment my arm pained me again, and fainting I saw and heard nothing more.

"You know the rest. I have often told you how they hacked off my arm and how I was carried for two months in ambulances, delirious with fever. In my sleepless hours I asked myself what I should do in regard to Thirsty. Denounce him? Certainly that was my duty, but how? What proofs had I? Then I would say to myself, 'He is a scoundrel, but a hero. He killed Capt. Gentile, but he captured an Austrian flag.' And I could not decide. At last, when I was convalescent, I learned that as a reward for his brave action Thirsty had been transferred with his grade to the Zouaves of the guard, and had received a decoration. Ah, at first that disgusted me with my own cross, which our colonel had just attached to my cloak at the hospital. However, Thirsty merited his as well, after all; but his Legion of Honor should have served as a target for a firing squad of soldiers. Well, all that was a long time ago. I have never seen the sergeant again, who is still in the service, and I am in civil life. But just now, seeing that tunic with its bullet hole—God knows how it came there, hanging at that old clothes dealer's, two steps from the barracks where the assassin is—I thought of his unpunished crime, and it seemed to me that the captain cried for justice."

I did my best to calm Pere Vidal, who had been much excited by his story. I assured him that he had done everything for the best, and the heroism of the sergeant balanced his crime. But some days later on arriving at the office I found Pere Vidal, who handed me a journal so folded that but one column was visible, and who said gravely:

"What did I tell you?"

I took the journal and read as follows:

"Another Victim of Intemperance.—Yesterday afternoon on the Boulevard de Grenelle a sergeant of the Imperial zouaves by the name of Mallet, who bore among his comrades the sobriquet 'Thirsty,' and who had been drinking heavily with some companions in the neighboring drinking places, was seized with a sudden alcoholic delirium while looking at some old uniforms hanging in front of an old clothes merchant's.

"Becoming suddenly furious the sergeant drew his saber bayonet and ran down the street, to the great terror of the passers by. It was only by the greatest efforts that the two soldiers who accompanied him were able to overcome the madman, who in his rage shrieked unceasingly: 'I am not an assassin! I took an Austrian flag at Melegnano!'

"We are told that in fact Mallet had been decorated for that feat of arms, and that it was only his inveterate drunkenness which prevented him from becoming an officer.

"Mallet has been taken to the military hospital of Gros-Caillou, from whence he will presently be transferred to Charenton, for it is doubtful if the unfortunate man will ever recover his reason."

As I returned the journal to Pere Vidal he looked at me gravely and said:

"Captain Gentile was a Corsican. He is avenged."—New York Evening Post.

Kate Field's Ideas About Smoking.

Most men do not smoke because they are obliged to smoke, but because they like to. Now, suppose a woman who liked dancing were to indulge in that harmlessly exhilarating pastime whenever she felt so disposed, without reference to its temporary fitness! How would she look, for example, breaking into polka step or pirouettes in the street, or in a public conveyance, or in the doorway of an assembly hall, or in a congressional committee room? What would be thought of her if she were to waltz through the hotel corridors from her bedroom to breakfast?

Dancing, like smoking, is a very pleasant and innocent recreation, but, as the wise man said, there is a time for it, which is certainly by inference not all times. If the man whose lighted cigar is ever present with him would picture to himself his mother, his sister or his daughter, his wife or his sweetheart entertaining herself as she likes best in season and out of season—just as he does—he would be able to measure his own conduct by a fairer standard, and be better able to discriminate between the use and the abuse of one of the good things heaven has given to man.—Kate Field's Washington.

Walking for Exercise.

Walking is not always the best form of exercise. Horseback riding is sometimes much better, but most persons are shut up to exercise on foot. To many men it is sufficient to walk to and from their place of business, and this is the more profitable, as helping the walker to lose sight of exercise as a mere end. The disposition of so many people to ride when they might walk is an unfavorable symptom.

Walking should be brisk, with a somewhat free swing of the arms. A walk over a more or less hilly route tells more than one over level ground, since in climbing and descending hills different muscles are brought into play, and the breathing is deeper and fuller. Besides, it is less fatiguing and more enjoyable than tramping over a plain.—Youth's Companion.

Art of Gem Cutting.

The art of cutting gems lingered on in Constantinople after the fall of the empire, but few stones were cut in western Europe. Charlemagne used as his seal an antique gem with the head of Jupiter Serapis. Pepin le Bref one with a Bacchus on it. In 1555, however, Giovanni Bernardi cut stones so beautifully for Lorenzo de Medici that he was called Giovanni delle Carniole, and a contemporary of his was named Domenico dei Kamei. The Picklers, Tyrolese artists, settled in Rome in the Eighteenth century, cut gems so perfectly that they had to stamp them to prevent their passing as veritable antiques.—London Letter.

Antiquity of the Needle.

Mention of the needle is made in The Sanhita of the Rig Veda (Wilson's translation), and the Vedic word "S'uchi" is identical with that now used to indicate a needle. This notice of needles dates back as far as six centuries before Christ. The Rig Veda says: "Clothes and the like wrought with the needle last a long time." In ancient times needles were made of wood, bone, ivory, bronze and iron, and were very coarse in quality and dimensions.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

BEAUTY A DRAWBACK.

WHERE A PRETTY FACE STANDS IN A POOR GIRL'S WAY.

A Woman's Story of Two Girls Who Had Their Living to Earn and the Trouble They Had in Securing Anything They Could Learn to Do.

"Do you know when I started out to earn my own living," said a woman who, thanks to her own exertions, is now in receipt of a handsome income, "I never felt so thankful for anything in my life as that nature had endowed me with a snub nose and eyes of no particular color? You have no idea how personal beauty handicaps a girl when she is trying to gain a foothold.

"The first winter I was down here I stopped at a boarding house on Tenth street near Broadway, kept by a motherly old lady who makes a specialty of looking after young women who are looking for work, and while I was there I was in a position to prove the truth of my assertion, I assure you.

"The bedrooms were large and airy, and in each of them there were three little iron beds surrounded by a screen, so that if you felt inclined you could be very much alone. The two women in the room with me, however, were particularly nice, and we were soon such friends that we dispensed with the screens entirely.

"They were really two of the prettiest women, and yet so entirely unlike each other that they managed to be bosom friends. The younger of the two—she couldn't have been more than 20, I am sure—was a widow, and for a long time, although we had our own suspicions on the subject, we couldn't find out what she did for a living. She was out during the greater part of the morning, but returned for lunch, and then stayed at home until immediately after dinner, when she went out again. She always wore a veil in the evening, and returned about 11 o'clock. We were all very curious of course, and yet none of us had the courage to ask her if she really were an actress. She didn't look the least stagey, you know—not a bit.

HER SECRET FOUND OUT.

"But at least a friend from home came to see me, and insisted upon taking me to the theatre. 'Amorita' was on at the Casino then, so we decided to go there. If you remember, there's a moonlight scene in it, where all the chorus girls are on the stage in page's costume, and there in the rear rank, if you please, was my friend, the pretty widow. At first I was afraid she had seen me, but as she did not say a word to me about it when she reached home I waited until I knew Kittie, our other room mate, had fallen asleep, and then I went over to her bed and touched her arm. She was half asleep, but she aroused herself at once, and asked what was the matter.

"'Oh, nothing,' I said, 'only I saw you to-night, and I thought I'd better let you know.'

"She sat up in bed, and positively her face was white as the bed clothes. 'I knew it must come sooner or later,' she said. 'But, oh! please don't tell the rest of them. It was my last resort. I had tried everything else. But I was too pretty. No woman would have me in her house, particularly if she had sons. It was either that or starve, you know.'

"And then by degrees she told me the whole sad story. Her people lived somewhere in Jersey and were very poor. She had married a man much older than herself, who after making her life a misery for over a year had the good grace to commit suicide. She didn't like to go back to her people after that, so she came on here to get something to do. First she had tried to get a place as governess. But it was useless. She was too pretty. And so she had gone on day after day until she was left without a penny. Then she went to the people at the theatre, and they at once engaged her.

"She told me a great deal more, and before she had finished I had made a resolve that if it lay in my power that poor girl's days as an actress should be numbered. She left the stage the week after that, and the last I heard of her she was employed as companion by an old lady in the West Indies, who is pock marked and 79. She wanted the poor girl as an antidote, I dare say.

"POOR LITTLE KITTIE."

"Then there was Kittie. Poor Kittie went through exactly the same experience, only she was such a plucky little woman that she never would show the white feather. Why, do you know the night after the poor child pawned her sealskin coat she kept awake till nearly morning telling funny stories! It was only when there wasn't another penny in her purse that Kitty indulged in a cry. One of the other girls came in one day just before dinner and found Kittie curled up on the bed there, sobbing like a little child. Even then she tried to impart an air of raillery to her confession that she was 'dead broke.' But her red eyes and nose belied her, and for once Kittie really had to give in.

"Then the girl talked to her a bit and brightened her up, and then when Kittie was herself again the girl said to her: 'Now, look here, Kittie, if you're not above putting your pride in your pocket I can get you something to do. Perhaps you know you've got one of the loveliest chins imaginable, and now I think I can put you in the way of earning a little money with it. There's an artist I know who's painting the picture of a nun, and has been searching the city from the Battery to Harlem for a chin to his liking. The model he has does very well for the other features, but her chin's abominable. Yours, now, is the very thing he wants. Will you sit for him?'

"Well, of course Kittie jumped at the chance, as any sensible woman would have done, and in that year's academy the picture of the nun won general admiration.

"I have heard of girls making their living by their cheek before, but this is the first case I know of where a woman's chin has proved remunerative. Kittie's chin was in demand for a whole season after that, and she could have gone on posing indefinitely if she had not found something better to do. But I started out to prove that it doesn't pay for a working woman to be pretty, and now tell me honestly, after what I've told you, don't you think so yourself?"—New York Evening Sun.

Russian Girls and Women.

Russian girls have the thoroughness of the Germans, and the brightness of the Americans without their wit. They have considerable beauty, great courage and a good deal of slyness. Under the old regime their life in girlhood and matronhood was the life almost of the convent; and in old Russia they are very much secluded even today. Strange that the German women, by no means powerful at home, should have changed the tone in Russia!

Mediocre the women of Russia never will be, and where there is great capacity for evil there is great possibility of good. Their faults may be explained by the absence of wise rule and happy home surroundings.—Kate Field's Washington.

A Town with One Adult Inhabitant.

A town in England, Skiddaw, Cumberland, stands unique as a township of one house and one solitary male adult inhabitant. This man is deprived of his vote because of the fact that there are no overseers to make out a voter's list and no church or public building on which to publish one if made.—Baltimore Sun.

Refreshing Simplicity.

"We shall soon reach a long tunnel," said Algernon to Araminta on their wedding journey.

"A tunnel?" replied Araminta. "What's a tunnel, Pheo?"

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SCHWARTZ BROS.

An Incident at the Play.

One evening while the audience at the Baldwin were listening spellbound to the scene where Barrymore is discussing the foibles of women a couple of San Mateo rustics in the front row of the dress circle began an earnest discussion as to the merits of a certain prize sow one of them had for sale.

Despite the angry look and s-s-s-h's of those near by the controversy waxed louder, until at last a gentleman sitting behind the talkers touched one of them on the shoulder and quietly said:

"Excuse me, my friend, but what will you take for that sow of yours?"

The granger stared for a moment and then said:

"About $6, I s'pose."

"Exactly," said the gentleman, taking out his pocketbook and handing over a greenback.

"Here is a twenty. Now that sow's mine, just let her alone, if you please."

The audience snickered, and though the countryman made a woful attempt to turn the joke by gravely pocketing the note and handing over the $14 change the snub was crushing in its effect, and in the dead silence that followed the philanthropic millionaire leaned back and modestly enjoyed his popularity.

But what the delegation from up the bay said when, after the performance, they tried to buy a drink with the twenty and found it a bad counterfeit is unfit for publication.—San Francisco News Letter.

A Hot Needle for Warts.

I have always had warts on my hands ever since I was a boy, and have tried a thousand remedies for them, including all the charms known to the oldest darky in the country. The only thing that would suppress them even temporarily was a red hot needle. Somebody told me about it ten or fifteen years ago, but I never tried it for a long time, dreading the pain. At last I had a big wart on the knuckle of my left forefinger, where I was always knocking it against something and keeping it raw and sore.

I determined to try the hot needle. So I had a large needle fixed in an awl handle, heated it red hot in the flame of a lamp, and thrust it through the big wart at one punch. The pain was no greater than I had been enduring from striking the wart against everything I touched, and after the needle had cooled I took it out. The wart began to dry up, and in three or four days I picked it off with my thumb nail. Since then whenever one makes its appearance I take a needle to it, and the remedy never fails.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How Armenian Women Look.

The Armenian women look not unlike the other Turkish ladies. Womanhood in Turkey, however, is made up of a polyglot of races. The Armenian girls have, as a rule, large eyes with long lashes. They are tall and straight, and they take on fat very soon after marriage. They are very intelligent and very voluptuous. Many of them marry Turks, and now and then one of them takes after her brothers and gets into the mission schools and becomes well educated.—Frank G. Carpenter in National Tribune.

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