The Wichita Daily Eagle.

PAGES 9 TO 12. WICHITA, KANSAS, SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 4, 1892 PART SECOND.

What is CASTORIA

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UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

THAT CUR'OUS TUNE.

A Love Story in Rhyme.

I was staying in the mountains at a farmhouse,
In this state,
For a week or two, last summer, and whene'er I
sat up late
On the porch, with chair back-tilted, musing, as
I love to do,
Out would come the honest farmer for a talk,
when chores were through.

Sometimes he would speak of persons who had
stayed there years before,
And he'd laugh and tell with fervor "How that
Maj. Jones did snore!"
Or, "If you had seen Miss Jenkins, with her
black hair all awry,
Shovin' off her crazy paintin's where the water
looked likely!"

So I grew to wait his coming with an interest at
last,
For he always had a story of some happ'ning in
the past.
When I chanced to speak of music, "That reminds
me, sir," said he,
"Of a story 'bout as strange a tune, I guess, as
ever be.

"Lots of folks was here that summer, and most
of 'em came for fun;
But they didn't seem to have it—readin' was
about all they done.
And I says to my Maria: 'Wakin' up is all they
need.
They are ready 'nough for frolic, but they want
some one to lead.'

"Well, it wasn't three days after that a bran'-
new boarder came;
And he seemed a nice young feller, ev'rybody
thought the same
Jest as I had calkerlated, long before the week
was through,
He had woke up all the boarders, showed them
there was lots to do.

"'Stead of sittin' readin' novels as they did be-
fore he came,
Now they tramped the woods, went fishin',
climbed the hills, or played a game
But one day I noticed somethin' that perplexed
me for a time—
That young feller'd left off goin' when they took
a row or climb.

"So I asked my wife about it, and she answered,
with a smile:
'Guess you'll find him in the parlor, plays the
organ all the while.'
Sure enough! I heard the organ; but that didn't
make it clear
Why a man should like the parlor better than
our outside here.

"Then I thought I'd have to ask him what it
meant; he might be ill;
So the parlor door I opened—but I didn't pass
the sill.
There he sat before the organ, playin' in some
pure, high key,
Near him sat another boarder, and a pretty girl
was she!

"Well, I thought I wasn't wanted by them
young folks quite so near,
But I heard the girl ask sweetly: 'Won't you
please play my tune, dear?'
So I leaned against the door post, just to hear
what he would play
For I always did love music, and I love it to this
day

"WON'T YOU PLEASE PLAY MY TUNE, DEAR?"

"In about a half a minute, he began a little
strain
That reminded me of birds I've heard a-singin'
down the lane,
And I seemed to smell the flowers and to feel
the summer breeze,
As his hands moved slow and gentle up and
down the ivory keys.

"Then the birds all stopped a-singin' and a
cloud came in the sky,
And I felt as if I'd like to have a good, old-
fash'oned cry,
For I couldn't forget Maria, with her lovin' heart
so clear,
And I didn't seem to have a friend in all this
great world here.

"Then the music got beseechin' and it came so
sweet and low
That I felt my heart a-yearnin'—jest for what, I
didn't know;
But it made me feel as if I'd like to make up, if
I might,
With the folks I bore a grudge to, ask forgive-
ness and do right.

"I was feelin' awful wicked, awful lonesome,
awful sad—
When the sun came out a-shinin', and the birds
all felt so glad
That they sang like they was crazy, and my
heart got light and gay,
As I thought of my Maria as she looked our
weddin' day.

"I had truly loved her then, but now I loved her
ten times more;
Why her hands was doubly precious with the
wrinkles that they bore.
Then the music changed a little, and the sounds
came long and clear,
Till they faded in the distance, as I brushed
away a tear.

"All that day and all that ev'nin' I felt kinder
lost and queer,
For that cur'ous tune he played her kept a-
ringin' in my ear.
And I found that he had writ it, and that made
her love it more,
So he played it for her often, and I listened at
the door.

"Well, the summer soon was over, and the
boarders went away,
And it made me awful lonesome not to hear the
organ play.
Then the autumn changed to winter, and one
day I had to go
To the city on some business to collect a bill or
so.

"Business settled, I was walkin' up Broadway
that afternoon,
When I saw a-comin' toward me that young
man that played the tune;
And as he my hand was shakin', sayin' 't was a
glad surprise,
I was noticin' a sadness that had come into his
eyes.

"As we walked along together, through the
fastly fallin' snow,
I inquired how his girl was, and he said he
didn't know;
And before I left the city he had told me all
about
How they'd had a little quarrel—as all lovers
do, no doubt.

"Tellin' him to keep up courage, and to run up
in the spring,
I came home and told Maria that I hoped the
future'd bring
Ev'ry happiness and comfort to them young
folks, for I knew
Lovers' quarrels almost always make their
love more firm and true.

"Some time 'long in March or April came a
little note to me
From the pretty boarder's mother, sayin' they'd
be up to tea
On the Saturday that followed; that the girl
was far from well,
Though they didn't know what ailed her—doc-
tor said he couldn't tell.

"Well, I thought I knew what ailed her, better
than the doctor, too:
So I went and writ her lover: 'Come up for a
week, now do!
Leave your business cares and worry, let your
poor brain stop its whirl!'
But, of course, I didn't say a single word about
his girl.

"On the night they had appointed came the
ladies, and I knew
That the girl was sick with grievin', and that
proved her love was true.
Then I left them eatin' supper, and I drove
down to the train,
And brought back the weary lover, who seemed
glad to come again.

"In the parlor then I left him, and I'd hardly
closed the door,
When he sat down at the organ, and I heard
that tune once more:
But he'd scarce began to play it, when the door
flew open wide,
And his sweetheart's arms were 'round him—
and they asked no cure beside."

—Wallace D. Vincent, in N. Y. Ledger.

An Ancient Slot Machine.

The slot machine which has recently had such a run in all catch-penny schemes, and which has often been pointed out as the one thing "new under the sun," has been proven to have been in use in Egypt long before the birth of Christ. Hero describes a combination jug and slot machine used for the dispensation of holy water. A coin of the value of five drachmæ dropped into a slot in the jug opened a valve which permitted a few drops of the purifying liquid to escape. One of the ancient slot jugs is now in the British museum.

—Hylo—"My wife is acting in a way that makes me thoroughly uncomfortable." Byio—"She acts like an angel, I think." Hylo—"That's not it. I always know by that she is going to ask me for more money than usual."—Inter Ocean.

TWO OBJECTIONS.

How They Caused a Hitch in a Wedding Ceremony.

THE cards were out for the wedding. The trousseau was complete. The best man had the ring. The company had assembled, and the final touches were being put to the bride's veil.

The maid of honor and the four bridesmaids were superintending this ceremony. All these girls had graduated together two years before, and had agreed then to fill these relative positions at the first wedding among them.

"There!" said Nettie Valentine, one of the pink maids; "it think that is quite perfect; don't you, girls?"

"Yes, lovely," murmured Thersea Evans, one of the blues. "You must go down now, of course," as an impatient knock came at the door. "Let us say good-by to Pauline—Pauline Desmond for the last time."

"I do wish, dear," said Fannie Graham, the maid of honor, "that you could have made up your mind to insist that he should take your name instead of you his. But you will write it with a hyphen, won't you?"

"Of course, girls; we all promised, and I certainly will."

"And you won't forget what else you promised?" said several voices.

"No, girls. You may depend on me. Yes, mamma, I am ready now."

Five minutes later the bride and groom stood at the head of the long parlor, in front of the bay window where the clergyman had been awaiting them.

Frank Lacy was a fine young fellow, and they made a handsome couple. To be sure one of her bridesmaids (the blue one who had kept on her eyeglasses) had her opinion of Pauline, in that she preferred the Greek professor; but then, you know, the professor was pretty old, and, as he never talked in society, it was not generally supposed that he understood English as well as Greek.

Then there was Mr. Midas, thought one of the pink bridesmaids. Pauline was a simpleton there. But, after all, it was just as well, and when he took notice again—

At this point the pink maid's attention came back to the sentence the minister was just finishing.

"—so long as you both shall live?"

It was the bride's turn to say: "I will," as the groom had just said it.

Pauline stood erect. She raised her dark eyes and fixed them upon the face of the questioner. She was pale, but it was with an earnest purpose, not with nervousness.

"I will do all these things," she replied, "except that I will not obey him."

Everyone was taken by surprise, except the five girls who stood about the bride. There was a profound hush,

"I AM THIS BRAVE BRIDE."

while the clock on the mantel ticked ten times.

"Frank," she said, turning to her half-made husband, "you do not wish me to make this monstrous promise—to drag this relic of the middle age—of the times when women were slaves and playthings of men—into our lives? You do not expect this of me, Frank?"

("Because if he does," murmured the tall usher to the pink bridesmaid, "he is very sanguine, and will apparently be disappointed—like England, you know.")

"It is I that you wish for, not a servant; is it not so, Frank?"

"Certainly, Pauline; you need not say it; but why couldn't you have arranged this quietly beforehand?"

"Because I wished to do it now—My friends," she said, turning to the assembled guests, "am I not right? It is for you, my sisters, that I do this. A recent writer has said: 'Would that some woman would have courage to make a scene, if necessary, on such an occasion! It would be a glorious scene, if she possessed the courage and dignity to refuse for the sake of outraged womanhood to pronounce the monstrous promise. It would be woman's splendid declaration of independence. The brave bride would be the heroine of the hour. She would do more than a thousand sermons to wipe out this blot upon the nineteenth century!'"

("Quoted correctly," whispered the blue maid. "What a memory Pauline has!")

"I am this brave bride, my friends—Now we will go on," she said, turning to the minister.

The service proceeded. The bride did not spoil her point by refusing to be given away. The vows were made (leaving out the obnoxious word). Then came the nervous moment while the best man fumbled for the ring. He had not lost it. He gave it to the man who gave it to the woman, who gave it to the minister, who gave it to the man, while the nineteenth century stood by and consented. The groom placed it upon the finger of the bride and hesitated over the words he was to use:

"With this ring I thee wed—"

"And with all my worldly goods I thee endow," prompted the minister.

"No," said Frank, abruptly. "Not all of them."

The clock ticked again.

"My friends," said Frank, turning to the company, "my brothers, I call you to my support. Why should a man be expected century after century to make this monstrous promise? Why should we give all our property to our wives?"

("It's not a bad plan, sometimes," said Uncle Canfield, of Canfield, Drew & Co., but nobody heard him.)

"Why should a self-respecting man be expected to bring home all his money, like a model little boy in a Sunday-school book? Let us throw off the yoke, and our wives will respect us the more. There are nine hundred and seventy-eight employments open to women where there were formerly but six. They are able to get worldly goods for themselves. Pauline, I know it is me that you wish for, not my money."

("It is I," murmured the blue maid, mechanically.)

("Mean old thing!" said the pink maid to the tall usher. "Mr. Midas wouldn't have done so.")

"You can go on now," Frank said to the minister.

"Wait. Perhaps you had better not go on," said the bride's mother, nervously.

"I should think not," said Aunt Sophia, severely, to the bride's sister. "You know I never approved of your forms, and you see what comes of them. They had better wait a couple of weeks and join some church where they don't have them."

"I wish they would," whispered one guest to her sister. "They'd have to give back the presents, and that pie-knife I gave would just do for Fannie Warner. Her wedding's to-morrow."

"And perhaps the caterer will take back the wedding-cake," mused an impertinent youth, "and that will do for that same Fannie. But we'll have to have the salads. I'm awfully hungry."

"Fun, isn't it?" said the tall usher to the pink maid. "I don't often enjoy weddings. But if they don't go on it would be a pity to waste the minister. Some of the rest of us might use him."

"Go on," said the groom, impatiently.

"Go on," said the bride, firmly.

"Go on," said Uncle Canfield from the back of the room.

"Oh, don't," said the other pink maid, looking for her handkerchief.

Though it be long in the telling how those behind cried forward and those behind cried back, it was only fifty seconds by the clock. Then the reverend Mr. Blake cut the Gordian knot by saying, hurriedly: "I pronounce you man and wife." Then he went back and finished the service in the usual fashion.—M. Helen Fraser Lovett, in Lippincott's Magazine.

Novel Official Custom in Georgia.

In olden times Georgia's governors swore themselves in. They did not have a chief justice or any other official to administer the oath. They simply picked up a Bible, repeated the form in first person saying: "I solemnly swear," etc., and they kissed the book. They did this in the presence of the general assembly, and it was a solemn ceremony. Time passed, that custom died out, and governors had the chief justice of the state to repeat the oath and they would kiss the Bible. When Gen. Gordon was to be inaugurated the second time, Chief Justice Bleckley suggested that he get up and swear himself in. It was the old style and it was a good way to do it, said the justice. Gen. Gordon acted on the advice, swore himself in, and was criticised for doing it. Some of the papers said he was in such a hurry that he did not wait for Judge Bleckley to administer the oath.—Atlanta Constitution.

Stub Ends of Thought.

They who marry where they do not love are apt to love where they do not marry.

A misspent life is like a wasp. One does not feel the sting until he gets to the end of it.

Pleasure must be always well dressed. Happiness never thinks about its clothes.

If the earth stopped to rest it would drop out of space.

Doctrine brings no sinners to repentance.

A liar will break all the other commandments if he gets a chance.

Trust a woman's judgment, but not her feelings.

Wrinkles come to stay.

God makes character; man makes reputation.—Detroit Free Press.

—Before the Jeweler's Window.—Fledgling—"We'd better take our money an' buy a diamond to cut the glass." Jail Bird—"What's der matter wid a brick?"—Jeweler's Weekly.

—"Dasher had his name presented to the club just before his wife died. Did they notice her death in any way?" Twiggs—"Oh, yes; they black-balled her husband."—Inter Ocean.

—Augustus J. C. Hare tells an interesting anecdote of Disraeli, who went to Liverpool, "a young man all curly and smart," with letters of introduction to Mr. Duncan Stewart. When he was shown the exchange, crowded with busy merchants, he said: "My idea of greatness would be that a man should receive the applause of such an assemblage as this—that he should be cheered as he came into this room." At that time Disraeli remained in the room unnoticed, but some years later when Mr. Stewart again conducted him to the exchange a cheer arose that deepened into a roar. The prime minister was greatly pleased by the demonstration, and recalled to his host the remark he had made years before.

—John Nunns, an Indiana bandmaster, well known in Jeffersonville, is a direct descendant of Pedro Nunez, the Portuguese geographer and friend of Columbus. He once possessed a considerable fortune and his career has been one of remarkable vicissitudes, ranging from service in the Crimea and in the Sepoy rebellion to screen manufacturing at Peekskill.

THE OLD STAGE ROAD.

It was long ago, but the young leaves glowed
In their sun-gilt dew by the mountain road,
When the bee swung on from his blackberry
bloom,
When the partridge rose with a hollow boom,
And the rabbit peeped with his eyes ashine,
And the squirrel jeered from the bough o' pine,
And the thrush broke short in his half-trilled
song,
As the grand red stage coach jolted along
The old route over the mountain.

And the bride rode there in her bashful grace,
With sweet-pea colors upon her face,
With bonnet wide as a glory flower,
Her loud heart shaking its silken bower
Under the gaze of her tender groom,
Like a humming bird guarding his lilac bloom;
And the air came fresh on the warm pink
cheek,
And gay was the swing and the jolt and creak
Of the stage coach over the mountain.

And there rode the grim-lipped, silent man,
With his wife a-beating her turkey fan,
Fluffy and proud as that fowl long dead
When he blustered and bridled with portly
tread;
And there the journeyman preacher beat,
His thin lips feasting on argument,
And the deacon's quavering note grew shrill
With fore-ordination and man's free will,
In the stage coach over the mountain.

It was long ago when the loud wheels passed;
Now thrushes may tinkle their chimes to the
last,
Now nothing troubles the wood-hush lone,
The squirrel nibbles the seeds of his cone,
The nighthawk ruffles his breast in the sand,
The white birch leans with her silver wand,
And elfins lighten the brambles' load,
And the clover blooms in the gullied road—
The old route over the mountain.

And long ago at the end of the route,
The stage pulled up and the folks stepped out.
They have all passed under the tavern door,
The youth and his bride, and the gray three
score.
Their eyes were weary with dust and gleam,
The day had gone like an empty dream.
Soft may they slumber, and trouble no more
For their eager journey, its jolt and roar,
On the old route over the mountain!

But an air breathes down from the midnight
sky,
With firefly lamps and a rushing sigh,
And passing whispers will murmur low
Secrets and gladness they used to know;
And often in winter the wind roars through
With thump and whistle and fierce halloo,
And cracks the treetops and whirls the snow
Like phantom horses of long ago,
On the old route over the mountain.

—Irene Putnam, in N. E. Magazine.

BRAVE LITTLE DENNIE.

How She Rescued Baby from a Horrible Death.

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I DON'T know why she was called Dennie, unless it was because that was not her name.

She lived with her mother and baby in the great three-story tenement house back of the stores in Cranesville, and played most of the time in the streets of the village. Some of the boys called her "Dennis," and to see her come in, tired and—yes, dirty, sometimes, you would have thought the name well suited to her.

Her mother, Mrs. Watson, was a pale, tired woman, who worked early and late for the support of her fatherless children.

She started for her work one morning in early spring, saying to Dennie, as she turned to go:

"Take good care of the baby, Dennie, and don't leave him alone."

"All right," said careless Dennie, and as her mother's footsteps died away on the second landing she shut the door of the one room that served them for a home, and went to work.

It was not Dennie's way to be careful over anything, and she made short work of washing the breakfast dishes and tidying the room. When she swept she did not mind the corners, but whisked the broom with great vigor through the center of the room. Consequently her round little arms made short work of the sweeping and dusting. Then she turned her attention to the baby. He lay on the bed in one corner of the room fast asleep, one chubby hand under his soft cheek and a rosy foot thrust out of the bed clothes. "Oh, dear," she sighed, "I wish baby would wake up."

Baby's name was Willie, but to Dennie and mother he was always Baby and probably would be until he was old enough to feel manly shame at the title.

Dennie went to the window and looked out.

Some children were playing in the street below and the crisp March breeze wafted the sound of merry laughter to her ears. The room was so still that she could plainly hear Baby's soft, regular breathing.

"Oh, dear," said Dennie again: "I'm lonesome; do wake up, baby," and she went to the bed and looked at the baby

DENNIE WISHES BABY WOULD WAKE UP.

so hard that he opened his eyes and looked up at her.

Then he laughed.

Dennie put both arms around him, and while she lifted him from the bed she talked to him in her half childish, half womanly way.

"Now, baby, dear, you must be a good baby to-day, 'cause mamma has gone off to work all day, and I'm going to keep house. Now hold still," as he tried to wriggle out of the apron she was putting on him, "be a goodie, goodie boy, to please Dennie."

So the toilet was finished, and the baby was drawn up in his high chair to eat the basin of milk that sat on the table.

Baby felt a little mischievous this morning, and he played with his spoon, and reached out with it to strike everything near by.

"Oh, you bad, bad baby," cried Dennie, as he overturned a glass of water, and its contents ran all over his clean apron.

Off came the apron, and baby, subdued by the mishap, finished his breakfast in silence.

Then he and Dennie played on the floor, and his baby laughter mingled with her shouts of merriment.

But when she left him for a moment, attracted by some noise in the street, she came back to find him fast asleep on the hard floor. Gently she lifted him up and put him on the bed. Then she hung the wet apron on a chair near the fire, tip-toeing softly about the room. For a few moments she was very still, but soon the same noises under her window attracted her attention, and, looking out, she saw that the children were still gathered in the alley playing hide and seek. They were all Dennie's playmates. Dirty and ragged, some of them, yet with happiness enough in their hearts to compensate them for the lack of clothing on their backs.

For awhile Dennie watched them listlessly enough.

Then her excitement grew as the game went on, until she could hardly restrain herself.

Suddenly they caught sight of the eager face at the window.

"Come down, Dennie," they cried.

Dennie shook her head.

"Come on, and have a game," they shouted again, making all sorts of inviting motions to her with their hands.

Dennie looked wistfully at them. "I'd like to," she murmured.

One after another shouted her name, and a wild chorus of "Dennis, Dennie, Den," and other nicknames filled the air.

"I may as well go," she said, half aloud, "they'll wake baby with their screaming."

She cast a sidelong glance at baby.

He was still sleeping. The apron by the fire was steaming, and evidently drying fast. With a half regretful sigh, over her disobedience, perhaps, Dennie stole softly out of the room and joined the group below. She was welcomed eagerly, and was soon foremost in the noisy game they were playing.

In and out, among boxes and barrels, behind trees and fences, they chased each other, occasionally sending forth from their strong young lungs a whoop that would do justice to an Indian warrior. Every step in the exciting chase took them farther and farther away from the corner of the alley where they lived, and in the pleasure of the pursuit Dennie entirely forgot the baby.

All at once she remembered him with a pang of remorse.

Mother had left him with her and new she had been away from him, as near as the child could calculate, three or four hours.

He must be hungry and was probably crying.

The little girl felt conscience stricken when she announced to her playmates that she must go home.

"No, not yet, Dennie," they all shouted together, "have one more game."

But Dennie turned resolutely away.

Clang! clang! a bell strikes the air and startles the echoes around the village.

"Fire! fire!" shouted Dennie's play-

THEY WERE RUNNING TO THE FIRE.

mates in a joyous chorus and immediately off they started on the run.

Again the baby was forgotten, as Dennie ran along behind the others.

A fire was a rare sensation in Cranesville, and Dennie could not lose this one. No, not even for the baby.

There was a rush of hurrying feet, the quick stamp of horses and the engine door flew open, then the steamer and hook and ladder flew by like a whirlwind. On and on galloped the excited horses, urged by their drivers, and on and on hurried the panting children after them.

Now they are turning a corner.

"They have gone into our alley," shouted one small urchin, alive at once to the importance of the fact.

Soon the panting throng of children following the crowd of older persons turned the corner of the street, but the engines had already stopped.

Dennie followed with her eye the stream of water that was already pouring out of the nozzle of the hose in the hands of a sturdy fireman.

"It's our house," she gasped.

The occupants of the house were gathered in a frightened group on the sidewalk in front of the house from whose windows puffed little jets of smoke that grew larger every moment.

Only a second they stood thus.

Suddenly into their midst rushed a childish figure, and in another minute Dennie had entered the burning building.

A fireman ran by shouting to the amazed women:

"What did you let her go for? Stop her, for God's sake."

Then a hushed whisper, started among them, grew in intensity, until the whole vast crowd outside knew the awful truth.

"The baby's inside," passed in an awe-struck whisper from one to another.

And Dennie had gone to try to save him and atone for her neglect and carelessness.

Not one soul in all that crowd believed she would ever come out of that fearful place alive.

It had needed but a moment's reflection to convince Dennie that it was her duty to save baby, and she had acted on the conviction promptly. Upstairs she flew, blinded by the smoke that poured from the open doors as she passed, and almost melted with the heat. Up and up until she has reached the topmost floor; then she dashes hurriedly into the room. It is filled with smoke, but through the clouds she can see the bed.

Baby lies there, fast asleep; but it is the stupor produced by the smoke; not the sweet, refreshing sleep she had left him in a few hours ago.

She does not dare to ask if he is alive. She snatches up a blanket from the bed and wraps him in it.

"Oh, baby, baby!" she moans, "has Dennie killed you?"

For a moment she almost breaks down; the smoke has nearly overpowered her.

Then she rallies, and catching him in her arms, goes to the window and raises it. The cool air revives her, but the flames, fanned by the breeze, burst out just behind her. She sees the firemen in the street below, but they are looking the other way—they do not see her. She grows desperate as the fire creeps nearer and nearer her precious

RESCUED NONE TOO SOON.

charge and her childish voice breaks out on the air.

"Come quick and save baby," she shrieks.

Her shrill voice is heard and instantly five hundred pairs of eyes are fastened upon her, as, with breathless haste, the people wait.

Oh, how hot it is and how heavy baby is!

Her heart almost stops beating for an instant, but presently a fire laddie shouts:

"Hold on a minute, little girl, and we'll be there."

She is reassured and very thankful when they throw up a long ladder against the building.

It is too short.

Already the hungry flames creep about Dennie, scorching her sunny curls and licking with eager tongues the hem of her dress.

The ladder is spliced, and this time it reaches the window. Two firemen mount it in less time than it takes to tell it, and to the first one Dennie gives the precious baby.

"Don't hurt him," she beseeches the fire laddie, as he rather quickly hands over the baby to his companion and turns about to lift Dennie out of the window.

He is none too soon.

She is already swaying to and fro, and in another moment her slight form would have disappeared from sight; but he catches her in his arms and smothers the little flames that burst from her clothes with his coat. Meanwhile the crowd below had preserved a mighty stillness, so great was their interest.

But when the brave fireman gently laid Dennie on the mattress, brought from a neighboring house, they broke into a hearty cheer.

Dennie's eyes were fast drooping into unconsciousness, but she looked up and asked: "Is—baby—safe?"

"Yes, yes, dear," said a woman who was bending over her.

"I shouldn't have left him alone," she murmured, and then suddenly the air grew black, the faces and voices faded away, and she knew no more.

When she awoke she was in a neighbor's house and her mother was bending anxiously over her bed.

"Are you better now, Dennie?" she asked.

"Yes, ma," was the feeble answer.

"My brave little girl," said her mother, "but for you where would our darling baby be?"

Dennie turned a pair of conscience-stricken eyes upon her mother's face.

"Don't, ma," she pleaded. "I wanted to play, so I went out and forgot the baby, and—and, ma—I left his apron too near the fire." Honest Dennie—to confess her fault, and that, too, after atoning for it so nobly.

At any rate, though she persisted in blaming herself the townspeople would make a heroine of her, and her one impulsive deed of bravery won for her the admiration of all hearts.

From that hour dated better times for Dennie and her mother and the baby, and though the boys still teased her and called her "Dennis," yet not one of them but thought her a "regular trump" and worth a dozen other girls.

Those minutes of agony and suspense, when she stood at the open window with baby on her arm and the terrible fire all around her, had been too keen a punishment for her to ever forget.

AGNES L. PRATT.

—"I suppose you want the earth," said Winebibber to an assertive stranger. "Not at all," replied the stranger, who happened to be a sea captain. "The ocean is good enough for me."

—Boston Maid—"In Boston even the bootblacks, some of them, have studied Latin." New Yorker—"In New York nearly all the bootblacks are proficient in Italian."

—Hash Made From Calf's Head and Pluck.—Chop together parts of the head, liver and heart, in the proportion of one-third each. Season with pepper, salt, a little vinegar. Warm in just enough of the liquor in which it was boiled to moisten it. Just before dishing, stir in a little butter. Serve on toast.—Boston Herald.