

THE QUARR

ASH my pretty one not yet— Wait a little, only wait; Other blue flowers are wet As your eyes outside the gate, He has shut forever— but Is a young man in the rain, Saying (the last time) "Good night!" Should he never come again? Would the world be ended quite? Where would all these roadways go? Where all these footpaths? Do you know? But he will not come! Why, then, Is another within call? There are men, and men, and men, And these men are new to me. Each sweet fault of his you'll find Just as sweet in all his kind.

None with eyes like his—O-ho! In diviner ones did I Look, perhaps an hour ago. Who? Indeed, you must not cry. Thos I thought of— are not free To laugh down your tears, my see.

Voice like his was never heard. No! but better ones, I vow. Did you ever hear a bird? Listen, here is singing now. And his gloves—his gloves, you'll see, There are gloves like his to sell.

At the play to-night you'll see In mock velvet cloaks, mock ears, With mock-jeweled swords, that he Wears a crown by! Now, those curls Are the barber's pride, I say; Do not cry for them, I pray.

If no one should love you? Why, You can love no other one still; Philip Sidney, Shakespeare—say, Good King Arthur, if you will, Raphael—his was handsome, too— Love them one and all—I do.

No Soul for Music. [Rockland Courier-Gazette.]

The other day a Rockland household was made proud and happy by the introduction of a cabinet organ. The mother could play a little, and as there was a "popular collection of music" included in the purchase, she lost no time in getting every note and stop into practice. The organ groaned and wheezed and complained with the most astonishing of music, night and day, day and night, for a week. Then one morning there was a knock at the door, and a little girl from the next house shrilly said: "Please, marm, mother wants to know if you won't lend her your music book."

This was a surprising request, inasmuch as the woman next door was known to be an organist. After gazing once or twice, the amateur organist asked: "What does she want of it?" "The child hadn't been laddy for this question, as she straightforwardly replied: "I don't know I'm sure, only I heard mother tell father that if she had hold of the book for a day or two mebbe somebody could get a rest."

The woman softly shut the door in the little girl's face and went and carefully locked the cabinet organ with a brass key.

Washington's Belief. The Rev. E. D. Neil, writing to the Episcopal Recorder regarding the late Rev. R. M. Abercrombie, of Jersey City, and his father, Dr. James Abercrombie, of Philadelphia, gives these recollections:—One day, after the father had reached fourscore years, the lately deceased son took me into the study of the aged man and showed me a letter which President George Washington had written to his father, thanking him for the loan of one of his manuscript sermons. Washington and his wife were regular attendants upon his ministry while residing in Philadelphia.

The President was not a communicant, notwithstanding all the pretty stories to the contrary, and after the close of the sermon on sacramental Sundays had fallen into the habit of retiring from the church, while his wife remained and communed.

Upon one occasion Dr. Abercrombie alluded to the unhappy tendency of the example of those dignified by age and position turning their backs upon the celebration of the Lord's Supper. The discourse arrested the attention of Washington, and after that he never came to church with his wife on communion Sunday. Dr. Abercrombie, in a letter which appears in the fifth volume of Sprague's "Annals of the American Pulpit," mentions that he did not find fault with the sermon, but respected the preacher for his moral courage.

There is a story about Washington being found in the woods in winter time in prayer by the owner of the house which he used as his headquarters at Valley Forge which I would like to believe were not so improbable, and if it had been first put in print by the eccentric and not very accurate Episcopal minister, Morgan L. Weems.

THE POTOMAC FLATS.

What is Expected from a New Hydraulic Dredge. [Washington Star.]

"If the hydraulic dredge which will soon be at work on the flats proves success it will revolutionize the art of dredging," said Col. Hains to a Star reporter, the other day, while conversing about the reclamation of the flats.

"Is there much doubt about its success," asked the reporter.

"Not in my opinion," was the reply. "Otherwise I wouldn't have recommended that the contract be given to Benson & McKee. Splendid work was done with the dredge in Oakland, Cal.," continued Col. Hains. "It has a record of dredging sixty thousand cubic yards of material per month, working ten hours per day. On the flats it is the intention to work day and night, at least twenty hours per day, and as the dredge which is being built is to be quite a little larger than the one at Oakland, it is estimated that one hundred thousand cubic yards per month at least can be removed and deposited if no serious obstacles are encountered. The difference in kind of material to be dredged may make some difference. I have examined a sample of the material dredged at Oakland, and as near as I can judge that in the Potomac can be dredged more easily. There is more sand in the latter, and that they say, is all the better for the hydraulic dredge."

"If the new method proves satisfactory, it will make quite a saving in the appropriation allotted for the work, will it not?" asked the reporter.

"I hope so," was the reply. "You can get an idea on that point by comparing the price of the contract recently awarded for dredging 1,000,000 yards of the Washington channel and the price offered by Sanford & Ross, who did the work last year. The bid of the latter was 191

A MITE SONG.

Only a drop in the bucket, But every drop will tell; The bucket would soon be empty, Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny, It was all I had to give; But as pennies make the dollars, It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon, And some toys—they were not new— But they make the sick child happy, Which has made me happy, too.

Only some outgrown garments— To-day they had to spare; But they'd help to clothe the needy, And the poor are everywhere.

A word now and then of comfort, That cost me nothing to say; But the poor child made me happy, And it helped him on the way.

God loveth the cheerful giver, Though his gift be poor and small; What doth he think of his children When they never give at all!

INTERESTING RECOLLECTIONS.

[Whittaker, in New York Graphic.]

As the result of speaking of the prince of Wales we are led to think of others of our distinguished English visitors. I have always spoken of Charles Dickens, who never could entirely do away with the venom generated by his first trip to America, though the overwhelming attention, financial especially, with which he was received on the last completely disarmed him, as it has many more of our British cousins, among the rest Thackeray, who without the slightest doubt, had he failed in the purpose of his visit—to lecture—would have gone home and lampooned us to his heart's content.

I first saw Thackeray at Harper's, in the business office, I think about twenty years ago, talking with Mr. Fletcher Harper since dead. There was something about the man that immediately attracted my attention, a peculiar way he had of looking over and under his spectacles, and a manner of laughing without laughing, or what I would call a spoken laugh, without any inward exclamation. I had seen his portraits and knew that he was in this country, and felt sure that it must be he. An introduction followed, and I was made known to him by the title of something I had once written, and which he professed in a very effusive manner to have read, but left an impression on my mind that it was mere flattery, and that he would have said the same thing to any one else in the same tone of voice and manner. I had many opportunities afterwards of seeing Thackeray, and having long talks with him, but I confess I never got rid of that first impression, though he was certainly charming in his conversation and manner. I felt as a friend, to whom I was once saying something complimentary about himself, replied, "I know it isn't true, my dear fellow, but I like to hear you say it."

But one reminiscence brings on another, and I cannot help thinking of several brilliant men who have left England and Ireland, especially the last, to lay their bones in this country, and some that have not done the latter but are sure to. Who is there now to remember poor William North who wrote a book that excited all England forty years ago entitled "Anti-Coningsby," came to this country for some reason, which I believe to have been a love reason, wrote here a novel called "Slave of the Lamp," which had great success, went to his room one day and took a drop or two of a poisonous acid, which he always carried with him ready for use, and dropped instantly dead, so quickly that he had no time to reach his bed from the bureau, where he was supposed to have swallowed it? I talked with him jolly an hour before.

Another, Charley Halpine (Miles O'Reilly), who was supposed to have committed suicide, a supposition I never indulged in, for the simple reason that the motive was wanting. He had just attained a high office, register, saw wealth before him, was apparently happy in his family relations, though that is something that no man ever can possess for any one, hardly for himself, and with everything about him seemingly to live for, and yet he left his jovial companions, went to his room, took chloroform and was found dead a few hours later.

Again, Fitz James O'Brien a real genius, who wrung a hard living out of publishers, and when the war broke out was found in the union army doing his best for the country that had received him kindly. Somewhere near Baltimore in the very beginning of the war he was out on a scouting party, and, emerging from a bit of woods, was confronted by a party of confederates. O'Brien on his own account commenced firing with his revolver upon their commander, who was Colonel Ashby, afterwards the famous rebel scout. It was a regular duel, and O'Brien fell, wounded in the shoulder. He was carried to Baltimore, and there died of bad surgical treatment, as I happen to know for a certainty.

Speaking of O'Brien puts me in mind of Artemus Ward. We were all intimate friends, but there has been so much invention and nonsense written about the latter, that I almost tremble to say a word lest I may be put down among the fabulists. Especially an Englishman by the name of Hingston, trusting to his imagination for his facts, and having been the traveling agent of Artemus for a while, got out a book in which the main parts of the great humorist's life were omitted, while other parts were purely imaginary to fill in. The real story of Artemus' debut into prominence is this: There was in 1850 a comic paper printed in this city by two brothers, Stephens, called Vanity Fair, which blazed up brilliantly for a while under literary and artistic genius, but finally flickered and was likely to expire. The editorship was offered to me, but I saw plainly I could do nothing with it. I said:

There are only two men in this country who can do you any good. One is John G. Saxe and the other Artemus Ward."

At that time I believed this to be his real name. "Saxe you can't have, for he is about to run for governor of Vermont, so you'd better get hold of Mr. Ward as quickly as you can."

My advice was heeded, and I was asked if I would write to Artemus and learn his views. I did so to Cleveland, O., and made him the distinct offer of coming to

THE BABES OF THEMIS.

I. In the oriel window on the street A fair young mother holds her baby sweet, Her dear first-born, arrayed in lawn and lace, A smiling future and a smiling face.

II. Beneath the window, on the torrid street A ragged woman wanders in the heat, Holding a wan white baby—her disgrace: A scowling future and a scowling face.

III. Unseen between them is a phantom fair, Whose robe is love, whose home is everywhere; So, when she looks she sees with kindled eyes, And smiles and scowls, and squanders of dimes.

IV. O childless Goddess, heart it ever be The human mother shall unknown to thee? From the silent heart I hear a voice divine: Mortal! silent; both the babes are mine. —(Horne Journal.)

Couldn't Fit Him.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

A negro, with nothing but a ragged look and a pair of big shoes to distinguish him, entered Rube Hoffman's store at New Orleans and asked to look at some shoes.

"What number do you wear?" inquired Hoffman.

"I don't 'zactly member," replied the negro, "but it 'pears to me de number is somehar 'round fourteen," and he held up a broad, flat-looking foot, which stuck out the light from the door like a screen.

"My gr-racious!" exclaimed Hoffman, as he gazed at the dimensions of the negro's pedal extremity, "ef your feet was a couple of inches longer, my fren, dey would be a bar of wings, un ven Gabriel blows his drummet all you would haf to do is to vork your feet and you frys shut so good as a little mocking bird. My gr-racious, vat feet!"

"Look hyar," said the negro indignantly, "I didn't come to distore to be 'sulted. I nebber talk 'bout anybody, and I ain't gwine to 'low anybody to talk 'bout me. God made dem feet, and 'bout me to 'em 'frew dis world, an' you ain't got no right to find fault wid dem. Foke have mighty 'spissable ways dese times, 'pears to me."

"Vell, my fren, you don't must get mad, you know. If you see my broder's feet vut vas in New Jersey, you don't dink vas no nobody. Vy, if my broder vas in New Orleans, and walk on his hands in de summer dime, he nefer get sdruck on the head mit desun. His feet would be twice as much better as an umbrella. He vas broud of his feet, my fren, and eferybody vut has been any-where near him say dot dey vas his sdrongest point."

"I didn't come hyar to talk 'bout feet," said the negro, "I come fur de 'spress purpose ob gettin' er pair ob shoes: if you ain't got any, say so, an' I'm gwine somehar else."

"Vait, my fren. Herman, come and dake a look at de shentleman's feet and see if dere vas anyting in de store vut vil fit him."

The clerk did as he was bidden, and said there was not a pair of shoes in the house that was large enough.

"If you is all gwine to keep a shoe store," said the negro in disgust, "why don't you hab shoes on hand dat vil fit fokes."

"Vell, my fren," replied Hoffman, "we don't can afford to keep shoes in de stock vat vil vitor your feet. It would pay us petter, you know, to put a lid and a couple of handles to dese kind of shoes, and sell 'em for ledder trunks," and with a bland smile Hoffman bowed the negro out.

The Man to Tie To.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"When you cum across a man who has no vices nor weaknesses, drap him as you would a hot 'tater. De Lawd intended man to be mo' or less weak, wicked an' wretched. It was not de ideah to turn out a perfect man. If it had been we should have had neither religion, preachers nor de Bible. Airth would have bin Heaben an' dar would have bin no call to die."

"Natur sometimes turns out a pusion widout guile, just as she turns out one eyed colts an' three-legged calves. Sic pussions soon become known as either fools or lunatics. It am agin Natur's way to bring men into dis world wid an angel's wings already half grown. An' it am a leetle suspicious to find a too-good man. When you disker a human bein' who isn't lame somehar—who nebber deceives, cheats, lies, envies, covets—who goes widout satisfied wid de weather, craps an' himself—who won't bet, drink, go to de circus or look upon a boss race, you have found a man to let alone. He am too good. Natur made him fur an angel and forgot to put him in Heaben."

"I like a man who has weaknesses an' sins. Den I know dat he am a fellow mortal who was put on sirth to be saved. I like a man who has had sickness, heart-aches an' grievous trouble. Den I am sartin of a man who has sympathy. I like a man who has bin foolish 'nuff to get drunk an' strong 'nuff to kick de temptashun ober a seven-rail fence. Den you know whar to find him. He has bin dar an' knows what a fool he vas. I like a man who has bin a liar, an' who hasn't entirely recovered from de injury. Den I know how to trade hosses wid him, an' I know what to believe when he tells me dat he has bin fishin'. If a good-god naybur borris my spade I don't know when it will cum home, nor how much of it will be left. If a thief takes it for a loan I am petter sartin to reker it in a day or two an' in good condishun."

"When a man tells me dat he has become so good dat he feels like bustin', I go right home an' put an extra padlock on my kitchen door. When a man sheds tears ober de condishun of de far-off heathen, de heathen at home had better be keeful how dey lend him money. De man who's conscience won't let him go to a place of amusement has bin known to elope wid another man's wife. De man who can't remember dat he ber used an oath or took a lie has bin followed across de ocean an' arrested fur robbin' widders an' orphans. De man who allus w'ars a smile an' now sarvin' his third term in State Prison."

"Let me say to you in summin' up dat de man who sins an' knows it an' wants to do better, an' sooner to be trusted dan de man who nebber sins an' feels dat him am good 'nuff. If you tie to a man, let it be a man who feels dat he am weak an' sinful. You will den have a pardnet who am not a freak of Nature."

A St. Louis editor, who started with-out a cent forty years ago, is now worth \$100,000. His fortune is all owing to his own energy, industry and frugality, and the fact that an uncle recently left him \$99,999.99.—(Philadelphia Call.)

Such is the man of integrity.

THE COST OF A WEDDING.

The High and Low of the Game of Getting Happily Married. [San Francisco Chronicle.]

It seems, from all that can be learned from the fair sex, that Worth and his compeers in Paris charge a round 100,000 francs, say \$20,000, to outfit a young lady for the matrimonial voyage.

For this she is equipped from top to toe; everything is one of the best and in the latest fashion. Of course this is not the limit.

Ladies in Paris occasionally spend 250,000 francs for their trousseau, and are heard to complain a few weeks after marriage, that they have nothing to wear. But still, for \$20,000 it is possible to buy a good many clothes for one little person.

This does not include gloves, or boots, or stockings. These last, now-days, may be made to cost anything, even if the wearer does not fall in with the latest fashion of wearing one red and one black stocking.

There is a popular actress, who is said to possess 300 pairs of embroidered silk stockings, worth anywhere from \$10 to \$50 a pair. Adding these and the price of a fashionable girl can probably reckon himself fortunate if he gets her off his hands for less than \$30,000. He is not so well off as the African chief, who demands a cow and a pig for his daughter's suitor before he lets her go. But then we are not in Africa.

What, then, shall we do? Because Worth is dear shall there be no more marrying and giving in marriage? Because stockings are expensive shall there be no more cakes and ale? God forbid! When it comes to the point, how many gowns does a girl need to make a man happy?

Some one, with a thoughtful concern for the depressed condition of the market, has lately figured that a lady in good society, marrying a man in good society and anxious to do him credit by her appearances, could equip herself completely for marriage for \$1000. This included a handsome wedding dress, with regulation lace veil, etc., a becoming traveling dress, a fashionable calling costume, a home dress and all the under-clothing which a fastidious but reasonable young lady could need. Even with wheat at \$1 1/2 a cental, papa ought to be able to squeeze out \$1000.

And if he can't, it is better, as St. Paul says, to marry than burn. The theory of a trousseau is that the young bridegroom shall not prematurely be put to the expense of dresses for his bride—

that it shall be broken on him gently that she is a delicate creature, requiring clothing. But if a few yards more or less of silk and muslin are going to stand in the way of true love we had better make a holocaust of the dry goods stores. It is not the clothes a man carries, after all, but the contents of the clothes.

Widow.

[Earl Lytton, in the Nineteenth Century.]

In one of the letters written by him from England in the reign of Henry VIII., Erasmus dwells with immense relish on the English custom of kissing ladies at first meeting them, and describes the custom as delightful, because maidens as well as matrons kissed all visitors both when they came and when they went.

One of the courtesies appertaining to this usage was that partners kissed at the close of a dance. Thus the King in Shakespeare's "Henry VIII.," (act 1, scene iv.) when he sees Anne Bullen for the first time and dances with her, says to the lady as soon as the dance is over:—

"It were unmanly to take you out And not to kiss you." (Kisses her.)

Manifestly this custom familiar to an Elizabethan audience, is assumed, though not expressly indicated, in the dancing scene in "Romeo and Juliet." If we saw all the partners kissing at the close of the dance we should understand at once that Romeo's kiss is not "unmanly," as it certainly now appears to us.

It may be objected that a modern audience would be shocked by such an unlimited and promiscuous quantity of kissing. But I do not think that would be the case if the business were properly managed.

The dancing is of a more or less stately character. The general salute at the end of it would be equally ceremonious. The special character of Romeo's action would then be felt in its right relation to all that is going on around him. For he has an express title to kiss Juliet, since he is not a recognized visitor, but an intruder and an enemy. Neither can he claim the privilege of a partner, for he has not danced with her. But under the cover of a prevailing usage, and the general kissing that is going on all around him, he approaches Juliet with the devout reverence appropriate to her assumed character, and craves permission to pay a holy palmer's homage to the shrine of his devotion. This is demanded by the spirit of the scene, which under these conditions (but these only) becomes graceful and poetic. The kissing between all the partners at the end of the dance leads naturally up to the kissing between Romeo and Juliet; and instead of Romeo's first greeting of Juliet being marked by a vulgar familiarity, it takes the character of a peculiarly deferential homage.

Postmasters' Salaries.

There are about 50,000 postoffices in the United States. Two thousand two hundred of these are so considerable as to be filled by the appointment of the President; the others are filled by the appointment of the Postmaster-General. The salaries of the 50,000 postmasters vary greatly. Postmaster Parson, of New York City, who is a son-in-law of ex-Postmaster-General James, gets \$8,000 a year. No other postmaster gets as large a salary. All the "non-Presidential" postmasters are paid upon the basis of business done at their offices. This is determined, not by counting the stamps, nor by counting the number of pieces handled, but by counting the number of stamps canceled. Forty-seven postmasters receive \$1 a year as salary; eleven receive twenty-five cents a year; one receives nine cents; one six cents, and one five cents a year. Postmaster Sloane, of Perilla, White Co., Tenn., is the best paid man. He enjoys the distinction of receiving the smallest salary paid to any of the Postmaster's servants. In all we pay the postmasters of the country about \$10,000,000 a year—\$3,750,000 goes to the "presidential" Postmasters.

Woman's Devotion.

My son, I am pained to learn that you are becoming somewhat cynical in your views concerning the natural tendencies and qualities of womankind in general. Remember your mother was a woman. The only thing I can recollect at all derogatory to her blessed memory is that she was too coy with rod and household boot-jack. The natural consequence is, you are rapidly running to seed, and fast becoming a fit subject for condemnation by all members of your mother's sex. Your mother was a good woman, but she just escaped being a perfect mother when she held her hand aloof from the bump of your self-esteem.

It is a wonder to me that the Lord don't permit the spirits of departed mothers to come back to this realm just to shake the nonsense out of their offsprings, or paddle them with the proverbial wooden slipper.

You sneeringly remark, in the casual manner akin to your class, that woman's devotion is a sham. You also add that the greatest devotion of woman is laid upon the shrine of fashion. Now, my young limb of the sidewalk posture, your mother was a lady of fashion. I cannot say that she wore out your father's patience teasing for a sealskin sacque and a forty-dollar bonnet. I have no recollection of this; still, she may have done so.

Once, I well remember, you got into a street fracas and had your Grecian nose demolished of its pristine line of beauty. You ran to your mother; she applied a twenty-dollar lace handkerchief to staunch your life blood, when a ten-cent towel would have sufficed. She didn't stop to question the cause of the fracas. No; but she ruined that elegant bit of lace in the utter abandonment of maternal instinct and motherly devotion. The genuine cause of your nasal organ's disaster was—you tried to walk over a poor little street Arab, who proceeded to do you up after the style set down in the voluminous known as "The Manly Art of Self-Defense."

That, my son, is a sample of woman's devotion; a specimen of effect without going behind the returns to get at the cause.

While you are burning the midnight gas, busily engaged with the hemispherical ivory on a green-baize table, there's a light in a sensible girl's parlor not burning for thee. One of these days you will open your eyes to the fact that the lusty-limbed mechanic got the dead-wood on you, also got the girl you thought you had, sure pop. After he's gone and married by your daily comings and goings that you are only worthy of an existence which is envied by the cold walls and chilly sheets of a poor old bachelor's proscripton.

YES OR NO.

Oh, hard is the tone of a woman's "No!" 'Tis music's antagonist, 'tis bliss! But sweeter than all sounds here below Is the tone of a woman's "Yes." —(Boston Courier.)

It looks that way to the callow youth, Where ignorance's bliss is sweet and true; But the time-tried callous married man Prefers antithesis. —(Merchant Traveler.)

Not Mentioned in the War Records.

[Joachim Miller's New Orleans Letter.]

These hundreds of miles of marsh and mud are tropical grasses; the desolation and solitude of the scene remind me of a singularly good story told me by some negroes in the cypress swamp, back from the river and Gulf, up a bayou, where I had gone to live alone with the blacks and get at the bottom of their mode of life. And of all this, the coon hunts and so on, I shall write about later. But the story I refer to here is about the white man only. I never heard of it before. I do not know that any one else ever heard of it. I asked some white people about it in the city, but it was new to them. And yet we must remember that many things transpired during the war, many tragic and touching incidents that have not been recorded. And these people down here, the Mexican people, ignorant, too, at that time, as compared to the people of the Eastern states, never showed any like disposition to preserve their traditions and stories of the war. Maybe this was because they were so hopelessly and entirely vanquished. Certain it is, they would have cherished many stories of valor and daring that are now forgotten if they had found favor with the God of war.

But this, in brief, is the black men's story.

In a pretty little village, since destroyed, on a bayou back from the river, a great number of very old men had been left by their sons and grandsons, in this place of comfort and security, while they went to the war. And these old men here, many of them veterans of former wars, formed themselves into a regiment, made for themselves uniforms, picked up old flint-lock guns, even mounted a rusty old cannon, and so prepared to go to battle if ever the war came within their reach.

Toward the close of the war some gunboats came down the river, shelling the shore. The old men far back on the bayou heard the sound of cannon, and gathering together, they set out with their old muskets and rusty old cannon to try and reach the river over the abandoned corduroy road through the cypress swamp.

The black men say they marched out right merrily that hot day, shouting and bantering to encourage each other, the dim fires of their old eyes burning with desire of battle, although not one of them was young enough or strong enough to stand erect. And they never came back any more.

Now, understand distinctly, I do not know whether there is a word of truth in this story or not. I give it just as I got it of the negroes. I tried to verify the story. I had them row me to the spot where the drowned-out village once stood. They even pointed me out the dim outline of the road through the cypress woods.

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