

MARIE.

BY ALICE M. BRADFORD.

Now haste thee, oh, haste, my darling,
Rouse, love, from thy dreamy slumber,
I'm waiting, my beautiful blossom,
I miss thee, I miss thee, Marie.

Oh, why art thou silent, my lost one?
Pale waves sweeping over the sands
Reply with a moan, how they mock me,
And beat with their shadowy hands.

Oh, call to me, dear, over the billows;
Thine eyes' sunny light I would see;
Shine out, oh, thou star of my heaven!
I need thee, I need thee, Marie.

I hat for thy voice, and its music,
Low chanting with innocent gleam;
Oh, surge with snowy-tipped fingers,
Return now my treasure—Marie.

Come, sweet one, press tightly my forehead,
Ah, 'tis but the spray of the sea.
Awake from thy dream-rocket slumber,
And smile through the shadows—Marie.

Ah, never again from the ocean
My darling shall be parted;
But over the side I shall greet thee,
And classt thee, my angel Marie.
Elopeth, Wis.

MY WIFE'S PET.

BY NELSON HEIRISH.

He was not her dog,
But she thought he was, which amounted
to the same thing.
She fondled him as affectionately as
though she had owned the sole proprietary
right and title in him. She looked upon
him with undisguised pride. She put him
through all his little tricks with an en-
thusiasm that time could not abate nor
repetition tire.

The truth is, my wife was fond of dogs.
She liked animals in general and dogs in
particular. And the dogs liked her. The
tacit but mutually complete understanding
between her and them was something abso-
lutely wonderful. In the nine years of our
married life I had never seen a dog that
would not make friends with my wife on
first sight, without waiting for a formal in-
troduction.

Hopkins, our neighbor across the street,
once bought a German mastiff for a watch-
dog. The German mastiff is by nature the
most ferocious and blood-thirsty of dogs.
Hopkins was uncommonly savage. The
brute had a month's trial and then he
was sent to a distance of many blocks
from the house, summer and winter.

He was a valuable dog in this respect.
The Hopkinses called him "Cyclone," be-
cause desolation marked his path. He
would eat nothing but chunks of raw meat,
and it was so dangerous to get within range
of his ravenous maw that he had to stand
off and feed him with a pitchfork. Of
course they kept him chained all day, and
when he was loosed at night no one ever
ventured out of the house.

Well, one day my wife went over to the
Hopkinses, and "Cyclone" saw her. He
was fastened with a giant-size log-chain,
but he broke away and rushed toward my
wife. The Hopkins women fled into the
second story of the house and screamed.
They expected to have a balcony view of
a human sacrifice right there. But the bar-
baric spectacle did not come off as ad-
vertised. When "Cyclone" had given a prac-
tical illustration of the second axiom in
Euclid by covering the shortest possible
distance between his kennel and the spot
where my wife stood, he stopped. He looked
into my wife's face and my wife smiled.
From that moment the huge brute was a
changed dog. He rubbed up against my
wife, fawned at her feet, and (so she sol-
emnly avers to this day) actually purred
like a kitten. That settled it. She and
"Cyclone" became firm friends, but the big
German mastiff was never worth his keep
as a watch-dog afterward. His ferocity of
disposition entirely disappeared, and old
man Hopkins gave him to a butcher in Mil-
waukee.

Since the Milwaukee butcher took him
"Cyclone" never has been alive.
I mention this merely as an instance. It
is only one of many. The history of our
family is full of just such cases. Time and
again have I seen my wife follow a dog
down a street by a procession of dogs that
would have reached more than a block, single file;
orphaned dogs, vagrant dogs, dogs of high
and low degree, from the once-pampered
greyhound thrown by some sad and sudden
reverse in fortune from a home of luxury
into a cold and boneless world, to the
ginger-colored mongrel that never had a
home.

But I digress.
Notwithstanding my wife's remarkable
fondness for dogs, she never had a dog
which she could call her own until she got
the one I started to speak of. As I said
before, the dog in question was really not
her dog, but she thought he was, and when
my wife makes up her mind on a point of
that kind the matter is settled to all prac-
tical intents and purposes. Just here, it
may be proper for me to explain how my
wife came by the dog. It happened like this:

My wife has for many years been a lead-
ing member of a well-known humane
society. She has also been President of an
association for the prevention of cruelty to
angle-worms. This association has ac-
complished a great work, not only in
protecting the worms but in restricting the
ruthless slaughter of fish owing to scarcity
of bait. In view of its successful work in
this direction, the association recently
passed a set of resolutions declaring the
belief of its members that the gratifying
decrease noted in fishermen's loss in the
season is due principally, in an indirect
way, to the association's far-reaching
efforts.

She has also taken an active part in the
work of an organization devoted exclusively
to the amelioration of the condition of the
canine race. It has made phenomenal
strides the last two seasons. Year before
last it devised a scheme, now in successful
operation, for washing white puddles with-
out getting soap in their eyes; and last year
it devoted the greater part of its time to the
consideration of a painless process of re-
moving fleas from dogs without killing the
fleas. The organization is still busy with
this work.

From her connection with these societies
my wife's fondness for the brute creation in
general and dogs in particular became
known to all our friends. Among others
were the boys in the office. They at once
began to manifest great interest in animal
life. They attended several meetings, at
which my wife delivered addresses, and
after she had been down to the office and
talked to them two or three times they
joined the Association for the Prevention
of Cruelty to Angle-worms and the Society
for the Amelioration of the Condition of
the Canine Race, in a body.

After this thing had been going on some
time the head clerk in the office came one
evening, with a smile on his face and a
dog at his heels. He said the dog was for
my wife. He thought she would like it,
and he wanted me to take the dog home.
I objected at first, but the clerk insisted.
I am the senior partner in the firm, but when
the head clerk insists he generally carries
his point. I would rebel with scorn and in-
dignation an insinuation that I am afraid of
that man, yet he rarely repeats anything
that is not granted. He is a valuable man
around the office, and it is his way.

So I took the dog home.
He was a good-looking dog of the cocker-
spaniel variety. He had unusually long

silken ears, and eyes that spoke with silent
eloquence. His tail was handsome enough
to give me the rest of the dog's features.
There was no trace of guile in his face, but
that dog was capable of the basest ingrati-
tude.

But I anticipate.
I got home with the dog about eleven
o'clock that night. My wife had retired
before we reached the house. She is not in
the habit of rising to greet me under ordi-
nary circumstances, but as soon as she be-
came aware of the dog's presence she got up.
In fact she devoted the greater part of
the night to welcoming him into the family
circle. The head-clerk had shown me how
the dog could sit up, carry things back and
forth, shut a door, walk on his hind legs,
lie down and roll over, say his prayers,
shake hands, and perform other common
dog tricks; but before he had been in the
house half an hour my wife discovered
that the dog had far greater accomplish-
ments. Among other things she found that
he could, at the word of command, look
cross-eyed; that he could perform the pe-
culiar trick of taking his long silken ears
in his teeth and, without other assistance,
tying them behind his head, and that (this
particularly pleased my wife) he could
beat time with his tail to such popular
tunes as "Peek-a-Boo," "Sweet Violets,"
"See-Saw," and the "Mikado Waltz," at
the same barking the accompaniment to
them.

I had nearly neglected to mention the
time of the dog's arrival. It was one of
the coldest Saturday nights last winter.
This may seem a trivial, even an irrelev-
ant point. Such was by no means the case.
The state of the weather played a most im-
portant part in future developments.

After continuing to welcome the dog un-
til a late hour, my wife made a bed for him
of my old rug and such soft material as was
near at hand. She then came to bed, first
putting an extra scuffle of coal in the base-
burner to prevent him from taking cold.
Early the next morning she was astir. So
was the dog. He had become somewhat at
home by this time, and I never saw my wife
more pleased over any visitor in the house,
not excepting my mother. Breakfast
was unusually late that morning, but as it
was Sunday, and as I have made it a rule
never to find fault about the house any
way since my wife once went into hysterics
because I was in a hurry for a meal, I did
not complain. Besides, I saw my wife
enjoying the dog's company, and I did not
like the casting a shadow over her usual-
ly sunny good spirits. The dog, as I said,
took her attentions kindly. He seemed
perfectly contented, and my wife remarked
that for a strange dog he was extremely
sociable. This pleased her, for she said
she had noticed that most dogs in a new
family were inclined to be bashful and
diffident; but she thought this dog would
be willing to start with us right along.

I began to think so, too. He made himself
so entirely at home. The way in which he
brushed a bisque vase off the escritoire with
his tail, overturned my wife's waste-basket,
and helped himself to a bone from the
table while we were at breakfast, would
have convinced a total stranger that he had
been a member of the family for years.
After breakfast I suggested that the dog
might not be accustomed to continual con-
finement in the house, and that perhaps
it would be well to let him have a little
exercise outdoors. My wife objected at first.
She feared he might get his feet wet and
contract pneumonia. I pointed out the
indivisibility of such a calamity, in view
of the fact that many dogs are obliged to
huddle around all winter for a living. I
also told her that the cocker-spaniel was
fond of water in any form, and especially
of snow. This seemed to convince her. She
opened the door and called to the dog, but
he evinced no desire to leave a comfortable
bed which he had made for himself of my
best coat on an ottoman.

My wife at once insinuated that I evi-
dently was not so familiar as I might be
with the habits of that breed of dog. After
she had closed the door, however, the dog
changed his mind. I made no reply to my
wife's caustic insinuation, and she permit-
ted him to go.

I insinuated that she bestowed a kindly
word upon him, and cautioned him not to
stay long enough to catch cold. The dog
seemed to understand perfectly. He hesi-
tated on the threshold and glanced back. I
seldom have seen such an expression, even
upon the face of a human being, and never
upon a dog's face. I shall never forget
that look. It is great, almost eyes beamed
with affection and gratitude. They said,
as plainly as words could have said: "Oh,
no! never fear. I can never thank you
enough; a whole life of love and devotion
could not repay your kindness. I will be
back in fifteen minutes."

Yet, as I have before hinted, that dog
was capable of the basest ingratitude. His
smile was the smile of deceit. His affec-
tion was, like Prince Lorenzo's gayety, all
upon the exterior.

That dog never returned.
At the end of fifteen minutes my wife
began to worry. When half an hour had
elapsed she became nervous. When an
hour passed she was greatly agitated, and
she remarked that it was all because of
my suggestion to let the dog out, in the first
place. She said she believed I made that
suggestion on purpose, and that she knew
when she let him out he would never come
back. She said she had felt certain of it.
I assured her I had no sinister motive in
the matter, and inquired, in my always
mild way, why she had let the dog out at
all if she knew he would not return. She
seemed hurt by this query. She said it was
adding brutality to meanness. I did not
discuss the matter further.

There are two windows in the front sit-
ting-room that face upon the street. After
my wife had made sure the dog was not in
the backyard she stationed herself at one
of these windows to watch for him. Anx-
ious to remove her suspicions as to the sin-
cerity of my feeling toward the dog, I took
up a position at the other window. I at-
tempted at first to cheer her by encouraging
remarks and hopeful reflections upon the
dog's absence, but she would not be com-
forted, and I desisted. We silently sat
and watched. One of the bitterest storms
of winter was raging out of doors. But
for the howling of the wind as it madly
tossed the snow, or the barking of a dog in
the distance, the solemn silence of our
vigil was unbroken. Every time a dog
barked, I went up my wife's window, and
out went her head. Of course I inhaled her
example. I never before had noticed that
our neighborhood contained a greater num-
ber of dogs than any other quarter of town
—I do not even now believe that it does—
yet it seemed to that day. It seemed to be
populated principally with dogs. I never
saw many dogs in the street in one day
in my life as I possessed our house that cold
Sunday; and the barking dogs in the dis-
tance apparently outnumbered the double
procession that filed by from two directions.
At intervals of three to five seconds the
voice of some new dog would be heard.
Each time my wife would imagine that was
her dog, and each time I went two win-
dows and out went two heads. Once my
wife saw a dog four blocks up the street
that she thought looked like the faithless
cocker-spaniel. Before I could remon-
strate she had thrown a nubia over her
head, and without other wraps rushed out
into the wretched storm. Naturally, by the
time she reached the second block the dog
was gone. She had hardly got back into
the house, chilled through as she was, when
she heard another bark. Up went the win-
dows again. There was the same dog she

had been chasing up street. This time he
was three blocks down the street. Out
shot my wife once more in her partially
clad condition. When she reached the
street the dog had again disappeared.

But why prolong these painful details?
The raising of two windows and popping
out of two heads continued all that sabbath
and Sabbath, but three blocks was the nearest
my wife ever came to recovering that dog.
The next day my wife was taken down
with a heavy cold, contracted from
her constant exposure at the open win-
dow. Her cold developed into a critical
case of pneumonia, accompanied by ton-
sillitis. Two days later I went to bed
with congestion of the lungs, contracted at
the other open window. We both were
dangerously sick, and a doctor was called in.
He attended us three days, and we
rapidly grew worse. At the end of the
third day I refused to have the doctor call
again, and also ordered the servants to ad-
mit none of the neighbors. From that
time we began to improve. At the end of
the second week my wife was well enough
to sit up, and I got about again a week
later. In the course of the next ten days
we were both fully restored to health.
When the doctor heard of our recovery he
sent in a bill for \$115, which I refused to
pay, and which is still in the courts. I had,
however, to pay \$50 for drugs.

There never will be another dog in our
family. I had settled that point in my own
mind beyond the peradventure of a doubt.
Nothing can effect a revulsion of feeling in
me; not even the hated alternative of a
divorce suit, and I believe that later
by a remote contingency I believe there
will never be another allusion to a canine
subject in the house. Since our sickness
neither one has made any reference to the
cause, although I feel confident each has
thought with equal frequency, if not, per-
haps, with exactly the same emotions, of
my wife's dog.

The hairy covering of the gorilla.
The hairy coat of the gorilla consists
of long, thick, straight or stiffly curved
bristles, and also of shorter, thinner,
and curled woolly hair. On the crown
of the head the hair is somewhat stiff,
from twelve to twenty millimeters in
length, and it becomes erect under the
influence of anger. While the sides and
fore part of the chin are only clothed
with short, stiff hairs, they grow thick-
ly on the back part of the chin like a
beard or forelock. The hairs which
turn outward from the sides of the
face and on the neck are thirty or more
millimeters in length. On the shoulder
the hair is from 130 to 150 millimeters
long, hanging down on the upper arm
and the back. In the middle of the
upper arm the hair is from fifty to sev-
enty millimeters long, growing down-
ward as far as the bend of the elbow.
At this point it generally begins to
grow in an upward direction. On the
back of the forearm it again grows
downward. In the middle of the fore-
arm, on its inner side, a parting of the
hair takes place, as one portion goes in
the front of the radius, while the other
portion turns behind the ulna. On the
back of the wrist a tuft of curved hair
turns upward, a middle tuft goes di-
rectly back, and the lower tuft, also
curved, turns outward. On the back
of the hand the hairs turn toward the
fingers. On the breast and belly the
hairs are shorter and grow more
sparsely. On the breast their direction
is, as a rule, upward and outward. On
the belly they converge from the ribs
toward the center of the navel. On
the thighs the hairs are about 160
millimeters long, and here, as on the
lower part of the leg, they tend out-
ward, while on the back of the foot
they grow toward the toes. On the
back shoulders and on the thigh and
leg the bristles are slightly curved.
This quality increases the general im-
pression of shagginess and fecundity
which is produced by the hairy coat of
these creatures. The woolly hair does
not grow very thick, and is not much
matted.—Robert Hartman, in *Popular Science Monthly*.

To the Credit of Women.
For a wonder, it is now the fashion
for women to be as healthy as she can.
Fresh air is admitted to be a good thing
for the complexion. No one disputes
that a girl who is an invalid can walk
five miles a day without dying of fati-
gue, and an hour's canter on a good
horse is recommended as a more help-
ful pastime than lying abed or reading
French novels. The new style in
women has not arrived at a bit too soon.
American women were getting to be a
worthless lot, sprightly enough in intel-
lect—perhaps too sprightly—but pain-
fully deficient in bodily development
and health. But they were never en-
tirely to blame. Degenerate man
seemed to like them that way—possibly
because he was in the same box him-
self. To the credit of woman be it said,
that she would rather be round-limbed,
strong of chest, fair of cheek and bright
of eye; and it is a notable fact that as
soon as the rising male generation took
to athletics and to bracing up general-
ly, the girls promptly followed the good
example.

Unhappy Marriages.
The universal expectation of married
people is, that their married lives will
always be happy ones. Deluded dream-
ers! They imagine that they are dif-
ferent from other people, and that when
they enter the portals of matrimony,
love, peace, and prosperity will ever be
their attendants. Such had better con-
sider themselves the same as others,
but form iron resolutions to do differ-
ent from other married people—reso-
lutions that will keep them from the
dangerous coasts on which so many
have been wrecked and ruined. Un-
happy marriages depend upon many
causes. Previous to marriage, many
try to appear more intellectual, more
amiable or more accomplished than
they really are. Depend upon it, that
love brought into existence by moon-
light stroll, strengthened by deceit and
fashionable displays, and finally con-
summated through the influence of in-
triguing friends, will fade in after life
almost as fast as the flowers which
compose the bridal wreath.

An Expensive Timepiece.
That is a handsome watch you are
wearing.
"Yes, I flatter myself it is rather
neat."
"Rather costly, eh?"
"Costly? I should say it was. I
have had to pay two per cent. a month
on it all the time since I've had it."
—New York Graphic.

SHOTS AT A RARE MARK.

Sport with the Beautiful Raggiana, or Bird
of Paradise.

[From the London Field.]

As New Guinea at present occupies a
good deal of the attention of the outer
world, some account of that part of the
country favored by the bird of paradise
may be of interest to some of your
readers.

A party of girls, on sighting us, came
tumbling down in quest of tobacco.
They were exceedingly affable and en-
gaging in their ways, and had no false
modesty about them. Having rested a
few minutes, during which I made as
many engagements to chew betel nut
(New Guinea method of making love)
with the most tempting of the crowd, I
scrambled up the remainder of the way.

After three miles tramping through the
grass we arrived at the head of a dry
watercourse, which led into the depths
of the forest. We were now on the
verge of the haunts of the raggiana.
Huge trees rose towering above our
heads, while the undergrowth of shrubs,
creepers, and "lawyers" was so dense
and tangled that no animal with any
body like that of a wild boar could
force its way through. The trees with
which the hills are covered are very
lofty, and bare of branches or foliage
to the height of 120 to 150 feet. It is
on the uppermost boughs of these trees
that the bird of paradise gambols, and
one requires a close-shooting gun to
kill at that distance.

After being kept awake a great part
of the night by the murmur of the
natives chatting around their fire, I
dropped off to sleep, and was awakened
just at daylight by a shaking and a
voice hoarsely whispering "jiako" (rag-
giana). I roused myself and listened.
The first light of day was just struggling
through the dusk of the tree tops, when
I caught in the far distance the sound
of a piercing cry, rising in power and
shrillness with each repetition. The
sound may be conveyed by the words
kak-kak-kak, etc. It is very much like
the cry of an Indian bird whose tech-
nical name I do not know, but which is
generally known by the name of the
"hot-water" bird. No sooner had I
jumped from my hammock than close
at hand I heard the same cry. To
seize my gun and slip on my boots was
the work of a moment, and the next
minute I was peering up into the
heights of a huge tree to a spot that
the native was pointing to, and where the
bird was calling. Nothing resembling
a raggiana could I see until suddenly a
ray of sunlight flashed over the distant
mountains, lighting up the forest all
most instantaneously; and then I
caught the scarlet and gold of the bird.
I "drawed" on him, and the next mo-
ment had the satisfaction of holding in
my hand my first bird of paradise. It
was a lovely male specimen, in all the
splendid plumage of the breeding sea-
son, and the contrast of the green and
gold of the head and neck with the
bright scarlet of the back plumes justly
entitles it to rank as one of the hand-
somest birds in the world. The female
appears very insignificant beside her
gorgeous mate, being a small dull red
bird, without any of the brilliant color-
ing of the male.

I arrived at the camp about 10 a. m.,
and found that Gima had just arrived,
bringing two raggianas and one king
bird. The latter is an especially gor-
geous bird, about the size of a lark.
The whole of the neck, head, back,
wings, and tail is a brilliant scarlet,
the breast and stomach being white, with
a collar of vividly green feathers pro-
jecting from and overlapping the former.
From the tail project two shafts
about six inches in length, unfeathered,
with the exception of the extreme ends,
from each of which a small circular
disk of bright metallic sprout.

The magnificent scorpions and rifle-
bird inhabit the Mount Owen, about
the mountain ranges, which lie about
twenty miles beyond where I was. In
three days I bagged eighteen raggianas,
three king birds, six gouras, and some
smaller pigeons.

Early Yachting.
The pastime of yachting apparently
dates from the time of the Stuarts, al-
though, according to the researches of
the late Admiral Smyth, the Plantagenets
had yachts, and termed them "esne-
necas," a word, by the way, which
seems to be of doubtful derivation.
However, if we desired to prove the
antiquity of yachting, we should have
to travel back much farther than the
time of the Plantagenets, and, as pre-
viously said, we can be content with
the generally accepted assertion that
yachting as a pastime dates from the
time of the Stuarts. Mr. Pepps says,
in his "Naval Minutes," that the word
"yacht" was unknown in England until
the Dutch, in 1600, presented a vessel
to Charles I., which they termed a
yacht, and which he named Mary. In
1662 this monarch is said to have de-
signed a yacht for himself, and named
her Jamie. She was matched against
the Bezan, belonging to the Duke of
York, for a stake of £100, and the
course was from Greenwich to Graves-
end and back. Pepps says: "The
King lost it going, the wind being con-
trary, but saved stakes in returning.
There were divers noble persons and
lords on board, his Majesty sometimes
steering himself." The King's craft is
said to have been "frigate-like," but
very shallow in body, having only 3
feet 6 inches draught of water. Charles
altogether built fourteen yachts, and
appears to have tested the speed of all,
as he was very fond of steering. The
largest of these yachts was the Mary
(not the Mary previously referred to),
which was 67 feet on the water line,
with a beam of 21½ feet, and a draught
of water of 7½ feet. The taste for
yachting gradually extended during
the reign of Anne and the Georges,
and was even taken up by Irish gentle-
men; so much, indeed, did the latter
think of the pastime, that in 1720 they
established a club in Cork harbor to
promote it, and some curious chronicles
exist relating to the customs of
yachtsmen at that date. Yachts at this
time were common about the Solent
and Southampton waters, and an ad-
vertisement in a paper dated 1778 of-
fers a yacht of seven tons for sale, "with
a figure head gift and goose stern
painted fore and aft."—Arl Journal.

For Railroad Travelers.
"I will give you a new wrinkle," said
a conductor. "It's mine, but it's not
patented. If you are in a railway car
and your head gets tired and wants a
rest, take a newspaper, fold it up, tuck
one end down the coat collar, and let
the other project up against the back
of the head. You cannot imagine what
a rest it is, and how comfortable the
head will feel, even if the passengers
do laugh at you a little."

The Abuse of Silence.
A man and wife enjoying a walk to-
gether, or a *tele-tele* sweetened by
confidential and affectionate conversa-
tion, is a beautiful sight before God
and man. But too often the picture is
reversed. He saunters out with her,
careless and uninterested; scarcely dur-
ing the walk uttering a word. Is not
this, to say the least, a great abuse of
the science of silence?

In the hour of absence and of soli-
tude, the husband is impressed with a
sense of the amiable disposition and
demeanor of his wife, of her unweary
endeavors to promote and perpetuate
his happiness, and of its being his
bonnen duty to show, by the most un-
equivocal expressions of attachment
and of tenderness, his full approbation
of her assiduity and faithfulness. But
too often these expressions of approba-
tion are not forthcoming, and, with a
mistaken silence, he shrinks from hon-
oring his wife, and represses those few
words of praise which she so well de-
serves, and would so greatly appre-
ciate. "My master is all very well,"
said the dog, "but I wish he had a tail
to wag when he is pleased."

"In politics," said Cavour, "nothing
is so absurd as rancor." In the same
way we may say that nothing is so ab-
surd in matrimony as sullen silence.
Reynolds, in his "Life and Times,"
tells of a free and easy person who
passed three festive days at the seat of
the Marquis and Marchioness of —,
without any invitation, convinced (as
proved to be the case), that my lord
and my lady not being on speaking
terms, each would suspect the other
had asked him. A soft answer turns
away wrath, and when a wife or hus-
band is irritated, there is nothing like
letting a subject drop. Then silence
is indeed golden. But the silence per-
sisted in as an instrument of deadly
torture. "A wise man by his words
maketh himself beloved." To this
night be added that on certain occa-
sions a fool by his obstinate silence
maketh himself hated.

"According to Milton, 'Eve kept
silence in Eden to hear her husband
talk,'" said a gentleman to a lady
friend, and then added in a melancholy
tone, "Alas! there have been no Eves
since." "Because," quickly retorted
the lady, "there have been no husbands
worth listening to." Certainly there are
too few men who exert themselves to
be as agreeable to their wives as their
best friends as they are to the com-
parative stranger or secret enemies
whom they meet at clubs or other
places of resort. And yet, if it is true
that "to be agreeable in our family
circle is not only a positive duty but
an absolute morality," then every hus-
band and wife should say on their wedding
day:

To balls and routs for fame let others roam,
Be mine the happier lot to please at home.

There is a time to speak as well as a
time to be silent, and the best time of
all for pleasant conversation is the time
of meals. We should have at least
three laughs during dinner, and every-
one is bound to contribute a share of
agreeable table talk, good humor, and
cheerfulness. Even from a physiologi-
cal point of view, "better is a dinner of
herbs where love is (which will show
itself in dispelling sullen silence) than
a stalled ox and hatred therewith."
—The Quiver.

The Camel's Revenge.
A few years ago it chanced that a
valuable camel, working an oil mill in
Africa, was severely beaten by its driver,
who, perceiving that the camel had
treasured up the injury and was only
waiting for a favorable opportunity for
revenge, kept a strict watch upon the
animal. Time passed away; the camel,
perceiving that it was watched, was
quiet and obedient, and the driver be-
gan to think that the beating was for-
gotten, when one night after the lapse
of several months the man, who slept
on a raised platform in the mill, while
as is customary, the camel is stalled in
a corner, happening to remain awake,
observed by the bright moonlight that
when all was quiet the animal looked
cautiously around, rose softly, and
stealing toward a spot where a bundle
of clothes and a burnoose, thrown care-
lessly on the ground, resembled a
sleeping figure, cast itself with violence
upon them, rolling with all its weight,
and tearing them viciously with its
teeth. Satisfied that its revenge was
complete the camel was returning to
its corner, when the driver sat up and
spoke; and at the sound of his voice,
and perceiving the mistake it had made,
the animal was so mortified at the fail-
ure and discovery of its scheme that it
dashed its head against the wall and
died on the spot.

General Grant's Application for a Pro-
fessorship in 1857.
It seems that when the General was
in St. Louis at the end of his resources
and waiting for something to do to pro-
vide bread for his family, a vacancy oc-
curred in the chair of mathematics, in
the University of Missouri. General
Grant, who had been disappointed in an
application for the position of County
Surveyor at St. Louis, determined to
apply for the vacant professorship. He
wrote a modest letter to the Board
of Trustees in which he stated his qual-
ifications and his needs. Another man
got the place. A year or two before he
died, in mentioning the fact to Mr.
Elkins, General Grant with his usual
simplicity of manner said: "I think I
could have filled the place quite well.
I was pretty well up in mathematics at
West Point, but if I had gotten the
place I presume I should not now be
here." This application was made in
1857.—New York Tribune.

Physicists find two kinds of progress
in space—that of matter and that of
form. A bullet discharged from a gun
represents the former, while the ever-
widening circles which follow the plunge
of a stone into a pool of water
illustrate the latter.

LARGE charity doth never soil; but
only whitens soft hands.—Lowell.

HUMOR.

GOOD staying qualities—the girl with
a small waist.
"I'm well backed with silver," as the
looking-glass said.

TRUSTING to chants—expecting to
get to heaven by singing.
A MAN who starts a newspaper with
the expectation that his relatives will
subscribe for it is well qualified for a
position somewhere as a rusher in
where angels fear to tread.—Estlin's
Bell.

WHAT'S the population of Chicago?
asked a gentleman of a citizen. "Not
less than 700,000 souls," was the reply.
"But I want the total population. Not
simply those with souls."

"I AM surprised at the appearance of
your friend B. He looks wretched.
Do you know if he has been disap-
pointed in love?" "No; he has been
disappointed in marriage."

An Irishman in a strange town stood
looking at a strange vessel. "Where
are you from, Pat?" "Begorra, sir, I'm
from anywhere but here," he replied,
"and I'll soon be from here, too, sir."

BETSY, an old colored cook, was
moaning around the kitchen, when
her mistress asked her if she was ill.
"No, ma'am, not 'zactly," said Betsy.
"But do fac 'is, I don't feel amibition
'nough to get out of my own way."

GRATITUDE.
How common is ingratitude!
As common as 'tis hateful!
And they are great and really good
Who are for favors grateful,
Whose memory of benefits
Is like a star that never sets.

MRS. PARTINGTON, after attending a
country church in winter, remarked
that the text was very appropriate, but
somehow the parson did not refer to
it in his sermon. The text, as it caught
the old lady's ears, was: "Many are
cold, but few are frozen."

SMALL boy (to sister's suitor): "Do
you always carry an umbrella, Mr.
Fresh?" "Mr. F. 'Certainly not,'"
S. B.: "Then you must get awfully
wet sometimes." Mr. F.: "Why so?"
S. B.: "Cause sis says she doesn't
think you have sense enough to go in
when it rains."—Boston Courier.

DE JONES—I wish I could afford to
board at a better place than Mrs.
Grindham's. Sniikins—"Well, there's
no use in a man's quarreling with
his bread and butter, as the saying
goes." Sniikins—"So, particularly
the butter. A man should know better
than to quarrel with anything as strong
as that!"

POLITICIAN (pointing to a passer-by,
and addressing a friend)—"There goes
the man we want for chairman of the
convention." Friend—"Who, Patter-
son?" "Why, he is rather deaf." Poli-