

Mother's Room.

The dear old room with its windows open to the west.

There we children would stand tip-toe, and watch the cloud-ships sailing over phantom seas to a far-off fairy land, whither we, too, would some day voyage.

And the sheen of that wonderful sea of purple and gold cast a rosy gleam upon the white walls, played at hide and seek amid the lights and shadows thrown by the artist, around Shakspeare and his friends, laughed at the solemn clock on the mantel-piece, and rested like an aureol upon mother's brown hair.

It was a homely room, for odds and ends of former times had a wonderful knack of collecting there.

Lads and lassies were never banished to the nursery in those days, so the carpet was always faded, oftentimes patched, that the children might romp over it as they pleased.

The floor was strewn with armless rag-dolls, worn-out balls, blow-guns, bits of twine, blue-back spelling-books, and the other worldly possessions of old-fashioned children.

The chairs! Well, no such chairs can be found now in upholsterers' shops. There was the spacious arm-chair, with its worn green linen, which we dubbed "Sleepy Hollow," and for which there was always a scuffle in father's absence.

Mother's favorite seat was a low rocking chair by the south window, overlooking the beds of violets and heartsease. Split-bottomed chairs, with and without rockers, invited the weary to seek rest. A home made chintz-covered lounge sat in the corner, white quaint little stools, gay with patch-work covers, tried to hide themselves in every nook.

That room was the scene of all the sad and bitter incidents of our home-life.

There baby Carry closed her blue eyes to open them no more on a mother's face. They arrayed her in white, folded her fragile fingers upon the last spring blossoms, and in the last time we caught the rustling of the angel's wings who had come to bear her away to the bosom of the dear Christ.

It was there that Mary brought her lover, one summer's day, when she found that his heart was her home.

The tears gathered in mother's eyes and dropped upon her clasped hands, but she gave them her blessing and the daughter went off to distant land.

Little children play around her knee now, but she often writes with a homesick yearning for mother's room.

The autumn sunlight streamed in with a golden glow, the evening we heard that Charley, our soldier boy was killed. Comrades wrote that he died like a brave man, and a praise was on every tongue. But, alas! what comfort can fame bring in the first sharp hours of bereavement?

"Bring my boy in here," said mother, faint and tearless, and the pall-bearers passed by the grand parlor and set their burden down, where she had wept on his neck at parting.

The home once gay with childish voices is now peopled with ghosts. Their garments rustle in dimly lighted halls, their footsteps echo on untrodden stairways, their voices murmur in deserted chambers, and when the evening freight flickers on the walls they come trooping into mother's room, all who are gone, the dead and the living.

The dear old folks see these ghosts; for often, when I come in at the twilight hour, mother will call me Charley, or father will say he thought it was Mary's step upon the threshold.

They, too, will soon be gone. In the fair mansion to which they hasten will there be one room homelike and dear, where the erring children will gather and find comfort as they did of yore in mother's room?—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Rare Ben Jonson's Duel.

Of the many documents that have come into the hands of John Corley Jefferson few are of greater literary interest, none is more painful, than the record which proves that in his early manhood Ben Jonson was convicted of felony on his own confession; that he escaped an ignominious death by pleading his clergy; that he was punished for this felony with forfeiture of his goods and chattels, and was, moreover, branded on the brawn of his left thumb with the letter F by the jailer of Newgate in the Old Bailey Court House before it was enlarged, in accordance with a well-known statute of the 14th of Elizabeth. The letter was known to Londoners of this period no less than to Londoners of much later times as "the Tyburn T." The felony was his manslaughter of Gabriel Spencer, his fellow-actor, at the Rose Theater, committed on the 22d of September, 1598—the very month in which "Every Man in His Humor" was produced, William Shakspeare being among the actors of the company.

It is further learned that the poet fought with a three-shilling rapier, that he wounded Spencer in the right side, and that Spencer died instantly in the dueling field. There is something grimly fantastic in the notion of so good a scholar as Ben Jonson "asking for the book, in order to prove himself capable of reading his neck verse"—something grotesquely horrible in the thought that but for benefit of clergy so bright a genius would have been hung at Tyburn like any unlettered rascal convicted of having stolen a horse or stabbed an enemy in the back. One would like to believe that Jonson was marked with nothing fiercer than a lukewarm iron. If the satirist was not uncommon for a jailer in the middle of the seventeenth century, from regard for a promised fee, to mark a felon with cold steel. It would be pleasant to come upon evidence that Ben's jailer marked him accidentally with a cold seal.—*The Athenaeum.*

"Well, Brown, what do you intend to do for a living, now that your firm has gone out of business?" inquired a jovial, well-salaried store-clerk of another counter-jumper who was out of a job. "I've tried everywhere to get something to do, but failed; and I guess I'll have to starve unless I accept a chance that is offered me to enlist as a private in the United States artillery service," replied his acquaintance consolately. "Ah! seek the bubble

reputation at the cannon's mouth,' as it were," facetiously remarked the prosperous questioner. "Not so much that. It's the boodle compensation at the cannon's breech—thirteen dollars per month and rations—that I care the most about!" was the grim rejoinder.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Replenishing an Empty Treasury.

"Sumthin' am got to be done," seriously remarked President White to the Minister Street School of Philosophy. "De rent am due, de treasury am empty, an' de dago whut owns de place am howlin' for his cash."

"Mus' we move?" asked Juniper Williams.

"I can't see no udder way," sadly responded the President.

"S'posin' we git er new membah whut'll pay de rent," suggested Fish-worm Smith.

"Dat's bizness; but who am de pusion whut wants to jine?"

"Hop Wang. He keeps a laundry down—"

"We wants no Chinermen in dis yere club," interrupted Faraway Johnson with some warmth.

"In coas we don't," responded Smith; "but whut's wrong with lettin' er Chinerman pay de rent, an' den bouncin' him?"

"Ah!" said the President; and all looked relieved.

"Wait erbout fo' minits," said Smith, leaving the room.

The four minutes lengthened into fifteen, and the opinion was expressed that the Chinaman was broke, and had to go out to borrow his initiation fee, but Smith finally returned with his prey.

"If Mistah Wang'll now han' me free dolyers, de purcedin's will go ahead," announced the President.

"Tlee doller!" ejaculated Wang.

"Dat's de price."

"Well, allee light; me pay allee samee black Melican man."

After tucking the money away in his vest pocket, the President sent Aristides Jones out to borrow a pair of scissors.

"Whut yo' gwine to do wif 'em?" asked Juniper Williams.

"Gwine to cut off Mistah Wang's pig-tail. De rules er dis yere org'nizashun say dat ebbery membah mus' have sho't haiah."

"Oh, yes, I fo'got," replied Williams, beginning to see through the scheme.

"Cuttee off my pig-tail!" screamed Wang, looking scared. "No, no; me can't go back to China!"

"Caint help dat," said the President, sternly. "Rules am rules."

"Me want my tlee doller back, or me have yo' allested."

"Whut do yo mean by talkin' dat way to de President!" fiercely asked Juniper Williams. "I'll cut yo' wif er razer."

He reached into his boot-leg as he made the threat, and Wang, frightened almost into a fit, ran down stairs and headed for Seventh street. After mutual congratulations the meeting adjourned. Spartacus White then squared accounts with the landlord, and the Minister Street School of Philosophy will continue business at the old stand.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Detached Thoughts.

Mediocrity is the dry rot that paralyzes progress.

Pleasure in work is the mere delirium of rhapsodists.

The cant of politics is scarcely less reprehensible than its corruptions.

Pleasure is the pursuit of pleasure, and all selfish achievement is a delusion.

The man whose rule of life is policy never knows the glow or the glory of honest enthusiasm.

What is a painted picture? A dab of vari-colored mud—a libel on nature—the sheet-iron thunder of the stage.

It is not quite possible for me to run away from the conviction that there is a lot of cant in thanking God for afflictions.

I never knew a man to be lifted out of a groveling condition by marriage with a woman whom he knew to be his superior.

Vice which parades in the panoply of Virtue is honored and applauded when ill-clad Virtue herself is contemptuously hooted by Pharisees.

ods, perhaps our appreciation and grateful sense of the inexpressibly beautiful and dear vanishes in the pathetic discovery that both the spirit and the flesh are weaker than we had ever dreamed they could become.—*Signor Max, in Detroit Free Press.*

Facts About Birds.

Half a million wild ducks are annually killed in Southern Louisiana and sent to the New Orleans market.

Thomas Cary, of Fishkill Hook, N. Y., says he has a hen turkey which lays one egg every day except Sunday. On Sunday she lays two eggs.

A mountain grouse pursued by a hawk flew through a pane of plate-glass three-eighths of an inch thick which was in the window of a Lake City (Col.) store. The pane was worth \$75.

A North Carolina crow found a guinea-hen's nest in a hedge-row. After trying in vain to break an egg with its beak the crow clutched one in its claw and flew up fifty feet in the air. Then it let the egg fall, breaking the shell.

A farmer near Fort Gaines, Ga., says that buzzards attacked a litter of ten little pigs and bit their ears and tails, making the "swallow fork" and "under bit" in each ear, which composed this farmer's private mark for his hogs.

A hawk's nest was broken up by some boys who were attending a temperance camp-meeting at Spring Grove, N. Y. When the old hawk discovered that her nest had been ruined she swept down into the crowd of temperance workers, seized a straw hat from a man's head, and flew away with it.

A man of Day County, Minn., lives on the bank of a large lake where wild ducks make their nests. He hunts up the nests and replaces the eggs with eggs from his henhouse. The wild ducks have hatched out a number of fine broods of chickens for him. His hens have no time for sitting around.

A nearly life-size chromo of a cat was placed out of doors where the birds could see it. A catbird, coming up from behind, alighted on top of the picture, in spite of the warnings of other birds, which were in a state of great excitement. Changing to look down, the catbird saw the cat beneath its feet, and with a scream it turned a back somersault and flew away.

A gentleman driving past a small pond near Monticello, N. Y., saw a great commotion among a number of swallows which were flying over the water. Presently a large black crow came flying along, and its presence seemed to quiet the other birds. The crow flew down to the surface of the pool, and then rose with a large water-snake in its bill. The snake had caught a swallow by the leg, but in trying to free itself from the crow it allowed the smaller bird to escape. The crow flew away with the snake.

A gentleman saw a humming bird among the blossoms on a yellow jessamine vine. He concluded to capture it by first making it drunk. Procuring a quart of full-proof corn whisky, he filled the bells of a dozen or more of the flowers with the liquor. The humming bird presently returned to the flowers and drank up every drop of whisky in them. It then flew to a neighboring limb and awaited developments. The flowers were again filled with whisky, and the little bird once more drained them dry. The gentleman filled the flower bells again and again, until the whole quart of whisky was exhausted. The humming bird drank it all and was eager for more. The next day the little topper was again busy among the jessamine flowers, and did not even appear to have a bad taste in its mouth from the effects of its disipation.

An English Jury.

I was present in court when the following incident occurred:

Scene: Derby Assizes.—Samuel Lowe and James Halligan charged with stealing a ham.

Clerk of Assize—Do you find the prisoners guilty or not guilty?

Foreman of the Jury—We find as one on 'em stole it and the other received it knowing it to have been stolen.

Clerk of Assize—Who do you say stole it?

Foreman—Nay, I can't say which stole it. One on 'em brought it home under his arm, and the other took it from him.

Mr. Justice Mathew—That man is Lowe, and that is Halligan. Now, which stole it?

Foreman—I don't know. I warn't there. How can I say? If they didn't steal it why should they have it?

Judge—Gentlemen, this is your foreman. Is there no one of you can say whether Lowe is guilty of stealing?

Foreman—Yes, Lowe stole it.

Chorus of Jurymen—No, the other stole.

Clerk of Assize—And is that the verdict of you all?

Jury (foreman included)—Yes.—*St. James' Gazette.*

She Had Her Revenge.

Mrs. Greening—How strange it seems for us to be married. We who used to quarrel so much.

Mr. Greening—Yes; we did have some trouble at first.

Mrs. G.—Do you remember that night, last June, when you flirted so, and I vowed that I would be revenged?

Mr. G.—Well, you got even at last, didn't you?

Mrs. G.—Why, how?

Mr. G.—By marrying me!—*The Rambler.*

He Had Sworn Off.

Smith—Ha, Jones! Suppose we go fishing?

Jones—Can't do it, my boy.

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Worse than Poison.

Boy (to father)—"What is that you are cutting out of the paper?"

Father—"This is the speech I wrote for Col. Bibby."

Boy—"What are you going to do with it?"

Father—"I am going to keep it and use it against him during the next campaign."

Boy—"How can you when you write it yourself?"

Father—"My son, nearly every speech a man makes contains utterances that will damn him in politics. I tell you that cold print is worse than poison."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Easily Answered.

At a lecture on "The Decline of Literature," the eloquent orator shouted:

"Where are the Chaucers, and Shakespeares, and Miltons, and Spencers, and Macaulays? Where are they?"

And a voice answered sadly from the gallery:

"All dead."—*Exchange.*

Milestones on the Road to Health.

The recovery of digestion and the resumption of activity by the liver, bowels, and kidneys, are milestones which mark our progress on the road to health. They speedily become perceptible when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is used by the invalid. Nothing so surely and expeditiously consumes the distance to the desired goal. As no bodily function can suffer interruption without impairing the general health of the system, can never acquire perfect vigor, health's synonym, until that function be actively resumed. Take, for instance, digestion, of which it is invariably retarded by the Bitters. If the organs upon which it develops grow weak, biliousness, constipation, headache, poverty of the blood, and a number of other symptoms supervene, which indicate unmistakably the harmful influence of dyspepsia. The disappearance of all these symptoms, through the use of the Bitters, shows with what thoroughness it removes their cause.

Not Acquainted.

Talk about busy men, who leave their homes early and get back after dark, and never see their children—a man of that sort was hurrying away one morning, when he found that his little boy had got up before him, and was playing on the sidewalk. He told the child to go in. Child wouldn't. Man spanked him, and went to business. Child went in, howling. The mother said, "What's the matter?" "Man hit me," blubbered the youngster. "What man?" "That man that stays here Sundays."—*Boston Post.*

Our faults, like weeds, spring up spontaneously, and require no cultivation. Our virtues, on the contrary, like flowers, require care and attention. If neglected, they are apt to degenerate into vices, as weeds, if allowed to grow, o'erstep the flowers.

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CONTEMPT of court—When the younger brother makes faces at his sister's lover.

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"ROUGH ON BILE" PILLS start the bile, relieve the bilious stomach, thick, aching head and overloaded bowels. Small granules, small dose, big results, pleasant in operation, don't disturb the stomach. 50c.

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