THE MOON-BABY.

...a beautiful golden cradle,
...rocks in the rose-red sky;
...we see it there in the evening air
...like the bats and beetles fly;
...little white clouds for curtains,
...and silken of downy wool,
...for our little bed for the Moon-Baby's
...head.
...lovely and beautiful.

...are twelve young stars around it,
...that wait for their bath of dew,
...purple tints that the sun's warm
...paints
...are left on the mountain blue;
...are good little gentle planets,
...that want to be nursed and kissed,
...all to sleep in the ocean deep,
...their silvery folds of mist.

...the Moon-Baby first must slumber,
...for he is their proud young king;
...and on hands round his bed they
...stand.
...the lullabies low they sing.
...the beautiful golden cradle
...rocked by the winds that stray,
...gently soft, from the halls aloft,
...where the Moon-Baby lives by day.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

...moon-light, as from a beryl stone,
...falls on thy page, and from thy can-
...vas gleams—
...Thou painter-poet of the realm of
...dreams,
...Lord of songs so sad and strange of
...tone.
...name and art reflect the spirit lone
...of Dante and that Southern race which
...dreams
...That Life and Love are genius' holiest
...themes.
...seeds of Thought and Truth thy
...hand hath sown!
...by Christina's sad and sister song
...Thine own shall live. The brotherhood
...of art
...boast of greater names than thine;
...not long
...before a starry soul like thine shall
...part
...pure and solemn light that maketh
...strong
...the race of man to dwell with gods
...apart.

—Lesley Auburn Smith, in The Book-man.

A MISTAKE.

"An optimist," said the farmer, im-
...pressively, "is a man that examines
...eyes an' gives you the right kind
...of glasses."
"Don't you mean an optician?" ask-
...ed his little son.
"I do. An optimist must be some
...kind of a trade."

A PESSIMIST.

Miss Straitlace.—So many laymen
...staying away from church and so
...many ministers are becoming more and
...more secular!
Mr. Brimstone.—Exactly! I fear
...we will soon have to take up the prob-
...lem, 'How shall we make the church-
...attractive to the ministers?'"

A RIDICULOUS FAD.

Mr. Jackson.—Dat hifalutin' Mrs.
...Crabb am puttin' on lots ob airs.
...She tryin' to set jes' like white
...folks.
Mr. Johnson.—U'm! Wot am her
...name, fo'?
Mr. Jackson.—Why, de most rediki-
...lous yo' evah heerd ob! She am
...suing her husband fo' non-suppoht!

HIS SUGGESTION.

"Ah," said the Chinese statesman,
..."we could only compromise this
...matter!"
"How?" asked the Western diplomat.
"Let the missionaries would peacefully
...withdraw and transfer their labors to
...Europe!"

THE REASON.

Walker.—Miss Boston's father keeps
...a St. Bernard.
Parker.—To discourage admirers?
Walker.—Oh, no; it's trained to trot
...out and rescue a fellow before he's wholly
...drown.

SOME CONSOLATION.

"In my country," said the first Chinese
...woman, sadly, "is bound to be brok-
...en."
"Yes," said his friend; "but we won't
...be the only sufferers. Somebody else
...will be fractured trying to grab the
...pieces."

STILL WORSE.

"My wife is as changeable as the
...sea."
"Oh, that's nothing! My wife is as
...changeable as a five-dollar bill!"

BONNE BOUCHE.

"Youth having Coin entered the
...lists,
"Lamb, with plenty of mint-sauce!"
...Greed the Bulls and the Bears, one
...another, and laughed suppressedly.

HIS LAST WORDS.

Father.—Have you anything to say
...why I should not whip you, Bobby?
Bobby.—Yes, sir; it 's going to hurt
...me more than it does you.

"Some fools and their money are part-
...ed by death; the money then pass-
...es to the other sort of fools.

ILLNESS PROVED HER UNDOING.

When Heroine's Masquerade Was Discovered She Was Honored.

Deborah Sampson, who enlisted in the Continental army as Robert Shurtleff, was one of the most dashing and brave of fighters for the cause of liberty. She enlisted in a Massachusetts regiment and served three years before it was known that the brave soldier was a woman. She was taken ill in Philadelphia, and the hospital nurse had pronounced her dead, but a slight gurgling attracted the doctor's attention; he placed his hand over her heart, and finding to his surprise an inner waistcoat tightly compressing her breast, ripped it open. She was immediately removed to the matron's apartments, where everything was done for her comfort. The commanding officer upon learning that his aide was a woman granted her an honorable discharge, and presented her with a letter from Washington commending her services. The humble soldier stood before him with shining eyes filled with tears and thanked him many times, begging him to ask that her fellow soldiers be told, and that he ask them to tell him, if she had done aught that was unbecoming a woman. This was done, and her comrades and officers declared their respect for her was unbounded. Upon her honorable discharge from the army she returned to her mother's home, striving to escape the calumny which followed her singular career. After General Washington became president he wrote a most cordial letter to Mrs. Gannett (Deborah Sampson—she having married in the meantime), inviting "Robert Shurtleff" to visit him. She accepted and was treated with the greatest honors by the president and residents of Washington.

TOILET TABLE SECRETS.

Ways of Defying Tan, Sunburn and Prickly Heat.

There are some articles which are generally deemed necessary for the summer girl to have on her toilet table, and there are many luxuries the use of which have long remained the cherished secrets of a few.

No toilet table is complete without borax; it softens the water and removes grease from the face without parching the skin as ammonia is apt to do.

Be sure your cold cream is made from vegetable fat, and that you keep a sufficiently generous quantity on hand for its many different uses. A little cold cream rubbed on the skin and puffed over with rice powder will do much toward preventing sunburn.

The wise summer girl will have a small bottle of fresh lemon juice put on her toilet table every morning. It will draw the inflammation from prickly heat, as well as subdue a too ruddy complexion. It will remove stains from the skin or nails, and, if used daily with an orange stick, will hinder any growth of the cuticle. Put in water it is splendid as a skin tonic, or taken internally, two tablespoonfuls in a glass of water every morning, will serve as a mild purgative.

The victim of sunburn should provide herself with lime water, which is effective to relieve her misery, especially when combined with linseed oil.

Bicarbonate of soda is very popular, and may be put to many uses. It is good for dyspepsia or indigestion when taken internally. Two teaspoonfuls in a quart of water makes an excellent lotion to bathe any skin eruption, particularly to soothe the itching which results from contact with poison ivy. This same lotion used as a rinsing water is splendid to make oily hair soft and fluffy.

The list of toilet articles is not complete without a vial of tincture of benzoin. It softens the water, adds brilliancy to the skin and imparts a subtle fragrance to the person of the bather.

Pennyroyal is highly recommended by experienced mosquito warriors who have defied their enemies for years to persons who dread mosquito persecution. Camphor also is effective in keeping away these tiny pests, as well as in soothing their bites.

A place should be found on every toilet table for a piece of cocoa butter, as it is the best known skin food.

All athletic girls must realize the value of witch hazel for the strains and bruises so frequent during summer outings.

Violet, lavender and almond toilet waters are very much used, but the old-fashioned eau de cologne will always be popular.

A tiny box of white vaseline with which to coax the growth of the eyelashes and eyebrows, should not be forgotten.

HE EXPLAINS.

"You don't mean to say you have not read the platform," inquired the friend, in mild surprise.

"Not yet," replied the candidate. "You see, I have to indorse it, and it might be less painful to do that before I read it."

NO EXCUSE.

"I did the best I could for you," said the attorney; "but we lost the case, nevertheless."

"Oh! you needn't make any excuses," replied his client. "Ignorance of the law excuses no one."

HAD THE RIGHT ONES.

The Superintendent.—What are your qualifications?

The Would-be Messenger Boy.—I keeps abreast uv de times in nickel lit'rature an' owns me own crap-dice.

# PRINCESS HERMOUTHIS'S FOOT

## A Truly Unique Paper Weight---How it Was Finally Exchanged.

I had strolled idly into one of those curious shops called, in the Parisian slang, so utterly unintelligible to the rest of France, **bric-a-brac** shops. You have doubtless glanced through the windows of some of these shops, become so numerous since it is the fashion to buy antique furniture, and the very smallest dealer feels obliged to have his "Middle Age" room. It is something that keeps up to the times the smithy, the upholsterer's store, the chemist's laboratory, the artist's studio. In these mysterious dens, where the shutters admit a prudent half-day, the dust is the thing most noticeably old; the cobwebs are more authentic than the guipures, and the old pear tree is younger than the mahogany which arrived yesterday from America.

The shop of my bric-a-brac merchant was a veritable Sapernaum; all ages and all nations were given rendezvous; an Etruscan lamp of red earthenware rested on a dress of boule whose ebony panels were severely outlined by copper filaments, a couch of the time of Louis XV. nonchalantly stretched its deer feet under a heavy Louis XIV. table with ugly oaken spirals and carvings of leaves and reptiles. An embossed Japanese armor glittered in a corner, bisque cupids and nymphs, grotesque Chinese figures, cracked vases, cups of Saxe and of old Sevres crowded the shelves and brackets. On the sideboards shone great Japanese plates—blue and red, relieved by tracings of gold—next them enamels of Bernard Palissy, representing serpents and lizards in relief. Cascades of silver embroidered silk, waves of brocatelle scattered with shining heads by a cross ray of sunlight, portraits of all epochs in frames more or less tarnished, smiled through their yellow varnish.

The merchant followed me cautiously along the tortuous passageway between the piles of furniture, guiding with his hands the hazardous flight of my coattails, watching my elbows with the anxious attention of the antiquary and the usurer. He was an odd figure—that merchant. He had an enormous head, bald and shiny, surrounded by a halo of thin, white hair, which intensified the bright salmon hue of his skin; the whole giving him an air of patriarchal simplicity, contradicted, however, by the twinkling of two small yellowish eyes, which shone like louis d'or. His aquiline nose suggested the Oriental type. His hands, thin, veined, covered with projecting cords like the strings on the neck of a violin,—the nails resembling those terminating the membranous wings of a bat—had the trembling motion of age, disquieting to see, but these same hands, with their restless agitation, became firmer than steel nippers or lobster claws when they closed over some precious object—an onyx dish, a Venetian glass, a Bohemian plate. This queer old fellow had an air so profoundly cabalistic, so like that of a rabbi, that he seemed to have worn it three centuries.

"Will you buy nothing today, Monsieur? Here is a curious dagger, whose blade wavers like a flame. Notice these grooves for the blood to drip through; these indentations on the other side to tear out the entrails when the dagger is withdrawn; it is a savage weapon, of good steel, and it would do very well with your trophies. This two-handled sword also is very beautiful. It is from Joseph of Hera, and is superb work!"

"No, I have plenty of weapons and tools of carnage. What I wish is a little figure—some object or other to serve as a paper-weight. I cannot bear the imitation bronzes which the stationers sell and which one invariably finds upon the counters."

The old dwarf searching among his antiques, places before me some real bronzes, or as he says, some bits of malachite, some little Hindu and Chinese idols of a kind of jade, incarnations of Brahma and of Vishnu very fit for that usage, so far from divine, of keeping in place my papers and letters.

I was hesitating between a porcelain dragon dotted with warts, and a little Mexican fetich, abominable enough, representing in the nude the god Witzliiputzill, when I perceived a charming foot, which at first I took for a fragment of an antique Venus. It had the beautiful pedish tint which gives to the Florentine bronze that warm lifelike appearance so preferable to the verdigris tone of ordinary bronze, which one easily imagines statues in putrefaction. It had a satinlike gloss, its form was round and polished as if by the love kisses of twenty centuries, for it must have been a Corinthian brass, a product of the middle age, perhaps a casting of Lysippus!

"This foot is what I wish," I said to the merchant, who gazed at me with an ironic air as I took up the demanded object to examine it more closely.

I was surprised at its lightness. It was not metal. It was a foot of flesh, an embalmed foot—a mummy's foot. Looking at it again, I saw the grain of the skin and the almost imperceptible gauffering of little bands. The toes were small and delicate, terminating in perfect nails, pure and transparent as agate. The big toe, a little apart—in the ancient way—gave the foot a slight effect like that of a bird. The sole, faintly streaked with invisible hatchings, showed that it had never touched the earth; that it had come in contact only with the finest reed mats of the Nile and the softest rugs of panther skins.

"Ha, ha! You wish the foot of the Princess Hermouthis," said the merchant with an odd sneer, fixing on me his owlish eyes. "Ha! Ha! Ha! For a paper-weight! An original idea! An artistic idea! What would old Pharaoh say? Whoever informed him that the foot of his beloved daughter would serve as a paper-weight would indeed have surprised him. He had a granite mountain excavated to put therein the thrice-deep tomb—painted, gilded, covered with hieroglyphics, with fine paintings of the judgment of souls!" added this singular little merchant in an undertone, as if to himself.

"How much will you ask for this fragment of a mummy?"

"Ah! The most that I can, for it is a superb piece. If I had its counterpart you could not have it for less than 500 francs. Nothing is more rare than the daughter of a Pharaoh."

"Assuredly, it is not common, but, come now, how much do you want for it? I will tell you in the beginning I have only five louis for it. I will pay no more. You can search me—waistcoat and trousers, but you will find only a miserable tiger with five claws."

"Five louis for the foot of the Princess Hermouthis! It is very little, very little indeed, an authentic foot," said the merchant, shaking his head and rolling his eyeballs. "Well, take it, and I will give you the wrapping into the bargain," he added finally, rolling it in an old shred of fine damask, "real damask, damask from the Indies. It is strong, it is soft," he mumbled, fingering the frayed tissue, a habit he had of praising an object of little value that he might be considered generous in giving it.

He dropped the gold piece into a sort of Middle Age alms-bag hanging from his belt, repeating, "The foot of the Princess Hermouthis to serve as a paper-weight!" Then fixing on me the phosphorescent pupils of his eyes, he cried, in a voice harsh as the wail of a cat that has swallowed a fishbone: "The old Pharaoh will not be content. He loved his daughter, that dear man."

"You speak of him as if you were his contemporary; though old, you surely do not trace your origin to the pyramids of Egypt," I responded, laughing, on the threshold of the shop.

I returned to my home well pleased with my acquisition. To put it immediately to use, I stood the foot of the divine Princess Hermouthis on a bunch of papers, rough drafts of verses, illegible patchworks of erasures, articles commenced, letters forgotten and sent to post in the drawer—not an uncommon error with absent-minded gentlemen. The effect was charming, odd and romantic.

Well satisfied with the embellishment, I descended into the street and began to promenade with the proper gravity and pride of a man who has over all passers-by to whom he bows the ineffable advantage of possessing a fraction of the Princess Hermouthis, daughter of Pharaoh.

All those not possessing, like myself, a paper-weight famously Egyptian, I found ridiculous in the extreme, and the fit occupation for a sensible man seemed to me to have the foot of a mummy on his desk.

Fortunately, I was diverted from the thought of my recent purchase by meeting several friends. I went to dine with them, for poor, indeed, would have been their fare had they dined with me.

When I returned in the evening my brain was dull and heavy—a vague whiff of Oriental perfume delicately tickled my olfactory machinery. The warmth of the chamber had slightly freed the bitumen and the myrrh in which the foot had been washed, and the perfume 4000 years had not destroyed. The dream of Egypt was eternity. Its odors had the solidity of granite and were as lasting.

I was soon in the blackest chamber of sleep. For an hour or so all was darkness. Oblivion and Nothingness deluged me with their vague gloom. Gradually, however, my intellectual obscurity cleared away, dreams began to touch me lightly with their silent wings.

The eyes of my spirit opened and I saw my room clearly. I would have believed myself awake but for a vague perception which told me that I slept and that something unusual was about to happen. The odor of the myrrh was greatly intensified. I felt a slight headache, which I attributed naturally enough to several glasses of champagne which I had drunk to unknown gods and to future success.

I glanced about the room with an interest which nothing seemed to justify. Everything was in its proper place; the light burned gently through the milky whiteness of its globe of frosted glass; the water-colors glittered beneath their Bohemian glass; the curtains dropped languidly. All had the air of sleep and calm.

Suddenly this tranquil interior seemed disturbed, the wainscoting creaked furtively, the log of wood buried under the cinders shot forth a jet of blue flame, and the disks of the curtain pins seemed eyes of metal, watchful as I for that which was about to occur. My glance happened to fall on the desk on which I had placed the foot of the Princess Hermouthis. Instead of being motionless, as became a foot embalmed 4000 years, it was greatly agitated; it contracted itself and leaped about on the papers like a frightened frog. One would have believed it in contact with a voltaic battery. I heard distinctly the scratching noise made by its little heel, hard as the hoof of a deer.

I was ill-content with my acquisition, having a fondness for sedentary paper-weights, and finding it far from natural that feet should move without limbs. I began to experience something strangely akin to fear.

Suddenly I saw the folds of one of my curtains tremble. I heard a stamping, as of a person who went lame. I must confess I was alternately warm and cold. I felt an unknown breath at my back. My hair rose some inches. The curtains parted, and I saw advancing the strangest figure that one can imagine.

It was a young girl, of a deep coffee color, of perfect beauty, recalling the purest Egyptian type. The corners of her almond-shaped eyes were raised; so black were her eyebrows as to seem blue; her nose was delicately formed, nearly Grecian in its outline. One might have taken her for a statue of Corinthian bronze, if one had not recognized beyond a doubt, in the prominent cheek bones and slight expansion of mouth, the hieroglyphic race of the banks of the Nile.

Her arms, slender and round, like those of very young girls, were encircled with bands of metal and bracelets of crystal; her hair was plaited; on her bosom hung an idol of green paste, which, from its scourge of seven lashes, was recognizable as Isis, conductress of spirits; a slab of gold shone on her forehead, and some traces of paint were visible with the tint of copper on her cheeks.

As to her costume, it was strange enough. Imagine a pair of white pantalets, with little bands embroidered with black and red hieroglyphics, starched with bitumen, and seemingly belonging to a mummy freshly unswathed.

By one of those leaps of thought so frequent in dreams, I heard the falsetto voice of the merchant of bric-a-brac repeating in monotonous refrain the phrase which had seemed to me so enigmatical: "The old Pharaoh will not be content. He loves his daughter much, that dear man."

Particularly strange and but little reassuring—the apparition had but one foot—the other limb being broken off at the ankle.

She approached the table where the mummy's foot frisked about with redoubled vitality. She leaned against the table's edge and I saw a tear glisten in her eye. Although she did not speak, I could easily discern her thought. She regarded the foot—for it was clearly hers—with an expression of sadness infinitely tender, but the foot raced here and there as if urged by steel springs. Seven times she reached out her hand in vain to grasp it.

Then there took place between the Princess Hermouthis and her foot—which seemed endued with life—a dialogue in an ancient tongue—the tongue spoken thirty centuries before in the country of Ser. Fortunately, for that night I knew it also—understood it perfectly.

The Princess Hermouthis began in a voice clear and vibrating as a crystal clock: "Alas! my dear little foot, you flee from me always. Yet I care for you tenderly. I bathe you in perfumed water in an alabaster basin. I polish your heel with pumice-stone dipped in the oil of the palm tree. Your nails are cut with nippers of gold and polished with the tooth of the hippopotamus. I have chosen for you embroidered sandals, which are the envy of all the young girls of Egypt. You have for your great toe rings representing the sacred beetle, and you have carried one of the lightest bodies that ever a lazy foot could wish."

The foot replied in a voice sullen and sad: "You know well that I no longer belong to myself. I have been bought and paid for. The old merchant knew what he was doing. It is a trick he has played you. The Arab who forced your royal tomb in the subterranean wells of the necropolis of Thebes was sent by him. He wished to prevent your joining the dark people in those low-down cities. Have you five pieces of gold to buy me back?"

"Alas! No. My jewels, my rings, my bags of gold and silver have all been stolen from me," replied the Princess Hermouthis with a sigh.

"Princess," I cried, "I have never unjustly kept the foot of any one. Even though you have not the five louis which it cost me, I surrender it to you with a good grace. I would be despicable to make so beautiful a princess as Hermouthis lame."

I delivered this little speech in a tone so reverential and courteous that it surprised the lovely Egyptian.

She turned upon me a glance full of gratitude, and her eyes flashed with bluish fire. She took her foot, which this time yielded itself to her, and, like a woman putting on her sock, adjusted it to her limb with much dexterity. She then took two or three steps about the room to assure herself that she really was not lame.

"Ah, how happy my father will be—he who was so grieved at my mutilation, and who had since the day of my birth a whole people at work digging a deep tomb that I might rest undisturbed until that supreme day when souls must be weighed in the balances of Amenthi. Come with me to my father's house. He will gladly receive you, because you have returned my foot to me."

This seemed a most natural proposition. I donned a flowery morning-robe which gave me a very Pharaonesque air. I hastily put on some Turkish slippers, and then I said to the Princess Hermouthis that I was ready to follow her.

Before leaving, Hermouthis detached from her bosom the little figure of green paste and placed it upon the leaves which covered the desk. "It is only just," she said, "that I replace your paper-weight."

She held out her hand to me—soft and cold as an adder's skin—and we departed.

For some time we shot with the swiftness of an arrow through grayish space. We saw only sea and sky. Then obelisks began to come into view, and the Sphinx became distinguishable against the horizon.

We had arrived.

The Princess led me to a mountain of rose granite, where there appeared an opening so narrow and so straight that it was difficult to distinguish it from the fissures of the rocks, except that two sculptured obelisks pointed it out.

Hermouthis lighted a torch and began to walk before me. In this living rock were corridors the walls of which were covered with hieroglyphics and allegorical processions. The work must have occupied thousands of men for thousands of years. These corridors, almost interminable in length, led to a square chamber, in the center of which were great wells. These we descended by means of winding stairways leading to other chambers, from which more corridors branched. The walls here were also covered with prodigious marks which no living eye could see, and which the dead alone had time to read during eternity.

We finally entered a salon so vast, so high, so immeasurable, that we could not fathom its limits. Rows of monstrous columns extended as far as eye could reach, between which trembled livid jets of yellow flame, the brilliant lights revealing all about incalculable depths.

The Princess Hermouthis held me by the hand, as she saluted graciously the mummies of her acquaintance. My eyes becoming accustomed to the crepuscular half-day, I began to discern the objects.

I saw, seated upon their thrones, the kings of the subterranean races; they were grand old men, shriveled and black with naphtha and bitumen; their heads were crowned with golden ornaments, they were bedizened with breast-plates and neck-pieces, blazing with precious stones. Their eyes had the fixity of the Sphinx, and their beards were whitened by the snows of ages. Behind them, their embalmed subjects appeared—upright in the stiff, cramped postures of Egyptian art—preserving eternally the attitude prescribed in the hierarchical code. Behind these subjects mewed, flapped and sneered the cats, ibises and crocodiles, made more monstrous still by their swathing of bands.

All the Pharaohs were there—Cheops, Chephrenes, Psammetichus, Sesostris, Amenoteph—all the dusky rulers of the pyramids. On a still higher platform were seated the kings contemporaneous with the deluge—Chronos and Xisouthros—and Tubal Cain, who preceded it. The beard of Xisouthros had grown to such a length that it had already made seven times the turn of the granite slab on which he leaned, pensive and drowsy.

Further back, through the misty fog of eternities, I vaguely distinguished the seventy-two kings destined never to disappear—with their seventy-two peoples.

After allowing me some minutes to enjoy this strange scene, the Princess Hermouthis presented me to Pharaoh, her father, who made me a majestic inclination of the head.

"I have found my foot! I have found my foot!" cried the princess, clapping her little hands in fond joy. Monsieur has returned it to me."

The races of Keme, the races of Nashasi, all those dark nations, bronze, copper, repeated in chorus, "The Princess Hermouthis has found her foot."

Xisouthros himself seemed moved. He raised his dull eyelids, passed his fingers through his mustache and let fall on me his eyes—weighted with centuries.

"By Orus, dog of the Infernal, and by Tmei, daughter of the Sun and of Truth, thou art a brave and dignified lad," exclaimed Pharaoh, extending to me his scepter, terminated by a lotus-flower. "What dost thou wish as reward?"

Filled with that audacity of dreams wherein nothing is impossible, I demanded the hand of Hermouthis. The hand for the foot seemed to me most excellent.

Pharaoh opened wide his glassy eyes in astonishment at my pleasantry, and at my demand.

"From what country art thou, and what is thine age?"

"I am French, and I am 27 years old, venerable Pharaoh."

"Twenty-seven years, and he wishes to marry the Princess Hermouthis, who is 30 centuries," exclaimed simultaneously all the thrones and all the circles of nations.

Hermouthis alone did not seem to find my request improper.

"If thou wert only 2000 years old," replied the king, "I would willingly give thee the princess, but the disparity is too great, and then it is necessary that our daughters marry husbands who last. You do not know how to preserve yourself. See, my flesh is hard as basalt, my bones are like bars of steel. I will be present the last day of the world with the body and the face that I had while living. My daughter Hermouthis will last longer than a bronze statue. By then the wind will have scattered the last grains of thy dust, and Isis herself, who understands how to recover the morsels of Osiris, will be at a loss how to recompose thy being. See how strong I am yet, and how well my arm takes hold," said he, taking me by the hand in the English fashion, so that my fingers were cut by my rings.

He squeezed it so that I awoke, and I perceived my friend Alfred, who had my hand and sought to make me rise.

"Oh, there, enraged sleeper! is it necessary that you allow your snores to be heard in the middle of the street and to send off fireworks in one's ears? It is after midday; have you forgotten, then, that you promised to come and take me to see the Spanish tableaux of M. Aguado?"

"Mon Dieu! I did not think of it again," I responded, putting on my coat, "we will go. I have the admission tickets here on my desk."

I advanced slowly to grasp them; but imagine my amazement, when in the place of the mummy's foot which I had bought the day before, I saw the little figure of green paste, put there by the Princess Hermouthis!

A POSER.

"Pa!"

"Yes?"

"Who loses all the fault that everybody finds?"

CARNEGIE'S IDEA.

Men who are the architects of their own fortune do not suffer from a lack of "sand" in the begining.

SHE MELTED.

Sam.—Yo' see, Miss Jonsing, she was on her dignity at fust—

Pete.—An' how did yo' break de ice?

Sam.—I done axed her to hab ice-cream.

RIDICULOUS CLAIM.

"The Camel claims to be self-made," said the Hippopotamus to the Giraffe.

"Does he?"

"Yes; says he humped himself."

Captain Staysail: "Yes, madam, the needle of the compass always points to the north."

Miss Sweetthing: "How interesting! ful bow to the advocate—"luckily for —Brooklyn Life.

I asked for one small, precious kiss
Upon my bended knee; and she,—
"Get up; you 're only wasting time!"
What meant she, can you answer me?

# MR. DOOLEY ON A SOCIETY SCANDAL

"Well, sir, I guess I'm not up on etiquet," said Mr. Dooley.

"How's that?" demanded Mr. Hennessy.

"I've been readin' about Willum Waldorf Asthor," replied Mr. Dooley, "an' th' throuble he had with a la-ad that bummed his way into his party. Ye see, Hinnissy, Willum Waldorf Asthor give a party at his large an' commojious house in London. That's where he lives—in London—though he r-runs a hotel in New York, where ye can see half th' State iv Ioway near anny night, they tell me. Well, he give this party on a gran' scale, an' bought gr-reat slathers iv food an' drink, an' invited th' neighbors an' th' neighbors' childher. But wan man, he wouldn't have. He's goin' over th' list iv th' people that's to come, an' he says to his sicrety: 'Scratch that boy. Him an' me bump as we pass by. He didn't want this fellow, ye see, Hinnissy. I don't know why. They was dissatisfaction between thim over a dice game or something; annyhow, he says: 'Scratch him,' an' he was out iv it.

"Well, wan night, th' fellow was settin' down f'r a bite to eat with Lady O——, an' Lady S—— ,an' Lady G——, an' Lady Y——, an' other ladies that had lost their names, an' says wan iv thim, 'Cap,' she says, 'ar-re ye goin' to Asthor's doin's tonight?' she says. 'Not that I know iv,' says th' Cap. 'He hasn't sint me anny wurrud that I'm wanted,' he says. 'What differ does it make?' says th' lady. 'Write an invitation f'r ye'rsilf on ye'er cuff an' come along with us,' says she. 'I'll do it,' says th' Cap, an' he sint f'r an' automobile an' goes along.

"Well, ivrything was all right f'r awhile, an' th' Cap was assaulting a knuckle iv ham an' a shell iv beer, whin Willum Waldorf Asthor comes up an' taps him on th' shoulder an' says: 'Duck.' 'What name?' says the Cap. 'Asthor,' says Willum. 'Oh,' says th' Cap. 'Ye'er th' American gazabo that owns this hut,' he says. 'I am,' says Willum. 'I can't go,' says th' Cap. 'Ye didn't ask me here an' ye can't sind me away,' he says. 'Gasoon, another shell iv malt, an' dhraw it more slow,' he says. 'I am an English gintleman an' I know me rights,' he says. 'Take ye'er choice,' he says. 'If ye insist,' says th' Cap, 'I'll take th' dure,' he says, 'but ye don't know th' customs iv civilization,' he says; an' th' hired man just grazed him on th' dure shtep.

"Well, Willum Waldorf Asthor was that mad, he wint down to his pa-aper office an' says he, 'I want to put in an item,' he says, an' he put it in. 'It is wished,' he says, 'to be apprehinded,' he says, 'be these desirous not to have been misinformed,' he says, 'concernin' th' recent appearance iv Cap Sir Mills at me party,' he says, 'that 'twas not be me that said Cap Sir Mills come to be on th' site,' he says, 'but rather,' he says, 'through a desire on th' part iv Cap Sir Mills to butt into a party to which his invitation was lost about three hours befure 'twas written,' he says.

"Well, now, ye'd think that was all right, wudden't ye? Ye'd say Asthor acted mild whin he didn't take down his goold ice pick from th' wall an' bate th' Cap over th' head. Th' Cap, though a ganial soul, had no business there. 'Twas Willum Waldorf Asthor that paid f'r th' ice cream an' r-rented th' chiny. But that's where ye'd be wrong an' that's where I was wrong. Whin the Prince of Wales heerd iv it he was furious. 'What,' he says, 'is an English gintleman goin' to be pegged out iv dures be a mere American be descent,' he says. 'A man,' he says, 'that hasn't an entail to his name,' he says. 'No,' he says. 'An American's home in London is an Englishman's castle,' he says. 'As th' late Willum E. Gladstone said, th' furniture may go out iv it, th' constable may enter, th' mortgage may fall on th' rooned roof, but a thrue Englishman'll niver leave,' he says, 'while they'se food an dhrink,' he says. 'Willum Waldorf Asthor has busted th' laws iv hospitality an' made a monkey iv a lile subjick iv th' Queen,' he says. 'Hinceforth,' he says, 'he's ast to no picnics iv th' Buckingham Palace Chowder Club,' he says. An' th' nex' day Willum Waldorf Asthor met him at th' races where he was puttin' down a bit iv money an' spoke to him, an' th' Prince of Wales give him wan in th' eye. He must've had something in his hand, f'r th pa-aper says he cut him. P'raps 'twas his scipter. An' now no wan'll speak to Willum Waldorf Asthor, an' he's not goin' to be a jook at all an' he may have to come back here an' be nachuralized over again like a Bohemian. He's all broke up about it. He's gone to Germany to take a bath."

"Lord help us," said Mr. Hennessy, "can't he get wan nearer home?"

"It seems not," said Mr. Dooley. "Mebbe th' Prince iv Wales has had th' wather cut off.' He has a big pull with th' people in th' city hall."—Copyright, 1900, by R. H. Russell.