THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

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FOR SANTA CLAUS.

I dreamed—'twas such a funny dream!—
That all the girls and boys,
Who have been getting skates and sleds,
And dolls and books and toys,
In stockings, and on Christmas trees,
On every Christmas Day,
Had held a meeting—every one,
From near and far away.

The talk had been of Santa Claus—
Of how his gay reindeers
Have trotted up and down the world
For years and years and years.
And how the dear old jolly soul,
Before the rising sun,
Has filled the stockings, great and small,
And not forgotten one.

And now they thought that turn about
Would be no more than fair,
And Santa Claus himself should have
For once a liberal share.
They'd have a glorious tree, and fill
A stocking to the brim,
With wonders brought from every land,
And all should be for him.

Ah, if you could have seen that tree,
So green and broad and high,
All hung with presents rich and rare!
It almost touched the sky.
And such a stocking! Long enough
To reach a mile or so,
And crammed with goodies from the top
Down to the very toe!

And then I heard the Christmas bells
Ring out so clear and loud,
That all the children in the world
Came marching in a crowd,
To wish to good old Santa Claus
A merry Christmas Day,
And see what he would think of it,
And hear what he would say.

But what he thought and what he said
I never now can tell,
For all the ringing I had heard
Was—just—the breakfast bell!
There was a stocking hanging up,
There was a Christmas tree,
But, somehow, I was rather glad
That they were both for me.

—*Sydney Dayre, in Congregationalist.*

MISS POLLY'S CHRISTMAS.

She Receives a "Surprise" From the Parson.

It was the week before Christmas, and Miss Polly Pritchard sat alone in her little room, diligently at work.

So far, it had been a hard winter, with the ground all iron-bound with cruel frost; the river clad in steely links of ice, the sky full of snow, and wind, and tempest. But Miss Polly was very comfortable in the little red farm-house, of which she occupied one wing, the other being rented out to Farmer Gribbage and his wife. There was always a cheerful fire of logs blazing on the open hearth, always a plant at the window, and a cat purring on the rug.

"To be sure, it's rather lonely," said the little old maid to herself," never to have a soul to speak to. But it is what one must expect when one outlives one's family and friends!"

So she sat here on this gray winter's afternoon, singing some half forgotten song, and plying her busy needle, when Mrs. Gribbage, the farmer's wife, came in.

"Dolls, I declare!" she exclaimed, looking at the boxes on the table. And as her quick eye fell on the work in Miss Polly's hand, she added: "And, as true as I live, you're a-dressin' 'em."

"Yes," said Miss Polly, coloring a soft, autumnal pink.

"For the toy shop?" said inquisitive Mrs. Gribbage.

"Well—no!" acknowledged Miss Polly. "They are for the little girls in the orphan asylum. They don't have any one to think of *their* Christmas, you know!"

"Well, I declare!" reiterated Mrs. Gribbage. "Why there's eighteen of 'em. You don't mean to say that you're dressin' *eighteen* dolls?"

"Yes," said Miss Polly, in deprecating tones.

"Humph! Well, I just came in to tell you that I'm going up to Miss Georgietta Fullerton's to tea."

"Are you?" said Miss Polly.

Mrs. Gribbage nodded complacently. "Didn't they ask *you?*" said she.

Miss Polly shook her head.

"Well, it's your own fault," said Mrs. Gribbage, not without asperity. "Look at that old faded, turned dress of yours. Miss Georgietta Fullerton is very particular about her dress. And now that she is engaged to be married to the minister—"

Miss Polly gave the least perceptible start at these words, and asked:

"Is she engaged to be married to him?"

"So folks say," complacently answered Mrs. Gribbage. "And I don't suppose he could have made a better match. Miss Fullerton is an excellent housekeeper, and has got a little money of her own. And it is high time there was some one at the parsonage to keep those four noisy children in order."

And Mrs. Gribbage sailed away in her rustling silk gown and red plumed hat, leaving Miss Polly alone with her dolls.

The parson sat alone, also, that gray, threatening December afternoon in his little study, with a heap of sermon paper in front of him. He had sat down to write his Christmas sermon; but, somehow, the ideas refused to come. There was a general aspect of forlornness about the room which the poor man realized, but could not explain.

"It's all very uncomfortable," said Mr. Mellen to himself, biting thoughtfully at the feather end of his quill-pen. "And, somehow, I always feel it more at Christmas time than at any other. Hear those children scream! One would think they might play without making *quite* so much noise. But they are not managed as they were when poor Isabel was alive. I suppose I am not a good disciplinarian, or perhaps I should have them in better training. Really, I don't know but that the good ladies in my congregation are right, and that I ought to—"

"Get married again!" Robbie Mellen's shrill, little voice uttered, just at this moment. "Oh, I like *that!* That's a pretty note! *Our* father get married again! Nonsense, Bell, some one has been cramming you!"

"But it's true," retorted little Bell, full of indignation, "and you needn't laugh. I heard old Miss Grampus say so to Miss Collyer, last week, when they all thought I was asleep on the bed, at Sewing Society—that papa was going to marry again."

"Who was it?" breathlessly demanded Janie, a tall girl of eleven "The lady, I mean!"

"They didn't say," Bell answered.

"Miss Georgie Fullerton, I bet!" shouted Robbie. "O, I wouldn't like *her* for a mother?"

"Who *would* you like?" retorted Janie scornfully.

"O, I don't know!" answered Robbie. "Not *her*, anyhow! She scowled at me one day when I stepped on the train of her dress. And I heard her say, 'Clumsy boy!' to her sister."

"And she was very right," didactically observed Janie. "You *are* a clumsy boy, Rob."

"Perhaps," said John. "it's Mrs. Bricknor. There's a stunner for you! Aint she always dressed like the Queen of Sheba?"

"I can't bear Mrs. Bricknor," said Bell. She laughs too loud, and her false teeth don't fit, and I don't think she likes little boys and girls. She looked real cross at the Thanksgiving party when we had them funny games, and told Mrs. Fenwick that she didn't think children ought to be allowed to make so much noise."

"I'll tell you who *does* love children, though!" suddenly exclaimed Janie. "And *I* love her, too, and I wish papa would marry her. Miss Polly Pritchard!"

"What, that Miss Polly that has the blue Maltese cat, and the red cardinal bird?" said Robbie. "Well, it ain't a bad idea. She gave me some bread and jam, the night I got lost, blackberrying, on the hills, and told me such a nice story about Fortunatus and his Purse, when I was resting on her sofa."

"Yes, and what do you think?" eagerly struck in Janie. "She's dressing eighteen dolls, now, for the poor little orphan girls in the asylum, and she has bought eleven jack-knives for the boys; because she says all children ought to have a Christmas."

"She's a trump!" declared Robbie, pounding both hands down upon the table. "I declare, I've most a mind to marry her myself! But look here, Janie, ain't you going to help a fellow with these long-division sums, before papa calls us in to recite?"

And then the noise of all four talking together drowned the sense of what they said, and Mr. Mellen, smiling to himself, pushed back his pen and sermon paper.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," he said, mildly. "Who knows but that these little ones' voices have been sent to guide my footsteps aright? It was a sweet and gracious idea, that of preparing a Christmas for the little homeless ones who have no parents to take tender thought for them. I think I will go out and quiet my troubled meditations with a walk!"

And his walk led him to the little red farm-house in whose wing Miss Polly Pritchard sat diligently at work over the eighteen dolls.

The parson was a sensible, straightforward man, who comprehended none of the sinuous wiles of society. He knocked at the door and walked in.

All looked cozy and comfortable there, from the big geranium in the window and the Maltese cat on the rug to the shaded lamp and the work-basket beside the prim little spinster. And Miss Polly herself, with her thick brown hair coiled in a knot at the back of her head, and a faint, carnation-like bloom on her cheek, was not the least attractive element of the scene.

"So these are the dolls for the little waifs and strays of humanity, eh?" said the parson, looking kindly at the maiden lady.

"Yes," said Miss Polly. "But I don't know how you heard anything about it, Mr. Mellen. It was to be a profound secret."

"I will keep it most profoundly," said the parson.

"You see," blushingly explained Miss Polly, "I am fond of children, and it's a real pleasure to do anything for the little things. I've often thought I should like to adopt a child."

"Miss Polly," said the parson, bluntly, "that is the very business I have come to you about. What do you say to adopting *four?*"

"Four?" repeated Miss Polly.

"Yes," said the parson. "Mine! And their father thrown into the bargain. What do you say, Miss Polly? Will you marry me?"

"I—I'm afraid I am not good enough," said Miss Polly, with a little gasp, as if the tide of unexpected happiness was surging up into her very throat.

"If ever there was a good Christian, Polly, you are one," said the parson. "Or else," putting his hand lightly upon the tiny heap of dolls, "you never would have taken all this pains for Christ's orphan little ones. Only say 'Yes,' Polly. That is all I want."

And Polly said: "Yes."

Mrs. Gribbage was quite incredulous when she came home and heard the news.

"I thought it was to be Georgietta Fullerton, sure enough," said she. "But how ever came Mr. Mellen to think of *you?*"

"I am sure I don't know," said Miss Polly, with humility.

So, like the old-time fairy stories, our tale ends. "And they lived happily ever after." For Mrs. Mellen was a model step-mother, and the four young rebels at the parsonage loved her heartily.

This was Miss Polly Pritchard's last Christmas in loveless solitude. For when the next Christmas came she was the happy little mistress of the parsonage.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—A half-breed Indian in the Dead River region in Maine has domesticated a huge moose, and uses him in farm work. In the winter, when the moose is hitched to a sled and is driven upon the ice, there is no horse in the country round about which can keep up with him. The half-breed turns his big steed into an inclosure with a fence of ordinary height. Once in awhile the moose jumps out and goes on an excursion, but, as he never fails to return, this privilege is not begrudged him.—*Boston Journal.*

—"This car can't wait for ladies to kiss good-bye," is the ungallant legend that ornaments horse-cars in some Western cities.—*Richmond State.*

—Art of Conversation—You convince a man, you persuade a woman.—*N. Y. Telegram*

A NATURAL GAS FORGE.

An Invention Likely to Revolutionize the Smelting of Iron and Glass.

The *Petroleum Age* thus describes a recent trial at Kendall, Pa., of Dr. Benninghoff's patent process of smelting iron, steel and glass with natural gas. Iron and steel were quickly raised to a white heat in a well controlled flame, which came from mixing natural gas with air, and the metals were easily and thoroughly welded.

The invention seems likely to revolutionize the smelting of iron, steel and glass in the United States. The forge is built of brick, about thirty-three inches square at the base and thirty inches in height. The firepot is located at the central point, and near the top of the forge. Inch air pipes coming from the fan or blower are connected to three-quarter inch gas pipes just outside and on opposite sides of the forge. At the T the gas and air are mixed, and then pass into the forge through the same pipe. The two pipes from opposite sides are in a horizontal line with one another, and have their open ends in the forge directly opposite and sixteen inches apart. When they are lighted, the two flames strike against each other. An air pipe in a vertical position from the bottom of the forge has its open end about eighteen inches below the horizontal line between the pipes containing gas and air. The intense heat is obtained near the intersection point of the air current and the mixed ones of air and gas.

The top of the forge is nearly closed, with the exception of an aperture large enough to admit the piece of iron or steel to be welded. When the two gas jets are first lighted, the flame rises to a height proportionate to the flow of gas. But when the air is forced into the air pipes and mingles with the gas, the flame changes from a yellow to a lambent blue color, as it settles into the firebox in the forge. Why the jet of flame sinks instead of rises is something as yet unexplained by those who have brought about the valuable results. Dr. Benninghoff describes his invention as a process in which gas is mixed with air under pressure, so as to make it in the highest degree combustible. He also says, the oxygen in the air being the important factor of combustion, all that is necessary is to supply a sufficient amount of air to get the required amount of oxygen to perfectly consume the gas. Gas burning in an ordinary jet for the purpose of light gives that light because it is not all consumed. Where combustion is perfect, there is no blaze or flame to be seen. In order that the air supply may not interfere with the heat supply, the gas is mingled with the air before it is introduced into the firebox. In arranging a forge it may also be necessary to add extra air blasts to the fire for the purpose of locating the heating place, and for supplying oxygen in case there be any non-oxygenized gas present.—*Scientific American.*

FACE MEMORY.

Why People of Strange Races All Seem to Look Alike.

We must say to begin with that a large proportion of mankind, as any great portrait painter will testify, never see faces actually at all. Some are short-sighted and see no definite edges to anything, and consequently, though unconsciously, rely for indentification on evidence, which is not that of sight and is frequently all wrong. They see the type, but not the true face, and as a considerable portion of mankind possess type faces, distinguished from others of a like kind by differences as minute as those of leaves, the short-sighted are constantly liable to error. So are the inattentive. They fail sometimes, after many interviews, to catch the expression of the face: can not state, except in the vaguest way, the color of eyes or hair, and will misdescribe features—perhaps prominent features—as if they were paid to do it. They have never attended to the face all, but have been content with a general impression; have never observed with any true observation, and are as little to be trusted in their accounts as women believe most men to be when describing woman's dress. They will even confuse dark persons with light, and declare that a long face struck them as a short one, or hesitate, as a witness did in a bigamy case, about the presence or absence of a mustache. Indeed, it is probable that a large section of mankind can not observe, for of all who land for the first time in India or China, at least half declare that all Indians or Chinese are precisely alike. Yet, though Chinamen have certain broad points of resemblance in color, shape of brows and absence of hair, they are in details as different as Europeans; while Indians, owing to their wide difference in color, the use or disuse of hair on lip or chin, and the existence among them of features due to varieties of original race, are more different than white men. Inattention is, however, the main cause of error, and is sometimes carried to extraordinary lengths. We have known brothers unable to state the color of each other's eyes, and fellow collegians who could not remember whether acquaintances wore the mustache or not.—*London Spectator.*

—As the one o'clock evening train was pulling into Sawyer City, on the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia Railroad, says the Detroit *Free Press*, a young man and his best girl happened to be the only occupants of the rear coach. The young man was improving the opportunity to do a little hugging and kissing just at the moment the brakeman stuck his head into the door and yelled "Saw-yer! Saw-yer!" As soon as the young man recovered he retorted: "I don't care if you did; we've been engaged more than two weeks."

—A pompous individual going up the staircase of a large hotel was violently poked in the back with an umbrella by a man who ran after him. When he turned to ascertain the cause of the assault, the other saw his mistake and apologized, saying: "Excuse me, sir; I thought you were my old friend Brown." "Indeed!" said the old gentleman, in measured tones; "and does your old friend Brown enjoy this sort of thing?" —*N. Y. Ledger.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Buttons—Missus told me to come down and tell you she was not at home. Huffcut—Go back and tell your mistress I say I haven't called.—*Tid-Bits.*

—A lady was once lamenting the ill-luck which attended her affairs, when a friend, wishing to console her, bade her "I look upon the bright side." "Oh!" she sighed, "there seems to be no bright side." "Then polish up the dark one," was the quick reply.

—Do not be too emphatic in the expression of your opinions, my son. I once heard your mother speak of the Bliggses as the scum of the earth. Since then the "scum" has risen, as it always does, first or last, and will have nothing to do with your mother or me. —*Burdette.*

—A "young girl of sixteen years" writes that she suffers dreadfully from insomnia, and wants to know "what she shall do for it." "Go to sleep, daughter, go to sleep. We never yet saw a case of insomnia that couldn't be cured by regular, healthful sleep. That's the boss medicine for insomnia.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Fond father—"How is your boy getting on at college, Smith?" Smith—"First-rate, I believe." Fond father—"Strange: my boy doesn't stand well in his class at all; and yet I believe he is a very hard student. What do you suppose can be the matter?" Smith—"Maybe he's too hard."—*N. Y. Mail.*

—It has been figured out that a good-sized dog requires more food to keep him in order than a six-year-old boy or girl. Poor people who keep a dog will do well to ponder over this and take steps to get rid of their six-year old boy or girl before severe winter sets in.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—It is not considered bad form in Paris to kiss a young woman on the forehead, however slight the acquaintance. Etiquette is more rigorous upon the question of kissing in this country. He is favored, indeed, who can kiss a young woman upon the forehead without getting a bang in the mouth.—*Binghamton Republican.*

—"The Second Reformed Oyster Supper for the Benefit of the Church" is announced in an exchange. From the adverse remarks made concerning such suppers, we have long thought there should be a reform in that direction. A reformed oyster must be one where the poor, forlorn oyster is not of a modest, retiring disposition, but becomes plural several times during the feast.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Fenderson—"Yes, I shave myself now. It used to cost me fifteen cents a shave—thirty cents a week. I estimate that it costs me one cent to shave myself, or two cents a week. So you see I save twenty-eight cents." Fogg—"But you might do better than that. If you should shave every day you would save ninety-eight cents." Fenderson—"So I would! By George! I never thought of that. I'll do it."—*Boston Post.*

—She had just dropped in for a morning call on her way down-town. "Do you know, Cicely dear," said she, "that it is awfully warm: but I suppose I must wear this fur-trimmed dolman anyhow." "O, I didn't notice you had it on. Is it the same one you had last year?" No, it isn't, I'd have you know. It's brand new and you knew it." It's a very bad practice, this making morning calls; always leads to the shedding of tears.—*Hartford Post.*

HOW HE KNEW.

Farmer Smith Proves That He Knows All About a Swindling Dodge.

A great man once wrote: "After the sting of folly has made men wise, they find it hard to conceive that others can be as foolish as they have been." An amusing instance of this occurred recently, at a country agricultural fair.

There was a man on the grounds wrapping ten and twenty-dollar bills in small packages of cleansing compound. The packages containing the bills were then thrown loosely into a box containing a number of packages of the compound alone. "For only one dollar, gentlemen," the spectators were allowed to select six of the packages, with "almost an absolute certainty," as the glib vender said, "of drawing one or more of the packages containing the bills."

It really seemed an easy thing to pick out the valuable packages. The soap man did it easily. But, strangely enough, none of the bystanders could do it. One man spent five dollars, and drew forth nothing but thirty packages of the worthless soap.

Walking moodily away, he met a neighbor, who accosted him thus:

"Hello, Johnson! What makes you look so blue?"

"Oh," replied the dejected Johnson, "I've lost five dollars in that plaguy soap man's scheme."

"Well, well," said Neighbor Smith, "I'm amazed that a man of your age had anything to do with a humbug of that kind."

"I don't b'lieve it's a humbug," said Mr. Johnson. "I'm out of luck, that's all."

"Bah!" was Smith's contemptuous retort. "It's a glaring humbug clear through."

"How do you know it is?" asked Johnson.

"How do I know? Why, man, any one with eyes in their heads ought to see that. How can a man sell twenty dollar bills for a dollar?"

"Well, it looks fair enough," said Johnson, doggedly.

"Oh, yes," sneered Smith, and then added, patronizingly. "But don't you be deceived by looks. Friend Johnson. I could have told you long ago that the man was a fraud."

"How did you know?" persisted Johnson.

This seemed to mettle the erudite Mr Smith, thoroughly, and he angrily and thoughtlessly cried out:

"Know, man, know? How do I *know* that he's a scoundrel? Why, man, I—I—aint I lost five dollars on the thieving trick myself?"

To this might well be added Horace Greeley truthful remark: "The gloomiest day in any man's career is that wherein he fancies there is some easier way of getting a dollar than by squarely earning it."—*Youth's Companion.*

CONTENTMENT.

We war gittin' on tol'able well—
Matildy, the childers and me—
If we didn't cut much of a swell,
We were as snug as we wanted to be.
Ther' war plenty to do in them times,
An' a'though t wa'n't so very big pay,
We managed to save a few dimes
On our dollar'n a quarter a day.

But there came a rich banker along,
An' he built a house over the way,
Then ev'rything seemed to go wrong
With Matildy an' me f'm that day—
Our cottage got dreadfully small,
An' we wanted, as never before,
A porch, an' bay-window, an' hall,
An' our name on a plate on the door.

Now, I never was much on advice,
But there s one thing I reckon I know:
When a man's got enough to suffice,
He'd better just keep along so,
An' mind his own business alone,
An' not give his jealousy vent,
For the best thing a poor man can own
Is a lot of good natured content

—*Eugene Field, in Chicago News.*

TOOTHACHE CURES.

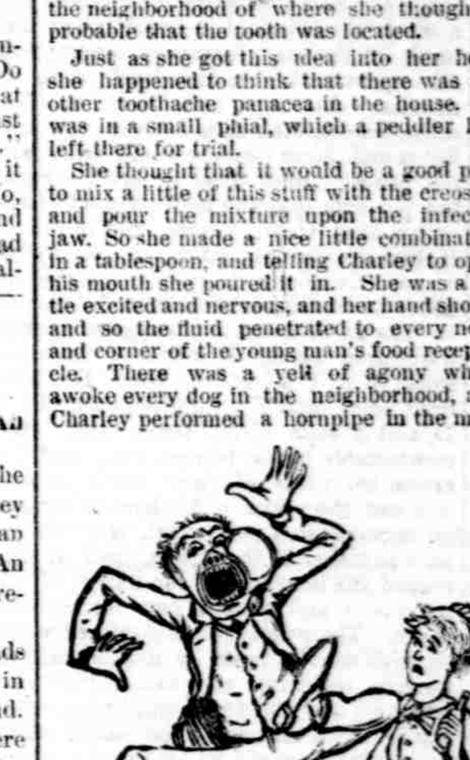
What a Loving Little Wife, Aided by Sympathizing Friends, Did to Allay Her Husband's Anguish.

A young, newly-married Denver man went to his home on Velton street the other night, taking with him a severe case of toothache. As soon as he got into the house he threw himself into an easy chair and began to groan. At about the same time his face on the side where the aching tooth had many years before attained a homestead began to swell. In about thirty minutes his left cheek bore a strong resemblance to an old-fashioned apple dumpling

prepared by the hands of a generous mother for a large family. The more the jaw enlarged the louder the young man howled and rolled about in his chair. His wife was several years younger than he, and her sole experience with the toothache had hitherto been limited to one or two mild attacks caused by an excessive consumption of caramels. She had usually cured her pain with creosote, and as soon as Charley had found time between his groans to tell her what was the matter with him she got the creosote bottle and told him to open his mouth and let her see the tooth which was troubling him. He complied, but as she could not tell by the looks which one of the teeth was making the trouble, and as Charley could not enlighten her, she thought she'd better pour a little of the stuff into the neighborhood of where she thought it probable that the tooth was located.

Just as she got this idea into her head she happened to think that there was another toothache panacea in the house. It was in a small phial, which a peddler had left there for trial.

She thought that it would be a good plan to mix a little of this stuff with the creosote and pour the mixture upon the infected jaw. So she made a nice little combination in a tablespoon, and telling Charley to open his mouth she poured it in. She was a little excited and nervous, and her hand shook, and so the fluid penetrated to every nook and corner of the young man's food receptacle. There was a yell of agony which awoke every dog in the neighborhood, and Charley performed a hornpipe in the mid-



dle of the floor, and accompanied it with a series of words, the majority of which his wife had never heard before.

It was an hour before Charley got quieted sufficiently to sit down, and about that time a lady member ventured to ask if they had sickness in the family. She was told of the affliction which had overtaken Charley, and she was all sympathy at once. She had suffered just so herself, and the only way to cure the trouble was to make cold applications upon the outside of the cheek.

So she went home, and Charley's wife made a neat little bag and filled it with chopped ice, and then tied it on his face with a long red stocking.

This had the effect of changing the pain, and made Charley feel as though he were having needles thrust into his brain.

He could feel the hair stand upright on the top of his head, and his eyes protruded from their sockets to such an extent that his wife thought that Charley was going crazy.

Pretty soon the ice began to melt and to drip down upon Charley's shirt bosom, and to meander around his collar, and course slowly down his spine, and Charley in his delirium felt as though he had been fishing and fallen overboard. Then he began to pace up and down the room, and kick the footstools, and stare out of the windows, and look unkindly at the cat; and just at this juncture a friend of Charley and Mrs. Charley arrived. His name was Arthur, and he had been a drug clerk before he became a dude, and in consequence his intimate friends all called him "Doctor."

He was much interested when he heard how his friend was suffering and he smiled a superior smile when Charley's wife explained what she had done for him. What was needed, he said, was counter-irritant. The teeth and the interior of the mouth were inflamed and there was undoubtedly fever there. A hot plaster of some kind upon the outside would be just the thing. He said that if Charley's wife would get him the materials he would prepare something which would ease the pain almost immediately. So they all went to the kitchen and Arthur turned back his cuffs and began work. First he ripped open the bag which contained the ice and laid it aside. Then he put on a coating of mustard and moistened it with hot water.

Then he put on a layer of red pepper and then sprinkled the whole with water, so that it made a nice thick paste. He tied that upon Charley's face and then put a bandage soaked with hot water over that, and then he tied the red stocking on once more. Then he went home and Charley went to bed. During a period of about twenty minutes after Arthur had bowed himself out, Mrs. Charley was a firm believer in sheol. Charley made her believe it. He howled, he swore, he danced and he stood upon his head. His wife at first asked him "if it ached worse." Then she didn't dare get within speaking distance of him until in a moment of wild frenzy he tore the plaster from his face and dashed it at a picture of "Two Cherubs," which was hanging upon the wall.

Then Charley fainted and she had a chance to look at his face. There was the swelling, the mustard, the pepper and a two days' beard all mixed together. The removal of the plaster had also caused the secession of a considerable section of cuticle, and take it altogether it did not look like the same face which Charley's wife used to think "too sweet for anything." She thought that his face must be sore, and she remembered that once when she was a little girl she burned her finger one day and her mother put some cold molasses on the injured member, and that took all the pain away. So she took the syrup pitcher and poured its contents on Charley's face.

Two ladies who lived down the block called just then to see who had been injured in the house, as they had thought they heard somebody groan there. One of these, when she found out the cause of the trouble, said that sweet oil and lime-water was good for burns. She had some all prepared at home, and she kindly offered to go and get it. While she was gone the other lady thought that flour was good for burns, so they threw a handful of breadstuffs upon the molasses. Then the other lady came with the sweet oil and lime-water mixture, and they poured that on. Just then the family washerwoman called to see if they wanted to have their washing done the following day. As Charley still seemed to "suffer some pain," they asked the washerwoman, who was old and Irish, and they thought ought to be wise, as to what to do. She thought that "bluing" was the best thing in the world, and so they added another color to Charley's face.

Well, the two ladies stayed with Charley's wife that night, and they have since

declared that Charley is the worst-tempered man whom they ever saw.

Charley is better now, but he says that he will not get out of the house for a month to come unless he wears a mask.—*Denver Tribune-Republican.*

A MONGOOSE.

An American Tale About a Useful Indian Bird.

In India the mongoose is the great ally of the native in his constant strife with snakes. Of the mongoose there is a tale, sufficiently familiar, no doubt, and yet apt in its application. In an American railway carriage there once journeyed a quiet genman, having between his feet a basket of peculiar shape. An inquisitive stranger asked him what the basket might contain. "It contains a mongoose," was the answer. "And what is a mongoose," the stranger queried. "A mongoose," the gentleman replied, politely, "is an East Indian animal that kills snakes." "And what might you want a mongoose for now?" continued the inquisitive stranger. "Well," answered the stranger, "I have a brother-in-law who has been a little too fond of tangle-foot whisky, and sometimes he sees snakes, and so I am taking this mongoose to him to kill the snakes." The inquisitive stranger hesitated a moment, and then he said: "But those are not *real* snakes your brother-in-law sees!" "I know it," returned the quiet gentleman, "and this is not a real mongoose."—*Christian Union.*

Wit Misplaced.

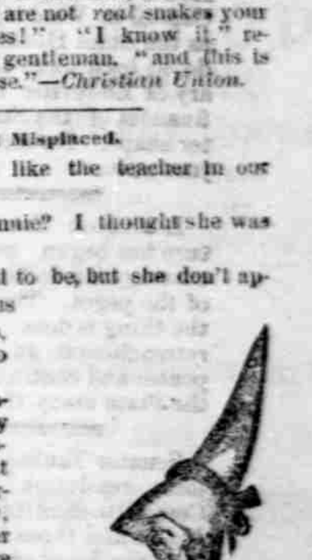
"Ma, I don't like the teacher in our school."

"Why not, Johnnie? I thought she was so kind to you.

"Well, she used to be, but she don't appreciate my genius

"Good gracious, Johnnie! What do you mean?"

"Why, I'm a-cultivating my genius. I'm a-going to be a great American humorist. So to-day, when the teacher asked me where they sent Napoleon into exile, I just gave her a witty answer."



"Where did you say they sent him into exile?"

"I said: 'To Philadelphia, because that's where people are buried alive.'"

"And what then?"

"Why, she made me stand on a chair with an A-B-C book in my hand and a fool's-cap on my head. She was born in Philadelphia, I found out."—*Puck.*

A Discreet Negro.

Meeting Jim Webster, Uncle Mose could not help being astonished at the magnificent pants of Jim

"Dat's a mighty fine pair ob pants for sich a pore niggah as you am to be a wearin'."

"Yes, dey's gorgus, and no mistake."

"How much mout dey cost yer, and whar did yer git 'em?"

"Dey mout cost me two years in de penitenshiery ef I tole."—*Texas Siftings.*