

AT LAST.

BY JOHN GREENLAF WHITIER.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsummed spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

COL. COYOTE CLARK.

When I told the officers of my church
in that newest city of the Southwestern States
that Mrs. Clark had called upon me
with a view of joining our society,

"I am glad to know her," I insisted.
"and you would like to have her husband,
Coyote Clark, call, would you?"

"Do they? Well, I am anxious to see
what will come of it," Col. Coyote Clark
said, and Mr. Brown evidently coincided
in the sarcastic exclamation of Mr. Jones.

"It is plain," I said to myself,
"that he is a large, red-faced, bushy-whiskered,
boisterous man, a bully and a blackguard."

A few weeks afterward, and when I
had forgotten the disreputable Colonel,
there called upon me one afternoon
a gentleman whom I knew at a glance
to be a book or insurance agent.

"Now, is there anything I can do for you?"
he reined in his horse at my gate
one morning to ask, looking the picture
of a cavalier, for he was Captain of the Rangers.

"Your wife," I stammered.
"Yes, sir; Mrs. Clark. My name is
Col. Clark. I dare say," he added with
the laugh of a school-boy, "that you
have heard of me as Coyote Clark."

That was the way we began our more
than mutual acquaintance. Every day
I heard of some fresh rascality of my
new friend. He was a gambler, was
horribly profane when enraged, could
become more thoroughly intoxicated
over night, and show less signs of it
next morning than any other.

IN THE DAYS OF CHARLEMAGNE.
The richness of the conquering races
regarding meals is shown by the manner
in which the table of Charlemagne was
served. The Emperor dined at midday
alone. The Dukes and Princes waited
on him and dined at the same table
when he had done. They were succeeded
by the Counts and high functionaries,
who were waited on and replaced by
the military suites, and so on through
several gradations down to the lowest
class of domestics, whose turn seldom
arrived before midnight.

He gave me every opportunity to do so.
After a very long probation his wife
became a member of my church. Not
only was she a regular attendant, but

she brought her husband with her. On
prayer-meeting nights, when it was too
cold or the rain was falling in torrents,
whoever else was absent it was not Col.
Coyote Clark nor his wife. Every child
was in the Sunday school. During sermons
the Colonel gave me his, if not devout,
at least undivided attention. I met a
cordial reception when I visited at his
house. I was a little surprised when,
on calling one hot August evening,
two or three of his youngest children
raced in and out of the parlor as naked
as the hour they were born, but they
were very beautiful children, and were
soon hustled off to bed; and the father
sat listening for an hour after, and with
sympathetic eyes, to all I could urge
upon him as to a change of life.

As I knew at the outset, I cannot
condense into limits so brief a tenth of
what I would like to say of my friend.
For, notwithstanding everything, I liked
him; yes, and I like him to this hour!
I recall the picnic dinner he gave to the
Sunday school in the woods on a bright
October day, the profuse generosity of
the man, then as always, who for some
occult reason wore a ruffled shirt and
was apparently the ideal of a refined
gentleman. We had to repress and re-
fuse his pecuniary gifts to the church.
I believe he would have built us a new
edifice had we allowed it.

"And you still think you can make a
Christian of him?" The question was
continually dashed upon me like cold
water, and from, it seemed to me, every
quarter. "I can but try!" I always
said so, but it was with a sinking heart.
My friend seemed to belong to a wholly
different species somehow, always so
cordial, so attentive, so open to conviction,
so frankly boyish and bright-faced,
yet all along, as I could but know,
the same unmitigated reprobate.

Disasters befell him in quick succession.
His house was burned down, but he
tracked the incendiary, killed him, and
was as cheerful as ever. His favorite
son was blown up and burned to a crisp
in his Christmas pyrotechnics. Another
son, a handsome fellow, accidentally
shot and killed a young negro with
whom he was playing. A daughter not
15 was assisted out of a back window
one night by a lad not much older, and
eloped to be married by me some weeks
after to her abductor. A third son not
10 years old had his clothes hidden
while bathing in the river, and searched
and found them only to take a small
revolver out of the pockets, run, still
naked, after his mischievous companion
and dangerously wound him. Through
everything Col. Coyote Clark remained,
as far as I could see, the same pleasant-
faced, sincere-spoken, innocent-mannered
and hopelessly wicked desperado.

"Now, is there anything I can do for you?"
he reined in his horse at my gate
one morning to ask, looking the picture
of a cavalier, for he was Captain of the Rangers.

"Now, is there anything I can do for you?"
he reined in his horse at my gate
one morning to ask, looking the picture
of a cavalier, for he was Captain of the Rangers.

"Now, is there anything I can do for you?"
he reined in his horse at my gate
one morning to ask, looking the picture
of a cavalier, for he was Captain of the Rangers.

"Now, is there anything I can do for you?"
he reined in his horse at my gate
one morning to ask, looking the picture
of a cavalier, for he was Captain of the Rangers.

Finally, with a rush and a roar the
fight was on us. Then I saw that form
again. Forward into the very hell of
the battle, and ride hard as we would,
those yellow curls were always in ad-
vance, leading us on. Above them I
saw the flash of the saber, cutting circles
of light in the air, and where he led we
followed, for who would not ride gayly
smiling to death when Custer led the
way?—E. J. Burdette.

NOAH WEBSTER was a celebrated author.
He was a quick and ready writer,
and in one of his inspired moments he
dashed off a dictionary. He took it to
several publishers, but they shied at it,
saying the style was dull, turgid, dry,
hard and uninteresting, and beside that
he used too many big words. But at
last Noah succeeded, and the immortal
work is in daily use propping up babies
at the dinner table.—Steuenville Republican.

A NEW STORY OF LINCOLN.

I mentioned that President Arthur was
a Mason. "Yes," said the doctor, "eight of our
Presidents have been members of the
fraternity, Washington, Jackson, Pierce,
Buchanan, Andrew Johnson, Garfield,
and now Arthur."

"Mr. Lincoln was not a Mason?"
"No; but he thought highly of the
order. Toward the close of the war one
of our leading Masons called on Lincoln
for some favor. He said, when the visitor
took his leave: 'I have heard so much
of the good deeds of Masonry during
the war that if I were not so old I
would still knock at the door of the
lodge.'"

I could not forbear telling the doctor
a story which I had heard of Mr. Lin-
coln. It was just after he was nominated
in 1860 that a prominent Mason called
on him at Springfield and said: "Of
course you expect all the Masons to vote
against you, Mr. Lincoln?"

"No; why?"
"Because all the other Presidential
candidates are Masons."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Old Abe, "is
that so?"

"Certainly," said the visitor; "Belli
has taken all the degrees, and is a mem-
ber of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee.
Breckinridge is an officer of the Grand
Lodge of Kentucky. And Douglas;
why, he is Grand Orator of the Grand
Lodge of Illinois—right here under your
nose!"

Mr. Lincoln turned around in his
chair, without turning the chair, laid his
legs across the top of the other table,
laughed, rubbed his face, stuck his fingers
through his hair, and said, "John,
you have been down in Egypt a good
deal yourself?"

"Well, yes," admitted the visitor,
"sorry to say I have frequented that
locality."

"I am reminded," said Mr. Lincoln,
"of an incident that occurred in the old
Shawneetown Court House. An old
woman who was a real hard case was a
witness, and the lawyer, bound to get
even, asked her, 'Are you a virtuous
woman, madam?' She was slightly sur-
prised, and said, 'That, sir, is a very
hard question to ask a lady who is a
witness before a public court.' He rose
and repeated the question sternly. She
still evaded it; but, when he persisted,
she finally answered, 'This much I
will say; that I have great respect for
the institution!'"—W. A. Croffut, in
Pioneer Press.

APPEARANCES DECEITFUL.
I have long ago got over the idea that
I could tell all about a man by looking
at him. I got over it during the war. I
went down there to help Gen. Grant
whip the rebels. The General had a
command and I had one. Mine was the
horse and accoutrements of a private
soldier, and if Gen. Grant's command
had caused him one-half the trouble
that mine did me I believe he would
have resigned. I wanted to resign, but
the Government would not let me. Well,
one day, when I was trying to make my
command keep up with the commands
of the other men in front of me, a cavalry
officer rode by. I never was more
disgusted in all my life. Such a fop-
fincal and priggish to the last degree.
Not a wrinkle in the glittering uniform
that incased the slender form. White
gauntlet gloves reaching nearly to the
elbow, a long Spanish sword, and long
hair. Long hair in that region! And,
what was worse, he curled it, and wore
it falling over his shoulders and down
his back like a woman. Yellow hair it
was. The most glorious gold that ever
sunlight shone upon, I believe it now—
but yellow I called it then. I was too
much disgusted even to ask the name of
the officer, and rode along a little piqued
that the Government did not make officers
of such men as me, instead of such
fellows as the one just passed. I saw
him again subsequently. We were study-
ing geography—trying to find how far
it was from one place to another by go-
ing there. When we had most got
where we were going we came to a long
line of marshes with a creek running
through them, and crossing the marshes
was a causeway, with a bridge over the
creek. Across the marshes on a hill
was a party of gentlemen in gray ulsters,
having a picnic. We had never been
introduced to one of them, but they
shot away at us just as sociably as if
we had kept hens alongside their back yards
for ten years.

Finally, with a rush and a roar the
fight was on us. Then I saw that form
again. Forward into the very hell of
the battle, and ride hard as we would,
those yellow curls were always in ad-
vance, leading us on. Above them I
saw the flash of the saber, cutting circles
of light in the air, and where he led we
followed, for who would not ride gayly
smiling to death when Custer led the
way?—E. J. Burdette.

NOAH WEBSTER was a celebrated author.
He was a quick and ready writer,
and in one of his inspired moments he
dashed off a dictionary. He took it to
several publishers, but they shied at it,
saying the style was dull, turgid, dry,
hard and uninteresting, and beside that
he used too many big words. But at
last Noah succeeded, and the immortal
work is in daily use propping up babies
at the dinner table.—Steuenville Republican.

NOAH WEBSTER was a celebrated author.
He was a quick and ready writer,
and in one of his inspired moments he
dashed off a dictionary. He took it to
several publishers, but they shied at it,
saying the style was dull, turgid, dry,
hard and uninteresting, and beside that
he used too many big words. But at
last Noah succeeded, and the immortal
work is in daily use propping up babies
at the dinner table.—Steuenville Republican.

NOAH WEBSTER was a celebrated author.
He was a quick and ready writer,
and in one of his inspired moments he
dashed off a dictionary. He took it to
several publishers, but they shied at it,
saying the style was dull, turgid, dry,
hard and uninteresting, and beside that
he used too many big words. But at
last Noah succeeded, and the immortal
work is in daily use propping up babies
at the dinner table.—Steuenville Republican.

NOAH WEBSTER was a celebrated author.
He was a quick and ready writer,
and in one of his inspired moments he
dashed off a dictionary. He took it to
several publishers, but they shied at it,
saying the style was dull, turgid, dry,
hard and uninteresting, and beside that
he used too many big words. But at
last Noah succeeded, and the immortal
work is in daily use propping up babies
at the dinner table.—Steuenville Republican.

NOAH WEBSTER was a celebrated author.
He was a quick and ready writer,
and in one of his inspired moments he
dashed off a dictionary. He took it to
several publishers, but they shied at it,
saying the style was dull, turgid, dry,
hard and uninteresting, and beside that
he used too many big words. But at
last Noah succeeded, and the immortal
work is in daily use propping up babies
at the dinner table.—Steuenville Republican.

NOAH WEBSTER was a celebrated author.
He was a quick and ready writer,
and in one of his inspired moments he
dashed off a dictionary. He took it to
several publishers, but they shied at it,
saying the style was dull, turgid, dry,
hard and uninteresting, and beside that
he used too many big words. But at
last Noah succeeded, and the immortal
work is in daily use propping up babies
at the dinner table.—Steuenville Republican.

NOAH WEBSTER was a celebrated author.
He was a quick and ready writer,
and in one of his inspired moments he
dashed off a dictionary. He took it to
several publishers, but they shied at it,
saying the style was dull, turgid, dry,
hard and uninteresting, and beside that
he used too many big words. But at
last Noah succeeded, and the immortal
work is in daily use propping up babies
at the dinner table.—Steuenville Republican.

NOAH WEBSTER was a celebrated author.
He was a quick and ready writer,
and in one of his inspired moments he
dashed off a dictionary. He took it to
several publishers, but they shied at it,
saying the style was dull, turgid, dry,
hard and uninteresting, and beside that
he used too many big words. But at
last Noah succeeded, and the immortal
work is in daily use propping up babies
at the dinner table.—Steuenville Republican.

NOAH WEBSTER was a celebrated author.
He was a quick and ready writer,
and in one of his inspired moments he
dashed off a dictionary. He took it to
several publishers, but they shied at it,
saying the style was dull, turgid, dry,
hard and uninteresting, and beside that
he used too many big words. But at
last Noah succeeded, and the immortal
work is in daily use propping up babies
at the dinner table.—Steuenville Republican.

NOAH WEBSTER was a celebrated author.
He was a quick and ready writer,
and in one of his inspired moments he
dashed off a dictionary. He took it to
several publishers, but they shied at it,
saying the style was dull, turgid, dry,
hard and uninteresting, and beside that
he used too many big words. But at
last Noah succeeded, and the immortal
work is in daily use propping up babies
at the dinner table.—Steuenville Republican.

NOAH WEBSTER was a celebrated author.
He was a quick and ready writer,
and in one of his inspired moments he
dashed off a dictionary. He took it to
several publishers, but they shied at it,
saying the style was dull, turgid, dry,
hard and uninteresting, and beside that
he used too many big words. But at
last Noah succeeded, and the immortal
work is in daily use propping up babies
at the dinner table.—Steuenville Republican.

NOAH WEBSTER was a celebrated author.
He was a quick and ready writer,
and in one of his inspired moments he
dashed off a dictionary. He took it to
several publishers, but they shied at it,
saying the style was dull, turgid, dry,
hard and uninteresting, and beside that
he used too many big words. But at
last Noah succeeded, and the immortal
work is in daily use propping up babies
at the dinner table.—Steuenville Republican.

NOAH WEBSTER was a celebrated author.
He was a quick and ready writer,
and in one of his inspired moments he
dashed off a dictionary. He took it to
several publishers, but they shied at it,
saying the style was dull, turgid, dry,
hard and uninteresting, and beside that
he used too many big words. But at
last Noah succeeded, and the immortal
work is in daily use propping up babies
at the dinner table.—Steuenville Republican.

MALIBRAN IN NEW YORK.

Maria Garcia was the most accom-
plished vocalist, the most dramatic sing-
er, in all respects the most gifted musical
artist, of modern days; and she had such
beauty of person and charm of manner
that she became the most supreme of
prima donnas—a sort of women who
from their first appearance have been
accustomed to see the world at their
feet. She was the idol of society in New
York, and was hardly less admired and
beloved by the general public. Such a
creature had not been seen before for
half a century, and was not to be seen
again for quite as long. Her voice was
a contralto which enabled her to sing
with equal ease the music of "Semiram-
ide" and "Arsace." \* \* \*

As an actress she was made by nature
equally mistress of the grand, the pa-
thetic, and the gay. Her face was, per-
haps, not in all points regularly beau-
tiful; but it was full of beauties each
eminent in its kind, and had an ever-
enduring, always-varying charm. Her
dark, bright eyes fascinated all on whom
their brilliant glances fell, and by her
smile, which revealed brilliant and
beautifully-shaped teeth, not only all
men, but even all women, seem to have
been carried captive. Her figure was
so exquisitely beautiful in all points that
it was somewhat extravagantly said that
she might be studied for an improve-
ment upon the Venus de Medici. The
poise of her daintily-shaped head upon
her shoulders was an appeal to admira-
tion, and her graceful carriage would
have been dignified had she been a little
taller. To the power of varied expres-
sion in her face there seems to have been
no limit; but that most natural to it,
and most commonly seen upon it, was
a fascinating radiation of happiness from
her own soul to all within her influence.
Nor did her manner and her look belie
her nature. According to all evidence,
she was as good as she was beautiful
and fascinating—"as good as an angel."
There is no record of any other such su-
premacv, personal, vocal and dramatic,
except in the great Gabrielle, who turned
the head and won the heart of all Europe
three-quarters of a century before her;
and Gabrielle was far below her morally,
and in all that makes woman most ad-
mirable and lovable.

It is greatly noteworthy that the ca-
reer of such a woman as this should
have been really begun and shaped in
New York, the New York of 1825. But
so it was. In New York she received
the first recognition of her talents; in
New York she first felt the glow of tri-
umph, and was conscious of the posses-
sion of sustained power. In New York,
too, she passed from maidenhood to
wifehood, and acquired the name by
which, notwithstanding a second mar-
riage, she was afterward always known,
and will be known while the world reads
the history of music. She had not been
long upon the stage of the Park Theater
when M. Francois Eugene Malibran, a
French merchant of New York, proposed
marriage to her. He was 50 years of
age, she 17; but she was willing, and
after a brief opposition on the part of
her father she became Madame Malibran
in March, 1826—only four months after
her appearance here, and in the midst
of her operatic and social success.—
Richard Grant White, in Century
Magazine.

ANIMALS AND TIME.
It seems evident that some animals at
least know when Sunday comes. A
friend of mine has a dog who always
runs with the wagon. On week days
the wagon turns to the right from the
gate and goes down to the factory. On
Sunday it turns to the left, and goes to
church. The dog runs ahead; on Sun-
day he turns to the left, and no intima-
tion is given. Six days the sagacious
animal runs in advance to the factory.
Even the horse understands the day as
well as the way to church. No one that
has passed a week day in Venice will
have failed to see the pigeons fed at
the hour of noon. More than 100 of these
little birds have come at noon for their
food. They never mistake the hour.
When the bell of St. Mark's begins to
clang out the hour of noon, not a bird
can be seen; before the bell ceases the
air will be black, and doves by the hun-
dred fly to the windows. On Sunday
no grain is given. The old bell jars out
12 o'clock, but no birds appear. They
can count—they know when Sunday
comes.—Exchange.

RAPIER AND SHILLALAH.
A Frenchman had some words with an
Irishman in Paris and challenged him;
the latter, of course, had the choice of
weapons. Without hesitation he chose
shillalahs in two paces.
"An' what did he say to that?"
"He said, 'By gar, what weapon is
he? I never hear of him. I will have
ze rapier.' An' I says, said I, 'Very
well, Mossoo, bring on yer rapier an'
I'll stick to me shillalah?'"
"An' ye licked him?"
"Faith an' I did; an' his mawther's
plasterin' up his dirty head in the Rue
de la Murphy, down yonder by the Boy
de Mahogany, at this minit!"

At the opera in Dublin a gentleman
sarcastically asked a man standing up in
front of him if he was aware he was
opaque. The other denied the allega-
tion, and said he was O'Brien.

THE MAN WHO OUTSUFFERED ALL.

"They are making lots of fuss over
the fact that the Jeannette survivors
were compelled to live on walrus hide for
three weeks," said Diffenderfer down at
the club the other night; "just as though
that was anything so terrible. Now, if
they had gone through the hardships that
I have they might talk."

"Cook's been burning your buck-
wheats, I suppose," said Boggs, with a
satirical wink.

"Oh! I'm in earnest," said Diffen-
derfer. "For instance, I was lost on a
Michigan prairie once, and for three
days lived on a single field mouse I
caught."

"That's nothing," said another mem-
ber, contemptuously.

"Ain't, eh? Another time I was
shipwrecked in the South Seas. Floated
around on a raft sixteen days with noth-
ing to eat but a pair of old bootlegs
among ten of us."

"Good, soft calfskin isn't so bad,"
critically observed Skidmore, who
claimed to have been a pirate, or some-
thing, in early life.

"Then, on another occasion," said
Diffenderfer, bracing up again, after a
while, "I was locked by mistake in a
bank vault, and had to subsist over Sun-
day on Government bonds and coupons."

"Lots of men doing that now," said
old Botts, gruffly.

"I escaped from the rebs, during the
war, at New Orleans," said the narrator,
growing paler and more determined as
he went on, "and for six weeks hid in a
swamp and lived exclusively on the cast-
off skin of an alligator."

"You should have boiled it," said
Guffey, calmly. "That's the way I
used to do in Africa."

There was a silence that could be cut
with a knife after that for some time,
when, just as the crowd was chuckling
over the supposed extinguishment of the
story teller, Diffenderfer took the bit in
his teeth and made one more desperate
brush for the lead.

"But, gentlemen," he continued, sol-
emnly, "those were hardships, indeed;
but nothing, absolutely nothing, com-
pared to an experience I once endured
in this city about three years ago.
Through an unfortunate combination of
circumstances I was compelled to eat
three hotel steaks in one week!" And
with awestruck faces the sympathizing
crowd arose and awarded the survivor
the official cake.—San Francisco Post.

ANIMAL COMBUSTION.

Within every living organism there
are two opposing forces. The "vital
force," which produces all the phenom-
ena of life, holds the material elements
in unstable relations—against their will,
so to speak—and it is antagonized by
the neutral chemical affinities of the
elements, which tend to break down the
organic compounds and rearrange the
elements in more stable form. This de-
composition takes place in some degree
during the life of every organism, and
when life ends, or when the vital force
ceases to act, it rapidly destroys the
structure.

The waste matter resulting from this
disintegration must be immediately re-
moved from the body of the living animal,
otherwise it clogs and poisons the
system. The method of its accomplish-
ment is one of the most admirable func-
tions of the animal economy. To re-
move the effete matter in the natural
liquid or solid state would be very ex-
hausting; consequently it is burned,
and the gaseous products of its union
with oxygen are then easily carried
away. Literally speaking, this makes a
furnace of the body of every animal;
and the most pressing and ceaseless de-
mand of the system is for oxygen to
support its fires. Respiration is hence
an absorbing and excreting process,
whereby oxygen is received and carbonic
acid and water removed. It thus be-
comes a measure of the amount of com-
bustion.

In the "cold-blooded" animals respiration
bears a direct proportion to the
activity and the heat of the body, as the
former causes a metamorphosis and
waste of tissue, and the latter always
aids decomposition. The fact is one of
common observation. It is well illus-
trated in the quickened breathing of a
tired animal, and in the almost-entire
suspension of respiration in the liber-
ating state. The respiration of a
"cold-blooded" creature is increased by
artificial heat. In extremely-hot weather
frogs may have to leave the water
entirely, and fishes come to the surface
to procure air. Reversely, frogs can be
kept for years in a state of suspended
animation by a low temperature, and
revived by warming. Some low animals
can survive freezing or drying for an
indefinite time; and, under such condi-
tions, the waste of the tissues must be
entirely suspended.—Popular Science
Monthly.

WOMEN do not possess logical minds,
and, being very imaginative, are, there-
fore, not fitted for debate, so Emerson
says, but we say that when it comes to
a debate as to whether it is necessary or
proper for a man to go down town after
supper, a woman can give the most log-
ical man a half-mile start, and not only
beat him with her imagination, but fix it
so that he won't leave the house till
after breakfast next morning.

PLEASANTRIES.

ASAGE hen—One who avoids the hawk.
WHEN a Pretty Irish girl is stolen
away they suspect some boycotter.

THE man who works without recom-
pense gets no hire in his profession.

If it takes 10 mills to make a cent,
where are the profits on a barrel of flour?

COLUMBUS made the egg stand, but
Italians of less renown have made the
peanut stand.

SHE told him that she could read his
mind like an open book, and then softly
added: "Blank book."

SWEET Evelina from the suffocating
embrace of her lover cried out: "Give
me liberty or give me breath."

PRUMP girls are said to be going out
of fashion. If this is true, the plumper
the girl the slimmer her chances.

A FASHION writer says: "Short skirts
are de rigueur for dancing." By this a
girl will know how to rig herself for a
ball.

PATRICK (dressing for a party)—"Bed-
dad now, and I shan't be able to git on
these boots till I've worn them a toime
or two."

"THAT'S what beats me," as the boy
said when he saw his father take the
skate strap down from its accustomed
nail."

It may be right occasionally to take
a bull by the horns, but it is always well
to keep in mind that the horns belong to
the bull.

THE editor of the Saunquoit (N. Y.)
Register suggests that persons sending
in big eggs will please accompany them
by several ordinary-sized ones, not for
publication, but as a guarantee of good
faith.

"I do love a fool!" said Ophicleide,
with a scornful glance at his neighbor.
"You conceited egotist!" replied Fog-
horn with scathing calmness, and the
fight was over before the police could
get there.

"I TELL YOU," exclaimed the theater
manager, "that Miss Ruskin had a
splendid reception. The house was fair-
ly ablaze with enthusiasm." "Yes,"
said Fogg, dryly, "as the house was all
paper it was easily set ablaze."

HER loving salutation—"I thought,
Miss S., that you hated that dirty minx.
Yet you went up and kissed her." Miss
S.—"I do hate her, and that is why I
did it. Look at the big freckles on her
cheek where I kissed the powder off."

"I DON'T mind the pi-aner much,"
said a fond but perplexed mother, re-
cently, "but when Marier gets to sally-
in' around in front of the lookin'-glass
and disputin' in French with her own
shadder, it makes me right nervous."

A PERSON described by a Kansas pa-
per as a "bald-headed Judge" rubbed
his pate daily with a fresh raw onion,
and in two months his hair grew out.
It probably came out to ascertain why
its proprietor always had the whole room
to himself.

A boy who had always refused to eat
oatmeal, in spite of his mother's urgings
that it was a strengthening diet, sudden-
ly surprised her one morning by eating
a liberal plateful and calling for more.
Upon his mother asking for an explana-
tion he replied: "I am bound to eat
oatmeal till I am strong enough to whip
Johnny Scott."

A BAD COUPLING.
She married a railroad man,
A locomotive spark;
He told her of his little plan
At the gate, out in the dark.
But long ere a year had gone,
The fire it died alike!
Their coupling apart was drawn
And he switched her off his track!

An old porter offered his 10-year-old
boy a new nickel if he would fetch him
a dark bottle that stood in the corner of
the pantry shelf, without his mother's
discovering it. The lad secured the
prize and was making off with it when
his mother suddenly yelled: "What
have you got in that bottle, Johnny?"
"I don't know," answered the innocent
boy; "it's labeled tomato sauce, but it
smells just like dad's breath."

SODA FOR BURNS.

All kinds of burns, including scalds
and sunburns, are immediately relieved
by the application of a solution of soda
to the burnt surface. It must be re-
membered that dry soda will not do unless
it is surrounded with a cloth moist
enough to dissolve it. The method of
sprinkling it on and covering with a wet
cloth is often the best. But it is suffi-
cient to wash the wounds repeatedly with
a strong solution.

It would be well to keep a bottle of it
always on hand, made so strong that
more or less settles in the bottom. This
is what is called a saturated solution,
and really such a solution as this is
formed when the dry soda is sprinkled
on and covered with a moistened cloth.
It is thought by some that the pain of
a burn is caused by the hardening of the
albumen of the flesh, which presses on
the albumen and relieves the pressure.
Others think that the burn generates an
acidic acid, which the soda neutralizes.

MISS EDMUNDS, daughter of Senator
Edmunds, takes a daily walk accom-
panied by a fine Irish setter. Miss Hill,
daughter of the Senator, owns a fine
setter and drives a stylish dog-cart.