

INTERRUPTED.

I have sat for an hour at my table,
And tried to get on with my work;
There's a poem to finish—a fable
About the unspeakable Turk.
It ought to be pat to minute,
A fortunate mixture of fun,
With a spice of the serious in it—
But I can't get it done.

My thoughts are all thronging and fighting,
I feel them at work in my brain,
But as soon as I want to be writing
Them down they are vanished again;
Gone—hidden, like mites in a Sifton
Or needles in trusses of hay;
I wonder if Shakespeare or Milton
Were bothered that way?

Oh, for one ray of light to illumine
The fancy and warm it to life!
Just a chat with a friend, and the gloom in
My heart would be gone. As the fire
Them down they are vanished again;
When he would be skulking, or worse,
So Jones' agreeable rattle
Compels me to verse.

There's a footnote! I wonder, now, is it
The postman, a client, a dun,
Or some fool come to pay me a visit,
Just when I had fairly begun!
'Tis my door he is thumping on, drat it!
I suppose I must go. Sure as fate
Here's Jones with his gossip. "Hard at it!"
Well, verses must wait!
—Pall Mall Gazette.

CAPTAIN GLOSE

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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VI.—CONTINUED.

Again the sound of the cheap and despised tin. Lambert recalled it as a necessary concomitant of the street boy and straw rides about the Christmas holidays, and its summons, he thought, was never to prayer; it called for many a lively malediction.

"Send Sergt. Watts, if you think it advisable," said he, briefly. "I'm going out on the road a moment."

Again the blast of the horn, short, staccato, imperative, and then an impatient, querulous voice at the north end of the porch—a voice calling: "You, Elinor! you wretched black gadabout! wh' ah you?"

And as Lambert scrambled up the steep path and reached the road another voice, low, tremulous, eager, close at hand, whispered: "Oh, I thought you'd never come! Hyuh! quick! Leave the money, shuah, and the pail, t'maw'ow night."

And then, with a rustle of feminine garments, bending low, a slender, girlish form shot across the beam of lamplight falling from an east window. Another form, also feminine, scurried away from the hedgerow and something came rolling out into the roadway, clinking against the stones. There was sound of voluble reprimand and flustered explanation at the north end of the building, a quick, kitten-like patter of little feet up the rickety old steps in front and in an instant the girlish form seemed perched on the window sill. There a second or two it hovered, motionless, until a door slammed around at the north side of the house. Then in popped the slender figure, out went the light, and but for the sigh and complaint of the night wind in the rustling branches of the old trees about the veranda all was silence at Walton hall.

VII.

It was after ten when Capt. Close returned, and barely 11 when he again set forth. This time a sergeant and ten picked men went with him, nobody but Close knew whither. "I may be gone two days, lieutenant," said he, in the laborious use of the title which among regulars "to the manor born" had long been replaced by "Mr.," and had not Lambert asked for instructions none probably would have been given. Of his adventures during the day he said not a word. He brought back the mule, and that was enough. The first thing Lambert and Burns knew of his return was the sound of his voice at the wagon, informing the guard that he wanted coffee and something to eat. Then, paying only vague attention to Lambert's congratulations on his safe return, he told Burns to get a detachment ready at once, then disappeared within the dark interior of his tent, leaving Lambert standing in some embarrassment and chagrin outside. "Looking to see if his strong box is all safe," whispered the first sergeant, as he came up. "It's under the boards—under his cot—and he never lets anybody come in, not even the marshal."

It was full five minutes before the captain reappeared. He struck no light meantime, but could be heard fumbling around in the darkness. When he came forth he had some papers in his hands. "We'll go to your tent, sergeant," he said. "Your desk is handier. How've you got along, lieutenant?"

"Two men are out, sir; Riggs and Murphy—"

"Dam blackguards, both of 'em—specially Riggs; almost the oldest soldier in the company, too," said Close, wrathfully, seating himself at the desk and beginning to arrange the papers for signature.

"I had been told I should find some splendid old oaks among the rank and file," hazarded Lambert, after a pause, and thinking his commander should give some directions in the case.

"Old oaks? Old oaks, most like," was the disdainful answer—"specially Riggs. He come from the cavalry. Why, I've had them two fellows tied up by the thumbs three times since last March; and it ain't hurt 'em no more'n if they were cast iron. Better keep a guard over the mules while I'm away, sergeant—or, rather, lieutenant; you see, I ain't use to havin' anybody but the sergeant. Oh! Now 'bout them mileage papers o' yours. You said not to send 'em. Why not?"

"You've made out a charge of some sixty-five dollars for transportation of a servant, sir; I brought no servant with me."

"What's the difference? The law allows it. Every officer's entitled to a servant. And if he does his own work he's entitled to what the servant would

get. You didn't black your boots on the way, did you? You had a servant do it. He was with you on the train—porter of the sleeping-car, wasn't he? I never go in the durn things myself, but you did, I'll warrant. Well, you paid him out of your pocket, every time you changed cars or boat."

"That may be, sir; but I can't sign any such claim as sixty dollars for transportation of servant when I paid no such sum."

"Then how're you to get your money back?—the dimes and dollars you've given to porters and waiters on the way? Every officer I know would sign that certificate without question, and every quartermaster would pay it. Capt. Warren came with you to headquarters, at least. What'd you bet he hasn't drawn servant's transportation? You think it over, lieutenant. There's no sense in you robbin' yourself this way. Write down to barracks, 'f you like, and see what they say at headquarters. They'll tell you just what I do."

"I'll sign the accounts without that, and get the mileage for myself," said Lambert. "I need the money. Then if it's allowable and proper I can collect for servant later."

"Not much you can't. There's where you show your ignorance. Then the government would make you fight ten years for it, even if you'd brought a servant with you. The way is to get it first and let them stop it if it's wrong. But here, I can't fool away time arguin' simple things like that. I've got to be miles away before midnight, and, no matter who comes and inquires, you don't know where we've gone. Now you won't need any commissary funds or anything while I'm away. Just pay cash and take receipts if you buy vegetables for the company."

"You forget, sir, that my money's gone."

"Sure you hadn't anything but what was in that pocketbook? Then, sergeant, you do it, and keep account."

"But, excuse me, captain," said Lambert, flushing, "I myself will need money. I must find some place to board. Keep those mileage accounts as security, if you like, but let me have twenty dollars—"

"But you ain't signed them; they're no good."

"I'll settle that," said Lambert, sharply; and, taking a pen, he drew a line through the item for transportation for servant and altered the figures of the total accordingly, then, still standing and bending over the desk, slashed his signature with a sputtering pen upon the paper. Close carefully scrutinized the sheet, compared it with its duplicate when that, too, was similarly finished, and stowed both away in a long envelope. "Sure you've got to have twenty?" he asked, as a soldier stuck his head inside the tent door, retired precipitately at sight of the junior lieutenant, and then, from without, announced that the captain was served.

"Well, I guess I can get it for you—before I go." Slowly he finished, slowly signed, after close study of their contents, the papers placed before him, then slowly left the tent without another word. Not until he had buckled on his pistol belt—he carried no sword—and was about to start with his silent and yawning squad, did he seem to wake from his fit of abstraction, and then only when Lambert appealed to him for orders.

"Oh, yes. Well, just have an eye on them mules, will you, lieutenant? Everything else, almost, is under lock and key. The quartermaster sergeant is pretty solid."

"But in case of disturbance, or demands for more detachments, or men wanting to go away?"

"There won't be nuthin' now fur a week. Do's you like about givin' the men a little liberty. They've had a good deal. Everything around here will be quiet enough, and you'll hear what I'm after—vell, when I've got it."

That night, though worn and weary and downhearted, Lambert could hardly sleep. At 11 the little detachment had trudged away into the blackness of the night, and the tramp of their march was swallowed up in the rustle of the crisp brown foliage and the creak of overhanging branches. The men remaining in camp crawled back to their blankets; the cook fire smoldered away, only occasionally whirling forth a reluctant flight of sparks in response to some vigorous puff of the restless wind; the sentry yawned and dawdled about the wagon and the store tent; even the mules seemed so sympathetic with their recovered associate that no whisper of a bray came from their pen on the bank of the stream. Lambert had received the assurance of his sergeant that the missing men would surely turn up before breakfast on the morrow, and had given permission to that harassed and evidently disgusted official to go to bed. Then, after a turn around his sleeping camp, the young fellow went to his lonely roost "to think things over."

In the first place, as he lighted his candle, there was the tin pail which had rolled out from the Walton hedge row, and which, on inspection, he had found to contain about two pounds of fresh butter, very neatly packed in lettuce leaves. That proved that the Waltons still had something of their old garden left. Lettuce could surely be raised only under glass at this inclement season. He had hitherto had no time for close inspection of the contents. Now as he turned over the leaves he found a little slip of paper on which, in a girlish and somewhat "scratchy" hand, were penned the words: "Please send small currency. It's hard to get change. You can have buttermilk to-morrow night if you'll bring a pitcher. Due, \$5.10. You must pay it this time. I must have it."

"Now, who on earth is this young lady's customer?" thought Lambert. "Surely not Close. He never spends a cent on butter. Nobody else lives nearer than Parmelee's to the north or town to the south. Can it be that some of the sergeants have been buying supplies from this quarter and running up a butter bill?" Burns had spoken of trouble between the captain and the old lady, and of all hands being forbidden to

enter the Walton grounds on any pretext whatever. That, of course, did not prohibit the men from buying what the Walton servants offered for sale outside the fence, and if they were so straitened in circumstances they might be glad to find a market for their surplus produce even among the Yankee invaders, provided Mme. Walton were kept in ignorance of the traffic. She was uncompromising. No intercourse with, no recognition of, the barbarians, was her rule to kith and kin, and the few negroes who still hung about the crumbling old place repeated her words with the fear born of long-continued discipline under her roof and rod in the days of their enforced and unquestioning servitude.

These and other items of information as to his surroundings the young lieutenant had obtained from Sergt. Burns in the course of their evening watch together. He had no other means of studying the situation, and was but one of many new and comparatively inexperienced officers thrown upon their own resources at isolated posts among "the states lately in rebellion." Not yet 24 hours on duty with his company, he had been ordered to proceed with an armed force to the succor of officers of law supposedly besieged by a rebellious mob, and now, at midnight, in the heart of a strange country and far from the heart of its people he was commanding officer of his company and camp, without definite instructions of any kind and only his native common sense to guide him.

Lambert has since told two women—his wife and his mother—how his thoughts wandered back to the peaceful old homestead in the far northland, and to the teachings of his boyhood days. He made a sturdy fight against the feeling of loneliness that oppressed him. He wished the wind did not blow so sulkily, in such spiteful, vicious puffs. It seemed as though nature had combined with old Lady Walton to give him ungracious welcome to this particularly shady side of the sunny south. The wind itself was whispering sarcastic and withering remarks to him, like those the sergeant repeated as coming from Madam Walton to the defenseless captain; and even Burns' sense of subordination could not down his impulse to chuckle over some of them. What would Lambert do or say if the prim and starched dame were to call upon him, as she occasionally had on his superior, driving him at last to the refuge of the nethermost depths of his tent, whence, as Burns declared, "the captain couldn't be induced to come out till the old lady was back inside her own door?"

The last time he "tied up Riggs"—a punishment much resorted to in the



Was torn from the ground.

rough war days and those that closely followed them, especially by those officers who were themselves graduated from the ranks of the volunteers—it was for trespass on the Walton place. The fellow had climbed the fence and was pilfering among the old fruit trees when caught by Madam Walton. That was bad enough, but he had been impudent to her, which was worse. The men themselves would probably have ducked him in the stream—the old, self-respecting soldiers, that is—had the captain not ordered his summary punishment. Lambert was wondering what steps he should take in the interests of discipline, when he finally blew out his candle, determined, if a possible thing, to get to sleep. It was just a quarter-past 12 when he wound his watch and stowed it under his rude pillow. His revolver, the day's purchase, lay, with some matches, close at hand. He had even placed his sword and belt at the foot of his cot. The last thing he thought of before closing his eyes was that he would have to get a lantern on the morrow, even if he bought it of Cohen; but it was also the last thing he thought of when the morrow came.

Was it the wind again, whispering ugly things, or the ghost of Lady Walton, with her acidulated tongue, that roused him, he knew not how many minutes—or hours—later? Something was whispering, surely. The wind had been doing a good deal of that sort of thing all the night long among the leaves, a good deal of snarling and growling at times, and there was muttered snarling going on around him now. That might be the wind; but the wind would not trip up over a tent-ropes and say such blasphemous things about it, even if it did nearly pull the flimsy structure down. In an instant Lambert was wide awake.

"Who's there?" he challenged, sternly.

No answer—not in words, at least—but there was sound as of stealthy, yet hurried movement, more straining at the ropes on the side nearest the captain's tent, and heavy, startled breathing.

"Who's there?" he repeated, reaching for the revolver. "Answer, or I fire."

Then came a mighty strain, a jerk, a stumble and plunge, the sound as of a

heavy fall, followed by instant scramble and a rush of footfalls around the rear of camp. Lambert was out of bed and into his boots in half a minute; but in his haste he upset the chair on which lay the matches, and the box went rolling to the floor. Pistol in hand, he darted out in the night and found it black as Erebus. Quickly he ran to the first sergeant's tent, but Burns was hard to waken after the long day's work. Once roused, however, he was soon out, lantern in hand, while Lambert hastily dressed, and then together they scouted camp. A glance at their tent showed that Riggs and Murphy were still absent. A peep at the watch showed that it was almost two o'clock; a search around Lambert's tent revealed nothing beyond the fact that the corner peg to which the tent was guyed was torn from the ground, and the soft, sandy soil showed that heavy boot-heels had made their imprint. Then Burns, still lantern-bearing, went crouching low around the back of Close's tent, while Lambert, with straining ears, stood stock still an instant in front, then, of a sudden, tore like mad through the rousing camp, out past the dim white canvas of the wagons, out past the startled sentry, up the steep pathway to the hard red road beyond, down which he ran on the wings of the wind till he reached the gateway to the forbidden ground, for a woman's agonized shriek had rung out upon the night, and the sound of blows, of crashing glass, of fierce and desperate struggle, of muttered oaths, of panting, pleading, half-stifled cries, of wild dismay and renewed screams for help, all came crowding on the ear from the heart of the Walton place.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ABLE PRACTICAL JOKE.

It Created Considerable Excitement in a University City.

The Cambridge (England) Independent Press retells the story of the hoax perpetrated upon the civic and university authorities at Cambridge on the occasion of the visit of the late shah of Persia to that country. It was on Saturday, June 28, 1873, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon that a telegram was found lying on the hallkeeper's table in the Guildhall. It was directed to the worshipful, the mayor of Cambridge, was signed by Lieut. Col. Hamilton, and read as follows:

"His imperial majesty, the shah of Persia, desires to visit your university town to-day en route for London by special, arriving at Cambridge station about 1:10 o'clock. Be prepared with escort and reception as far as time allows."

Instantly everybody began tumbling over his fellow. The town clerk was sent for and messages were dispatched to the vice-chancellor, the members of the corporation, the volunteer officers, and the cook of St. Peter's college kitchen. The vice-chancellor hurried to his robes, the aldermen and councilors did ditto, the volunteers donned their uniforms, and the cook began to boil and fry.

Nor was the general public behindhand. Flags were hung out and crowds gathered in the streets. Dr. Cookson, the vice-chancellor (irreverently known in those days as "Dismal Jimmy"), made his way to the station as fast as his dignity would permit. The mayor, Mr. T. H. Naylor, and the corporation followed suit. A guard of honor and carriages were in waiting, and soon everybody was there except the shah. Then the news flew around that the railway officials knew nothing about the special train, and after a brief delay it was apparent that the whole thing was a hoax. The perpetrators of the hoax were never discovered, though two persons were afterward freely mentioned in connection with it. In the year of grace 1873 the era of practical jokes was past, but had the authors of the shah's visit been alive in the days of Theodore Hook they might have lived in literature.—Chicago News.

A Timely Present.

Tom was a colored boy about five, in a southern town, and he was lazy and careless, but not so much so that he did not manage to get along somehow. And Tom fell in love, for Cupid is no respecter of color or condition, but he went up against his poverty at the first move, and then he began to think a way out. As an experiment, he went into the office of the clerk who presides over the marriage licenses.

"Colonel," he said, "if I've gwinter git married, would you give me a weddin' present?"

"Well, Tom," said the colonel, "I'm not in that business, but seeing that it is you, I think I might do something. What would you like to have? Something useful?"

"Deed, boss, I doan' want no udder kind of truck. I only wants what I needs, boss."

"All right. Tell me what you would like, and I'll see if I can stand it."

Tom hesitated, and then rushed in.

"I reckon, boss," he said, "dat a marriage license wud do me more good dan mos' any udder present you could select."

Nothing venture, nothing have, and Tom passed over the first obstacle in triumph.—Detroit Free Press.

A Hero's Egg.

"You don't mean to say that it was an egg which made this scalp wound?" said the physician who had been called to dress the lecturer's injuries.

"Yes," was the faint reply.

"Then it must have been an egg laid by a Plymouth Rock hen."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Mothers-in-Law in New Britain.

In the island of New Britain a man must not speak to his mother-in-law. Not only is speech forbidden to the relative, but she must be avoided; and if by any chance the lady is met, the son-in-law must hide himself, or cover his face. Suicide of both parties is the outcome if the rule is broken.

HOW MUCH SHOULD WE SMILE?

Leave Expression of Face to Take Care of Itself.

The "pleasant expression" is of great use to the photographer. The good mother tries constantly to imprint it upon her children's faces. Everyone agrees that a certain kindness and charity should beam forth from the eye—yet the face which wears a perpetual smile is usually a weak one, always a tiresome one. Its owner seems always to have been reading only the "humorous pages," skimming only the surface, thinking only of amusement, and never to have buckled down to the real battle of life. It is only honest effort in this struggle which entitles a man to respect, and he must wear some sign of having engaged in it before a casual acquaintance can esteem him. It is hardly possible to smile all the time without appearing more or less silly and as though one appreciated little of the true meaning of existence.

One of the most distinguished musicians in a certain large city, who has done really fine work and ought to stand among the first half dozen in America in his calling, is undervalued and lightly spoken of by his associates. He wears a perpetual smile, and many have attributed to this cause his failure to win the place which he deserves.

A lady, in speaking of two brothers remarked that one of them was so socially far inferior to the other.

"Therion enters a room with a perfectly serious look on his face," she said, "and everybody wants to know him at once and longs to see his rare smile. Then comes Harry, smirking and grinning, and nobody has any interest in him whatever. Yet Harry is a fine fellow, and if he would only cultivate a little more dignity he might be as popular and as much sought after by the best people as Therion."

Amiability and evenness of temper are among the most essential qualities of a sane character, but no man need simper continually to demonstrate his sweetness.

Ruskin says that all great generals have been serious men, and Emerson affirms the same of all great orators. The distinguished Tom Marshall, one of the wittiest men who ever lived, bade his son observe that the public monuments are always erected to the solemn men; and Dr. Austin Phelps remarks: "Two classes of men are never buffoons—very great men and very good men."

It is generally safe to leave the expression of one's face to take care of itself, and to devote one's efforts mainly to the formation of character. If a man really busies himself with weighty affairs, reads the "funny papers" only in moderation and as a sort of intellectual dessert, avoids the journals which treat flippantly of public questions and great national and moral movements, and tries incessantly to find truth and pursue it, he will usually have an expression which matches his character; but the eminently social and kindly man, though he may be good at heart and not silly in mind, must be on his guard lest people despise, not his youth, like Timothy's, but his whole mental and moral endowment, if he wears an habitual smile—for the conclusion of the old poet voices the instinctive feeling of all mankind: Eternal smiles but emptiness betray. As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.

—Leslie's Weekly.

HELPS IN LAUNDRY WORK.

Six Hints Given by an Experienced Laundress.

Sort your clothes in five grades. First, towels, table and bed linen; second, family linen; third, light colored clothes; fourth, dark colored clothes; fifth, flannels and stockings.

Have plenty of the best soap, with borax, starch and bluing at hand. Add borax to the water in the proportion of one tablespoonful to a pailful of water.

Colored cotton clothing of delicate shades should have the color set before washing. Add of salt a heaping tablespoonful to each pailful of cold water, and do not apply soap directly to the article.

In cold weather dry indoors to prevent freezing. A little kerosene oil put in the hot starch will prevent it from sticking.

A teaspoonful of borax to a quart of cold starch will make it stiff. Table clothes should have a few creases in them as possible. Crease them twice lengthwise; have them very damp and iron them perfectly dry; fold over once or twice, according to their lengths, and place them carefully in a long drawer.

Fold napkins square with the initial on the outside. They should always be ironed perfectly dry; then put away nicely in the drawer.—Chicago Tribune.

Potato Dumplings.

Boil five or six good-sized potatoes with jackets on. Place on top of the stove to dry when done, taking care to drain off all water. Peel and mash very fine, adding one teaspoonful of salt and a pint of sweet milk. When sufficiently cool, stir in one-half of a yeast cake that has been previously soaked in warm water, and mix in flour enough to make a stiff dough. Set in a warm place, and when light mold into little dumplings and let them rise as for biscuit; place on top of the potpie and let steam 30 minutes, keeping covered close. If using an inside tin, referred to above, place them on that to rise, as it will save handling. This is nice with chicken or duck. If luck is used, parboil it first in a little soda water.—Housekeeper.

He Ought to Get Her.

She—How did you manage to get my beautiful bicycle home through all this storm and not a spot on it?

He—It was nothing, my dear. I put my overcoat over one wheel, lashed my umbrella over the other and then carried the wheel. I only did my duty.

"Your heroic devotion has conquered, Harold. May it carry you through an interview with papa."—Detroit Free Press.

HUMOROUS.

—The person who is afflicted with kleptomania always feels that he ought to take something for it.—Tit-Bits.

—Hazel—"Why don't you like the stories Mrs. Talker tells?" Nutte—"They have no terminal facilities."—Truth.

—Sprocket—"Did your wife run into anything when she first got her wheel?" Bloomer—"Yes; she ran into debt."—Brooklyn Life.

—May—"Oh, I hate these magazine serials!" Edith—"Why?" May—"You can never tell how a story ends until it is finished."—Brooklyn Life.

—Nothing Deplorable.—High—"What is the matter with you this morning? You look as though you were on your last legs." Lowe—"Oh! I'm not myself at all." High—"Well, that's nothing to feel so bad about."—Brooklyn Life.

—"I suppose you may say the honeymoon is at an end when the husband begins to stay out late at night?" "Not exactly. It doesn't really end until the wife can go to sleep again without believing what he has to say for himself."—Truth.

—"My daughters are making very satisfactory progress with their music," remarked Mrs. Snaggs to Mrs. Noomoney. "They play four-handed pieces on a single piano." "Indeed!" replied Mrs. Noomoney proudly. "My daughters don't need to play on one piano. Each of them has a piano of her own."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

GERM-PROOF DR. BURGESS.

Guards the United States Against Epidemics from Cuba.

Dr. Burgess is a remarkable man. He has been in Cuba for many years. He has sailed through epidemics of all sorts—cholera, yellow fever, and smallpox—without the slightest fear or nervousness, and insists that he was born to be banged. Disease has no terrors for him.

With a disposition as kindly and manners as gentle as those of Florence Nightingale or Clara Barton, he can become a roaring lion if anyone attempts to interfere with him in the performance of his duty, and he has the courage to defy the captain general and all the armies of Spain if his official rights are infringed upon, because he realizes that the public health of the United States depends upon his vigilance. Just now Cuba is suffering from an epidemic of smallpox. In several places on the island the disease is raging, and in Havana the death rate from that cause alone averages 100 a day. When the rainy season begins, and the summer heat comes, yellow fever will break out again, and Dr. Burgess stands between those epidemics and the people of the United States.

The harbor of Havana is a cesspool which for years has received the drainage of the city, and is virtually a cul-de-sac, with no means of being scoured by tides or fresh water streams. The docks of the cityside of the bay are notorious as foci of infection. Under one of them the sewer from the military hospital, where contagious diseases of soldiers are treated, discharges its filth and germs into the bay. It is said that no ship has ever tied up at that wharf without disease breaking out among the crew, and the sailors call it "dead man's hole." Dr. Burgess compels all vessels bound for the United States to anchor as far away as possible, at the extreme end of the harbor, where the currents from the ocean keep the water in motion, and no person is allowed to board one of these ships without a permit with his signature. No steamship agent is allowed to sell a ticket until the applicant produces such a permit, and none can be secured until Dr. Burgess is satisfied that he is in good health and has not been exposed to a contagious disease.

During the smallpox epidemic he has required all persons desiring to sail for the United States to show evidence of recent vaccination. If they cannot do so he vaccinates them and compels them to remain in Havana until the virus "takes." This is often annoying, but Dr. Burgess is inexorable. During the last winter people who have gone to Havana for a two days' stay have been required to prolong their visit for 11 days. But he argues that the inconvenience of one person is not to be considered when the health of a whole nation is at stake.—Chicago Record.

Weasels Dodge Bullets.

A friend and I were out after ground-hogs. I had a Winchester 22-15, he my Ithaca shotgun. We saw what we thought was a chipmunk with its head out of a knothole in a log, and he fired at it. When we got to the log I saw something run, and also found a dead weasel. Dunkle began poking in the log, and a weasel stuck its head out of the knothole, and I fired at it from. I should think, about 20 feet. Dunkle called: "You never touched him." I tried several times with the same result, the weasel always disappearing into a hole in the log right where his head had been. Finally Dunkle moved while I was taking aim, and the weasel turned its head and I killed it. We got five, four of which I killed with the rifle, but I did not kill one with its eyes turned toward me. One got out in the bark of the log, and a small hole afforded a fine peep hole for it. I put three bullets in that hole, which was hardly large enough to let the weasel's head out, but never touched him.—Forest and Stream.

Amending It.

Cumso (to Threds)—Not counting you, how many clerks are there in this store who can tell the truth?

Threds (highly indignant)—Sir?

Cumso—Oh, well, don't be cross about it. How many are there, counting you, then?—Harlem Life.

The Deacon Gave Up.

The Parson—"Your neighbor looks like a very persistent man. He doesn't look as if he would give up anything."

The Deacon—Well, I've been passing the plate for hard on ten years, and I never see him give up anything yet.—Yonkers Statesman.