

WHEN THE TEARS ARE NEAR TO FLOWING.

When the heart is overburdened— Full of sorrow, lost in woe; When the world is draped in cypress, And the dirge-winds through it blow— Then the tears are near to flowing.

The Broad Street Turn.

BY NYM CRINKLE.

Burt Cline Halsted, broker, Broad street, turned over a new leaf on a New Year. I met him at Dr. Hall's church in the morning. He had a reformed look in the corner of his eyes. "I am through," he said in a calm, business-like manner.

Everything that Cline did was done in a business-like manner. I've known him to get off a car and chase a newsboy for two blocks to get a cent change, because it was business and he would not be swindled, and I have known him to write a note to Ned Harrigan to get a free box and then spend \$200 on flowers and supper before the night was over.

I believe that anywhere Cline would be called a good fellow. He held strictly to the business principle of skinning his fellow-man alive on Broad street and blowing in a pile when the boys were not on that financial warpath.

One day Cline, as I said, turned a leaf. He did it methodically, calculatingly and firmly. He was polishing his dome before the glass, and as he laid the brush down he said, "I must get married."

Very punctilious and discreet was Cline. He proposed to get married just as he proposed to buy Nashville and Tennessee. It was a good investment at that time.

Then he set about it in the most extraordinary Broad street manner. "I don't want," said he, "any giddy beauties around. They've been around till I'm tired. I want a mature, sensible, sober, economical, tidy, level-headed, modest, healthy, good-tempered, prudent, affectionate, sagacious, lovable, motherly, genteel, sterling woman. Girls make me weary, and I'm going to organize the business of getting what I want. I can give an hour a day for the next year to the finding of what I want, and I'm too old a business head to have what I don't want."

So Cline at forty-four organized himself. Set up a matrimonial bureau in that private office with cathedral windows. Put his number eleven gaiter on sentiment. Chucked the forget-me-nots out of his soul and came down to hardpan.

He would advertise. Yes, he would. No nonsensical rot about cultured gent desiring to meet cultured lady, but straight business proposition. It would involve immense clerical system—very well, would get typewriter, dictate answers for an hour every morning. "First thing to do—get typewriter; must be business girl."

IV.

The little office with the cathedral windows took on a new feature. There was an instrument under the sash, with a black tin roof over it, and a little sailor hat, with a blue ribbon on it, hung on the bronze peg opposite the door.

"Now, then," said Cline, putting on a most forbidding air of strict business. "You understand that the matter for which I have engaged you is entirely aside from the regular business of this office. By the way, what shall I call you? Miss what? Chalcey? Well, never mind the Nelly, I'll call you Miss Chalcey, it's more business like; and I don't want you to talk outside of this room about any of the business you have to transact here. Do you understand? If you get that straight to begin with there'll be no trouble."

Then she turned her demure face towards him and said, "Yes, sir," so meekly and patiently and profoundly that he noticed her eyes. They were agates—moss agates, by Jove. Funny little spots in them that swam and danced round and melted into each other in the most absurdly molten way, as if there might be little cauldrons under them where the light was boiled and softened down into some ridiculous girl nonsense.

So they got along very nicely without any nonsense. Cline would come in about half past ten or eleven, look to see if the sailor hat was hanging on the peg, grunt out, "Good morning, Miss Chalcey," and then sit down at his desk to open letters. Sometimes she would sit demurely for half an hour, her head turned, looking out of the one clear little pane in the cathedral window straight at Bob Slocum's Gothic office opposite, where there was never anything to see except Bob Slocum's window shades, and that piece of telegraph tape that dangled forever from the wires overhead, in spite of all the sparrows that had tried to pull it off.

Of course she got to know all about it—what it was he was trying to do—and he grew to consult her on some of the details. Like a good girl she put her whole heart into it and really tried to help him all she could to find the wife he wanted. How could she help it, and then, too, she couldn't help finding out by degrees that Cline drew some heavy checks and had a swell circle of acquaintances.

And he—well he, like a good methodical business man, fell into a routine here as elsewhere. His heart was constructed on solid clock-work business principles, and one morning when he came in the sailor hat was not on the peg. It annoyed him at once. It always does annoy a business man to have things irregular. He fidgeted in his chair. It was too bad. Nobody could be depended on, and here were several letters to be answered. He called Swain in. "Where is that young woman?"

Swain started a little, as if he felt guilty of having abducted her, and said, "What do you want, a typewriter? Here's Wallace and Durea and Clapp, any one of 'em can—"

And Cline shouted, "Nonsense! Shut the door!" Then he noticed the bronze peg. It had an ironical and plucked aspect. He sat down in the chair by the window and looked at Bob Slocum's shades. He couldn't help wondering what Miss Chalcey found to think about during all the vacant hours when she looked out there, waitingly.

The next day when she came he reprimanded her severely. "It annoyed me very much," he said from his chair, without looking round. "You should have sent me some word. I depended on you. It's very irregular and unbusinesslike."

She turned round and looked at him in her meek way. "My mother is dying," she said. "I have neglected her to-day so as not to disappoint you." His astonishment twisted him round in his chair, and he came plump up against the agates, swimming in some kind of light he had never seen before.

two days when he hadn't got a pin, and she had, and so she fastened them on for him, and there was one awfully nasty day when he actually helped her eat her lunch, and enjoyed it.

Then the whole affair came to a sudden stop. These things always do in real life. It was a Monday morning. She had hung up her hat and dusted off her machine and looked to see if Bob Slocum's shades were there, when Cline said, with a horribly sad expression of countenance:

"Miss Cline, you've been a very faithful and efficient secretary, and I'm sorry I've got to lose you, but the fact is I've found the woman I want, and of course I shall not need you any more." She was looking at him dreamily, as if she wondered where the paragon came from that filled his bill.

"Yes," he said, "strange as it may sound I've actually picked out the woman who is to be my wife and I shall not want a secretary. We've had a very pleasant time here together, haven't we?" "Yes, sir."

"And you remember all the qualities that I was fool enough to expect in one woman?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I've found most of 'em." "I'm very glad, sir."

"Do you think, Miss Chalcey, from what you know of me, that she will have me if I ask her?" "Yes, sir." "You really and truly think so, on business principles?" "Yes, sir."

"Then, by Jove, I'll marry her. You can consider yourself discharged, Miss Cline—Nelly." And she was. The only unbusiness-like thing they did was to both try to look out the ridiculous little pane at the same time—and no two business people could do that simultaneously without looking like Siamese twins.—New York World.

The Last Man Killed in the War. General J. L. Chamberlain, of New York, in a letter written to a comrade of the 185th New York Volunteers of Syracuse, N. Y., disputed the claim of the Rev. R. E. McBride, of Topeka, Kansas, who has attempted to prove that the last man killed in the Civil War was an unknown straggling cavalryman, who fell in with the 190th Pennsylvania Volunteers in the last fight, and who was hit by a stray rifle shot soon after the flag appeared. It seems from a letter of Colonel Pattee, of that regiment, that the cavalryman was not killed instantly, but lived for a short time after being struck. The honor of the last to fall is maintained by Lieutenant Hiram Clark, of the 185th New York. General Chamberlain, writing of the battle at Appomattox Court House, says:

"It is quite possible that some one was killed after Lieutenant Clark, for the flag of truce came from our right and passed along the line toward our left, and the firing may have been going on for quite a while before the truce was perfectly established. I sent the flag of truce to General Ord, who was at that time the senior commander in the field and was the only one competent to order all firing to cease. Lieutenant Clark was on the advanced or skirmish line, which obliged to my left. There was no skirmish line directly in my front. We went in regular line of battle order and engaged the enemy hand to hand up to near the Court House and on the rear road. We pushed before us a line of infantry, and compelled the withdrawal of the battery which was on the crest. When we got fairly on the crest and were hotly pushing the enemy, the flag came, and came to me first of the infantry commanders. So it may be that in the desultory firing after the flag had left me going toward our left, some other man than our dear Clark was killed later and he, although he was no doubt killed after that flag had come to me."

A Distinguished Dog. The Bangor (Me.) News notes the death of a bulldog named Spring, the property of Mr. J. D. White, at the age of fifteen years. The dog had but three legs, having lost the fourth in saving his master's life. Mr. White was standing on the railroad track. An empty coal train came thundering past on the down track, and he didn't hear the approach of a loaded coal train on the up track, although the engineer's bell was ringing. Spring saw his master's danger and he began to bark furiously, but Mr. White, supposing the dog was barking at the down train, didn't turn around. Then Spring flew at Mr. White and bit him on the right leg. The dog had never done such a thing before, and, jumping aside to give Spring a kick, Mr. White caught sight of the snorting locomotive just in time to see in another second it would crush him to death. In a twinkling he hauled his companion from the track, and the engine almost rubbed against them as it passed. It ran over Spring's left hind leg and Mr. White had it amputated at the gambrel joint.

Problems for Inventors. Among the things which inventors are hunting for now is a contrivance for accumulating and storing up power that goes to waste—the blowing winds, the rising tides, the sun's heat and the change of temperature between night and day. Over every town is power daily wasted, a hundred times as much as that town could ever use. Another thing: How to get electricity from heat directly, without turning it into steam at such tremendous loss. A quarter of a pound of coal should produce a horse-power for an hour. The chemist will dominate coming inventions. All our fuel will presently be furnished in the form of gas. In a quarter of a century more we shall wonder why man was ever such a fool as to carry coal into the house and burn it. Perhaps the time will come when condensed sunshine will be sold in the market, just as canned corn is now sold.—The Continent.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A Wooer's Progress—Quite Clear—The Fireman's Wooing—He Had a Right to be a Swell—Up to the Times, Etc.

I asked the maid, with heart aglow. Will you be mine? She answered, No. Next week I asked again, and she said with a sigh, It cannot be.

A fortnight after that I said, Be mine, she smiled and shook her head. Next time I asked, instead of no, she said, Oh, please, don't plague me so.

Last night, I asked again and she said, Yes, just to get rid of me. New York Press.

QUITE CLEAR. "Do you know why Leutsplitter, a rich man, always wears ten-dollar suits?" "I suppose from economy."

"No; but because he can't get any for \$5."

TOO CHEAP TO STEAL. "Say, have you ever had your store broken into?"

"No. You see everything is so very cheap here that if a thief wants anything he simply comes in and pays for it."—Pittsburg Blotter.

THE FIREMAN'S WOOING. "You are out with Miss Rox?" "Yes; her father put an extinguisher on the affair."

"You've done sparking, then?" "No; I have gone back to an old flame."—Cape Cod Item.

HE HAD A RIGHT TO BE A SWELL. Dominick O'Rourke—"Whew, what a swell Patsy has become!"

Cassidy—"Sure, an' he's got a right to be. His mudder owns tree goats and his fadder is a janitor in the new City Hall."—The Wasp.

UP TO THE TIMES. Father (indignantly)—"How does it happen, sir, that you have such a miserable report this term?"

Small Son (born under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument)—"I guess it's because you ain't a school director any more."—Good News.

SOMETHING HE ALWAYS MISSED. "First you had whooping-cough, then you got the grip, then malaria, and now you have jaundice. Seems to me you catch everything in your town," said Wiggins.

"Yes," said the commuter. "Everything except the train I want."—Harper's Bazar.

PUBLISHER. "How many words has your story?"

Author—"About three thousand." Publisher—"But, my dear fellow, we can't make a book out of three thousand words. It wouldn't fill fifteen pages."

Author—"Yes; but I've used the words over and over again, you know."—Puck.

NO REDUCTION. Mr. Bookkeeper—"I have now been, Mr. Duste, in your employ exactly three years. I have worked industriously, and have taken a lively interest in my work. My salary now is—"

Mr. Duste—"Have no fear, Mr. Bookkeeper, if you continue in the same path, your salary will not be reduced."—Jeweler's Circular.

THEN HE WENT AWAY. About two o'clock the other morning an individual went to an up-town boarding-house and rang up the people inside. A bead was stuck out of a second story window which asked:

"What do you want?" "I want to stay here all night." "Very well. Stay there." Then, strange to say, he went off cross.

WHAT WAS HE TO DO? "This is very sudden, Mr. Jawsmith," said the maiden, after his proposal.

"While I feel honored at your avowal, you cannot expect a favorable answer from one who knows so little of you as I."

"Well, what am I to do, Miss Mildred?" pleaded Jawsmith. "None of the girls who do know me well will marry me."—Epoch.

A DISAPPOINTING REQUEST. "Now, darling, will you grant me one favor before I go?"

"Yes, George, I will," she said, dropping her eyelashes and getting her lips in shape. "What is the favor I can grant you?"

"Only a little song at the piano, love. I am afraid there is a dog on the outside waiting for me, and I want to scare him away."—Rochester Tattler.

THE SMALL BOY'S IDEA. Two small boys on a Pennsylvania avenue car were watching everything as small boys do, when the conductor's whistle attracted them.

"Get on to the whistle," said one. "Yep," said the other; "but what's he got it tied to a string for?"

This was a poser for a minute and then the little one chirped: "I know what for. It's to keep himself from swallerin' it."—Washington Star.

WHAT IMPRESSED HIM. Teachers in the public schools have very frequent illustrations of peculiar association of ideas in the minds of their pupils. At a recent examination in geography in one of the public schools the teacher asked:

"What valuable things are taken out of the earth?"

Much to her amazement one young hopeful immediately replied: "Clams and mummies!"—Boston Times.

WAS ON HIS MIND. "I want to ask you a question, Katy," he said, shortly before taking his departure. "It has been on my mind all the evening, but I—I—"

"Well, what, Mr. Dingdong?" asked Katy, encouragingly, her heart throbbing with expectancy. "Speak right out."

"Well, Katy, will you be—I wanted to ask if you would be kind enough to find out if the dog is chained to-night."—Boston Herald.

A COMING POLITICIAN. Mr. Figg—"What on earth is all that yelling about?"

Tommy—"It's me, paw. I am hollerin' like a locomotive. I'm the best hollerer in our crowd."

Mr. Figg—"I see nothing to be proud of in that."

Tommy—"But I do, paw. When us boys play cars with Johnny Briggs's wagon, I sit in the wagon and yell while the other boys do the pulling."—Indianapolis Journal.

AWKWARD ENOUGH. Brobson—"You look all broken up, old man. What's the matter?"

Craik—"I called on Miss Pruyn last night, and no sooner had I entered the parlor than her mother appeared and demanded to know my intentions."

Brobson—"That must have been rather embarrassing?"

Craik—"Yes, but that was not the worst. Just as the old lady finished speaking Miss Pruyn shouted down the stairs: 'Mamma, mamma, he isn't the one!'"—New York Sun.

HE WAS NO WHISTLER. A certain Detroit employer hates a man who whistles at his work, and always asks on that point. The other day an applicant called on him.

"So you want a job?" he inquired. "Yes, sir," was the polite reply.

"Well, the first thing I want to know is, do you whistle at your work?"

"I never have, sir, before."

"Ah? What kind of work have you been doing?"

"Glass blowing, sir."

The employer took his case under advisement.—Detroit Free Press.

A FABLE WITH AN APPLICATION. A swallow flew down and plucked a small piece of wool from the back of a sheep. The sheep were very indignant and denounced the swallow in scathing terms.

"Why do you make such a fuss?" asked the swallow. "You never say anything when the shepherd takes all the wool you have on your back?"

"That's a different thing entirely," replied the sheep, "if you know how to take my wool without hurting me, as the shepherd does, I would not object so much."

This fable is merely intended to explain why millions can be stolen with impunity, while the theft of a pair of boots, or a loaf of bread is punished with such severity.—Texas Siftings.

NEVER SPENT A NIGHT FROM HOME. It was one of those wild nights you read of in nine novels out of every ten.

The cold rain splashing viciously against the pane and the shutters rattled and banged as the fitful gusts of wind swept through the deserted streets.

It was lodge night, but Brother Fay concluded to stay at home for once, particularly as his mother-in-law was on her periodical inspection tour and spending a couple of days with him.

With a sigh he rolled back in the rocker, his feet in a chair and a newspaper spread open before him like a screen.

Presently he chuckled and wife and mother looked up from their sewing inquiringly.

"Rather a remarkable case," he exclaimed, looking over the top of the paper and with a suspicious twitch about the corners of his mouth, he read aloud:

"A model husband died recently at Corvish, N. H. He had been married forty-three years and never spent a night away from home."

"Well, I should say he was a model husband," broke in the old lady, grimly. "Just think of it, Mary, dear, forty-three years and every evening spent at home. No lodge could coax him away from his family," she added, significantly. "Poor man, he ought to have a monument a mile high," and she sighed deeply.

Brother Fay held the paper a little higher and continued:

"Never spent a night from home. He was paralyzed."

Without, the storm to beat harder and louder (a habit storms have at such times) while within silence reigned, save the suppressed rustle of the paper and the "swish" of the thread through the pillow-case the old lady was working on.—National Weekly.

Scorpion Mice. One of the most curious sort of rodents common in Death Valley, of Arizona, is the "scorpion mouse," which lives almost wholly upon scorpions. By the "instinct," which means experience inherited through generations, it has learned which end to tackle its prey by.

Another creature in the same region that likes scorpions also is the "chapparal cock," which gobbles them by thousands and is not less fond of centipedes, tarantulas, lizards and horned toads. The last named are too big to swallow at a gulp, and so the fowl tears them to pieces before devouring them. Perhaps the most beautiful mouse in existence is found in Death Valley and is known as the "grasshopper mouse." It is a lovely beast, fawn colored, with a black back and a snowy belly and sides, a short tail and pretty little ears.—Washington Star.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

THIS WILL KEEP DOWN CROAKING DUST. "Mother often tells Aunt Hetty," said a housekeeper miss the other day, "to dip the end of the broom in a pail of water in which she has poured a little ammonia—a teaspoonful to a gallon. The ammonia takes off the dust and refreshes the colors wonderfully. We couldn't keep house without it."

"A little coarse salt or some damp tea leaves strowed over a carpet before sweeping adds ease to the cleansing process," said Mrs. Downing, appearing on the scene and praising the girl for her thoroughness. "The reason is that both the salt and tea leaves, being moist, keep down the light, floating dust, which gives more trouble than the heavier. In sweeping take long light strokes, and do not use too heavy a broom."

But avoid the use of tea leaves on delicate colors, as they will surely stain light carpets.—New York Journal.

WHY THE GILT ON CHINA SHOULD BE WASHED WITH WARM WATER.

"There, that's the third complaint of the sort I have had this week," said a manufacturer of fine china, as he turned from the door through which a customer had just passed. "The third complaint this week, and I tell you it's getting monotonous. Of course, I admit the truth of the complaint, but none the less it is unjust to me, and to all other manufacturers. Of course, the gilt washes off. It's bound to, considering the way it's treated. The lady who just went out told me, in answer to my statements, that only the finest soap was used for washing her china, and yet the gilt all came off. When I told her that many of the so-called 'finest' soaps contained chemicals that would eat the coating off from a cast-iron door-post, she opened her eyes in mild surprise, and said the soap she used wasn't that kind. She always bought the very best sort she could get. It seems impossible to make the average woman understand that the most expensive and oftentimes most attractive looking soaps are the most dangerous. They are bleached and 'processed' with chemicals, until they are positively unfit for use. Besides this, they use soap powders and dirt killers and easy washing compounds, and put anti-grease preparations in the water in which china is washed, and when the gilt all comes off, there is a loud and angry growl at the worthlessness of the goods and the general degeneracy of trades and manufacturers, and wallahs because things are not as good as they used to be."

"If housekeepers would use homemade or pure, old-fashioned soap, and very little of that, they would find that the gilt on old-fashioned china was no better than that which is used nowadays. Indeed, it would be much better to use no soap at all for the finest pieces, and this is quite possible if the water is moderately hot and the china is washed and dried quickly. The gilt on china that is washed without soap will last for years and be as bright as when new. But this involves a great deal of painstaking, and more trouble than the average housekeeper is willing to take."

So the advice and warnings of the manufacturer go for naught, and the gilt on the china goes the same way.—The Ledger.

RECIPES.

Stewed Potatoes—Peel and cut the potatoes into dice, after soaking in ice water; throw into a clean saucepan with a little boiling water, cover tight and when about half done drain off all the water; add milk, butter, pepper and salt, and cook rather slowly until well done; serve in a hot dish; parsley can be added if it is liked.

Cheese Turnovers—Take scraps of pastry left from making pies and tarts. Roll these out thinly, and stamp them into rounds with a saucer. Lay slices of cheese which will melt easily on one-half of the rounds, season with mustard, cayenne, and very little salt, moisten with vinegar, and turn the uncovered half of pastry over the other. Press the edges securely together and bake in a quick oven.

Roast Chicken—Prepare a full-grown, young chicken; make a stuffing of one large cupful of stale bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper; fill the body of the chicken with the stuffing. Put some slices of fat bacon in the bottom of a pan, with a teaspoon of water, season with salt; lay the chicken in and bake in a quick oven; baste with melted butter; when done, take up, garnish with parsley and serve with giblet sauce.

Sauce for Ginger Pudding—One cupful of sugar, one-third of a cupful of butter, one egg, one tablespoonful of flour, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Stir butter, sugar and flour together, add the beaten egg and pour on boiling water until the sauce is about the consistency of thin starch. Do not allow the sauce to boil hard; let it just come up to the boiling point and remain long enough to cook the flour so as to destroy the raw taste. Add the lemon last. Any other flavoring may be used if preferred.

Cream Omelet—Take two eggs; break the whites and yolks into separate dishes—the whites into a plate, the yolks into a bowl; add to the yolks a good pinch of salt and a little black pepper, beat well and add two tablespoonfuls of rich cream, next two tablespoonfuls of nice fine bread crumbs and last of all the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Have ready a rather thick skillet or frying-pan with a little butter, make the pan hot and pour in the mixture. As soon as it is ready slip a thin knife under the edges and remove pan for a moment or two and set in a hot oven. As soon as brown fold together and serve on a hot dish. This is a very dainty, delicate omelet.

Mustapha Gwammur of Duran, Arabia, proposes to spend \$1,000,000 in a trip to Europe.