CALDWELL TRIBUNE.

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CALDWELL, : : IDAHO.

HENRY JAMES, the novelist, looks like the Prince of Wales and is proud of it.

J. BEAVER WEBB, the English yacht designer, will built a cottage at Bar Harbor, Me.

THE charming daughters of Col. Bob Ingersoll are even stronger atheists than their father.

MRS. MARY A. JUDKINS, a native of Maine, died at Portland recently aged 117 years, 7 months.

THE ex-Queen of Naples, who lives in France, has a large stable of horses and devotes her time to racing.

QUEEN VICTORIA travels as the "Countess Balmoral," but her baggage is marked "Queen of England."

MME. CARNOT is said to look not more "than 25." The Empress of Austria "cannot be over 35," say impartial observers.

FATHER RIVINGTON, a familiar figure in the ultra-ritualistic circles of Oxford a dozen years ago, has just been received into the Catholic Church.

GEORGE W. SMALLEY denies that Mme. Diss Debars ever produced any spook pictures for him. The "daughter of a king" is having a hard time of it.

A RECENT Iowa wedding was a decided symphony in color. Ivory White was married to Miss Olive Green, Rev. Mr. Black performing the ceremony.

JUDGE GRESHAM'S greatest happiness is found in overlooking his farm near Indianapolis. He is an especially good judge of the points of fine porkers.

GEN. BOOTH announces that the Salvation Army conducts 9,100 processions every week through the streets of the United Kingdom, or an average of 1,300 daily.

MISS CARRIE MAY, who was at one time engaged to be married to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, is now Mrs. William Wright, and pronounced "the most beautiful woman in New York to-day."

A SYRACUSE burglar had been all through the house, and then sat down to rest a bit before going off with the swag. There was a carpet tack in the chair, and the yell he uttered awoke the people and he had to clear out.

HON. LEOPOLD MARSH, representing the Back Bay District of Boston, had the honor of wearing the first spring suit on the floor of the House of Representatives at Washington this year. Mr. Morse has made a fortune out of ready made clothing.

JOHN A. LOGAN, son of the late John A. Logan, owns four thoroughbred race-horses now stationed at the Lexington (Ky.) track. This is Mr. Logan's first venture as a sporting man, and he has the good will, it is said, of all the trainers at Lexington.

SAM WAH, a New York Chinese laundryman, blew a cloud of opium smoke into a lady customer's face. She fainted, and a neighbor lady only brought her to her senses by vigorously sticking pins and needles into her. Sam was arrested.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL contemplates a visit to the land of her nativity this summer in company with her husband. They will probably go to Newport, where Lord Randolph will hear many reminiscences of his brother, the Duke of Marlborough.

MAHARAJAH HOLKAR, the Indian potentate, who a year ago took the part of Rukhmabia, who was married by her parents at the age of 10 to a man who turned out a scoundrel has disappointed the opponents of child marriage, by himself espousing a girl aged only 14.

"FATHER" CUSTER, as the farmer father of the late General Custer, is familiarly called at Monroe, Mich., near which town he lives, can be found at the Methodist church in that place every Sunday, no matter how stormy the weather or how muddy the road. He is 82 years old, hale and hearty.

HENRY GEORGE'S name has been stricken from the roll of the Anti-Poverty society, and is always hissed when mentioned at the meetings. He is even restrained by the courts from starting another society. Dr. McGlynn thus proves to be a most perfectly-organized anti-poverty trust all in himself.

MRS. MARY E. CONE, aged 50, was married last week in New York to her uncle, Edward Weston, aged 69. Legal advice was taken before the ceremony, as to the validity of such a union, and nothing was found in secular law or the provisions of any Protestant church prohibiting marriage of uncle and niece.

IF Madame Diss Debars, special manufacturer of spirit portraits for millionare Marsh of New York, would only cause the spirit of Holbein to execute a correct portrait of the next President, she would afford a great amount of relief to the overtaxed nerves of a large number of aspirants for the chief magistracy.

WHEN Gen. Longstreet was a cadet at West Point, Prof. Kendrick asked him how the carbonic acid of commerce was made. Longstreet, who never loooked at his chemistry, replied: "By burning diamonds in oxygen gas," "Yes," said the professor, "that will do it; but don't you think it would be a leetle expensive?"

SPEAKING of the income of Gen. Grant's widow, Joe Howard says: "She has received about $450,000 from Grant's book, and has a pension of $5,000 from the Nation, the interest of $100,000. She also has the income from the $250,000 raised by George Jones from Jay Gould, James Gordon Bennett and others. She also has the income from $100,000 raised by George W. Childs. In other words she has the income of not far from $1,000,000."

A Soldier's Love.

"I will tell you a little love story," said the kind, old Pastor Neuville, as I sat at his hospitable board.

"I had a favorite pupil once, named Pierre Lavelle, the betrothed of one of the lovelist girls in the parish. I had looked forward to making them man and wife some day, when the news reached us that Pierre had been drafted into the army for a term of five years.

"Ah, it was a sad day when he marched away, leaving his poor mother and beloved Marguerite sobbing in each other's arms. She saw him again after two years' time, but it was only for a few days. She was proud of him in his uniform. He was true as steel, and they renewed their vows of constancy in each other's arms.

"After that news reached us often of Pierre. He had won his epaulettes—he was now an officer. How proud we all were. One day came the terrible news. He had been killed." The good pastor paused to wipe a tear out of his eye. "He had died with his face to the foe. I had learned from a soldier who had returned. Died with the iron cross on his breast. As time passed I could not help but notice that the pathetic grief on Marguerite's face, instead of injuring her beauty, only made it the more striking. And so thought one Jules Dermont—a rich farmer and a good friend of mine, but a man twice Marguerite's age.

"A year went slowly by, and then one day Marguerite came to me for advice. Her father was old and poor, and growing each day more feeble, and now he asked her for a sacaifice; that she would insure the comfort of his declining yeaas land her own welfare when he should be gone, by accepting and marrying the wealthy, respected farmer, Jules Dermot. I thought long and earnestly, then I said:

"'My child, how do you, yourself, feel about it?'

"A resolute light filled her pretty eyes.

"'I have thought,' she said, sadly, 'that it might be wrong for me to refuse to obey my father's wishes. I have been taught by you that a child's first duty is to her parents, and my father has not long to live. A girl's passionate love I can never give to Jules Dermot, and so I have told him; but as his wife I can serve and obey him faithfully and truly, and he says he will be more than content to have me even thus.'

"What could I say but what I did?—to follow the impulses of her own pure heart; they could not lead her wrong. So they were married, and the old father left his humble cottage and lived the following year (which proved his last) in his daughter's new home. Then came a little Maguerite to Jules Dermont and his wife—a tiny copy of her mother. Like a pure white daisy she lay, just beginning her young life, while, alas! the mother—beloved of all—was dying. There was no hope.

"A tremulous sigh—a long look upward—and then a beautiful, inanimate form was all that there was left to us. Jules Dermot sorrowed faithfully and keenly; then after a time an irresistible craving for change came to him. He had money and he would travel. So he brought the little Marguerite to me and left her in my care.

"One summer evening my pet and I were in the garden when I saw a man's figure coming up the road with slow and weary steps. He paused at the gate and looked at us.

"Come in, sir, and rest yourself,' I said; and lifting the latch he came toward me.

"As my gaze fell on the tall, attenuated form and the wan, face, which looked blanched and worn under the moon's clear beams, I started and a cold thrill passed through me.

"Have you forgotten Pierre?" he said.

"Then I knew him—that it was indeed Pierre Lavelle! With trembling hands I drew him into the house.

"'Oh!' he exclaimed, sinking into a chair, 'how good it is to be at home! I doubted if my strength would keep me until I saw its blessed scenes again. But God is kind—I am here at last. I came first to my dear old friend, to wear off this intense fatigue; but in a little while I must go to my mother and my betrothed. How are they—are they well?'"

"I evaded the answer as I pressed him to partake of bread and wine.

"Suddenly the little one, whose very existence I had for the time forgotten, came into the room and to Pierre's side, looking up at him with her tender blue eyes. He drew her to him—Pierre was ever fond of children.

"'What is your name?' he asked.

"'Marguerite,' she answered; and then won to confidence by his friendly manner she added: 'I live here, but my papa is away and my mamma is dead.'

"Pierre's gaze fell upon my face, which was working convulsively in spite of all my efforts at control, and a vague fear seemed to spring into his mind. Rising hurriedly, he put her from him.

"'I must go now—I feel stronger,' he said—though his looks belied his words—"I must not stay longer from the side of my loved owes.'

"'Oh, Pierre, stay—do not go!' I cried.

"His eyes dilated with an expression of terror.

"'Tell me truly,' he exclaimed, 'how is it with my Marguerite?'

"I could not answer. He read the truth in my face. With a cry he sank back and covered his face with his hands. Then, quickly as I could I told him everything that had happened—withholding nothing—for it was best.

"As I spoke the little one, awed by the strange scene, had again drawn near. With a convulsive motion he caught her to him and bowed his head upon her shining hair. 'And this is her child. Marguerite's child!'

"It was a piteous sight, and I will not dilate upon it longer. Pierre stayed at the parsonage, and after a while—I let him take his own time—he told me how he had recovered consciousness to find himself a prisoner in the enemy's hands; how he had been confined ever since, until at last escaping, he journeyed on foot over mountains and through forests, buoyed up by the hope of reaching his native village and there regaining his strength and passing in happiness the rest of his life.

"As you may have surmised, the poor fellow did not live long to bear his great disappointment. In the village cemetery—not far from the resting place of her he loved—is a grave conspicuous from any other by the stately granite pillar which his townspeople have erected to the memory of Pierra the Hero, their countrymen, who by his courage twice, saved the day of France.

"Those are his medals, which he managed to conceal and preserve through all his wandering. He left them in my charge, for the child of Marguerite."

How to Make a Speech.

Few men make speeches without carefully preparing them beforehand. It is rather amusing that so many speakers try to produce the impression that they speak without having made ready. Sometimes it is by beginning with the constitutional statement that the call upon them is unexpected or that they have been absorbed with other demands upon their time. Sometimes in the opening or close, which has been so carefully fixed in the memory that the speaker is secure of it, he injects a word or reference caught from the pending occasion, thus giving the impression that the whole thing is a present inspiration. Then, too, not to put too fine a point on the matter, there are some who on this subject do, with the most unconscionable abandonment, verify the Scripture, that all men are liars. I remember a most distinguished man telling me that a long speech of his at a public meeting was extemporaneous, when I heard it read the evening before set up in cold type for the forthcoming morning paper.

Some of the best stump speakers very wisely repeat the same speech almost in totidem verbis as they go from place to place, as you will learn when you go with them. Some of them frankly acknowledge this method; others will so emphatically assure that they never speak twice alike that you are bound to credit them with an honest delusion. You rarely listen to an after-dinner speech, however glibly it rolls, that has not been wrought ad unguem.

I should say, therefore, do not hesitate to make the most thorough preparation, or to let it be known if need be, that you do so. It is a good thing, too, to mix in something of humor, never coarse, but of a fine sort, giving flavor as a mite of red pepper flavors a salad. Helpful also is a touch of pathos or sentiment, of which in a reasonable degree, do not be afraid. Without humor or sentiment no speech goes very close to the heart of an audience. I have often found that some little incident, scene, or reminiscence or bit of landscape has given a source from which to derive a speech. Sitting down to write it the theme expands, not forward, but in a circle. Some leading thought controls, and around that argument, illustration, application group themselves. The very process of writing, especially a second copying, will develop new trains of thought and illustration or reference. A word as you write it becomes a suggestion and your pen creates almost as if it were independent of your mind. A vocabulary is, of course, a vital resource for a speaker, though some seem to have been born to a full one. The great aid to this is reading and also committing good authors, a discipline doubly valuable because it furnishes a stock of facts and a stock of words.

I think the great thing in a speech is earnestness of purpose and especially of delivery. I would not advise the slightest attention to gesticulation, for that will take care of itself with an earnest speaker, and some of the most earnest and effective seem to dispense with it altogether. The manner is everything in public speaking. You may hear two speakers, one stirring you to the depths, the other drowned in your own yawning, and yet had you read them in your evening newspaper they would have been equally as good, or equally as commonplace.

A good speech consists of a sound, wholesome array of facts, thought, or argument, relieved in the treatment by a picture, a touch of humor, or a play of fancy or sentiment, not afraid of the embellishing of a reasonable fringe of rhetorical flourish, clearly enunciated in the speaking, and delivered with all the force, feeling, earnestness and approval that you would put into a struggle for your life.—*John D. Long, in March Writer.*

Why Religious News is not Reported.

How comes it that base ball and horse racing news is reported with great care and fullness, while the leading religious events are either ignored altogether or indifferently reported? Is it not because newspaper editors have learned that persons who belong to the theatrical or sporting or the mercantile public buy their papers according as they find in them full, prompt and sympathetic treatment of theatrical, sporting and market news; whereas religious people, as such, do not discriminate in their patronage of newspapers with a corresponding exactness? In other words, do religious people feel as keen an interest in religious news as the base ball public feels in base ball news or as the horse racing public feels in the news of a horse race? Do religious people, to any considerable degree, choose one paper rather than another because one paper gives more prominence to religious news than another, or treats it with a more sympathetic apprehension? You can go up one bench and down another at a base ball game and every man in the crowd will tell you what papers of the next morning will have a glowing account of the match then in progress and which will dismiss it in a few cold lines, and very many of them will make their purchase of a paper on the following morning on the basis of choice. Now apply that mode of reasoning to religious people. Out of an audience assembled in a city for some notable religious occasion, how many will be able to predict the relative prominence that will be given to that meeting by the newspapers? And how many will go to the newspaper stand the following day and buy a paper confident, without looking it through, that it gives a good account of the event? In short, is it not, after all, a question of supply and demand?—*Forum.*

PITH AND POINT.

Brown: "I have always understood, Dumley, that Lumley was a friend of yours?" Dumley: "Friend, naw! He is a relative."—*Epoch.*

The American hog, however well dressed, is not allowed the freedom of German society. It's different in this country.—*Pasadena Union.*

Dola Sayers is the name of a Wichita girl who eloped with her coachman. She is referred to by her former friends as the "gone Dola."—*Ottawa News.*

It is said the cowboys of the western plains have appealed to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe to write a cattle hymn of the republic for their use.—*Washington Critic.*

Bob Ingersoll is so irreverent that if he should see death coming on a pale horse he would look around right away for the red-headed girl."—*Journal of Education.*

The poet's power isn't altogether gone. "Hail, gentle spring," he wrote in a soulful sonnet; and it not only hailed before night, but it sleeted and snowed.—*Somerville Journal.*

He: "How do you find the oysters, Miss Smith?" She: "They are simply delicious, and I am awfully hungry, too," He (to waiter): "Bring another plate of crackers."—*Epoch.*

Philanthropist (sternly): "Why did you throw that banana peel on the sidewalk?" Misanthrope (defiantly): "Because yesterday the banana peel threw me on the sidewalk."—*Burdette.*

"A genteel carver," says a book on etiquette "always sits when he carves." Carvers who get on the table and have a wrestling-match with the chicken are known by some other name.—*Rochester Express.*

Tramp: "Here's a pie I stole off yer windy, mum. I want to bring it back." Housekeeper: "Well I'm glad you've got some conscience." Tramp: "Yes'm. I'm tough, but I don't care to eat a strange mince pie."—*Judge.*

"French novels are scarcely the cheese," tersely remarked Mr. Straitlace, as he took the book from his daughter's hand. "Then you can't mean that gorgon Zola?" snappishly said Miss Straitlace, as she took back the book and went on reading.—*Puck.*

The latest fad is that of "posing" to acquire grace and flexibility in movement. More posing at the washtub and kitchen table and less "unconscious elegance" is what the modern American girl needs in this stage of our American progress.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

Collector (some years hence): "Twenty-five dollars, please." Widow: "Why, what for?" "Was not your husband struck by lightning last week?" "Yes he was." "I am collector for the American electric trust. Twenty-five dollars, please."—*Omaha World.*

Indignant physician: "Man what have you done? You sent my patient the wrong prescription, and it killed him?" Druggist, a calm man, accustomed to abuse: "Vhell, what vas der madder mit you? Last week I send your odder patient der righd berscription, und dot killed him. How can somebody blease sooch a man?"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Our Servant Girl.

We hired her, but she could not cook;
She knew not how to make a bed;
And I will swear upon the book
She could not make a loaf of bread.

She into corners swept the dust;
A dustpan she had never seen;
The range took on a coat of rust;
Pots, pans, and kettles were unclean.

Till it was black she boiled the tea;
The pan in which she boiled the fish
She used unclean for fricassee;
At every meal she broke a dish.

Although of splendid health and strong
Of work she seemed to be afraid;
She never cleaned the lamps as long
As she could see without their aid.

About her rights she had no doubt,
And did not fear of them to speak;
She wanted every Sunday out,
And three nights also every week

My wife to her becoming cool,
She left us, sulky, black as ink.
She's now instructress in a school
For training servant girls, I think.

Dangers of Insufficient Ventilation.

One of the great evils of civilization, says a writer in the *Scientific American*, lies in the crowding together of large numbers of persons in confined spaces. This is especially the case with schools and with factories, but is not limited to those instances. It has always been known that such crowding was unhealthy, but the exact amount of evil resulting is necessarily difficult to estimate.

Very recently Brown-Sequard has proved by actual chemical analysis that the air expired by a healthy person contains a poison, not a microbe, but a distinct chemical poison.

In factories, as usually arranged, there must inevitably be much evil done by the breathing of other people's breaths all day long, six days in the week. Brown-Sequard considers it a principal cause of consumption.

The only remedy lies in effectual ventilation, and there can be no doubt that in factories, schools, and all other places in which many persons live and work or study in confined space, the ventilation should be much better than it is. In some factories the air is so bad that persons unaccustomed to it are rendered faint. What, then, must be the effect on those who live in it?

I would wish, therefore, to appeal urgently to those who have the direction of schools and factories to introduce really effective ventilation. They have the health, even the lives, of large numbers in their charge, and cannot escape this great responsibility.

The Adventures of a Horse.

Among the incidents of the storm in Boston, the *Electric Review* relates how the entanglement of a horse attached to one of L. G. Burnham's coal delivery teams was caught by the wires. It was in the evening. The horse got entangled and the wire threw him down. Some of the snarl of wires proved to be those of electric lights. The kicking and the struggles of the horse brought the wires in contact, and in the words of the teamster, "Every time he kicked it would lighten, and every time it lightned he would kick! I thought to myself, 'He is bewitched with lightening.' I tried to unbutton him, and every time I unbuttoned one place he was struck with lightning in another." The poor horse was finally released from his peril by somebody who understood the cause of the trouble.

"Bobby Shafto."

ANNABEL DWIGHT.

It is a bright and delicious June morning. The sea beyond the gray cliff line is flashing a million jewels beneath the rays of the sun. From my seat at the piano I can see a dozen snowy sails dotting the blue surface. My canary in the bay window is going crazy over his own music; and I drum out on the ivory keys a nonsensical air of my own composition, and sing loudly the equally nonsensical verses of nursery fame:

"Boby Shafto's gone to sea,
With silver buckles on his knee.
He'll come back and marry me—
Pretty Bobby Shafto!"

The front door is wide open, also the door from hall to sitting room, and a masculin voice, expressive of much amusement, says:

"Lucky Bobby Shafto!"

I wheel about on the stool, and there stands a young man dressed in a dark flannel suit, hat in hand, laughing at me.

"I havn't the honor of your acquaintance," I say, rather flippantly.

He steps over the threshold and makes me a low bow, as he replies:

"Bobby Shafto at your service."

"Nonsense!" says I, laughing a little in spite of myself.

"At any rate," he pursues, quite seriously, "my name is Robert Shafter, and that, you will admit, is very like Bobby Shafto. I called to ascertain if I could procure lodging here for the season. The hotel clerk thought that I might. There is not one comfortable room left at the Eyrie."

I have ascertained by this time that he is rather nice looking. His hair is light an curly; his nose is large, but he has very pleasant, dark blue eyes, a long, curling moustache, and a square chin, cleft in the center.

"Please be seated," I say, remembering my manners of a sudden. "I will speak to Aunt Jane."

You must know that Aunt Jane came to take care of me, a tiny girl, when my mother died. She has been with us ever since, and her word is law with father and me. Father, busy with his manuscripts all the time (for he is a newspaper correspondent) is only too glad to let the reigns of government slip into such capable hands as those of my worthy Aunt. She is a spinster, tall and gaunt of figure, with keen gray eyes behind a pair of steel bowed spectacles, and she wears her inevitable high white cap and chocolate colored gown when I bring her in and introduce her to Mr. Shafter.

He flushed unaccountably and seems about to speak, but Aunt Jane says directly in her moist business-like manner:

"My niece, Adelaide tells me that you desire lodging."

"Yes, madame," replied the young man, "I belong to the band which is to make the season here at Bluff Point, and--"

"Oh, then you are one of those band men!" interrupts Aunt Jane, rather disparagingly.

"I have the misfortune so to be," Mr. Shafter replies, quite meekly, but there is a quiver of his lip and a laughing twinkle in his eye. "I play one of the coronets."

Now if there is anything on earth that Aunt Jane abhors it is a wind instrument.

She hesitates.

I, being rather in favor of having him come, suggest that he may be willing to do his practicing away from the house.

"Oh, certainly," responds he, cheerfully. "If you will be good enough to take me you shall not be annoyed by the sound of my coronet."

"Very well," Aunt Jane decides, "you may have the southwest chamber, which is the pleasantest room in he house, for three dollars a week."

"Thank you, very much," says Mr. Shafter, promptly. "I will send my trunk over this afternoon."

With that he bows himself out, leaving me much elated at the prospect of so pleasant an addition to our family.

In a week's time Mr. Shafter and I are the best possible friends.

Father, to speak figuratively, has taken him to his bosom—indeed these two seem to have some pleasant understanding between them which I do not comprehend.

Even Aunt Jane unbends in the magic of his frank speech and laughing voice.

We are very good friends, but I am perfectly thunderstruck, when at the end of a month's acquaintance our lodger makes me an offer of marriage.

I am nineteen years old, and have never had a lover; but I have very romantic ideas of what a lover should be, and Robert Shafter falls very far short of my ideal.

So I reply decidedly in the negative, and endeavor to explain to him what manner of a man I intend to honor with my heart and hand.

He does not seem as despairing as a rejected lover should.

Indeed, I think he is very much amused at what I say, for he shrugs his shoulders and walks away, laughing.

I am provoked and disgusted with his levity, and treat him with much dignity and coolness for a day or two; but this seems foolish in the face of his frank, jolly manners, and soon we drift back into the old pleasant comradeship.

I can see the band-stand from our piazza, but, being rather near-sighted, I cannot distinguish Mr. Shafter from the other musicians.

I never go over to the hotel when the band is playing; I prefer to listen to the music swinging luxuriously in my hammock.

There is a cornet soloist—Reede—whose playing I greatly admire; and I implore our lodger to bring him over to the house some day; but he will not promise. I decide in my own mind that he is jealous and and afraid that I will fall in love with Reede. I have unbounded self-conceit, and do not consider that the great musician has probably scores of admiring friends and lovers.

One never-to-be-forgotten day I take one of my girl friends for a row along the shore in my little boat. Lizzie is a quiet, solid, unpretentious girl, who loves me and believes in me in spite of my arrogance and vanity. We row along where the bathers from the hotel are disporting themselves in the water.

Presently I catch sight of Robert Shafter swimming toward us.

He is laughing and blowing the water from his mouth at a great rate, and in a spirit of mischief, I begin to pull away from him.

"Why, that is Reede, the cornetist," says Lizzie in some excitement.

"Oh, no," I reply, very decidedly, "it's our lodger, Mr. Shafter.

We have no time for discussion, for immediately Robert Shafter throws up his arms with a cry of pain and goes under.

I know, of course that he is attacked by a swimmer's cramp, and my heart leaps to my throat. I put my oar into Lizzie's hand and go over board after him. This feat requires no heriosm on my part, as about one third of my life has been spent either in or on the water. When he comes to the surface I clench my fingers in his curly hair and draw his head up to the level of the boat's gunwale, and with the help of Lizzie, who is strong and robust, get him into the boat.

In the meantime another boat has been sent out from the shore which follows us as we row swiftly back to the little wooden pier at the foot of our garden.

The boat contains two men, who carry Mr. Shafter up to the house.

I leave Lizzie to fasten my boat, and hasten into the house and up to my chamber to take off my wet clothing.

I am trembling from head to foot with a strange, new excitement.

Robert Shafter, in danger of his life, seems suddenly dear to me.

When, at last, I regain some command of myself, I slowly descend to the sitting-room. They have put Shafter into the little bed-room, opening from the sitting-room, and have brought him back to consciousness.

There is a very handsome young lady sitting by the bed.

He holds her hand in his, and they are talking very earnestly together.

I am terribly jealous right away; and grow more so when the young lady comes out to me and introduces herself as Miss Bradford, and thanks me warmly for what she calls my brave conduct.

"Mr. Reede is my very dear friend," she says, gracefully, "and there are others who will be proud to make the acquaintance of the noble girl who has saved his life."

"'Twas nothing," I return, bluntly, almost rudely. "Did I understand you to say that the gentleman's name is Reede?"

She laughs softly.

"Yes, your lodger is Robert Shafter Reede, the cornetist. He desires me to say that he will explain the little deception about his name sattsfactorily."

She bids me good-day and goes away.

I glanced indignantly into the bedroom, but Mr. Robert Shafter Reede is either asleep or doesn't want to see me, for his face is turned to the wall, and he lies quite still.

It would seem that in saving his life I had built a great barrier between us, for our pleasant friendship is at an end.

True, he thanks me with apparent feeling for the service I have rendered him.

He explains that he attempted to give his full name to Aunt Jane; that he did eventually tell father, but begged him to keep the secret for a while, it was so novel and pleasant to be just Robert Shafter with no particlar accomplishment.

It is very evident to me that he has been courted half to death and is conceited in proportion.

In the meantime, he and Miss Bradford seem to be getting on finely.

They walk, and ride and sail together; true, they sometimes invite me to accompany them, but I am too proud and too miserable to accept.

At last the long, bright summer ended. City guests pack their trunks and turn homeward. Miss Bradford goes with the first party. Mr. Reede is gracious enough to inform me that she returns early in order to make arrangements for her wedding, which is to take place early in October.

I do not know what he reads in my face. I fight hard enough for composure and indifference, but he flushes deeply and looks at me in a curious, half-laughing, half tender way that makes me have a very unladylike desire to box his ears.

I do not think I ever met with so impudent a man as Robert Shafter Reede.

When, at last, he comes to me one evening in September, and says that he is going home to morrow. I reply with a careless laugh which I flatter myself is perfectly natural:

"To make arrangements for your wedding I presume?"

He does not answer directly; there is only the faint "swish" of the incoming tide as we lean over the piazza railing in the white moonlight.

Presently he lays one smooth, strong, hand over mine and says boldly:

"That is for you to say, Addie."

"For me?"

I try to laugh again, but fail most miserably. Tears blind my eyes and a sob is in my throat.

"Dearest will you reject me a second time? Cannot you care for me a little?"

"But Miss Bradford—" I stammer.

He laughs and draws me within the circle of his arms.

"Miss Bradford is my half sister and is to marry a Boston merchant. She lent herself to my little conspiracy against you; for I have a theory that women are often won through jealousy, and you have proved no exception, my dear."

He kisses me with the most refreshing coolness, and I am goose enough to make no opposition.

So he really does prove to be, "My true love, Bobby Shafto.—*Yankee Blake.*

Mrs. Cleveland's Example.

Daughter—The girls are getting up a Frances Cleveland Club and they want me to join.

Father—Well, join if you want to.

"Why, I thought you were so opposed to Cleveland."

"I am not opposed to his wife, my dear. Mrs. Cleveland is a noble woman and I hope you will try to pattern by her."

"You do?"

"Yes, my dear. Mrs. Cleveland fits her own dresses and makes her own bonnets."—*Omaha World.*

Motto of the sensible young man in search of a wife: "Handsome is that handsome dough."—*Burlington Free Press.*

"Run Along, Now!"

The evening was bitter cold. Two children—a boy with a manly face and an expression of matured concern, as though some one had ever been dependent on him, and a pale-faced little girl—wandered around the streets of a Western city. They had been left by an immigrant train, having fallen asleep in the barn-like waiting-room, and owing to the hurry incident upon the departure, no one thought of them. They begged the station keeper to allow them to remain by the fire, but he discredited their story—declared that they had not been left by a train; that they had been in the city, and were "hanging around" to steal something. Everybody hurried along. No one had a kind look for the waifs. They went into the warm corridor of a hotel, but a man said:

'Run along, now. You don't want to be stopping here."

"We are nearly frozen," the boy replied, "and we want to get warm."

'Children ought to be at home such weather as this. Your mother ought to know better than to send you out."

"Our mother is dead, sir. She died two weeks ago., and we came away with people that are going south where it's warm, but the train has left us, and the man won't let us stay in the depot."

"Very good story, young fellow, but run along home. Parents that would send their children out to beg such weather as this should be punished."

"We are not begging."

"Run along with you," and he opened the door and they passed out into the cutting wind. The fierce blast seemed to blow the darkness close up to the lamp; the tired tears seemed to blow chilling mists from their nostrils; the heavy wagon wheels seemed to sink deep into the darkness and pulverize the gloom. The children went into a drug store.

"Run along there."

"They went into a restaurant.

"Run along there."

They went into a saloon where merry revelers sang wild songs and where the maudlin man dropped a tear in his glass.

'Run along there," said the bartender, "this is no place for children."

"Let us warm ourselves," implored the boy, and he repeated his story.

"That's all very well, young man, but havn't I seen you around the streets begging many a time?"

"No, sir."

"I think I have. I'll bet you havn't taken no less than $10 home to-day. Run along."

Again they were in the freezing gloom.

"Oh, where will we wake in the morning?" came from the saloon and died on the air as the boy and his sister turned a corner.

"Don't cry, my little pet."

"I'm so cold."

"Yes, but we may find some place. Let us go back to the depot, and may be we can get on a train."

They wandered around in the blinding sleet.

"We are a long time getting there," said the girl.

"I believe we are lost," the brother replied. 'Let us turn in here," and they into a narrow alley and crouched down by a wall.

Ah, Mr. Humanity, because you have been a few times deceived; because you have sometimes shown pity and afterwards found that it was ill-bestowed, you have hardened your heart.

Ah, Mr. Churchman, whose knees press the soft velvet at the time of prayer; you who see suffering with dry eyes, and read with moisture, the "simple annals of the poor" scratch from your Bibles the heart-warming sentence, "Suffer little children to come unto me"—scratch it out or you are a hypocrit.

"If I could smell the dog-wood blossoms by the porch, I wouldn't be so cold," said the little girl.

"It will be a long time before they bloom again, my pet."

"Will this cold weather kill the tree?"

"No, but it will be a long time before summer comes."

"Can people in heaven look down and see the people on the earth?"

"Yes, I think so."

"I wish they couldn't."

"Why, pet?"

"Because, if mamma looks down and sees us, she won't be happy anymore."

He drew her closer to him. The neighbors' lights went out one by one. The sleet seemed to be conquering everything. The dog that had barked over on the hill was silent.

A cheerless, freezing morning broke. In an alley sat two rigid forms. The boy was in his shirt sleeves. He had put his tattered jacket around his little sister, and both were dead.—*Opie Read, in Texas Siftings.*

How to Bathe Sick Persons.

Few items in the general care of the sick are more neglected than bathing, and the following directions by Elizabeth Robinson Scovil in *Good Housekeeping* are worthy of the widest circulation: A sick person, she says, should be bathed every day, unless for some special reason the doctor forbids it. The skin cannot properly perform its function of carrying off the waste matter from the body unless its pores are kept open. In fever, sponging with cold water is one of the recognized means of lowering the temperature. It is, therefore, important to know how to give a bath to a person in bed as easily, speedily and effectively as possible. Before beginning, everything that will be required should be collected at the side of the bed. Two blankets are needed, two towels, a basin of water (if the bath is to be a warm one, a pitcher of hot water to replenish the basin), and a sponge. If the bath is given every day, soap is unnecessary; when it is used, a cloth should be substituted for the sponge, as soap spoils the latter. If the night-dress and sheet are to be changed, the fresh ones should be put to air, and warm at the fire. This precaution should never be neglected, as damp linen might give a fatal chill.

Double the blankets end to end, move the patient to one side of the bed, push the bed-clothes toward him, keeping him covered, and on the cleared space, lay the folded blanket, draw the bed-covering over it, and under their shelter move the patient on it. Lay the second folded blanket over the spread, and draw all the bed-clothes from beneath it, leaving the patient covered with it alone. Remove the night dress, squeeze the sponge so that it will not drip, and bathe the face, neck and ears, wiping them carefully afterwards. Pass the hand holding the sponge under the blanket, and wash the arms, drying each as soon as done; then bathe the body and wipe it dry; turn the patient on the side, and bathe the back, then the legs to the knees; turn again on the back and finish the legs and feet. The points to be remembered are not to expose the patient to cold by letting the blanket slip aside, not to wet too large a surface at once, and to wipe thoroughly dry. Replace the night-dress and bed-clothes, draw out the upper blanket, move the patient off the lower blanket, and pull it out. Hang both the blankets to dry. They will be damp, but not wet, if the bath has been properly given.

Food, Beauty and Morality.

Prof. F. T. Miles, of the faculty of the University of Maryland, delivered a lecture to a large audience of young men last evening on "Food and Digestion." In the course of his lecture Prof. Miles, in speaking of the effects of an insufficient quantity of food said: "The fat disappears first, then the muscles waste away, and finally the bones comes through the skin. The brain, the spinal cord and the nerves are nonrished to the last. Like a king in a beleaguered city to whom his loyal subjects give up their food, the nobler organs are longest nourished. In starvation there is not simple hunger of the stomach, but hunger of the whole body. It is not strange that when hunger presses on people they do strange things. It produces insanity, and they have been driven to eating what has been called 'strange flesh'; that is, to cannibalism. There are millions of people who have not enough to eat. It is at the bottom of anarchy. The police may give them a loaf of bread, but the whole body is ill-nourished, and a restless feeling results. Not much can be done with the grown-up people of the criminal classes, but the child criminal comes first. The criminal classes are called dirty, lazy and ugly. Of course they are. They are dirty because they have no spare heat to let go; lazy, because the muscles are weak and nature tells them to keep still when hungry. You would be astonished to know how much of the beauty of the fairest women is made up of fat. The criminal classes are ugly because they have no fat. How could a child whose muscles and nervous system have been partly starved be expected to have all the sympathies and instincts of a higher class of society? An every-day Sabbath school with a breakfast before the lesson would be a capital thing for poor children. Some say the poor themselves are to blame for their condition by living too luxuriously. One of the most intense cravings of the Greely Arctic party was for sweetmeats. Tea and coffee do more good than harm. They stimulate not only the brain, but activities of the whole body. There will be a great mission to the poor some day to see that they get enough of good food."—*Baltimore Sun.*

An Old Slave's Notable Funeral.

The attachment of the master to his old slaves, and of the fidelity of the latter to their former master, even since their emancipation, is well illustrated in the case of an old family colored servant of Judge Joseph H. Lewis of Glasgow, Ky., one of the bravest of Confederate Generals, and now one of the judges of the court of appeals. One of his slaves before the war was a deaf and dumb negro called "Black George," but oftener by the simple appellation of "Dummy." Since his freedom he has remained a servant in Gen. (now Judge) Lewis' family, and no inducement could have made him leave them. On the other hand, the family have been extremely kind to him, and he manifested his appreciation of it by the most faithful devotion to them. He could never hear nor speak from his birth, but all his other senses were greatly quickened. Scarcely anything ever happened in town that he did not in some unknown manner become aware of it, and if a death occured he was one of the first to know of it and go straight to the house of the deceased person.

"Dummy" was taken down with pneumonia last week, and notwithstanding he was given the best medical attention and care, died Monday morning. To a Northerner his funeral yesterday would have doubtless caused surprise. Three carriages next to the hearse contained some of the first families of the town, those of Gen. Lewis, his sister's and son's, which were followed by a long procession of colored people. This respect is often shown here by the white people to their old slaves. Many of the latter are to-day subsisting upon the charity of their old masters or their master's families. They constantly seek them for advice and help, which is given them, and when they die are not only followed to the grave by their white friends, but the latter uncommonly defray their burial expenses. The same white people were nearly all of them "rebels" during the war.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Geese, But Intelligent All the Same.

Wild geese in this part of the country were aware several hours before the cold wave signal was displayed at the Weather Bureau, that the blizzard would strike Baltimore last Sunday. A flock of them flew slowly over Baltimore just about daylight Sunday, and their self-satisfied honk-honk-honk, as they traveled toward the north, seemed to mean that spring was at hand. But in about two hours they returned in wild confusion, their ranks disordered, their cries discordant and their only aim seeming to be that they might find shelter in some of the many nooks of the Chesapeake and its tributaries, where in safety they might ride out the storm.—*Baltimore Sun.*

He Was from Boston.

A tramp recently had a plate of hard ice-cream given him by a good-natured lady, upon whom he called for assistance.

He handed back the spoon, with an apology.

"Oh, I don't suspect you of wanting to steal the spoon," said the lady.

"I don't for a moment suppose you do, my dear madam," replied the tramp; "but it is not correct form to eat hard desserts with a spoon; I am from Boston, and should prefer a fork."—*Puck.*