FAIR PLAY.

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HOW EASILY THINGS GO WRONG.

"Alas! how easily things go wrong;"
A sigh too much or a kiss too long,
And a father's patience is quite worn out;
There's a hurried step and a wrathful shout,
And the dream of a youthful part is over.
A youth escapes through the open door,
With terror imprinted upon his face,
And goes down the street at a flying pace
With hat in hand and a dog in chase.
The dog to the flying youth draws nigh;
There's a savage growl and a yelping cry.
"Alas! how easily things go wrong;"
Why did the lover stay so long?

A panting youth at his mother's door
Is vowing he'd go out to court no more;
A dog is returning with visage grim,
Dragging an article with tails with him.
"Alas! how easily things go wrong."
When a lover foolishly tarries too long;
"And yet how easily things go right"
When he leaves at a decent time of night.
He's wise who this in his memory logs:
Fathers are fathers, and dogs are dogs.

—*Boston Courier.*

THE SILK DRESS.

What It Cost, After Twenty Years of Waiting.

"There's Annie Beldon!" said Aunt Jane, looking up from her knitting as she heard the sound of footsteps on the plank walk which lay along the front fence. "Poor soul! I never see her that I don't think of that verse in the Bible which says that "from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath," and she sighed deeply.

I looked from the window just in time to see Annie Beldon before she turned the corner of the next street. She was a faded, careworn looking woman, a little past middle age, with dark brown hair thickly sprinkled with gray. Her dress was a rusty black cashmere, her black shawl was decidedly shabby, and her crape bonnet was shabbier still. She looked neither attractive nor interesting, and I turned from the window and took up my crocheting again, remarking only that "she looked as if she had had her share of sorrow."

"Sometimes I think she has had a good deal more than her share," said Aunt Jane. "I know dozens of women would have sunk into the grave under only half as much. And the best of it is, she don't never complain. She's the cheerfulest soul that ever breathed."

"Does she live near here?" I asked, more out of politeness than from any real interest in the subject.

"No! but she was my next-door neighbor for twenty-five years when this was a farm-house. The town lay two miles off then, and we never looked to see it grow up right to our very doors. Annie wouldn't be wearin' such shabby clothes if there hadn't been a mortgage on their place. She [illegible] every acre at a good profit if it had been free."

"Tell me about her, Aunt Jane," I said, as the old lady paused. "You'll have plenty of time before supper."

"Dear me, child, there isn't much to tell, 'n' maybe the little there is wouldn't prove very interestin' to you. I know Annie looks shabby, 'n' old, 'n' gray now, 'n' not much like she did thirty years ago. We was girls together, 'n' she was the prettiest an' liveliest little thing I ever saw. Her eyes was black as coals, 'n' her hair hung in long curls to her waist. She had a laugh 'n' a good word for everybody, 'n' more beaus than she could tend to. There was only two of 'em, though, that she favored at all. One was Tom Layton——"

"The owner of the Layton Mills?" I interrupted.

"Yes; but he didn't own the mills then. He was only superintendent there, 'n' though he was a savin', industrious young man, no one looked to see him get to be a millionaire. But he had a good salary, 'n' his father was well-to-do, 'n' he was reckoned a good match for Annie. For awhile folks thought she'd marry him; but he warn't a professor, 'n' Annie set a deal by her church. She allowed that if she married a man who never went inside of one she'd be false to her principles, for the Bible says the righteous shall not be yoked to the unrighteous, you know. Tom took it real hard at first, but he didn't bear Annie no ill will, 'n' when she married Luther Beldon he sent her a hand-some present. Luther he was a real steady young man, but somehow or other he didn't have no luck. He had a good farm, but, work as he might, he never made nothin' off it more'n a bare livin', 'n' Annie had to pinch 'n' screw to keep clothes to their backs. She was a master hand at managin', 'n' she worked like a horse, but year after year went by 'n' they didn't get no better off. Drouth 'n' early frost, 'n' too much rain, kep' 'em allers behindhand, 'n' jest when they was thinkin' they was goin' to do better there'd come something that would put 'em back again.

"Luther he got discouraged, but Annie she never lost heart. Leastways she never seemed to. When they'd come over here 'n' Luther he'd get to tellin' how crossways things allers went for him, she'd allers have something cheerful to say. She'd tell about it was a long lane that had no turnin', 'n' it was allers darkest jest before the day, 'n' there was allers a silver linin' to every cloud, till Luther he'd get pleasant again 'n' ready to laugh with her over their troubles.

"'Ain't I got a treasure in my wife?' he'd say. 'Long as frosts 'n' mildew 'n' floods don't take her away from me, I guess I can get along.'

"They was over here to take dinner the day I was thirty. I was wearin' for the first time a new black silk dress which John had given me for a birthday present. It was thick 'n' soft 'n' mighty handsome, 'n' Luther he didn't seem able to keep his eyes off it.

"'I wonder when I'll be able to give you a black silk, Annie?' he said, putting his arm round her as she stood by his chair. 'We've been married seven years 'n' I ain't been able to get you nothin' better'n calico.'

"'I don't need a silk,' says Annie. 'I've got all the dresses I can use now.'

"Luther looked at her real steady a minute. Then he says, sorter slow 'n' quiet, 'For all that, I mean to get you one, Annie. I want to see how you'd look in it.'

"'No better'n I look now in my blue delaine,' says Annie.

"'We'll see 'bout that,' says Luther. 'I don't care how hard times are. I mean to live till I get you a black silk dress.'

"She laughed 'n' told him he'd make a peacock of her if he could; but for all her brave words I knew she was downright fond of pretty things, 'n' it really hurt her to have to wear old, faded dresses, 'n' bonnets five years behind the style. But she never said so, 'n' she'd walk into church Sunday after Sunday in her old blue delaine 'n' yellow straw bonnet, lookin' as sweet 'n' happy as if she'd been dressed like a queen.

"Well, Luther he never came over here after that without he had some remark to make 'bout my black silk, 'n' he stuck to it that he would give Annie one like it before he died.

"But year after year went by 'n' my silk was all wore out 'n' I'd got another, 'n' still Annie's best dress was a cheap delaine, 'n' it wasn't often she could afford to buy even a pair of cotton gloves to cover her hands. Things hadn't gone better with Luther, 'n' they had other things to sorrow for than losing their best horses 'n' cattle 'n' their crops. They lost their six children, one after the other. Three of 'em died in one week of scarlet fever, 'n' the other was sickly little things 'n' went off in slow consumption.

"If it hadn't been that she had to keep Luther up I believe Annie'd have give way many a time; but for his sake she didn't show one-half she felt. An' she never lost faith in the Lord. She said His ways seemed hard, but that He knew what was best for her.

"Well, time went on, 'n' about five years ago things seemed to take a turn for the better with Luther. His wheat crop turned out well, 'n' he sold it to good profit, 'n' he got his corn off the bottom lands before the river rose, 'n' that was a great help to him. He seemed real cheerful, 'n' told John that he was just beginnin' to enjoy life, 'n' if things went well he'd soon have the mortgage cleared off the farm. The weather set set in cold 'n' stormy just after Thanksgivin', 'n' one afternoon I was out in the chicken yard shellin' corn to the hens, 'n' all muffled up to my eyes, when I heard a wagon stop at the gate, 'n' there was Luther a noddin' 'n' beckonin' to me. I went down to the gate to speak to him, 'n' before I'd got there he was tellin' me how he'd sold Tom Layton a colt he'd been raisin', 'n' was on his way at last to buy Annie that silk dress. He asked me 'bout the number of yards he ought get 'n' where he'd best go to buy, 'n' said he couldn't hardly wait to get it now he was ready. He was goin' to give Annie a surprise, he said; she didn't know what he was goin' after.

"Well, the tears was in my eyes as I watched him [illegible] child at the idea of surprisin' Annie. But I never guessed what the black silk dress was to cost her, poor soul!

"It began to rain soon after Luther 'd gone, 'n' poured down for upward of four hours. I was at the winder when he went by on his way home, 'n' I noticed he didn't have his overcoat on, 'n' I wondered what he'd done with it, for I was sure he'd had it on when he stopped at the gate. Annie told me afterward that he'd taken the coat off his back 'n' rolled the black silk up in it to keep it from gettin' wet. It wasn't even damp when he unrolled it 'n' showed it to her, but he was wet to the skin himself, 'n' a few days later there was a doctor's buggy at the gate. John he went over to see what was the matter, 'n' found Luther walkin' the floor 'n' groanin' with pain. The cold had settled in his side 'n' the doctor couldn't give him no relief. But he said he guessed he'd pull through all right 'n' there was'n't no need to worry.

"Miss Parsons was makin' the silk up. Luther wasn't satisfied till Annie had gone to the village 'n' got some one to work on it, 'n' she thought best to humor him. He wasn't no better when the dress came home, 'n' the doctor was still 'tending him; but no one 'lowed he was anyway dangerous. It was John who brought the dress home from Miss Parsons, 'n' he said Luther was just too pleased for anything to see the bundle.

"'I'm goin' to have Annie dress right up in it,' he says, 'n' you 'n' Jane must come over after supper 'n' see how she looks.'

"Well, as I heard afterward, John had hardly gone when Luther began to tease Annie to put the dress on. She wanted to get supper first, but he wouldn't hear to it.

"'I've been waitin' nearly twenty years to see you in that dress,' he says, 'n' I won't wait even an hour longer.'

"Well, Annie she made him lie down—for he'd been walkin' the floor constant nearly all day—'n' she went into her bedroom to put the dress on. She'd got the skirt on, 'n' was fastenin' the waist, when she heard a queer sound from the spare room where Luther was lyin'. She stopped a minute to listen, 'n' then called to him to know if he wanted anything. There wasn't no answer, 'n' she crossed the hall 'n' hurried into the spare room. Well, child, she found him dead, his face turned toward the door as if he'd been watchin' for her, 'n' the sound she'd heard was the death rattle in his throat.

"When John 'n' I got there he'd been dead only a few minutes, 'n' I tell you, child, it was a sad sight to see her kneelin' down by that low bed in her new black silk, her arms round that dead man 'n' moanin' 'n' shudderin' over him 'n' beggin' him to speak to her.

"'He isn't dead!' she says to me as I come in. 'He has only fainted. O, Jane! do something for him. Get hot water, 'n' you'll find camphere in the pantry on the lowest shelf to the right.'

"But I saw that hot water 'n' camphere wouldn't be no use, 'n' I told her so as gentle as I could 'n' begged her to come away. She wouldn't listen to me at first, but after the doctor had come, 'n' he'd told her it was all over, 'n' poor Luther'd died from apoplexy of the stomach, she let me take her to her own room.

"As we was crossin' the hall she heard the dress rustle, 'n' she stopped short 'n' looked at me pitiful.

"'He never saw me in it, after all,' 'n' she broke down and cried as if her heart would break.

"After poor Luther was buried 'n' there was a stone put up over him 'n' his debts was all paid, there wasn't nothin' left for Annie, 'n' she was glad to take a place in the mills. We wanted her to come here, but she was too proud to eat bread she hadn't earned, she said. About a week ago I was out with Miss Sniper gettin' subscriptions for the church carpet, 'n' we met Annie on the street. Miss Sniper, she ain't over-sensitive herself 'n' she don't give no one else credit for being so, 'n' she up 'n' asks Annie if she didn't ever wish she'd said 'yes' 'stead of 'no' to young Tom Layton.

"'Never,' says Annie. 'Had I my life to begin again I would not alter it as far as Tom Layton is concerned.'

"'But it's pretty hard to have to work for him, isn't it?' asked Miss Sniper, 'n' I felt it in my heart to hate her for asking such a thing.

"But Annie only smiled. 'I consider myself fortunate to be able to earn such good wages,' she says, 'n' then she walked away smilin' still.

"I was glad Miss Sniper didn't know about that black silk dress. If she'd said anything about that, Annie would 'a' broke down. She's got it packed away at the bottom of her trunk, poor soul, 'n' she never speaks about it."—*Florence B. Hallowell, in Demorest's Monthly.*

THE SPECTER IN RED.

Some of the Traditions Current Among the French People.

There exists a tradition that the Louvre, the great square and the Tuileries palace, where it stood over there to our right, are haunted by a specter called "Le Petit Homme Rouge." The appearance of this specter is always followed by a national misfortune—civil commotion, revolution, public disaster, or the death of the head of State. When Catharine de Medicis built the Tuileries she took forcible possession of a lot of other people's property, including a butcher shop, the owner of which was known among his neighbors as the "Little Man in Red," because of his bloody business. This butcher was the witness of some of the adventures of Kate de Medicis, and, in order to be sure of his silence, the queen-mother had him decoyed into a subterranean passageway that connected the Tuileries with the Louvre, where he was murdered. The spirit of this poor fellow took up its abode in the garret of the new palace, and ever since he has been a herald of death or misfortune. In the latter days of the reign of the grand king the "Petit Homme Rouge" showed himself to Louis XIV., and then followed a ruinous and disastrous war, the death of the Duke of Bourgogne [illegible] and then the king's own death. Louis XV. next mounted the French throne and was called by his people "*le bien aime.*" One day the "Little Man in Red" showed himself to the king, and not long after he died with smallpox, loathed and deserted; he died as hated and detested a monarch as ever sat on a throne. Poor Louis XVI. must have seen the butcher's ghost the first night he slept in the Tuileries after that howling mob had forced the royal family to move into Paris from Versailles. On the 20th of June, 1792, the sans culottes gathered in this Place du Carrousel and forced their way into the palace. For six long hours the royal family were forced to witness a defile of the vilest scum through such rich apartments. The king and queen sat at the council table; the Princess Elizabeth sat beside her mother, who held the young dauphin in her arms, and from time to time stood him on the table for the people to look at. One fellow took off his red cap and placed it on the head of the infant dauphin, who began to laugh and amuse himself by peeping out from under it at the crowd. The beast of a Santerre, finding that this baby incident was putting the rabble into a good humor, shouted out: "Take off that cap. Don't you see it is stifling the child?" Among the spectators of this extraordinary scene was a young lieutenant of artillery, who, as he walked away when all was over, remarked: "With these cannon planted at the palace door, I could have swept the Place du Carrousel of all this *canaille* in five minutes." That officer, Bonaparte by name, was destined to be the immediate successor of Louis XVI. in the Tuileries, and only three years later he had an opportunity to show the effect of skillfully handled guns on a mob, when from the steps of St. Roch Church he cleared the same place and put an end to the reign of terror.—*Paris Cor. N. O. Picayune.*

A Parisan Suicide.

A dramatic scene was enacted recently in the Rue Pierre Charron. A man of lean countenance, worn, haggard, unkempt, and thinly clothed, stood at the corner of the street, a prey to the deepest distress. Addressing the passers-by, he declared that he was ruined, and that his children had not touched food for days. Suddenly he drew a revolver from his pocket, turned it toward his breast, and fired. He was raised and carried to the entrance of a house, and upon his coat being opened his shirt was found to be deeply dyed with blood. A warm-hearted member of the crowd which had assembled undertook to make a collection for the wounded man's family, and was proceeding to pass round the hat when the police came to transport the suicide to the hospital. Hereupon the suicide disappeared with the revolver and the warm-hearted man with the collection, making, it is said, until lost to sight, the best short distance time ever known in western Paris.—*Paris Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.*

—Pennsylvania has a State tax on watches, the results of which, as reported by the Secretary of Internal Affairs, are amusing. The population of the State is about 4,000,000. The number of voters last November was 900,000. But in all this population and this army of voters there were only 45,506 watches, gold, silver and "common." So it would appear that there were last year 4,454,494 Pennsylvanians, not one of which had a watch.—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE REFORM ADMINISTRATION.

Evidences That the President Cleveland Is Likely to Increase in Popularity.

When Grover Cleveland was nominated to the Presidency as a reform Democrat, the Republicans laughed incredulously, and some Democrats smiled a little in retirement of their sleeves. The inference at the back of the New York governor's candidacy was a solid one, composed of substantial citizens and business men, who realized the demand of the American people for honest government, and who likewise knew that a Democratic candidate who could be looked upon to carry out reform pledges would be supported by the decentlement of the Republican party in the Eastern States. Mr. Cleveland was one the very few men before the people who could be safely placed in a position of such tremendous delicacy. Had shown his metal as Governor of the great State of New York, and possessed the confidence of the reform elements of both parties, they joined hands to elect him. They succeeded in their end at the same time read a most severe lesson to future political operators who may imagine, as a strong and "brilliant" combination thought a while ago, at the masses will knowingly support a candidate for the Chief Magistracy of the Nation who is not regarded as clean and honest.

Although the reform administration of Mr. Cleveland is but a few weeks old, his course has already satisfied the Nation that the confidence of his original supporters and sponsors is fully justified. The sturdy conservatism and deliberation with which the new President has taken up the question of patronage, and the excellent appointments he has so far made, coined the admiration of friend and foe alike, and the leading press exponents, Democratic and Republican, agree in the conclusion that from present indications the working, producing, taxpaying American people have a President at last. The real independence, as well, of Mr. Cleveland's position is beginning to be pretty generally understood. Every day it is seen that the masses like the President's methods and are very much in the mood to make him a popular leader. Mr. Cleveland is so strong "at large," so to speak, as to care little whether his administration pleases the ultra men of either party or not. At least he is understood to have entire confidence in the determination of the people to realize administrative and civil service reform, and he will not hesitate to carry out to the letter what he has announced as his programme in [illegible] sentiment obtained throughout the country in regard to the petty offices within the gift of the Government. Properly understood, when a bright young man succeeds in capturing a Federal clerkship, he is to be congratulated with and not congratulated. Of course the Nation must have clerks, and they ought to be efficient and trained, and secured in position during good behavior. Unfortunately they are liable to discharge at any moment; their pay is hardly enough to keep them decently among the surroundings of the capital, and their tenure rarely lasts more than a few years. They seldom save a cent, and hardly ever learn anything while in the service of the least possible use to them in the struggle for bread after they shall have been kicked out of office. And, as a general rule, in every young citizen appointed to public position, there is a good farmer, carpenter, miner, or some sort of actual producer, spoiled for about all the practical purposes of life. If, among other things, the President's civil-service policy should tend to the withdrawal of the people from the perennial scramble for small offices, it would be worth all the effort devoted to the work, and serve to minimize an evil that has been only too apparent in the United States for two generations.—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT, ETC.

A Principle Which Works as Well in Governmental as in Practical Affairs.

"Be sure you are right and then go ahead." It works like a charm when applied to government. President Cleveland finds it a talisman that dispels all threatening storms and smooths the waves around the ship of State. By its potent agency he escapes all the troubles and perplexities of his predecessors. It is a reliable compass to steer by, enabling the Nation's pilot to avoid the rocks of mill nominations, the shoals of unwise partisanship. The tempest of spoilsmen's wrath may howl around the Administration bark and the thunder of demagogic oratory mutter threateningly, but obeying only this silent monitor, this faithful needle that ever points to the pole of duty and integrity, the head of the Government is sure to follow the right course and to reach in safety the haven of popularity and National prosperity. It is better than experience, which sometimes begets pernicious prejudices and favoritism and leads a public man into certain associations and views of public questions calculated to impair his judgment and integrity. The President has shown by his appointments during the first fortnight of his Administration a far more intelligent and correct estimate of the qualities necessary for office than he was credited with and a mental acuteness in distinguishing between substance and shadow in the abilities of public men. Having, as has been aptly remarked by a Washington correspondent, a distinct purpose in view, a clear idea of what he means to achieve and a steady eye on the ends he intends to reach, President Cleveland is constantly treating the critics of his Administration to a series of surprises, and disarming the most rabid opposition that ever confronted a Chief Magistrate. He sticks to the purpose he outlined in his inaugural address with courgeous fidelity, winning respect from all and bearing himself in his exalted position as a sincere, open-handed, unambitious man, swayed only by pure, conscientious motives. The seeds of reform and good government which he is lanting must produce an abundant harvest of popular confidence and make the strongest President with the country at large that ever sat in the White House. He has had the rare fortune of securing a Cabinet that is not only in perfect harmony with his wise, patriotic policy, but is enthusiastic over it. His absolute freedom from pledges and the tyranny of claim agents gives him a power such as predecessors sighed for in vain, enabling him to carry out his plans of government systematically and thoroughly. It is a remarkable example of the success of the Davy Crockett principle in the White House, and will have a still more remarkable effect upon the politics of the future. The spoils system once banished from the Government, the people will begin to look for something more than partisan influence and corrupt experience as a recommendation for a candidate at the polls.—*Exchange.*

THE COUNTRY STRONGER.

Mr. Cleveland's Deliberation a Guarantee Against Mistakes.

President Cleveland's Administration moves slowly, in accordance with the wise rule laid down by its chief.

"We can not hope to avoid mistakes," said the President before his inauguration, "but if we move slowly we shall make fewer mistakes than we should be apt to make if we moved with less deliberation."

Yet, although the Administration has been in existence only a month, and has made scarcely a score of changes in the vast army of Federal office holders over one hundred thousand strong, it has already accomplished a great public good.

The country is today stronger for the change.

For years it had been charged and believed by many that the Democratic party was a party of unpatriotic principles and evil intentions, that it was unfit to be intrusted with the Government, and that if restored to power it would seek to disturb the provisions of the Constitution growing out of the rebellion, to strip the negro population of the South of their civil rights and, if possible, of their liberty; would seek to pay rebel debts, to pension Confederate soldiers, to cut off the pensions of Union soldiers, to disturb business, to violate chartered rights and to reduce the wages of labor.

These charges were not made by unscrupulous partisans alone. They were sanctioned and repeated by the better class of Republicans.

An appeal to the passions of the war; an appeal to the most vicious sectional fanaticism; an arraignment of sixteen States of the Union out of thirty-eight and [illegible] half the people loyal, ignorant and disloyal; a resort to all the resources of fraud, corruption and the vilest demagogism, had reduced Presidential elections in 1876 and 1880 to a serious national evil.

The change in the National Administration through the triumph of Grover Cleveland has swept away this impression of the Democracy's character forever.

Does not this make our institutions stronger than they were before Mr. Cleveland's inauguration? Must not the honor of the Nation stand higher when it is found that a majority of our people are not disloyal, dishonest and destructive, as they were falsely represented to be?

The country is stronger for the change because it has been proved that the Southern people are as patriotic, as loyal to the Constitution, as fit to conduct the Government of the Union of which they are a part as the Northern people; because it has disarmed and lessened sectional prejudice; because it has taught the negro that his rights are as safe under Democratic as under Republican rule, and that his independence, self-respect and elevation are better assured, because it has satisfied the business community that all the material, conservative, progressive interests of the country will be advanced by Democratic economy, simplicity and honesty.

The country is stronger for the change because it has dispelled the fear that the party which had been so long in power and had resorted to fraud to retain power could not be driven out by the will of the people; because it has proved that we can still elect and inaugurate the President of our choice despite the almost exhaustless money of monopolies and the strength of an army of office-holders.

The country is stronger for the change because the closeness of the election has been a test of the people's devotion to true self-government; because it has proved that to a large number of persons the welfare of the Republic is dearer than the ties of party; because it has given to the world a splendid example of the intelligence, the self-control and the patriotism of a mighty Nation almost equally divided in political sentiment.

Let us hope that the country will continue to grow stronger as the Administration grows older.—*N. Y. World.*

—It is said by some one curious in these matters that there is not a chimney nor a cooking-stove in Havana; not a carpeted room nor a feather pillow. This is but another way of saying that there, with good sense, the people know how to adapt their domestic economy to the torrid character of the climate; but here in our Northern cities the carpet and other heat-generating paraphernalia are in full blast just the same when the mercury ninety-nine in the shade as when it is below zero. "Which is the barbarian?"

—Mr. Walter Booth, of New Haven, has a colt which, having been annoyed by rats eating from his manger, has taken to watching the hole from which they come, and will stand with his hoof raised till one of the rats comes out, and then strike it like lightning. It is farther said that the colt learned the trick from a cat that had spent its time watching that particular rat-hole.—*New Haven Register.*

—Invalids are now fed on baked milk. The milk is put in a glass jar, covered with paper on top, and baked ten hours in the oven.—*Chicago Journal.*

ONLY A COLD.

Take Care of Little Maladies and Great Ones Will Need No Care.

Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves. Take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves. These aphorisms are very familiar to us all. Hundreds of men get rich by simply taking care of the pennies. Elihu Burritt learned fifty languages by simply taking care of the minutes. Hundreds of people die every year from what was at first "only a little cold."

Worcester defines a cold as "an inflammatory disease occasioned by cold." A few scores or hundreds of the two million "tubules" through which the insensible perspiration of the body is carried off are closed up by cold, and the effete matters that should escape from the body are retained within it and cause inflammation.

Nothing is more common than "a cold in the head," which is a very simple malady if it is cured there and goes no further. But the membrane which lines the air passages of the head is continuous with that which lines the throat and lungs, so the inflammation in the head, if not arrested, spreads to the throat and lungs, causing cough and finally consumption and death.

When the pores of the body are closed, the ill effects are likely to be felt in the weakest parts of the body first. Some suffer from colds first in the head, some in the lungs; in some a cold affects the joints, causing rheumatism, in others the bowels, in others the kidneys, and so on. When the cold has settled in the weakest part of the body, or in any part of it, all the lurking impurities in the system seem to concentrate there, that is the lowest point as to health, and all the streams of degeneracy flow into it.

More people die of pneumonia and kindred diseases in the spring than during any other season of the year, and the reason of this we need not go far to discover. Shut up in close and heated rooms, the impurities of the body have accumulated within it. The skin, from lack of frequent bathing and from being kept from the air by close-fitting flannels, has become inactive; the lungs, from breathing impure air, have become enfeebled; and the whole body, imperfectly and scantily supplied with well oxygenated blood, has lost its elasticity and soundness. A little cold taken when one is in such a condition is not easily thrown off; it is like a little break in the dykes that keep out the sea; unless stopped promptly it may open wider and wider till the river of death flows through it.

[illegible] bowels, are the great sewers through which the impurities of the body flow from it. So long as these are kept wide open impurities can not collect in the body. The lungs must have pure air or they can not perform their office perfectly. The pores of the skin must be kept open by exercise, by bathing and friction, or they can not perform their office. The kidneys must be supplied with material for the easy performance of their duties. Medical writers say that Americans do not take liquid enough. We have no national beverage as the Germans have; we are not wine-drinkers as the French are, or tea-drinkers as the English, and ice water, of which large quantities are consumed by us, is not the best thing for us. Soups are recommended as meeting a want of our people. Water, hot and cold, chocolate and its cousins, cocoa and "shells," are wholesome beverages, and it is better for such as find tea and coffee "to agree" with them to drink that than not to take fluid enough. Constipated bowels mean cold feet and a hot head. Exercise and diet will cure these if taken seasonably.

Boerhave's rules for health were these three: "Keep the feet warm, the head cool, and the bowels open." These rules can be well observed by due attention to the sewers of the body as above particularized, for if there is a free movement through these there will be a corresponding demand for fresh supplies of air and nutrition, and the functions of the body will be so vigorously carried on that disease will find nothing to lay hold of.

The first thing to do when one finds one has a cold is to open the pores that are closed, to start into action the functions that are suspended. There are various simple ways of doing this known to everybody, and we are inclined to believe that the simplest ways are the best. Some can "work off" a cold; some can starve it off; sage tea in large quantities, drunk while one keeps in a uniform warm atmosphere, will cure some; a "wet pack" is efficient with many; a bountiful fruit diet is a good cure; a Turkish bath is agreeable to some constitutions. But no one can afford to neglect even a "little cold," since it may draw after it such large consequences.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Something Better.

She stood on the front steps gazing at the eclipse through a bit of smoked glass, and the old fellow stopped his team at the curb-stone and stood up in his wagon and gazed all around in search of the attraction. Discerning nothing unusual he called out:

"What is it, marm—what's the riot?"

"The eclipse," she answered.

"What is it?"

"On the sun."

"Y-e-s, does seem a leetle dim up thar," he said, after a long squint, "but, Lor'-a-mussy, it's nuthin' fur grown folks to waste their time over! If you want to see sunthin' better—sunthin' real exciting—come out hum with me. I've got a five-legged calf, a two-headed chicken and an oak tree as was struck by lightnin', and you kin see 'em all without a glass an' have a biled dinner on top of 'em for nuthin'. 'Clipse of the sun, eh! Well, now, how little it does take to tip some folks off their balance?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The Episcopal Bishop of Mississippi, Dr. William Mercer Green, is in his eighty-eighth year, yet on a recent visitation he preached nineteen times, baptized eight and confirmed thirty-three persons.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL GARLAND.

The Ponderous Joke Which Colonel Dick Bright Played Upon Him.

Colonel Dick Bright, of Indiana, bears off the honor of perpetrating the first joke at the expense of the new Attorney-General, himself an inveterate joker and a hearty lover of good fun. While Colonel Bright was Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate his personal relations with Mr. Garland, then a member of that body, were intimate and cordial. The two gentlemen, indeed, became warm friends, and have since remained so. Today Colonel Bright walked into the Department of Justice and made his way back into the Attorney-General's private office. It was after office hours, and in a few moments the Attorney-General made his appearance. The day had been a busy one, and Mr. Garland was very tired. Into both of his ears since early in the morning had been poured a ceaseless flood of praise and appeal in the interests of men seeking office.

"Dick, old fellow," said the Attorney-General, advancing with his hand extended and wearing a pleasant smile, "I'm glad to see you."

The two clasped hands and dropped down on a sofa side by side. Mr. Garland had a pleasant chat in prospect, and the hope of hearing a new story or two.

"Mr. Attorney-General, you look fatigued," said Colonel Bright, sympathetically.

"Dick, I am fatigued. I'm glad it's all over for the day, and I'm glad you are here. It's refreshing to talk to a man on some other subject than office." Mr. Garland took one of Colonel Bright's hands and rubbed it down with a gentle stroke. Colonel Bright, all unobserved, smiled a very wicked smile. He then straightened up and assumed a slightly embarrassed and serious expression of face.

"Senator," he said, dropping into the old title, "I'm sorry to disappoint you; but I am seeking office myself. I have come in late to get an uninterrupted audience."

Mr. Garland's face lengthened and a small sigh escaped him. But he rallied and said in his old way:

"Well, I'm glad to see you, anyhow. State your case, old fellow."

"We have always been good friends, Senator," began Colonel Bright; "the very best, I trust. I served you when I could when in office."

"You did more than I ever asked you to, and I can never forget it," generously admitted Mr. Garland.

"Well, then, I ask a small return now," replied Colonel Bright. "I [illegible] one of these places here at home, where there is such a scramble, but I want to go abroad. If there is no other applicant deemed worthier of the place, I should like to be made Inspector of Pork at Jerusalem. I am well indorsed for the place, as you will see," handing over some papers. "I ask your assistance to get it. I can imagine no objection to me, unless it should be urged that, being from a hog-raising country, I might become the creature of a pork ring and force only one kind of meat on the Jerusalem market. My character, however, is good enough, I trust to survive such an assault."

Mr. Garland had mechanically taken the Colonel's papers and heard him through without once catching on. He had actually begun to read the application, which had been made out in due form, before the light dawned upon him. Then his lips began working, and the start once made, the corners of his mouth ran away toward his ears, and the Attorney General subsided in a hearty roar of laughter. Colonel Bright joined in, and the two friends again shook hands.

"Dick," said Mr. Garland, rising and walking off a few steps, "what will you take to go over and try your game on Bayard? Do it; and you can command me for the best dinner in Washington."

But Colonel Bright was afraid. He felt that he didn't know the Secretary well enough. He contented himself with lunching with Mr. Garland at Mr. Garland's expense on what he had already accomplished.—*Washington Telegram.*

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE.

How the Last and Most Fashionable Game at Cards is Played.

There have been many inquiries from time to time as to methods for entertaining one's friends who have "dropped in" to spend a few hours of an evening. In the large cities this season a game of cards called progressive euchre has served to bring people together. Possibly those living in quiet country towns may care to know just how the game is played. To begin with there must be an even number of couples, never less than six—the game may be either two or four-handed. If there be six couples three tables are required. The hostess or an odd couple generally keeps tally of the progress of the game with paper and pencil, or with small wafers of different colors. All must begin playing at once; the game is played the same as euchre. Cards are prepared, each containing the name of a lady present, and the gentlemen draw these for partners. The couples next draw for positions at the tables, two couples at the first, two at the second, and so on. At the first table, or head, five full points are played, when a bell is tapped and all players cease playing. The winning couple at each of the other tables, although they may not have played five full points, advance one table, the losing couple at the head going to the last table. The couples that remain at the tables at first receive no cards, excepting at the last table, where defeat is indicated by a red card, which denotes poor playing. Each of the couples who get to the second table are given a blue card, those at the third a pink or yellow. When the game ceases the tally sheets and cards are compared, and the couple holding the highest number of cards of each color is given a prize—some trifling home-made article.—*Cleveland Leader and Herald.*