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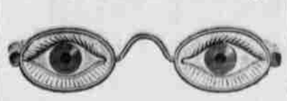

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☞ Children's hair-cutting a specialty.

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THE CONFEDERATE NOTE.

[The following lines were written on the back of a five-hundred dollar Confederate note.]

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the waters below it—
As a pledge of the nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it—

Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale this paper can tell,
Of liberty born of the patriot's dream—
Of the storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow;
We issued to-day our promise to pay,
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.

The days rolled on, and weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so rare that the Treasury quaked
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
And our poverty will discerned,
And those little checks represented the pay,
That our suffering volunteers earned.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or the bills that were overdue;
They knew it brought us bread to-day—
'Twas the best our poor country could do.

Keep it—it tells our story all over,
From the birth of its dream to the last,
Modest and born of the angel Hope,
Like the hope of success is passed.

Mrs. Beveridge's Adventure

By Leon Mead.

[Copyright, 1893, by the Author.]

A BALMY evening in early spring. The full-orbed moon hung like a great golden disk in the heavens, bathing the green southern landscape in a radiant sheen. The magnolia and orange trees had already put forth their white blossoms, which exhaled a delicious fragrance.

Mrs. Beveridge stepped out upon the wide veranda, extending round two sides of the fine old colonial mansion, where as a happy bride she had come ten years before. She was now alone. Her latest guests, friends from Memphis, had left for home on the preceding day. For almost the first time since her marriage she was without company. Both she and her husband had been fond of entertaining, and their success in the art had been unrivaled. Prostrated with grief for some months over the sudden death of her husband three years before, Mrs. Beveridge had been surrounded during that period by friends who feared the shock would leave her a mental wrack or a life-long invalid. Gradually, however, she was restored to a semblance of her former self, though by no means to the gay, vivacious woman she had been.

On the evening referred to, her servants had trooped off to a country dance.

Going into the library, she picked up a novel, and tried to read it. Page after page she mechanically perused without understanding a word. She continued to read, now and then sensing a passage, but mainly absorbed in her own vaguely disturbing reverie.

Time dragged on until a few minutes after midnight, when Mrs. Beveridge resolved to go to her boudoir, on the floor above. Leaving the lights glowing in the library, dining-room, front hall and drawing-room, she ascended to her sleeping apartment. The succeeding hour she devoted to writing to several friends.

Shortly after one o'clock Mrs. Beveridge stepped into bed. She courted sleep by some of those mental resources which are said to win the presence of Morpheus. But it was futile. She could not even lie quietly. Finally she heard the hall clock strike two. Soon afterward she began to feel the first symptoms of sleep. But suddenly, being nervously roused from her drowsiness, she dropped one arm limply over the side of the bed. Her hand came in contact with a shock of curly hair!

Instinctively Mrs. Beveridge knew that she had touched the head of a man—a man who had been concealing himself under her bed. The blood in her veins seemed to congeal; but, strangely enough, her senses did not desert her. Stifling her first impulse to raise an outcry, with admirable presence of mind she gave a very good imitation of a person yawning in sleep, and remained silent.

After an interval of a few seconds she heard a noise beneath her bed, and presently a dark form stood beside her.

"Don't pertend you're asleep," said a deep, gruff voice, "for I know you ain't. I've seen that kind o' make-believe before. Come, now, I want no nonsense. You jes' git up and shell out your fine diamonds and all your ready cash."

The villain, while thus speaking, had whipped out a formidable-looking revolver, which he held recklessly pointed at Mrs. Beveridge's head.

"I shan't do you any harm," he went on, "if you do as I tell you to. But set up any howlin' or try to play any tricks on me and I'll put you to sleep for good, and don't you make any mistake about it."

Mrs. Beveridge wholly appreciated the situation. In no steady accents she replied: "If you will step into the hall while I dress I will do as you ask."

The burglar went into the hall to wait, while Mrs. Beveridge quickly clad herself, managing to hide in her bosom several papers representing many thousands of dollars. At that juncture the burglar reentered the apartment.

"Out with your precious stones!" he exclaimed harshly, "everyone you've got."

Burning with indignation and alarm, yet outwardly composed, the widow produced a magnificent jewel case which she promptly handed to him.

"They all here?" he asked. Then looking at her hands he added: "No, I see some pretty rings on your fingers. Take 'em off and fork 'em over."

"Surely you will spare me this gold band—my wedding ring?" she entreated, with genuine earnestness.

"Yes, you can keep that. But git out your cash—greenbacks. I haven't much time."

Mrs. Beveridge told him her purse was downstairs in a desk in the library.

"Well, go and git it. Start on and I'll follow. But don't you try to run away if you don't want to get shot in the back."

A moment later she surrendered her purse, containing nearly one hundred dollars. But he insisted that she must have more money somewhere in the house. Then she handed him a wallet taken from her dead husband's writing table, in which the burglar found more than seven hundred dollars in bank notes. In the same drawer he spied Mr. Beveridge's watch and chain, which he appropriated. Then he said he would like to have the best of the silverware, and thereupon drew from a capacious pocket a cotton bag which, he intimated, would hold all the other valuables that he could lug away conveniently.

They entered the dining-room, and from an adjoining closet the burglar soon selected as much sterling ware as filled his bag to overflowing.

"It now lacks a quarter to three," said he, consulting the dining-room clock. "I can stay a little longer. Have you got anything to eat? I'm hungry as an Injun."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Beveridge, her heart fluttering with a hope that she could detain the monster until some of the male servants should return and capture him. "There are cold meats, preserves, good bread and butter, pickles—"

"By Gorry," interrupted the burglar, his mouth watering, "you're a real nice woman. I'll try some of your victuals. Hustle 'em right on."

Lighting a small hand lamp, Mrs. Beveridge led the way into the pantry and began to prepare a luncheon for her grisly visitor. The burglar immediately addressed himself to the edibles with gusto. At every other mouthful he complimented "the lady," as he called her, upon the excellence of the "grub."

"But," he ventured, "it would go better if I had something to wash it down. Now, you don't mean to tell me you ain't got some nice old brandy?"

"Yes," replied the handsome widow, who had been obliged to seat herself on the opposite side of the table. "But would you not prefer some wine? We have in the cellar a vat of pomegranate which my husband imported from Spain."

Mrs. Beveridge picked up the hand lamp, and saying: "Bring that silver tankard on the buffet," led the way to the cellar. The burglar followed, having left the bag of valuables on the dining-room table. The stairs were spiral in construction, and after they reached the cellar floor there were several dark and winding passages to traverse before coming to the wine vats.

"Where the devil are you leadin' me, anyhow?" queried the burglar. There was a note of suspicion in his tone.

"A few more steps will bring us to the wine chamber," said she, with no sign of the agitation she felt. "Here is the vat of pomegranate."

"Yes, and it smells like a big bouquet of posies," said the burglar, as he stooped over the edge of the vat to dip up a full tankard of the sparkling vintage.

Now was Mrs. Beveridge's moment! She had been waiting for it with incredible self-possession. With all her might she pushed the cause of her night's torment and alarm head foremost into the wine vat. The burglar's body and head were completely submerged, but she did not pause to watch his struggles. Blowing out the light, she cautiously but speedily made her way through the cellar and gained the spiral steps. Mounting them in panic-stricken haste, she closed and locked the door communicating with the kitchen and placed against it several pieces of furniture as an additional barricade.

For several minutes she heard no sound of the man she had so cleverly imprisoned. Then she heard his voice faintly from below. He had managed to climb out of the vat and was trying to find his way out. Presently she heard him tottering up the stairs, fairly roaring with rage and uttering the most furious expletives.

Suddenly the burglar reached the landing behind the cellar door, on which he began to thump and pound and kick with all his vigor, a course he would vary by begging to be let in, promising he would offer no violence and that he would leave the house without taking a single article of the plunder he had gathered together.

For two hours Mrs. Beveridge remained in the kitchen watching and praying for daylight and assistance. Worn out by fatigue and excitement she finally lapsed into a faint, in which

SHE PUSHED HIM INTO THE WINE VAT.

state she was discovered later by the colored coachman, who was the first to return from Aunt Eunice's birthday dance. By the time she was able to tell what she had experienced most of the domestics had arrived and now stood huddled about her in quaking consternation. The stable boy was dispatched to the nearest town for the constable, who put in a prompt appearance, accompanied by two deputies.

Well armed, they opened the cellar door, but the burglar was no longer on the landing. He evidently had given up all hope of escape through that door, and had returned to the cellar. They had a hard search before they found him—lurking in a corner of the coal bin. He fought desperately to resist arrest, but a blow on the head with a hickory club brought him to terms.

At the next term of the county court "Jimmy Hinder," alias "Max Smith," was tried and sentenced to a long term of years. The evidence brought out the fact that he was one of the most notorious "crooks" along the lower Mississippi; that he had committed a murder in New Orleans and had served in prison for robbery.

When asked by the judge what he had to say in his own behalf, he remarked, with a droll expression of countenance: "Well, I'll say that that air woman is the bravest little woman I ever did see. And no one can beat her in gittin' up a meal o' victuals. I didn't relish her pomergrantie wine quite so well. But I'm willin' to take the sentence of the court like a man, jes' because—well, jes' because I was outdone by a woman."

STREET TYPES IN WASHINGTON.

A Place Where All Kinds of American Citizens Feel at Home.

When you turn the corner into Pennsylvania avenue life takes on a different hue. Here are men and women whom you know, others of whom you have simply heard and others still who are strange to the civilization of the east. It is almost always a very great, a very picturesque and a very interesting crowd that moves slowly up and down before the little shops. There are Indians in their blankets and the women who lead the fashion, these latter snatching a few hasty moments from what they are pleased to regard as their "social duties"—meaning thereby their social vocations and pleasures—for the shopping that is made necessary by the wear and tear of the rush in which they take part and upon which many of them will no doubt look back, when they shall have reached a calm old age, in regretful astonishment. And you will see, besides the Indians and the women of fashion, the southwesterner, who wears his large-brimmed, soft hat and his loose clothes and has the chewing habit strong upon him, and whose every movement is supple and indicative of the freedom and independence of the frontier, of a familiarity with the saddle and a contempt for forms. There is a vast difference between him and his fellow from the middle west, upon whom the formalities and conventionalities are beginning to lay their heavy hand, who binds himself up tightly in a frock coat that clasps him snugly, while he really prefers to sit through his working hours in his shirt sleeves and still insists upon wearing the heavy boots essential in virgin countries and the soft felt hat that has the virtue of comfort—narrower as to the brim perhaps than his of the southwest. There is very little homogeneity in the throng. There is the smartly dressed Yankee or New York congressman, with the pert air of business or suggestive of the lasting influence of the legend of the industrious apprentice and of the depressing fact that in certain parts of the country an alert and smart air is often the accepted sign of mind and conscience and of the development of the deeper attributes of the soul. A tall hat, well-brushed clothes, early hours and a brisk step have often made a fool's fortune in a God-fearing community. And you will meet this man stepping out with his business stride on Pennsylvania avenue, and besides you will meet the gentleman with a boutonniere, whose first task of the day is to flash his dazzling manliness into the pleased eyes of whatever beautiful woman may happen to have an errand on the avenue of that particular morning. And along with these will move groups of slouching, round-shouldered, soft-hatted men, wearing their overcoats as if they were cloaks, and wearers themselves finding much dressing incompatible with a proper devotion of their time to nothing in particular. And you will see many women with the high color that is believed by no one but she who thus decorates herself to bear the slightest resemblance to the aue of health. But you must not mistake the character of these foolish virgins and matrons. In some parts of this beloved land of ours, strange as it may seem to those of us who have such a high regard for smartness, the women have been carefully trained in the art of painting, and she who neglects the rouge-pot would lose caste. Some of them will learn better soon, and all of them will in time.—Harper's Weekly.

FRAMING PICTURES.

The Necessity of Separating Works of Art From Their Surroundings.

So soon as a picture leaves the easel and is placed on a wall, some device becomes necessary to separate it from the surroundings or from neighboring pictures. Perhaps none is so effective as that of fitting it into a panel or other defined wall space, but this, of course, is only possible when the wall is fashioned for the picture or the picture specially painted for its position on the wall, neither of which conditions it is usually convenient to provide in domestic architecture. So the canvass is generally fitted into a wooden frame, to be suspended from the cornice.

But the natural tints of wood are not vivid enough to isolate the inclosed spaced from confusion with drapery or wall surface, nor would it do to paint it a strong tint, which would clash with or react on the artist's coloring. It was very early discovered that a gold surface, though its hue is yellow, owing to its peculiar luster, does not possess in a perceptible degree the blue or violet reaction of the yellow. The most delicate tints may be laid close beside it; the only effect is to enhance their proper quality. Moreover, gold clashes with no color; it is distinct from any pigment employed in painting, and ought to be distinct from anything employed in the decoration of a wall on which paintings are hung. Alas! that it should be necessary to comment on the execrable practice of introducing streaks and splashes of gilding into the design of wall papers!—Blackwood's Magazine.

A Limited Endorsement.

Applicant for Position—I have here a letter of recommendation from my minister.

Head of House—That's very good as far as it goes. But we don't need your services on Sundays. Have you any endorsements from anybody who knows you the other six days of the week?—Puck.

Pretty Near It.

Farmer Medders—So you are from Boston, eh?

Emerson Endicott—Yes, sir.

Farmer Medders—Well, do you live right in the Hub or out in one of the hubbubs?—National Tribune.

Easily Enough.

Little Brother—Didn't you and mamma get to church this morning awful late?

Little Sister—No, we got there early. The preacher was jes' sayin' "One word more."—Good News.

Unseasonable.

"Here, my poor man," said Mrs. Skidmore to the tramp, "is a piece of pie for you."

"Thank you, madam," replied Weary Watkins. "I cannot eat it now, however. Would you mind putting it away for me till this evening, when I will call with a dress suit on? I never eat pie except at dinner."—Judge.

AN AMERICAN LEGEND,

In Which an Artist of the New School Comes to Grief.

Once upon a time, as the sage was seated in his cave of wisdom, he was approached by a young man with long hair and drooping eyes and a classical face, who bore a painting under his arm, and was evidently full of sorrow.

"What is thy grief, O youth?" kindly inquired the old man, as he turned upon him with a benign expression.

"O, wise man, I am an artist—a young and rising artist, against whom the press has conspired with an evil intent. The critics have determined to destroy me. Here is my master-piece. See! In the foreground a maiden milks a cow."

"'Tis well," replied the sage, "except that you have the maiden on the wrong side of the cow. The cow was erected by nature to be milked on the right-hand side, while your maiden is on the left."

"But this is the new school, O sage! What's the use of adopting the new school if you are going to milk a cow after the old school fashion?"

"'Tis true, O youth, but what do the critics say?"

"They call me an idiot, and advise me to die as soon as possible."

"And have you any objections against dying?"

"None in particular."

"Then, O youth, I would advise with the critics, but be as gentle as possible about it. Leave thy masterpiece with me, and after thou art gone I will try to turn the cow and the maid around and sell the picture for a tea store chromo."

And the gentle artist went forth and plucked a thorn from a rosebush and jabbed and stabbed and harrassed and annoyed his palpitating heart until it ceased to beat and he was dead. And now, as the pattering raindrops patter on his grave and you want a pound of the best Oolong for thirty-six cents you get full weight and a chromo thrown in—a beautiful landscape in which a spotted cow is being milked by a dun-colored maiden after nature and the old school."—N. Y. Sun.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

The Students Had a Little Fun With the Professor.

A good story is going the rounds now about a college professor, who is very particular about his students using correct English. Especially does he insist that the young men must not say, "It is me." "You must always—always remember that it is a vulgar expression. Always say, 'It is I.'"

The young men considered the professor such a crank on the subject that among themselves they always called him Prof. "Tis I."

One day his class was having a jollification in one of the college rooms, drinking, smoking and singing, when the professor came along and knocked, for the door was locked.

"Let me in," said the professor anxiously.

"Who's there?" asked one of the students.

"It's me—me, of course," was the answer.

"And who's me?" demanded the student again.

"I am Prof. Blank. Open the door at once, replied the professor.

"Oh! no, you don't," cried the student; "you can't come that on us. Go away. Prof. Blank never says 'It's me.'"

The professor went away quietly, being unwilling to face the young men after being caught so neatly in his own net.—Once a Week.

SHOULD CRINOLINE COME.

Certain Things That Would Go Naturally With Hoop Skirts.

In order to "correspond" with hoop skirts men will have to wear knee breeches and powdered wigs.

Strange and disused oaths will be in order—"zounds," "gadzooks," "fie madame," and the like.

District messenger boys should wear spring-bottom trousers, short jackets, and big-topped hats like Eben and Rollo.

Wire fences, without barbs will be in order as a means of economical disposition of cast-off wires.

Parlor "center tables" will have bunches of dried grasses and "annuals" of "budding beauty" sort.

Diamond-paned windows will come in again. Also Byron collars and the "Sorrows of Werther."

We shall spell "physic" and "music" with a "k" and accent "balcony" and "tyranny" on the second syllable.

Ladies will relieve their feelings by saying: "Oh la! Sophia," and "I declare!"—N. Y. Recorder.

He Received a Check.

The amateur humorist had sent in a lot of jokes, and as the editor hadn't the least use for them he put them where all the bad jokes go that are not accompanied by return postage. After some weeks the humorist wrote, asking that a check be sent him for his jokes and the editor sent this:

"Dear Sir—Yours received. Herewith find enclosed check as requested."

The humorist was tickled half to death and impetuously unfolded the slip of paper to see the amount of the check. It bore this forceful legend:

"Don't send any more of your jokes. We don't want them."

It was really just the sort of a check he needed, but he hasn't thought so yet.—Detroit Free Press.

Avoiding Trouble.

Tired Citizen—I am glad I found your house at last. I forgot your street and number and I've been walking all over this part of town for the last two hours ringing door-bells and making inquiries.

The Other Citizen—Why didn't you look in the city directory?

Tired Citizen—Oh, I always hate to look in the directory. It's so much trouble.—Chicago Tribune.

A Hint to the Impecunious.

"I was always poor when I was boarding," sa'd Simpson.

"How did you make your money then?" asked Jones.

"I began to keep board—myself."—Texas Siftings.

Her Excuse.

He—So you have been dancing with that cad Flashpot, while I've been to get your ice?

She—Well, dear, I thought I would get warmed up so as to enjoy the ice.—Demorests' Magazine.

Hint to Fat People.

"You've been riding a bicycle, I hear," said one Harlem youth to another.

"Yes, just exercise, you know."

"It has reduced your weight some, I think."

"Yes, I have fallen off a great deal."—Texas Siftings.

HUMOROUS.

Bertram's Tact.

Mamma—Oh, Bertram, here you are again all covered with mud from head to foot!

Bertram (in tears)—It isn't my fault. I was sailing around on a plank, when Willie Meigs gave me a push, and over I went.

Mamma—Well, what are you crying so about? Is it painful to be covered with mud?

Bertram—No, it ain't, mamma; but I thought that if I came in laughing you would whip me.—Puck.

Couldn't Be Lost.

"So you persist in receiving the visits of that fellow Smythe," said Charles, in a melodramatic tone.

"I do. He is a very agreeable gentleman and I see no reason why I should deliberately offend him."

"Then I am lost to you forever."

"Don't talk nonsense, Charley."

"Nonsense?"

"Yes. The idea of anybody getting lost with such feet as you have is absurd. You couldn't help being found and identified."—Texas Siftings.

Household Economy.

Young Wife (affectionately)—We can live more economically I know. To begin with, you can stop smoking, resign from your club, give no more wine suppers and never, never, treat anyone.

Young Husband (faintly)—Certainly, to be sure. In fact, of course. And what will you do, dear?

Young Wife (triumphantly)—I? Oh, I'll mend all my gloves myself.—Texas Siftings.

Terror.

"Did you ever see a ghost?"

"Once."

"Were you scared?"

"Was I scared? Was I? My false teeth were in a glass on a table three feet away from the bed, and they actually rattled so loud that they woke the neighbors.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Bronzed Countenance.

"They say that is a very good portrait of William Penn," said Mr. Chestnut, of Philadelphia, to his wife as they passed by the new bronze statue of the proprietor of Pennsylvania.

"Was he as sunburned as that?" asked Mrs. Chestnut.—Judge.

Sad But True.

Wife—O, George, the water-pipe is leaking and the water is spoiling the new hall carpet. Go and get a plumber, quick.

Husband—That's all right, my dear; let it go; it's cheaper to get a new carpet.—Harvard Lampoon.

Turning the Wheel.

Jack Liepyer (after railing at the harshness with which fate has lately treated him) — Ah, well, man proposes—

Miss Chaseman (insinuatingly)—Yes—it's your year again.—Puck.

Self-Evident.

Mrs. Balded—Why does that old man wear his hair so long?

Mr. B. (cleverly)—Because, my dear, he didn't become bald in his youth.—Chicago Mail.

A Small Matter.

Guest (complainingly)—This bill of fare is all in French.

Waiter (reassuringly) — Niver you moind that, sur; the cook is Oirish.—Demorest's Magazine.

A Gentle Hint.

He said good night so many times
She could not keep from yawning,
And told him if he kept it up
He'd have to say good morning.
—Detroit Free Press.

Very Vicious.

"This is a most vicious furnace," said Hawkins. "It spends most of its nights out, and while at work it is generally smoking."—Brooklyn Life.

A Reason Found at Last.

He—Why, do you suppose, do they always represent Cupid as a boy?

She—Because he never arrives at years of discretion.—Life.

EXTRA HAZARDOUS.

Woman of the House (to her other half)—Ye will try to boss the runnin' of this house, will ye? The next time ye won't get off so easy.

Life Insurance Agent (looking in)—I guess I'll go, for I don't believe he'd be a good risk.—Life.

The Logic of Situation.

"But why do you object to Henry, father?"

"Because he has no prospects," replied the millionaire, sternly.

"But you forget, father, what good prospects Henry would have if you didn't object."—Chicago News Record.

A Wrong Diagnosis.

Physician—I think your liver is out of order.

Billings—Hardly. Liver is always in order. I board in an east side boarding house.—Texas Siftings.

A Not Uncommon Trait.

"Blowhard is very absent-minded."

"In what way? I never noticed it."

"Oh, in every way. Even when smoking he puffs himself more than his cigar."—Truth.

Result of Athletics.

Tornep—Thought you wasn't goin' to send your boy back to college?

Haicede—I had to. He threatened to lick me if I didn't.—Demorest's Monthly.

When Talk Costs Money.

Talk is not cheap when you use a long-distance telephone.—Life.

Future Vengeance.

"You'll be sorry for this some day!" howled the son and heir as his father released him from the position he had occupied across the paternal knee.

"I'll be sorry? When?"

"When I get to be a man!"

"You will take revenge by whipping your father when you are big and strong and I am old and feeble, will you, Tommy?"

"No, sir," blubbered Tommy, rubbing himself, "but I'll spank your grandchildren till they can't rest."—Chicago Tribune.