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### A TOUCH OF KINDNESS.

The Tramp's Humane Impulse Brought Him No Reward.  
He sat slouching upon the end of the park bench, his head lolling listlessly over his breast, says the New York World. There was complete dejection in his attitude. An old hat resembling a piece of "culls" in a rag shop lay on the ground, where it had fallen from his head. On one foot was an old riding boot, with the top cut off. His trousers and coat were of a dull, mottled gray that comes from hard wear and dust.

Twice he had been moved on by the "sparrow cop" and he had made his way to a bench that was secluded and shaded by a tree. He had gone to sleep.  
In the tree the sparrows hopped and twittered in the shade of the foliage. Suddenly through the branches came twirling a tiny feathering, striving hard to make its tender wings bear up the weight of its body. It faltered and fell on the gravelled walk at the old tramp's feet, stunned and breathing with difficulty. Something caused the tramp to open his eyes and they lit on the little sparrow. He looked at it stupidly for a minute, then, drawing his hand across his forehead, he leaned over and picked it up tenderly. He gazed at it in a wondering way and then glanced up at the branches of the tree, where the mother bird fluttered and chirped in fright.

He drew the bench a little closer to the tree and climbed upon it. That put him within reach of a lower limb. He laid the little bird carefully on a forked branch and, with a strength surprising in one so feeble, he drew himself up and sat on the limb. Above him, within reach, he saw a nest. It was tipped over so that he could see in it two downy bits of birds like the one he had. He gently placed the bird he carried in the nest, let himself down to the ground, drew the bench back to its original place and turned to go just as a "gray coat" called out to him: "Come, now, get on. You've been around here long enough!"

### FRENCH LOSSES IN WAR.

Six Million Men Said to Have Perished in the Wars of the Last Century.  
Dr. Lageneau of the French academy of medicine has been making an estimate of the deaths by the wars of France for the past century. He finds, according to the New York Sun, that the civil wars of the end of the eighteenth century and of the republic up to and including the year 1800 cost the lives of more than 2,120,000 Frenchmen. From the year 1801 to Waterloo, when France was fighting Europe in arms, more than 3,150,000 Frenchmen were engaged and nearly 2,000,000 perished. Under the restoration, Louis Philippe, and the second republic, when there were campaigns in Spain, Greece, and Algiers, the army included less than 215,000 men, and the loss in battle was only twenty-two per thousand. Even in the brilliant African campaigns the mean annual loss was less than 150 men.

Next came an era of frequent and bloody wars, the war in the Crimea, the war in Italy, the war in China, the war in Mexico, and finally the war with Prussia. Out of rather less than 310,000 French soldiers sent to the Crimea 95,615 perished. Of the 500,000 that took part in the Italian war nearly 19,000 perished. Nearly 1,000 perished in the expedition to China. The medical statistics of the French in the war of 1870 have not been published, nor have those of the Mexican undertaking. The effective strength of the French in 1870-71 was 1,400,000 men. The number lost is not positively known, but it is believed that the wars of the second empire cost 1,000,000 lives. Dr. Lageneau estimates that the small wars of the third republic have been fought at comparatively small cost of human life. He estimates the total loss for the century to have been 6,000,000 of men, mostly young.

### HE REMEMBERED.

But His Prospective Hostess Got Back at Him Just the Same.

Washington society has been described in so many different ways that people in general have no definite correct idea of it; but that there are many bright people there is abundantly proved in a little book called "The Show in Washington," in which the following story is given:  
Mavroyeni Bey, the young Turkish minister, aspires to be a society leader. A young hostess was issuing verbal invitations to her friends for an informal five-o'clock tea.

The minister, overhearing her, smilingly begged that he might be included in the list, and at the same time called out to his secretary, who entered the room: "Monsieur Effendi, mademoiselle has asked me to tea with her at five o'clock to-morrow. Remember the engagement for me."  
The following day the party met early in the afternoon at the white house, and, upon seeing his hostess-to-be, he crossed the room, saying: "Is it not this afternoon at five that I am to have the pleasure of taking tea with you?"  
"I do not remember," was the response of the young lady. "Ask your secretary."

### WOMEN'S POSTSCRIPTS.

Reasons Why They Are So Prone to Write Them.

"Why women write postscripts" is a problem that has been engaging the attention of one of the London woman's weeklies. The answers betray that the sex understands itself, and does not mind exposing its amiable weaknesses. All are from women who ascribe, among others, these reasons: "Because they seek to rectify want of thought by an afterthought;" "Because they are fond of having a last word;" "Because they write before they think, and think after they have written." Our correspondent puts down the feminine P. S. to the same cause "which leads women to prolonged leave-taking in omnibuses, namely," and rather profoundly it appears to the casual observer, "that they lack organization of thought." Another woman comes to the defense of her sisters with the suggestion "that when women have anything special to communicate they know that their P. S. is equivalent to X. B.," and yet another friendly soul turns a neat compliment in her reason: "Probably because woman herself is the embodiment of the P. S. in the scale of creation, she—the indispensable—was added last."

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### A SWEET INCENTIVE.

BY BERTHA GERNEAUX DAVIS.

There couldn't have been a nicer place for thinking. The porch was so pleasantly shaded, and just at this hour in the morning the vines were filled with blue and red and purple trumpets that seemed to need only a hint from the south wind to throw them into musical ecstasies. The green peas were keeping up a remonstrating tinkle of their own, dropping into the bright tin basin as Esther pushed them out of shelter—like tenants ejected by a cruel landlord from their little green cottages.

Esther's dreaming was interrupted by a voice issuing from the window above the porch: "Esther, Esther! what did you do with my cuffs? Esther, I'll be late; Joe's waiting for me!"

Somehow eighteen-year-old Esther seemed always in demand by some one of the three motherless little brothers and sisters of the household.  
"Dear me, that boy! What shall I do with him?" and Esther's forehead assumed a complicated pattern of lines and crosslines. She brushed the pods from her lap, and hurried up the stairs. "Rob, what do I know about your cuffs? Do you suppose I'm wearing them? Why don't you leave your things where they belong?" Here she picked up one of the missing articles from the floor, where it had slipped behind the little round table. "I wish you wouldn't lie in bed so late. There!" producing the other cuff from behind the curtain on the window-ledge. "Now hurry down, Robby. I'll have Jane scramble you an egg. You can't go off without your breakfast."

"Oh, thanks!" said Rob, as he adjusted his recovered linen. "I know I overslept this morning. Couldn't help it, really. Papa goes?"  
"Of course. What do you suppose would become of us all if he went on your principles? I'm afraid, Rob, that unless you mend your ways you'll have to give up your hope of being a doctor when you are grown up. Your patients would all die before you got to them." And Esther hurried to the kitchen to ask Jane to help her prepare a nice little breakfast for the re-reat brother.

"Some folks," said Jane, "hadn't ought to have any breakfast," with which very general observation she scurried to the pantry, bringing forth two specially large eggs. While these were "scrambling" she toasted a slice of bread a delicate brown, and stopped, even in her irritation, to select the red-banded plate that was Rob's special favorite. Really Jane did more for him than many queens of the kitchen would have done under similar circumstances. But then she had helped to fatten him when he was a fuzzy-headed baby; and now that he was a curly-haired, heedless, lovable boy of twelve, was she the one to go back on him? A clattering down the back stairs announced his coming. He approached the table with more haste than elegance.

"He'll be a dyspeptic by the time he's grown up," thought Esther, as she watched the fast-disappearing viands.  
"You're both awful good," said Rob between mouthfuls; "and so's this toast. Wish I had time for another piece."

"Now, Roy, try to be home in time for luncheon," pleaded Esther. "You know how it annoys papa to have you always late; and then think of the example you set the other children."  
"That's so," said Rob, whose birthday had been celebrated on the week before. "I'll try—honest, I will."  
And he did try, and succeeded in being only three minutes late that noon. But Esther shook her head at the three minutes, and her busy brain concocted a little scheme.

She waylaid him on his way to the croquet ground.  
"Rob, I want to speak to you a moment."  
"All right, say on," said Rob, looking pleasantly attentive.  
"I'm going to make a bargain with you. If you will be on time at every meal the next four days—breakfasts as well as all the others—I'll let you have a candy pull at the end of that time. You can have three or four of the boys you like best."

"Good for you!" interrupted Rob. The prospect of a candy pull is generally an alluring one to the juvenile mind, and Rob's was no exception. "Shake hands on it. If I don't fulfill my part of the contract, I'll know the reason why."  
"So shall I," answered Esther, demurely. "It will be because you 'forgot' or 'didn't mean' to stay so long at the fishing pond, or—"  
"Say, now, that isn't fair," laughed Rob, good-naturedly. "I'll show you. I'd be perfectly safe to invite the boys in advance, but perhaps I'd better not."

"No; better wait and see how you come out," and Rob fancied Esther looked a trifle skeptical. It put him on his mettle.  
Esther's "scheme" worked like a charm. The next day Bob was one of the first to answer his father's "good morning" at the breakfast table.  
"Well, now," said Mr. Jordan, as he viewed the youthful faces around him, and dispensed the griddle cakes, "it's pleasant to sit down all together. Let's keep it up, Bob. I tell you, punctuality is a great thing;" and Bob nodded respectfully, though his father's remark did not bear for him the charm of novelty.

Three days passed. Bob was beaming with pride in his own improvement, and in anticipation of the promised reward. The fourth morning he was the first to slip into his chair at the breakfast table, and it was at least an hour before luncheon that he left the fishing pond and repaired to the side porch, so as to be sure of hearing Jane's summons to the dining-room.  
"Bob, I'm proud of you," said Esther; "I'll have Jane order the molasses this evening."  
"You're a brick, Esther," said Rob. "It isn't so awfully hard to be on time,

after all; and I'm going to keep it up, too."

The summer afternoon passed away; it was five minutes of six, and the children clamored for dinner. Rob had not put in an appearance, though Esther's fingers were giving the finishing touches to the table. The minute-hand seemed to speed over the face of the cuckoo clock; she felt as if it were trying to cheat Rob, and looked anxiously down the path, hoping to see the boyish figure dash in sight.

"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" began the old clock, triumphantly. Still no Rob. Esther was tempted to have Jane delay the ringing of the dinner bell, but restrained the impulse. It would be violating the compact, and, besides, Rob must learn self-reliance, and expect the consequences of his own heedlessness. So the dinner bell added its voice to that of the cuckoo clock, and it was a funeral knell, as well as a business-like summons to dinner, for it tolled the untimely death of Esther's little project. When the family assembled, there was an empty chair at the table.

"Oh, dear!" wailed Sue; and "How mean!" added Freddy, giving the table leg a vicious kick; for you see, Rob had indiscreetly confided to them his secret the day before, and they were looking forward to the candy-pull as much as he. As for Esther, she was thoroughly disappointed in Rob, and she had begun to have such hope of him; it was too bad.

Dinner was half over when Rob, flushed and breathing heavily, entered the room. Such a chorus of reproaches greeted him from the children that papa and Esther forbore to add their voices.  
"You keep still till your opinion's asked," said Rob, goaded into this reproach by the children's gratuitous criticisms of his tardiness.

"Yes, children, be quiet," said Mr. Jordan. "You speak rather roughly, my boy; but I know that you are disappointed, and your sister and I are almost equally so."  
Rob attacked the beefsteak in silence, and the rest of the meal was a quiet one. Esther lingered after it was over, half expecting some explanation; but, beyond the remark that he stayed at Joe's longer than he had intended, Rob vouchsafed none.

It was the next morning that Joe Simmons came over to the side porch where Esther was sitting in her favorite place behind the vines.  
"Good morning, Joe."  
"Good morning, Miss Esther. I—er—"  
"I suppose you are after Rob. I'll speak to him."  
"No, no," Joe hastily interposed. "I was looking for you." He broke off a morning glory which had gone to sleep under the sun's too ardent attentions, and ground its purple juice into his fingers. Esther, from long experience with boy ways, knew a disclosure of some kind was coming.

"Sit down," she said, pleasantly. "You have something to tell me, and I want to hear it."  
"Well—er—Bob was over to my house yesterday afternoon, you know. We had a big time out in the barn, and I—I kinder forgot about the baby. Ma and pa had gone out, you know, and left him to me."  
(Lest you might think it a piece of gross neglect on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Simmons to intrust so precious a charge to so youthful an older brother, it is well to state that the infant in question was a sturdy young creature of two years.)

"He—er"—another lunge at the morning-glory vine—"got a-hold of some green apples, and after awhile he came out to us in the barn, yelling awfully. First we didn't know what was the matter; but we went into the house, and saw the pieces that he hadn't eaten, and I knew something must be gone right off quick. Cholera morbus, you know, is so awful dangerous. I couldn't think of a thing to give him but whisky; I knew they gave that in lots of sudden cases; so while I held Albie Bob went after it."  
"My goodness! whisky!" said Esther, her startled imagination picturing her innocent brother making his way behind objectionable screens. "I hope he thought to go to a drug store."  
"Oh, yes'm," answered Joe, "he did. It was bad enough to go there after it. I'm temperance, you know—belong to the loyal legion; but I knew the baby'd got to have something. The clerk told Rob he could get something better than whisky and gave him a bottle of medicine. We gave the baby a dose of it, and after awhile he went to sleep. Ma said (I told her all about it this morning) that it couldn't have been the apple that hurt him; he couldn't have felt it so quick, and besides, it was riper than it looked. But I tell you I was scared at the time."

"What I caneround for, Miss Esther, was to tell you that this is what made Rob so late home yesterday. I made him promise not to say anything about what kept him; but I forgot then about the candy-pulling (you know Rob told me before that he expected to have one). I didn't find out till this morning that he was late for dinner. I asked Freddy. Ma said I oughtn't to make anyone keep anything from his folks, and that it generally wasn't wise to make such promises. But it was all my fault. I hadn't wanted ma to hear of it, for fear she wouldn't trust me again. And then afterward that seemed kind of sneaking, so I told her myself. I hope you'll—er—fix it up about the candy-pulling, Miss Esther; not so that I can come, I'd feel too mean for that, but on his account—to make it up for him, you know."

"Joe," said Esther, "I'm glad you and Rob are such friends. That candy-pull is coming off this evening, and you and Rob are going to have the thing in charge."  
An hour later Rob, entering the kitchen, found Jane cracking English walnuts, and Esther removing them their shells.  
"What are you doing?" he asked, curiously.  
"Getting English walnuts ready for the candy-pull this evening, you blessed boy!" said Esther.—N. Y. Independent.

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Time card January 7th, 1894, GOING SOUTH

City	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Chicago	7:45			7:30
Detroit		9:05		12:20
Toledo		9:55		12:30
Port Huron		8:00		11:35
Carey		8:20		12:01
Up. Sandusky		A. M.		7:25
Marion		9:25		1:05
Prospect		5:45		9:40
Delaware		6:10		10:05
Columbus		7:00		10:50
Columbus		7:25		11:00
Lancaster		8:40		4:15
Logan		9:20		5:35
Nelsonville		9:57		5:55
Athens		10:30		6:05
McArthur		10:22		6:00
Prospect		11:50		7:31
Middleport		12:29		8:08
Pomeroy		12:35		8:15

### GOING NORTH

City	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Pomeroy	11:30	12:50		
Middleport	4:36	2:54		
Gallipolis	5:15	3:35		
McArthur	6:46	5:06		
Athens	6:45	5:05		
Nelsonville	7:18	5:38		
Logan	8:00	6:20		
Lancaster	8:37	6:56		
Columbus	9:59	8:05		
Columbus	10:10	8:20		
Delaware	10:55	9:15		
Prospect	11:15	9:35		
Marion	11:30	10:00		
Up. Sandusky	12:17			
Carey	12:34			
Port Huron	12:45			
Toledo	2:05			
Detroit	4:20			
Chicago	7:25			

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