

# THE DEMOCRAT.

B. H. ADAMS, Publisher.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, MISSOURI.

## A LITTLE STORE.

An anxious "committee on ways and means" met in Miss Beesley's little sitting-room. A cheerful fire of pine-cones was burning on the small, neat hearth; it flickered and sparkled in joyous fashion, and helped decidedly to drive away the dampness from without, and the depression that threatened within.

It was the usual pathetic story: A young girl, suddenly orphaned, without capital or special training, and with a younger brother and sister depending on her for support. They had come south for the sake of the delicate mother; here she had died, and they were almost among strangers. A temporary home had been offered them by Miss Beesley, their eccentric maiden neighbor, and here, while little Effie was cozily sleeping, the older ones were talking over the situation.

"What can I do?" sighed poor Louise Hunter. "I have said that over and over to myself so much, that the words don't mean anything any more; can either of you two help me out?" turning to her brother Fred and to Miss Beesley, both of whom were staring thoughtfully into the fire.

"If only I could keep on with my studies at Kelsey college," broke out Fred. "I wouldn't so much mind the rest. I'd be willing to chop wood or haul muck, if I couldn't give that up."

"My dear girl," said the little old maid, with an air of business, "I've a question to ask you. Your mother was a woman of ability, and you are much like her in many ways; among all the things she taught you, what can you do the best?"

"Don't laugh, Miss Beesley, please, but I really do believe my answer must be 'darning and patching.' My mother used to say that fine mending was one of the 'best arts,' and gave me careful instructions, saying that I learned so readily she was quite proud of me."

"Good! what else can you do?" said Miss Beesley, with emphasis.

Louise answered slowly: "I hardly know what else; I used to enjoy cooking little delicate dishes for mamma, to tempt her; and I dearly love to make candy."

"You'd just better believe she can, too!" broke in Fred, now thoroughly interested. "She made all our Christmas and birthday candies ever since we've been here, for the grocery candy isn't much but glucose and chalk. I wish I had some of her 'cocoanut bar' this very minute, so I do." And the young collegerian paused, now thoroughly out of breath.

"Item No. 2," said Miss Beesley, cheerily. "Is there anything else?"

"No, I think not," responded Louise, vaguely encouraged by her friend's pleasant words. "Mamma had a real knack with flowers, and I used to enjoy helping her so much; but, after all, I know very little about them. Dear Miss Beesley, I don't know much of anything, I'm afraid; I can't sing or play or write, or teach. I'm only a humdrum nobody, and yet everybody depends on me; and the brown eyes grew troubled and misty once more."

"Don't fret," said Miss Beesley, kindly, stroking the soft, slim fingers, "but just listen to me, you two young things, for I've got a plan. Fred wishes most of all to go to Kelsey. Right he is, and go he shall. But as we are out here in the country, and Kelsey college is over there at Woodbridge, a change must be made. You, my dear Louise, must move to Woodbridge, rent a tiny cottage, put out a plain little sign, 'Darning and Patching Done With Skill' ('I'll make the sign!') shouted Fred, put a little notice in the local paper, and, with good management, work will come. In two or three months the great hotels will begin to fill up with winter visitors, the 'St. James' at Woodbridge among them. Then is the time for candy making. Have everything exquisitely good, put up in attractive shape, labeled 'Homemade,' and displayed at the nearest store in the village. Let hotel people alone for finding out anything new! Perhaps a few pots of flowers will help out, too; but you will know best about that. Now what do you say?" concluded the little old maid, poking the fire vigorously.

Louise's eyes had gradually been growing bigger as the plan unfolded. "It sounds beautiful!" she said, tremulously; "do you think I could do it?"

"I think you will do it, my child," said her friend, with decision. "For the sake of the dear ones who love you."

As for Fred, he could scarcely contain his feelings.

"Miss Beesley, you are a trump!" he cried in his healthy ringing tones. "I'll weed all your flower-beds to-morrow."

The next week was a busy time for all; a careful inventory was made of their slender possessions, some things sold, and others kept for the new home. One day Miss Beesley and Louise made a trip to Woodbridge and returned at nightfall, tired, but triumphant, having found a house suited to their needs; and early the next week the transfer was made.

"Good-by, my dears, and may Heaven bless you," said Miss Beesley, with one or two suspicious sniffs and winking her black eyes very hard as the train steamed up to the platform. "Let me know if anything goes wrong."

Reaching Woodbridge they walked up to the new home, leaving the freight to be sent up later. Such a tiny little home. Three rooms with a small "lean-to" kitchen, and a patch of a garden in the rear; all situated just at the outskirts of the town, not far from the college buildings, and with the flagstaff of the "St. James" in plain sight. The house seemed to have been built for a small shop, as the front room, which was good-sized and airy, had two large, projecting windows

with wide ledges, facing the street, and a small row of shelves on one side. But there was plenty of dust and cobwebs, and work for everybody. Such a trotting as the three pair of feet kept up all day, and such a tired trio as they were when night came! A week's time found them very nicely settled.

"This front room," said Louise, "is to be parlor, office and reception room, so we must make it look its prettiest."

Meanwhile Fred had not been idle; a very creditable little sign had been made and painted, a notice had been put in the local paper, a few circulars describing the new business of "Patch-ing and Darning," and giving prices for work, had been distributed by this same enterprising boy. The absurd little garden in the rear of the house had been spaded and put in nice order, awaiting some seed packets that were even now on the way; and next week college would begin, and the light-hearted, helpful boy would be busy with his books. But Effie would be left; and a jolly little helper she was, full of dimples and good nature.

Now and then a small bit of work came in. Only ten cents a pair for stockings, but so beautifully done were they that others followed soon. First one bachelor and then another rescued his mending from the colored "Auntie" who did his washing (who sewed on white buttons with black thread and "vice versa"), and sending it down to the tiny store at the street's end found everything put in order "as mother used to do it." But the college boys were a wonderful help to the business. Of course they got dreadfully "torn up," as boys always will, and as most of them were away from home, they were glad enough to find a pair of deft fingers so near.

By and by the great hotel began to show signs of life. Then the hacks and street cars began making frequent trips, and great piles of "Saratogas" numbered the platforms at the station.

While all this hubbub was going on half a mile away, there were also exciting times at the Hunters'. A mysterious box had arrived from the north, and certain delicious odors hung around the various packages. A half-barrel of sparkling sugar was deposited in one corner; the oil-stove and several small kettles and pans received an extra scouring. A busy trio of young folks sat around the lamp after supper, cracking and picking nuts, stoning raisins and dates, chopping citron and figs. All her resting moments Louise spent in the "big rocker," studying receipts and inventing new combinations. She decided that her first candy venture should consist of only a few varieties, and those the most familiar to her.

Chocolate creams, of course; but there are creams and creams. Louise's all looked about the same outside, a rich, dull brown, but you were never sure into what delicious inner compound your teeth would sink; some were white and vanilla flavored; some with cocoanut with lemon added; some pink, with a trace of bitter almond; some a dainty fruit paste; and the last one was always the best. Cream tarts, pink and white, rolled in granulated sugar; cocoanut cakes, baked in her little oven and with just the right golden brown tinge on the top; walnut and maple creams, and lastly, a delightful combination invented by Louise herself, and irreverently dubbed "hash balls" by the irrepressible Fred.

In due time all were made, tastefully arranged in an amber glass bowl, and left at "Brown's," the one drug store of the village. It was a pretty, attractive store, where soda water and other things besides the usual stock could be obtained, so the hotel people were quite sure to be frequent customers. A little card was fastened to the bowl of glittering sweets, which read: "Homemade; help yourself; for Louise had decided that the first two or three consignments must be given away freely, in order to establish a reputation. Mr. Brown availed himself of the invitation speedily, and, being a great friend of Fred, spread praise of the sweets and drew everyone's attention to them. In a few days Louise sent another lot, simply varying flavors somewhat, and by the time that was gone purchasers became a reality.

There was always to be found in the show-case a bowl of fresh, tempting candies; but the placard had changed to: "Homemade, 50 cts. a lb." and near by lay a little pile of empty boxes.

Meanwhile the mending and darning was not neglected; the mornings were devoted to the sweets, the afternoons to the needle. Carefully tended by Effie, and by Fred after school hours, the flower and vegetable seeds were doing finely; and for recreation, there were occasional moonlight walks or a pleasant row on the lake.

Two weeks before Christmas the orders for confectionery poured in so thick and fast that Louise was obliged to announce: "No patching and darning till after the holidays," and work early and late to meet all requirements. This was her harvest; but though she coined money rapidly she used it sparingly, knowing that after a time dull days would come.

Christmas came, and with it a present from Miss Beesley—a barrel of nuts from her loved New England; black walnuts, "shellbarks," butternuts, chestnuts, hazelnuts, plump, sound and fresh, enough to last the "season" through, and infinitely better than the stale ones at the stores. And so one heavy expense was lifted, and the dear old maid again proved herself a friend indeed.

One pleasant afternoon in January a handsome, portly lady from the "St. James" opened the door of the "Patch-ing and Darning Establishment." She had a light package in her hand, and said to Louise, rather doubtfully: "Young woman, do you suppose you could mend my lace shawl so that it will be presentable? I have torn it on one of the abominable wire fences with which this country is infested." And she opened the package, bringing to view a very ragged and discouraging rent.

"Mother taught me several lace-stitches," said Louise, quietly, "and I will do my best for you."

Giving her name as Mrs. Wallingford, and with a pleasant comment on the blooming flowers in the window, the lady departed.

There was rather a lull just now in the "candy business," private orders coming in more seldom, so the next morning Louise began the lace work; it took all the spare time of that week, but when completed it was a beautiful piece of repairing.

On Monday, early in the morning, Mrs. Wallingford, accompanied by two other ladies, called to inquire about the work. Louise was in the midst of her early-making; a pan of cocoanut cones was just out of the oven, a kettle of fondant had just reached the proper consistency, the air was laden with sweet odors, and Louise was in a big apron up to her chin. Hastily turning down the lamps and setting the "cream" in a pan of hot water, she went behind the counter and produced the work. Everyone exclaimed over its beauty, the owner being particularly pleased.

"I don't know how much it ought to be," said Louise, ingeniously; "this is the first work of the kind I have ever done for pay."

"But I know how much it is worth to me," said Mrs. Wallingford, and gave in return a bill of such generous dimensions that Louise was quite overwhelmed.

The next day quite a bundle of work came down from the "St. James," a lace tie and fichu, some dainty lisle-thread hose and silk underwear, and until the hotel closed Louise always had work of that kind on hand. Moreover, as one after another the visitors began packing trunks for a northern flight, pretty boxes of confectionery were stowed away among their belongings.

April came, and the vast hotel was silent once more; only six weeks longer and the college would close, and most of Louise's merry and boyish patrons would be gone. Even now it was growing so warm that "sweets" were not so much desired. She had time for her garden and household work, time also for making a few friends, and among them Mrs. Singleton, matron of the college. Many a pleasant afternoon did she and Effie spend in that lady's sunny parlor; and it was a little odd, that as often as not Prof. Allen would come in with Fred about five o'clock, and all four would walk down to the "P. and D. Establishment" together. Later on he brought Mrs. Singleton for an evening call, and noting the brave and quiet simplicity in which Louise lived, lost his heart more and more surely.

When July came, with its heat and heavy rainfall, Louise lost all her roses. Miss Beesley had gone to the Adirondacks a month before, and now a letter came from her saying, so kindly: "Dear child, I need you; come and spend the summer with me and we will do each other good."

How Louise longed to go! Mrs. Singleton's advice was to the point: "Now just you go! Don't worry about Fred one mite; I'll board him, and welcome, for the company and help he'll be." And so in a short time Louise and her merry little sister were gone. Prof. Allen spent a rather doleful summer; there seemed to be other things besides his socks that he needed "patching and darning"—his heart, for instance, and his temper; and he learned, to his great surprise, how empty one's world may be when only one small person is out of it.

Among the cool and quiet hills Louise gained strength and spirits rapidly, and spent long, cool mornings preparing and crystallizing fruit for her winter trade, strengthened and cheered by Miss Beesley's kindly, practical common sense.

"Child," said the latter one day, suddenly coming out of a "brown study," "I believe when you go back I'll spend the winter with you. You've no idea how lonesome it was last year, especially when the lumbago got so bad; and if I won't be in the way—"

A soft hand was laid over her mouth just here, and a sweet, glad voice called out:

"You'll just make the 'way' all bright and shining and clear if you are in it. Oh, dear Miss Beesley! do come!" And so it was settled.

"And you won't mind fifty pounds extra baggage, will you?" said the little old maid, "when it happens to be the best Vermont maple sugar?" The nuts will be along about Christmas."

Two weeks later and the party were safely domiciled at Woodbridge. Among the first to call was Prof. Allen.

"Any kin to the Allens, of Portsmouth?" queried Miss Beesley.

"My grandparents live there," said the professor, smiling indifferently.

"Was your father's name Jeremiah, and is yours Thomas?" questioned Miss Beesley, with as much directness as a census taker.

"Exactly," said the professor, now thoroughly interested.

"Well, it beats my time!" said Miss Beesley, fairly gasping. "When I was a girl, your father's backyard in Portsmouth joined ours; and many's the time I've seen you, sir, barefooted, and with your face molasses from ear to ear."

"And I haven't lost my taste for sweet things yet," said the professor, with a meaning look at Louise. "Do, please, Miss Hunter, start up the candy factory soon. I haven't had even a passable chocolate cream since last winter."

Well, the "factory" soon began operations, and the details of a year before were repeated, with several pleasing variations.

I am not writing a love story, only a practical paper for girls; but perhaps you will care to know that one gray December day, when the evening shadows were falling, Louise drew a hasplock to Miss Beesley's feet, and, hiding her face against the friendly arm, whispered a precious secret. And the little old maid, nodding sagely to herself in the twilight, said concisely: "Felt it in my bones! Best family in Portsmouth. Child, you couldn't do better."—Demorest's Magazine.

## ATTRACTIONS OF THE LAW.

Sacrifices That Young Men Make in the Hope of Fame and Fortune.

Considerably over two hundred young men are graduated annually from the law schools of this city. The graduates include not only the usual number of well-schooled young men with friends to help them and perhaps means at command, but as well a considerable percentage of men who come to their law studies without the advantage of a good grounding in English, Latin, and the sciences, without money or financial friends, and with wives and children dependent upon them for support. Some of these latter finish their law studies at an age when most lawyers have been from three to ten years in practice.

Persons acquainted with the difficulties that beset the young lawyer in New York wonder what the new graduates in law of this sort are to do. They are earning in various occupations from seven hundred and fifty to fifteen hundred dollars a year. Few of them can hope to earn immediately at the law above six hundred dollars a year, and almost none can hope within four or five years to earn by his practice as much as the most successful now earn by their present occupations. Most of such graduates in law hope to find law clerkships at five hundred to six hundred dollars a year, but for these they must compete with the cleverest and best educated men from the most famous law schools in the country. Those who take the alternative of setting up offices for themselves must sacrifice ordinarily all of their present income for an uncertainty that may not yield three hundred dollars in the first year, and may yield less than one thousand dollars in the third or fourth or fifth year. Some never get beyond law clerkships; some never find themselves able to give up the trade that earns their bread in order to begin that by which they hoped to earn both bread and fame. Enough succeed to insure full classes in the law schools year after year.

As a matter of fact the law continues to attract men here and elsewhere, in spite of statistics that prove the average earnings of lawyers to be below those of skilled mechanics. Men with families to support work all day and pay from ten to twenty-five per cent. of their incomes annually for the opportunity of studying law at night. Other men work all night for the opportunity of studying law by day. Naval officers stationed here sometimes squeeze in law lectures along with their duties to the government. Stenographers, office boys, newsboys and all sorts of hard-working people share the belief that a chance to practice law is worth almost any sacrifice of time and energy. Country folk still say of any bright lad, "He ought to be a lawyer," and the same belief in the law as a profession seems to be held by a great many New Yorkers of all sorts. It is still held to be the profession that leads to dignities and honors, to political success, and even to wealth.—N. Y. Sun.

Was Wondering.

Little Jack—Where are you goin' this summer, Mr. Softchapp?

Mr. Softchapp—Um—why do you ask?

Little Jack—Sis said when she found out where you was goin' she'd know where to go, and I was wonderin' where Sis was't goin'.

Mr. Softchapp—Is your sister still in the city?

Little Jack—Yes, but she is goin' away for the summer as soon as she finds out where you're goin'.

"Indeed! So she wishes to go where I do?"

"No. She wants to go somewhere else."—N. Y. Weekly.

The Defeat of Bony-Fart.

Slowly the crowd melted, the purple-faced man blew the last note out of his bass tuba and silence reigned.

It is bound to rain when the circus is in town.

The fat woman haughtily shook her head.

"If you loved me as you say you do," she answered, in hard, cold accents, "you would go down on your knees to me."

The ossified man groaned aloud. It was twenty-three years since he had bent a joint.—N. Y. Recorder.

Limit of Possibility.

"Mamma?"

"Well?"

"You licked me last week for what Jimmie Watts and papa licked me yesterday 'cause Johnny Phelps walloped me."

"Well?"

"I'm wondering what'll happen some time when it's a draw."—Chicago Record.

He Sore.

"You say you love me; how are you going to prove it?"

"I swear to you by—"

"Swear by something of supreme importance—something dear to you as life itself."

"Adelia, I swear to you by my salary!"—Boston Traveler.

Pleasant Prospect.

Neighbor—I hear your master has married again and is taking a bridal tour.

Uncle Mose—Don't know 'bout him takin' a bride to dis one, boss, but he did tuck a paddle to his fust wife, shure.—Texas Sittings.

A Logical Deduction.

Bobby—Mamma, do the streets of Heaven flow with milk and honey?

Mother—So the Bible says, dear.

Bobby—And is that why the angels have wings, 'cause the walking's so bad?—Puck.

Artemisia, the wife of Mausolus, who built in honor of her husband a tomb so splendid that it has given his name to sepulchral structures, was a brunette Greek beauty. Her eyes were brilliantly black and her features were regular.

—Henrietta Maria had a large mole on her neck. She was often solicited to have it removed, but always refused, from a superstitious motive, to have the operation performed.

## FOREST FIRE PREVENTION.

The Prussian System Which Protects 6,000,000 Acres of Trees.

Since the Prussian government forests comprise 6,000,000 acres, what is characterized as a "large number of forest fires, some of them extensive," means a little over one-hundredth of 1 per cent. of the forest area; and we must not overlook the fact that more than half of this forest is coniferous growth, mostly pine, and therefore especially liable to fire. The cause in most cases is noted as neglect. Locomotives are not mentioned, showing that railroading may be carried on without the necessity of extra risks. During the ten years, 1882-1891, there had occurred in these forests 156 larger conflagrations—96 from negligence, 53 from ill-will, 3 from lightning and only 4 from locomotives. Seven years out of ten are without any record of fire due to this last cause.

This record, which to us at least would appear like perfection, is due, of course, in the first place to the fact that these forests are under a well-organized management, which insures the constant patrolling of the same by officers in pursuit of their business. Regulations as to the treatment of fires are, therefore, readily enforced, and any incipient fire is soon discovered and put out. Besides this, the method of dividing the forest into blocks or compartments by intersecting avenues, rectangular or otherwise, at regular distances, permits a small force to readily prevent the progress of fires and confine them within the block.

Where railroads run through forest lands, especially in the extensive pineries of the Baltic plain, additional precautions are practiced. Of course, spark arresters are in common use, but the main reliance is laid on a "safety strip" running along the railroad, and more or less elaborate. Often this is only a clearing, frequently cultivated by the guards as a potato patch or for a field crop. The ideal and most effective treatment is a railroad embankment, which is, of course, kept clean of inflammable matter by timely burning; then a cleared space about 7 yards in width; next a strip of forest 15 to 18 yards wide, in which the ground is kept as clean as practicable and free from dry wood, and which acts as a screen for flying cinders; beyond this is a ditch 10 to 12 inches deep and 5 to 6 feet wide, the dirt of which is thrown to one side, making a ridge which may be planted with broad-leaved trees. About every 20 rods a cross ditch is made, so that the whole combination safety strip, which is about 30 yards wide, is divided into smaller fields, within which it is easy for one man to confine an incipient fire.

In this country we would hardly need to go to so much expense, but we might considerably reduce with small outlay much of the loss from locomotive fires. The Pennsylvania railroad company in New Jersey, from Camden to Cape May, in preference to paying damages to the forest owner, has plowed or scarified on either side of its road a strip about a rod wide, and this is tolerably effective. A ditch within 30 yards from the right of way in the woods, and a timely burning over in spring of this space, would be more effective, and I think any adjoining forest owner would gladly permit such protective measure to be taken by the railroad company on his land, and, indeed, could afford to contribute to the expense.

This cause of our forest fires, then, is largely avoidable; and so would be the fires due to other carelessness, if we should once set out in earnest to punish the offender. The trouble with our laws, even when they are backed by public sentiment, is mainly that the machinery to execute them is "absent or too weak. Minnesota, frightened into action by the sad experiences of last year, this winter enacted a fire law, with a commissioner to execute it.

Wisconsin, which has suffered almost as badly as her neighbor, has also enacted a law, approved on April 17, in which the chief clerk of the state land office is made the forest warden, with the assistant chief clerk as his deputy. In both cases an organization of existing town officers as fire wardens is attempted, but whether these officers will be able to do their various duties without neglecting the last one imposed remains to be seen, especially as the provisions for expenses are extremely scanty. These laws, as well as the one so satisfactorily inaugurated in Maine, are remedied more or less closely after the forest fire law of New York.

Not all of the forest fires are avoidable, but most of them can be prevented; at least, they need not be allowed to spread beyond control, provided the people will it.—Garden and Forest.

Goldsmith Was Full of Chivalry.

Poor "Goldie," as he was fondly nicknamed later in life, did not look much like a knight. Short of stature, with a homely face deeply scarred by the smallpox, awkward in his manners and movements, he would have made but a sorry figure in the lordly tournament or at a royal banquet. And yet he had within him not a little of the knightly spirit. Generous to a fault, daring even to foolhardiness, tender-hearted, impulsive—he was just the kind of man to ride through the world, seeking adventures, and risking his life in defense of the helpless and innocent. Had he lived in the days of chivalry, he would doubtless have been, in spite of his ugliness and ungainliness, a famous knight errant.—James Baldwin, in St. Nicholas.

The Wonder of the Bible.

It is the wonder of the Bible that you never get through it. You get through all other books, but you never get through the Bible. I have preached twenty-five volumes of sermons upon this book, and now that I have written the very last word, what is my feeling? I ought to have some feeling about it. Why, this, that I have not begun it yet. No other book could offer such infinite variety of material as is offered by the Bible.—Dr. Joseph Parker.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Cowper was devotedly attached to his mother, and often mentions or alludes to her in his writings. One of his most charming poems was written in her honor.

—Fanny Mozart was a petite beauty, of exceedingly pleasing address. Her manners were very fascinating and she had a confiding, sympathetic way that won all hearts.

—Leopold Scherer, the German writer, had a good mother, as well as a good wife. He said of both: "But one thing on earth is better than the wife; that is the mother."

—Cleopatra was not an Egyptian, but a Greek beauty, with perfectly white skin, tawny hair and blue eyes. Her chief fascination was her voice, which is described as low, well modulated, and singularly sweet in tone.

—Col. Switzer, the nestor of Missouri journalism, still a vigorous and capable newspaper man, wrote his first editorial for his own paper in 1841. The Sedalia Capital claims for him the distinction of being the oldest editor in the United States.

—Walter Besant's most recent book, "In Deacon's Orders," is rather of the dismal variety. Mr. Besant's heroes in this work are selected, it is said, "from among a greivous crew of conscienceless reprobates, dipsomaniac felons, swindling company promoters, moral cowards, treacherous friends and self-tormenting hallucinations."

—Harry C. Evans, of Ottumwa, Ia., has during the last two years worked in the treasury department and studied law at night. He has been graduated as No. 3 in a class of 117, and was one of the six who received honorable mention by the faculty for scholarship. For excellence in debate he won the first prize—a set of law books costing \$100.

—At last M. Andre, the Swedish aeronaut, and man of science, who proposes to reach the north pole by balloon, has secured a companion in the person of Mr. Elkhorn, of the Stockholm Meteorological bureau. Mr. Elkhorn has recently devised a scheme of determining the velocity of the upper current of air by observing the clouds.

—Mascagni and Leoncavallo have quarreled fiercely. The latter wrote an article attacking "Cavalleria Rusticana," giving a long list of passages which he said were not original, with the sources from which they were taken. Mascagni retorts that he is preparing an account of what is original in Leoncavallo's work, and that it will be very short one.

—Nazar Ullah Khan, the Afghan ameer's son, is rather light of complexion for an oriental. His face is not darker than the shah's. He is rather a gorgeous figure in his uniform, with its gold embroidered coat, blue sash, and blue and black astrakhan caftan. Gold stripes set off his trousers, and he wears gold spurs on his patent leather boots.

—Mrs. Elizabeth E. Hunter, who died at Philadelphia recently, was highly esteemed by Lincoln and Grant for services in caring for the wounded in the late war. She was the first woman to go to Gettysburg after the great fight, receiving permission from President Lincoln and going in a special car. She founded the Northern Home for Friendless Children in Philadelphia.

HUMOROUS.

—May—"Are your skirts divided, Madge?" Madge—"Yes. After I get through with them they are divided among my younger sisters."—N. Y. World.

—Not an Author—"Do you mean to tell me you write for the newspapers?" "What's to prevent me as long as I in-close the subscription prices?"—Detroit Free Press.

—The thermometer will never recover," said the wind. "What seems to be the matter?" asked the rain. "It has some internal trouble, and is dying by degrees."

—Not to be Seen.—Judge—"You say you have some means of subsistence?" Tramp—"Yes, your honor." Judge—"Then why is it not visible?" Tramp—"I ate it."—Harlem Life.

—I want a thermometer," said the old lady to the clerk as she mopped her damp brow with a big handkerchief; "and please set it at sixty degrees."—Philadelphia Record.

—Reasonable Complaint—"Waiter," said the guest, "I wish you'd ask the proprietors to turn on a little more light. It's so dark in here I can't tell whether I'm eating planked shad or a paper of pins."—Chicago Tribune.

—Blobs—"They say an actor is never afraid to live in a haunted house." Blobs—"I suppose because he is usually full of 'spirits' anyhow." Blobs—"Yes, and then he always likes to see the ghost walk."—Philadelphia Record.

—Brown—"But why do you stop so often? Can't you keep up with me?" Typewriter (who is rather shaky in her orthography)—"Oh, yes; but your language is so eloquent that I frequently find myself spell-bound."—Boston Transcript.

—Husband (whose wife has been reproving him for smoking in her presence)—"You often used to say before we were married: 'Oh, George, I do so love the odor of a good cigar.'" Wife—"Yes, that sort of thing is part of a young lady's capital."—Texas Sittings.

—I have come to ask for your daughter's hand, Mr. Herrick," said young Waller nervously. "Oh, well, you can't have it," said Herrick. "I'm not doing out my daughter on the installment plan. When you feel that you can support the whole girl, you may call again."—Harper's Bazar.

—A little girl who had heard her family talking about hysterics, was present when a story was told at which her mother laughed immoderately. The child seemed much impressed, and looking anxiously at her mother, she said gravely: "Mamma, ain't you afraid if you laugh so much you will get hysterical?"