

THE HARRISONS.

How the Day is Passed by the Family at the White House.

Mrs. Harrison, it is said, is much disturbed at the inevitable fatigue which the president must undergo in the ceremonial ceremonies, says the New York World. He has not stood the strain of office well, looks pale, and suffers from insomnia. She has organized the routine of the white house entirely with a view to his convenience and does everything possible to save him from strain and fatigue. She has done all that is in her power to reduce the claims of usage and form to a minimum. The necessity of rules to govern intercourse with the president and to regulate the social duties of the presiding lady have been recognized ever since Washington and Mrs. Washington established the code of manners for governing the executive office, but the new occupants of the mansion have shown them of as much ceremony as is consonant with discipline and dignity. All the occupants of the white house are up by 7 o'clock and breakfast is over by 8:30. Mrs. Harrison, since she has begun to notice signs of ill health in the president, has persuaded him to form a habit of going for a little walk about the grounds after breakfast is over. This does not take the form of vigorous exercise, being merely a little stroll for the sake of fresh air and sunshine and to prevent his going immediately to his work after eating, which is always the ruin of even the best of digestions. By 9 o'clock the president is at his work and Mrs. Harrison does not see him again until after 12. If it is not a cabinet day he comes to her a few minutes before 1 o'clock, at which hour he is due in the east room to receive the large number of strangers who are waiting to pay their respects. He gets rid of them before 2, and by that hour is at luncheon, which is a light and rather informal meal, as he must return immediately after it to work. The babies come in for a few minutes at this hour for a word with their grandpa, and the president amuses Mrs. Harrison with anecdotes of the little incidents which have occurred during the morning and at the reception. He hurries back to his labors and Mrs. Harrison sees him no more until 5 o'clock, when they drive together generally, or, if she thinks he needs it, persuades him to take a long walk instead, for Mr. Harrison is the best pedestrian and the most active president the white house has known for many terms. The interval between 5 and 7:30 Mr. and Mrs. Harrison always spend together and will not be interfered with by outsiders. At the latter hour they dine in the family dining room, unless there is some state festivity to the fore, and there is nearly always some personal friend their guest at this meal. The rest of the evening is spent in receiving the informal calls of their friends. Almost every day Mrs. Harrison herself gives two hours to the receiving of calls and spends considerable time with her housekeeping, in which she takes an active part, although she has both housekeeper and steward, and the McKee babies take up a good part of her time.

Ever's Daughters, Every One!

"God hath given you one face," cried that prig Hamlet as he railed at Ophelia, "and you make to yourself another. You jig, you amble, you lisp, and nickname God's creatures." As it was among beauties of the court of Denmark so it is with the feminine human world in our own day. The face that God hath given our charmers is not good enough for them. They offend against nature much as man does when having been equipped with a beard which it was designed should grow upon his face he calls in the barber, whose razor thwarts nature. The puff-ball and the rouge-pot, the bloom of youth and the dove knows what not in the way of creating complexions too blooming for human belief are essentials of madame's toilet. We have had reported statistics of the nation's yearly bill. It is asserted confidently that we pay more for beer than for bread. Just what the figures are nobody cares to remember. They are eloquent of endless spending, of countless wroten heads, and all the misery and ridiculousness of tipsiness. But our follies are not all of rum rummy nor of the bottle brandyish. Here comes the captain of all the pharmacists declaring right in the presence of the blooming cheek of the woman's physiological institute that \$62,000,000 is annually spent in America on 10,000 different cosmetics wherewith the daughters of Hall Columbia keep themselves fresh in the remembrance of their countrymen.

Cold water and exercise may be had for nothing, but gentle woman, who won't assert what are said to be her ballot-box rights, spends \$62,000,000 a year for zinc and bismuth and glycerine and magnesia and chalk in order to assert her right to perennial youth. The cosmetic maker, as the pharmacist shows, picks her pocket, but what does she care? She thinks she has received the worth of her \$62,000,000 and is satisfied. With that \$62,000,000 devoted to other uses, leaving soap and water to care for lovely woman's face, what might not the woman of America accomplish? She might conquest all the heathen in Central Africa; she might accomplish the greater task of carrying sweetness and light to the heathen at her own door. What hospitals she might build and endow! What schools erect! What blessings scatter up and down the land!

But God hath given her one face and she will make to herself another. Eve commenced it and Gabriel's trumpet will discover millions of her daughters at the toilet table, rouge-pot or puff-ball in hand.—Chicago Times.

When a young man proposes and is accepted he rings the girl's hand. If he is refused he wrings his own hands.—Yonkers Freeman.

A Spring Book

John Ward's Base Ball book lays on The Sun's table. John starts in with a chapter of the history of base ball, beginning away back in the time of Herodotus and Homer, and gradually working down to Kelly and Clarkson. It has long been a favorite theory of scientific men that Herodotus and Homer were familiar with the National Game, but Ward, who has perhaps dived deeper into the archives of base ball than any other scientist of the age, tells us that these two were base-ball cranks of the wildest sort and the implication is that, had they lived to-day, they would undoubtedly have been official scorers or league umpires. Homer, it will be remembered, was blind and Herodotus a pretty hard hitter, and not at all backward about engaging in an occasional friendly scrap, so their fitness for the suggested positions will not be disputed. From history Mr. Ward branches off into theory and a chapter is given on the theory of the game—a chapter for ladies. The Sun has always held that the ladies should be theoretical ball-players, leaving the practical part of the game to the opposite sex. Theoretically a lady may know all about how to run bases but it could hardly be expected that she would let go all hold and throw herself blindly on the world when within ten feet of second base. That is the difference between theory and practice. The ladies should make theory their strong point and learn the difference between a catcher's mask and a bustle, and an earned run and an umpire. They would also increase their chances of going to the game oftener on some gentleman friend's ticket, if they would learn not to ask why a batter doesn't run on a foul tip over the fence.

Jenny Lind at Mount Vernon.

What old timer does not recollect the coming of Jenny Lind to our shores in 1850, and the extraordinary furore created by her singing? Of course I only know what I've read about it, but I remember one incident in particular, her visit to Mount Vernon. The great songstress had been deeply touched by stories of the illustrious patriot, and upon reaching Washington the first request was to be taken to Mount Vernon. When Colonel Washington, the then proprietor of the estate, heard of her wish, he chartered a steamboat and made up a party, which, beside Mr. Barnum and Miss Lind, included Mr. Seaton, the Mayor of Washington, and other notable citizens. The boat landed near the tomb and the party proceeded thither. The Swedish woman's big heart ran over as she drew near this sacred spot. From this point she was conducted to the mansion, where a fine collation was served. With childlike enthusiasm she gazed upon every relic of the great leader. When the party had reached the library Colonel Washington took a book from one of the shelves and presented it to her. Not only had it been Washington's but it contained his book plate and his name written with his own hand. Miss Lind was greatly moved. She drew Mr. Barnum aside and insisted upon making some suitable return for the gift then and there, and although her watch and chain was a costly one and had been a present from a friend, Mr. Barnum had great difficulty in restraining her from at once bestowing it upon Colonel Washington. "The expense is nothing," she exclaimed, "compared to the value of this book!" Dear good soul! But I wonder where the book is now! No doubt in possession of her family and properly cared for as a priceless memento of Mme. Lind Goldschmidt's visit to the New World.

A Consolation.

Those who have been detained on the way to Oklahoma can console themselves with the reflection that they will thus be enabled to get the start of the returning procession.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Getting Their Rights.

A court in Maryland has recently decided that a woman is responsible for her husband's debts. Women are moving on toward their rights.—St. Paul Globe.

Rivalled the Gems in Color.

Ethelred wife (rapturously)—"Oh, George! Mrs. Van Dorem has bought the elegant sapphires which have been on exhibition at Tiffany's. She paid \$12,000 for them. Oh, darling! I have never before nor since seen such rich blue as they are!" Husband—"If you could have seen Mr. Van Dorem, as I did, just after his wife told him of her purchase, you would not say that, dearest. He was infinitely more blue than the Sapphires."—Jewelers Weekly.

GREEN THINGS GROWING.

Oh, the green things growing, the green things growing, The faintest smell of the green things growing! I should like to live, whether I smile or frown, Just to watch the happy life of my green things growing.

FORGIVEN.

One morning my cousin Hilda came to me and said: "We are going to be married—Richard and I." "Richard Gale? You are to marry Richard Gale?" I asked. "We love each other," she answered. "Now, I had introduced those two, and Richard had called Hilda a statue, and spoke of her as 'cold.' I never dreamt he would come to be her lover, and I confess I was not glad to hear it. I could not say I rejoiced, but I kissed her and, as time went on, I began to fancy that all would be well and they happy. I was sewing on some white muslin one day not long before that of the wedding, when Richard came up the steps of the veranda and sat down near me, fingering my work: "Do you think Hilda is really fond of me, George?" he said after a space of silence. "I laugh," said he. "She is so calm; she has no passion in her eyes. I have tried to make her jealous, and I cannot do it." "I won't laugh this time," said I; "but I'll tell you one thing; you might enjoy having a jealous sweetheart, but you will be very glad that your wife has confidence in you." "I have my doubts," said Richard. "Oh, I'm an idiot, I know! Hilda is perfection—only I like a spice of evil in a woman now and then. Do you know Stella Rivers?" "I have met Mrs. Rivers," said I. "An ugly woman with a temper." "No man ever called Stella ugly," said he. She makes more conquests in a day than other women make in a year. She always puts me in mind of a humming-bird—she fairly quivers! And such chic dresses as she wears!" "How French we are!" said I. "I cannot help it when I talk of Stella," said he. She is Parisienne at heart; she lived there for years, you know. There is very little of the frozen Puritan about Stella." "Well, old Rivers calls her 'Stell,'" said he. "Her husband" asked I. "You have a sarcastic tone to your voice to-night," said Richard, "and it does not improve you, Miss George. Her husband. Yes and her greatest admirer." "Well, so long as he is pleased no one need find any fault," said I. "That stupid Mr. Alsop packed her after her papa the other evening. Stella didn't mind," said Richard; "she thinks it a great joke." "And just then Hilda came down the stairs, and we said no more of Mrs. Rivers. She was a woman I detested. She had married an old man whose wife had been dead a year on their wedding-day, and people said she was engaged to him before the old lady died. He had settled most of his money on her, and she flirted terribly, still her wealth kept her in society. Oh, I did not like her, nor this talk of Richard's about her." "I liked it least when one evening, having accepted an invitation to the theatre I saw Richard sitting with Mrs. Rivers. He had told Hilda that he was obliged to attend to some business that evening. This was business of a curious sort, truly! Still, next day, while I was wondering whether it was my duty to make mischief, I received a little note from him: "MISS GEORGETTE.—Mrs. Rivers asked me to be her escort," it said. "It was a little touch of gout, and the tickets were bought, and would have been wasted. It was quite impromptu. I had not thought what I was doing, and was on my way to Hilda. I saw you were horrified, so I explain." "RICHARD." It struck me that a woman whose husband was ill should have stayed with him, and I only half-believed the story. Still, I should only trouble Hilda by mentioning what I had seen. We were making the wedding-dress now. At so late an hour the best was to keep my finger out of the pie. Hilda looked very happy in those days, but I saw a curious trouble brooding in Richard's face. I knew what it meant on the wedding day, when, as we were pinning the bride's veil, and fastening the orange-blossoms in her hair, a curious trembling ring came at the door, and in a moment someone staggered up the stairs, dashed open the door of the room in which we had gathered to array Hilda in her wedding-dress.

A Shark Killed by Tobacco.

In a short time we had caught a nice mess of small snappers, from ten to thirty inches long, and we were having a real good time. We had not fished very long, however, before a large shark put in an appearance and stopped our sport. We first knew of his presence by his greedily snapping off the fish from one of my neighbor's lines, having followed it up from the bottom. He executed this performance several times, and then the snappers stopped biting entirely. Not even a nibble could we get, so we hauled in our lines and commenced to pay our attentions to the shark.

He was a monstrous fellow about fifteen feet long, and he kept swimming round and round the vessel, sometimes on top of the water and sometimes down deep below us, but always at a respectful distance. His reddish brown body could be plainly seen through the clear transparent green water, and you may be sure that he was the cynosure of all eyes. A great many plans for his capture were discussed, but none appeared practicable within our limited means. The engineer suggested that if the shark would give him time he would forge a proper hook and chain, but as the shark was unable to give him a guarantee he abandoned the project.

While we were thus talking, I noticed the native pilot every now and then crowding overboard one of the snappers we had so recently caught, and as the current carried it a little distance clear of the vessel, the shark would gobble it down, and in fact the intervals were so regular that Mr. Shark seemed impatient when the regularity was broken by a little delay. We saw that our pilot had some ultimate object in view and it drew our attention to him. As he was born and raised on this coast and had probably served his pilot's apprenticeship as a fisherman, he knew how to deal with his inveterate foe, the shark.

After having thrown over ten small fish he selected another a little larger than the others and with a stick of wood rammed a roll of chewing tobacco, nearly as large as a man's hand, down into its belly and pressed its throat together again. He held it ready to throw, and as the shark came up, anxiously looking for his fish, he tossed it too him, and as it barely touched the water the shark turned over on its back and sucked it in. The shark then swam off as usual to the side of the vessel and then below us, and was apparently rising again in expectation of another fish when the nicotine commenced its work. His struggles and contortions were terrible to behold, as he darted here and there in a blind rage and vomiting blood, but as he swam or was carried by the current away from us his struggling grew gradually less until it ceased altogether. The tobacco had killed him.—Forest and Stream.

Rice Knew His Business.

A Washington man tells the following story about Dan Rice, the famous circus clown and showman. Rice had a show out in some of the wild Western districts, and he learned that there was a conspiracy on foot to mob the circus. That used to be one of the greatest drawbacks to the circus business. Every once in a while the roughs of a community would get together and make a strenuous effort to clean out the show. It is so to a certain extent now, and this is one cause for the army of apparently superstitious people that a circus carries with it. Rice's people had opened the performance to a good crowd of people, but it soon became evident that the attack was being organized. Dan Rice cleared the ring and made a speech, "Gentlemen," said he, "I am here with my show to entertain you. You know what the price is and you don't have to come to see it. I believe I should never rest. When I left Hilda I had made up my mind that she had a cold nature—that she did not love me; and that, though her pride might be hurt, her heart could not. I thought Stella warm and tender and devoted to me. I took a course and unhalloved passion for pure love. I was mad for a while. But when I am dead—it will be soon. I hope—promise that you will tell Hilda that I long ago discovered that she was my true love, and that when I lost her pure affection I lost the brightest star in my life. I loved her—I love her still, and I shall love her forever. Ask her when I am dead, to believe and forgive me."

And he covered his face and wept. "Be at peace," I answered. "I know you have her forgiveness." "Great Heaven! and to think that I once had her love!" And then from the shadows at the door a form glided. It came close to the chair in which Richard sat. It knelt beside him. It was Hilda. "Richard!" I heard her whisper, and then I left the room. A year after that Hilda came to me; her face was radiant. "Georgette," she said, exactly as she had spoken on that day in which this story commences, "we are going to be married, Richard and I." I only looked at her. "Yes," she said; "I know it. He has been very bad to me; and he is poor and maimed, and no longer beautiful; but I love him."

For inflamed eyes or eyelids, use the white of an egg beaten up to a froth with two tablespoonfuls of rose-water. Apply on a fine rag, changing as it grows dry; or stir two drachms of powder alum into the beaten whites of two eggs till a conglum is formed. Place between a fold of a soft linen rag and apply.

Restaurant strawberry shortcake is said to be responsible for a great many suicides, and for cripples, too, when it falls on the foot of an attending waiter.

FOLDED HANDS.

Folded hands, that more than four score years Had wrought for others; soothed the hurt of tears, Rocked children's cradles, eased the fever's smart, Dropped balm of love in many an aching heart; Now stilled folded, like wan rose leaves pressed, Above the snow and silence of her breast: In mute appeal they told of labors done, And well-earned rest that came at set of sun.

From the worn brow the lines of care had swept, As if an angel's kiss, the while she slept, Had smoothed the cobweb wrinkles quite away, And given back the pence of childhood's day, And on the faint smile almost said: "None knows life's secret but the happy dead."

So gazing where she lay we knew that pain And parting could not cleave her soul again. And we were sure that they who saw her last In the dim vista which we call the past, Who never knew her old and laid aside, Remembering best the maiden and the bride, Had sprung to greet her with the golden speech: The dear sweet names no later low can teach, And Welcome Home they cried, and grasped her hands; So dwells the Mother in the best of lands.

Margaret E. Sangster.

COOLNESS IN DANGER.

BY HAKRLEY HARKER.

"There is no great secret about it," said the old soldier to me. "You must think about the danger and not about yourself. See?" At first glance I confess I did not see. But upon further conversation with the veteran I caught his meaning. His idea was that panic was caused by a sudden self-consciousness. One begins to imagine that a limb is crushed or the breath knocked out of him, or he foresees the pain or misery of his hurts before he gets them. The danger itself, that is, the thing that is about to hurt you, possibly, but has not yet done so; the thing that is to be confronted, met, and vanquished; this is put out of mind by the terror with which it clouds itself, and so it has you at a disadvantage. Danger masks itself in terror. The terror blinds our wit and paralyzes our arm; we are thus at the mercy of our destroyer. The real danger we do not see—that is, the agent of evil—unless we are cool-headed.

There is a world of truth in the philosophy of this well-known general. Suppose one is in a theater at the time of an alarm of fire. Most people do not even smell the fire, much less see it. Most people are simply self-centered to that degree that they know nothing out of personal alarm. The real cause, who has the coolness to seek for it? Who inquires, where is it? Or who asks, what is your authority? Not one. All are thinking of self. I do not now mean to criticize the selfishness of it, the moral phase of the matter. I only point out that personality, not the cause, fills every mind. Except of course the cool-headed man here and there who thinks to ask, "Now, I wonder if it is really so." I would like to know who said so. Such a man is not drawn into a vortex and trodden into the carpet.

He studies the danger itself, and, as usual, nine times out of ten, discovers a way to match it. A physician explains to me that the heart action, under the terror excited by danger, is in many cases equivalent to apoplectic paralysis. The blood is left to gorge the poor brain, and the person is insane. Or, in the reverse case, the arterial blood is not sent out, the brain is empty so to speak, the sufferer is powerless. This is, in either case, shock. Shock is the result of dread. Dread is the mind's action by imagination. The thing to do is to break the spell of imagination. One may accomplish this by resolutely putting away all thought of self, and thinking, insisting on fastening the attention on the cause of the alarm. It must be achieved early, before the alarm is affected. I may be disputed as to imagination of the pangs of being hurt. It is not asserted that one is conscious of imagining, "Oh, I shall suffer so, if I am burned." No, that is too long a sentence to be thought out, consciously, in a moment of terror, yet the impression, instantaneous as lightning, is nevertheless there. If you afterward recall your thoughts, you will confess that I am correct. In battle men do not think of being hurt; the sight of shocking wounds does not awaken any thought of pain. It is before the bat, the fact that, as the mad animal was about to spring upon him, he thought, "What a close resemblance between that animal and my off one of a pair!" This gave him sufficient self-control to grasp at a passing street-car and swing himself out of harm's way. Whereas it is a well-known fact that many people are "struck powerless" by the very sight of a frantic runaway, and so neglect the opportune second of escape.

I have yet another case in mind. A gentleman in the Wild West, about to be assaulted by a scoundrel in a way-side ranch, says: "I saw him draw the weapon. I knew he was crazy drunk, and that he had mistaken my peaceable, commercial self for a pal with whom he had had quarrels. As he drew on me I thought, 'Is he German or American?' I thought to him in German. 'When did you leave Fatherland?' It struck his ear in time. The next minute I had what they call out there the drop

on him—that is, I covered him with my own weapon." Then, evidently, mere panic, ducking the head, or raising an elbow, or a shout of terror, would have been utterly useless. The conception of nationality abstracted the imperiled man's mind from terror; he was then instantly ready to apply to the man's love of the old home across seas. The reasoning was quick as lightning, but as correct as arithmetic, for if the brute could be caused to think of something else beside his rage, even for an instant, the volition to murder would be for that instant impossible. There is scarcely any danger which does not change its phases as it approaches. Like a cloud in an angry sky, the changes are the things to be looked out for—they are your openings of possible escape. "Certain destruction" has never happened till you are actually destroyed—at which time, it is hoped, all fear is forever over, if you have behaved well in this world. Never submit to be killed without an effort. While there is life there is hope, if your mind is cool enough to snatch at the hope; it may be a very small and obscure hope, but it is always there—yes, always—while you are yet breathing. It is not, in my opinion, a matter so much of custom of having been often in danger, that makes the cool man. Fatigue, hunger, or any previous overstrain of the nervous system will often cause the usually cool man to forget himself. Good health and clear conscience are helps. A cheerful disposition and a profound trust in God's care are the best of all contributors to the hours of peril—an hour, by the way, that no one ever escapes meeting sometimes.—New York Weekly.

LIFE IN THE SEVERED HEAD.

The Survival of Consciousness After Decapitation Proven.

A volume has just been published at Paris in which Dr. Paul Loye, under the title of "La Mort par la Decapitation," studies the question as to whether, after decapitation, consciousness survives for a short time in a severed head and physical suffering is felt in both parts of the executed body. Every time a head falls under a sword or under the executioner's ax, says Dr. Loye, the imagination of the spectators has, in the physiognomy of the victim, looked for proofs of the survival of will and consciousness. The eyes turned, which was a sign of pain; the lips moved, which showed that they wanted to speak; the mouth opened, in order to bite, in a kind of fury. There is not a movement of the face which has not been interpreted as a mark of the continuation of feeling. And ever since the guillotine mowed down the heads of multitudes during the reign of terror, scientists have stood around the scaffold, bidding all their humane faculties vanish, and concentrating their whole intellect on the one question, "Does consciousness remain after the victim's head is severed from the body?"

In connection with this belief Dr. Loye quotes a terrible story told by M. Petitgrand and an Anamite who was beheaded by the sword in 1875 at Saigon: "The place of execution was the Plain of Tombs, a vast sandy tract, serving as cemetery to the Anamites and the Chinese. Four arms in pirates, taken with their arms in their hand, were to be beheaded. The chief of the band, a man in the prime of life, energetic, muscular, brave without boasting, and firm to the very last, had attracted my special attention, and I decided to make my observations on him only. Without losing sight of him for a single moment I exchanged a few words in a loud voice with the officer in charge, and noticed that the patient was also looking at me with the liveliest attention. The preparations having been completed, I took my stand at the distance of about two yards from him. He knelt down, but before bonding his head he exchanged a rapid look with me. "His head fell with me at the distance of about a yard and a quarter from where I stood. It did not roll in the usual way, but stood with the surface of the wound resting on the sand, a position by which the hemorrhage was accidentally reduced to a minimum. At this moment I was terror-stricken at seeing the eyes of the doomed man fixed frankly on my eyes. Not daring to believe in a conscious manifestation, I went quickly to one side of the head lying at my feet, and I found that the eyes followed the least movement of my feet in their position, still the man with me for a short distance and then quitted me quite suddenly. The face expressed at that moment a conscious agony, the agony of a person in a state of acute asphyxia. The mouth opened violently as if to take in a breath of air, and the head thrown off its equilibrium by the motion rolled over. This contraction of the maxillary muscles was the sign of life. Since the moment of decapitation from fifteen to twenty seconds had passed."—New York Press.

Authors' Full Names.

Literary Gossip.

Bayard Taylor's first name was James; only a few others than Wilkie Collins' intimate friends know that his name is really William Wilkie Collins, and Austin Dobson was Henry Austin Dobson before he took up literature, and Edmund William Gosse is to-day known to the world only by the first and last names. "Henry R. Haggard" sounds strange to thousands of ears who know "Rider Haggard." Brander Matthews and Duffell Osborne are really Samuel Duffell Osborne. Lawrence Hutton is a contraction of James Lawrence Hutton, and Howard Seely is Edward Howard Seely, jr. Frank Stockton is really Francis Richard Stockton, while Joaquin Miller is a corruption of Cincinnati Miller.

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One morning my cousin Hilda came to me and said: "We are going to be married—Richard and I." "Richard Gale? You are to marry Richard Gale?" I asked. "We love each other," she answered. "Now, I had introduced those two, and Richard had called Hilda a statue, and spoke of her as 'cold.' I never dreamt he would come to be her lover, and I confess I was not glad to hear it. I could not say I rejoiced, but I kissed her and, as time went on, I began to fancy that all would be well and they happy. I was sewing on some white muslin one day not long before that of the wedding, when Richard came up the steps of the veranda and sat down near me, fingering my work: "Do you think Hilda is really fond of me, George?" he said after a space of silence. "I laugh," said he. "She is so calm; she has no passion in her eyes. I have tried to make her jealous, and I cannot do it." "I won't laugh this time," said I; "but I'll tell you one thing; you might enjoy having a jealous sweetheart, but you will be very glad that your wife has confidence in you." "I have my doubts," said Richard. "Oh, I'm an idiot, I know! Hilda is perfection—only I like a spice of evil in a woman now and then. Do you know Stella Rivers?" "I have met Mrs. Rivers," said I. "An ugly woman with a temper." "No man ever called Stella ugly," said he. She makes more conquests in a day than other women make in a year. She always puts me in mind of a humming-bird—she fairly quivers! And such chic dresses as she wears!" "How French we are!" said I. "I cannot help it when I talk of Stella," said he. She is Parisienne at heart; she lived there for years, you know. There is very little of the frozen Puritan about Stella." "Well, old Rivers calls her 'Stell,'" said he. "Her husband" asked I. "You have a sarcastic tone to your voice to-night," said Richard, "and it does not improve you, Miss George. Her husband. Yes and her greatest admirer." "Well, so long as he is pleased no one need find any fault," said I. "That stupid Mr. Alsop packed her after her papa the other evening. Stella didn't mind," said Richard; "she thinks it a great joke." "And just then Hilda came down the stairs, and we said no more of Mrs. Rivers. She was a woman I detested. She had married an old man whose wife had been dead a year on their wedding-day, and people said she was engaged to him before the old lady died. He had settled most of his money on her, and she flirted terribly, still her wealth kept her in society. Oh, I did not like her, nor this talk of Richard's about her." "I liked it least when one evening, having accepted an invitation to the theatre I saw Richard sitting with Mrs. Rivers. He had told Hilda that he was obliged to attend to some business that evening. This was business of a curious sort, truly! Still, next day, while I was wondering whether it was my duty to make mischief, I received a little note from him: "MISS GEORGETTE.—Mrs. Rivers asked me to be her escort," it said. "It was a little touch of gout, and the tickets were bought, and would have been wasted. It was quite impromptu. I had not thought what I was doing, and was on my way to Hilda. I saw you were horrified, so I explain." "RICHARD." It struck me that a woman whose husband was ill should have stayed with him, and I only half-believed the story. Still, I should only trouble Hilda by mentioning what I had seen. We were making the wedding-dress now. At so late an hour the best was to keep my finger out of the pie. Hilda looked very happy in those days, but I saw a curious trouble brooding in Richard's face. I knew what it meant on the wedding day, when, as we were pinning the bride's veil, and fastening the orange-blossoms in her hair, a curious trembling ring came at the door, and in a moment someone staggered up the stairs, dashed open the door of the room in which we had gathered to array Hilda in her wedding-dress.

A Shark Killed by Tobacco.

In a short time we had caught a nice mess of small snappers, from ten to thirty inches long, and we were having a real good time. We had not fished very long, however, before a large shark put in an appearance and stopped our sport. We first knew of his presence by his greedily snapping off the fish from one of my neighbor's lines, having followed it up from the bottom. He executed this performance several times, and then the snappers stopped biting entirely. Not even a nibble could we get, so we hauled in our lines and commenced to pay our attentions to the shark.

He was a monstrous fellow about fifteen feet long, and he kept swimming round and round the vessel, sometimes on top of the water and sometimes down deep below us, but always at a respectful distance. His reddish brown body could be plainly seen through the clear transparent green water, and you may be sure that he was the cynosure of all eyes. A great many plans for his capture were discussed, but none appeared practicable within our limited means. The engineer suggested that if the shark would give him time he would forge a proper hook and chain, but as the shark was unable to give him a guarantee he abandoned the project.

While we were thus talking, I noticed the native pilot every now and then crowding overboard one of the snappers we had so recently caught, and as the current carried it a little distance clear of the vessel, the shark would gobble it down, and in fact the intervals were so regular that Mr. Shark seemed impatient when the regularity was broken by a little delay. We saw that our pilot had some ultimate object in view and it drew our attention to him. As he was born and raised on this coast and had probably served his pilot's apprenticeship as a fisherman, he knew how to deal with his inveterate foe, the shark.

After having thrown over ten small fish he selected another a little larger than the others and with a stick of wood rammed a roll of chewing tobacco, nearly as large as a man's hand, down into its belly and pressed its throat together again. He held it ready to throw, and as the shark came up, anxiously looking for his fish, he tossed it too him, and as it barely touched the water the shark turned over on its back and sucked it in. The shark then swam off as usual to the side of the vessel and then below us, and was apparently rising again in expectation of another fish when the nicotine commenced its work. His struggles and contortions were terrible to behold, as he darted here and there in a blind rage and vomiting blood, but as he swam or was carried by the current away from us his struggling grew gradually less until it ceased altogether. The tobacco had killed him.—Forest and Stream.

Rice Knew His Business.

A Washington man tells the following story about Dan Rice, the famous circus clown and showman. Rice had a show out in some of the wild Western districts, and he learned that there was a conspiracy on foot to mob the circus. That used to be one of the greatest drawbacks to the circus business. Every once in a while the roughs of a community would get together and make a strenuous effort to clean out the show. It is so to a certain extent now, and this is one cause for the army of apparently superstitious people that a circus carries with it. Rice's people had opened the performance to a good crowd of people, but it soon became evident that the attack was being organized. Dan Rice cleared the ring and made a speech, "Gentlemen," said he, "I am here with my show to entertain you. You know what the price is and you don't have to come to see it. I believe I should never rest. When I left Hilda I had made up my mind that she had a cold nature—that she did not love me; and that, though her pride might be hurt, her heart could not. I thought Stella warm and tender and devoted to me. I took a course and unhalloved passion for pure love. I was mad for a while. But when I am dead—it will be soon. I hope—promise that you will tell Hilda that I long ago discovered that she was my true love, and that when I lost her pure affection I lost the brightest star in my life. I loved her—I love her still, and I shall love her forever. Ask her when I am dead, to believe and forgive me."

And he covered his face and wept. "Be at peace," I answered. "I know you have her forgiveness." "Great Heaven! and to think that I once had her love!" And then from the shadows at the door a form glided. It came close to the chair in which Richard sat. It knelt beside him. It was Hilda. "Richard!" I heard her whisper, and then I left the room. A year after that Hilda came to me; her face was radiant. "Georgette," she said, exactly as she had spoken on that day in which this story commences, "we are going to be married, Richard and I." I only looked at her. "Yes," she said; "I know it. He has been very bad to me; and he is poor and maimed, and no longer beautiful; but I love him."

For inflamed eyes or eyelids, use the white of an egg beaten up to a froth with two tablespoonfuls of rose-water. Apply on a fine rag, changing as it grows dry; or stir two drachms of powder alum into the beaten whites of two eggs till a conglum is formed. Place between a fold of a soft linen rag and apply.

Restaurant strawberry shortcake is said to be responsible for a great many suicides, and for cripples, too, when it falls on the foot of an attending waiter.

FOLDED HANDS.

Folded hands, that more than four score years Had wrought for others; soothed the hurt of tears, Rocked children's cradles, eased the fever's smart, Dropped balm of love in many an aching heart; Now stilled folded, like wan rose leaves pressed, Above the snow and silence of her breast: In mute appeal they told of labors done, And well-earned rest that came at set of sun.

From the worn brow the lines of care had swept, As if an angel's kiss, the while she slept, Had smoothed the cobweb wrinkles quite away, And given back the pence of childhood's day, And on the faint smile almost said: "None knows life's secret but the happy dead."

So gazing where she lay we knew that pain And parting could not cleave her soul again. And we were sure that they who saw her last In the dim vista which we call the past, Who never knew her old and laid aside, Remembering best the maiden and the bride, Had sprung to greet her with the golden speech: The dear sweet names no later low can teach, And Welcome Home they cried, and grasped her hands; So dwells the Mother in the best of lands.

Margaret E. Sangster.

COOLNESS IN DANGER.

BY HAKRLEY HARKER.

"There is no great secret about it," said the old soldier to me. "You must think about the danger and not about yourself. See?" At first glance I confess I did not see. But upon further conversation with the veteran I caught his meaning. His idea was that panic was caused by a sudden self-consciousness. One begins to imagine that a limb is crushed or the breath knocked out of him, or he foresees the pain or misery of his hurts before he gets them. The danger itself, that is, the thing that is about to hurt you, possibly, but has not yet done so; the thing that is to be confronted, met, and vanquished; this is put out of mind by the terror with which it clouds itself, and so it has you at a disadvantage. Danger masks itself in terror. The terror blinds our wit and paralyzes our arm; we are thus at the mercy of our destroyer. The real danger we do not see—that is, the agent of evil—unless we are cool-headed.

There is a world of truth in the philosophy of this well-known general. Suppose one is in a theater at the time of an alarm of fire. Most people do not even smell the fire, much less see it. Most people are simply self-centered to that degree that they know nothing out of personal alarm. The real cause, who has the coolness to seek for it? Who inquires, where is it? Or who asks, what is your authority? Not one. All are thinking of self. I do not now mean to criticize the selfishness of it, the moral phase of the matter. I only point out that personality, not the cause, fills every mind. Except of course the cool-headed man here and there who thinks to ask, "Now, I wonder if it is really so." I would like to know who said so. Such a man is not drawn into a vortex and trodden into the carpet.

He studies the danger itself, and, as usual, nine times out of ten, discovers a way to match it. A physician explains to me that the heart action, under the terror excited by danger, is in many cases equivalent to apoplectic paralysis. The blood is left to gorge the poor brain, and the person is insane. Or, in the reverse case, the arterial blood is not sent out, the brain is empty so to speak, the sufferer is powerless. This is, in either case, shock. Shock is the result of dread. Dread is the mind's action by imagination.