

ANTS AS FIGHTERS.

THE TINY WARRIORS ARE FEROCIOUS IN BATTLE.

So Victorious Are They That Even the Largest Ants Have Not Met Them in Combat—A Man Whom Their Bites Made a Having Man.

"I was one of six American miners who were routed from their camp by a Venezuelan ant army," said a mining expert who lately arrived from Venezuela. "We retreated before the invaders without making a fight, and for two good reasons. In the first place we would have got the worst of the encounter, and, secondly, we knew that if we let them alone they would do us a good service."

"Shortly after dawn one Sunday our native cook burst in upon us with the news that we were about to be attacked by an army of ants. We had heard enough about ant armies to know what to do. We arose hastily, and every ounce of provisions that was not sealed in cans or in jars was hurriedly piled on a table, the four legs of which were immersed in as many basins of water. Every mancarver that is known to the armies of civilized humans you may safely expect from an ant army, but the little black warriors have never learned to swim. Our provisions thus protected, we left the camp to itself and went out to reconnoiter for the invaders and to watch their assault from a distance. The army was making fair time. An irregular patch of black 10 feet wide and double as long was swarming steadily toward our camp. As the army was in no way disturbed by our presence it was possible to approach its lines closely. There must have been millions upon millions of little soldiers marching hip to hip. At the head marched the leader. On went the army, up the posts of the camp and then within.

"Once within, the army spread itself in all directions, forming hundreds of little attacking parties. The camp was an old panama thatched affair and so infested with scorpions, centipeds and spiders that we had been on the point of destroying it. Now, however, the ants had come and would clean house for us, and therefore they were welcome. The ants swarmed up the joints and the dry leafy walls, and wherever there was a spider or a bug there was a brief tussle and a dead foe. But there was bigger game in store for the invaders.

"The star battle was with an immense centipede, one of the bluish gray kind, about seven inches long and as big around as your middle finger. He started out of a hole like a blue streak, evidently trusting to his speed and superior strength to run through the enemy's ranks. But he didn't go three feet before he was stopped. Ants literally covered him. He turned on himself and swept them from his back, but before he had gone another three feet he was buried beneath another swarm of his plucky assailants. And then began a fight to the death. Again and again he swept his tormentors from his back while from all sides hurried streams of ants to take the place of fallen comrades. The wriggling of the big fellow became less violent as the fight progressed, and finally, after an effort, which I well knew was a desperate last one, he remained quiet while what little life was left in him was bitten out of him. Later, when the army had retreated and when we had swept up the centipeds and scorpions and lizards and a tarantula which the ant army had vanquished, we put the hero of the star battle under a quartz magnifying glass. The bodies of dead ants still clung to their foe. From his back, from his legs, from wherever there was a chance for a hold, the bodies of ants dangled, holding on, I suppose, by their teeth.

"Perhaps you wonder what would happen to a man who would undertake to fight an army of ants, assuming, of course, that the man relies on his natural means of defense—his hands and feet. I can best illustrate that by the rare story of an unfortunate who was brought to a hospital in Caracas shortly before my return home. The man was a coolie who had worked on a cocoa plantation in a creek not far from Caracas. Following a habit of some of his countrymen, the coolie, owing to the heat, had left his camp and stretched himself on the ground to sleep outdoors. Exactly what followed no one can say with certainty. Presumably he was surrounded and covered by an army of ants before he awakened. At dawn the shrieks and cries of a man in agony aroused the inmates of the camp, who ran out to learn the cause.

"The man was gesticulating wildly and calling for help, while he squirmed and writhed and slapped his face and neck and chest and legs in a mad effort to slap himself all over at once. He was standing in the midst of an army of ants and was too distracted with path to run away. Then he did exactly what a panther or leopard does when he is being overcome. The man threw himself to the ground to roll his tormentor to death. A single active white man could have saved the poor wretch, but the stung, barelegged coolies dared not, or thought not, of rescue, while the victim himself was too crazed with agony to seek other than instant relief. From a slight personal experience I know the poor fellow was burning in a fire which would take hours to kill him.

"Finally a bystander regained his wits and rushed into the midst of the army and dragged the man after him and threw him into the creek. The rescue came too late. The victim became unconscious. His rosy, brown skin was a pink mass of raw tissue. When he came to the hospital, he was found hand and foot, a mangle, whose continuous motion was that he was being eaten by ants."—New York Sun.

UTILIZING THE GOUT.

It Has Power to Soothe the Man With a Cracked Shoe.

"Every now and then," said a man of moderate means, "something happens to remind me that I am only a novice in the art of life. For instance, my shoes were wearing out, and in one of them there was an ugly crack in the top. If there is one thing more disturbing to me than another, it is the sight of a shoe on one of my feet with a hole in the top. But I had not the money wherewith to buy another pair, and, though it may seem ridiculous, I couldn't very well spare the quarter that it would cost for a patch, to say nothing of the fact that a patched shoe is little less unsightly in my eyes than one with a hole in it.

"Walking in this predicament, one day, I met a friend, whose means, so far as I knew, were little, if any, greater than my own. He now had in the top of one of his trimly blacked shoes a carefully cut round hole. Since I had just seen him he had apparently prospered enough to have got the gout, a fact on which I ventured to comment.

"Why," he said, "you can get precisely the same kind of gout with a pair of slippers." And then he smiled. He always was lithe and gay, no matter what betided.

"Well, when I got home I enlarged that hole in the top of my shoe to the size and respectability of a gout opening, and now, when I go down in the morning on the elevated, I don't hold that foot with the broken shoe curled under the seat, back of the other ankle, as though I had a curious habit that way, but I place it boldly out in front, and I read the paper with the air of a man who is going down town with his surplus interest money to take a little tier in stocks."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

AWED BY THE AUTI-ORS.

But By and By Mr. Williams Got Over His Timidity.

Some day perhaps Jesse Lynch Williams may follow his book of newspaper stories with some sketches of magazine office life. He has had experiences, and he can write them.

Here is one of them: "When I first went to Scribner's Magazine," he said, "I was a walking interrogation point. The editor would toss a letter across the table just like a common piece of paper, saying: 'Here's a letter from Kipling. It's all right.' It might as well have been a note from his tailor.

"I stood by and shivered at the sacrilege. And the typewriters! They would pound out letters to Meredith, Stockton, James, Howells and Kipling just as they might have done to me, without changing a feature or missing a punctuation mark, and I marvelled at their nerve. One day a stout, middle-aged man brushed by me in the office. We begged each other's pardon.

"'Hold on a minute,' called the editor. 'I want to speak to you, Howells!'

"'Is that Howells?' I asked the office boy.

"'Sure.'

"'Mr. Howells?'

"'Yes.'

"'Mr. W. D. Howells?'

"'Gert.'

"'Mr. William Denn Howells?'

"'The same.'

"'And I softly caressed the sleeve that the novelist had brushed against as if it had been touched by a saint. But after awhile the feeling of awe wore off. We deal in authors. That's our business.'—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

A Coincidence.

"Are you superstitious?" said one young lady to another in a confidential chat.

"No; that is, I never was until yesterday. A very strange thing occurred to a friend of mine then, and now I do not know whether I am superstitious or not. It happened in this way: She and I were sitting in her room, and she was telling me the details of her marriage engagement, which had been broken off that very day. While she was talking she raised her left arm and threw it over the back of the chair where she was sitting, and as she did so a heavy link bracelet fell to the floor. It was her engagement bracelet and had been locked on her arm for more than a year. How or why it came unfastened I do not know."—Detroit Free Press.

Kansas Husbands.

A woman takes great consolation in thinking that some day when she is laid in the cold, cold ground her husband will wish he had her back to tell her how sorry he is that he treated her so mean. She imagines him weeping over the sod and wishing he could see her, if only for a moment, to ask her forgiveness. But he will not appear in such a scene. On the contrary, he will probably be chasing after some other woman.—Athenian Globe.

Big Money.

One of the largest and most cumbersome forms of money is found in Central Africa, where the natives use a cruciform ingot of copper ore over 10 inches long. It is heavy enough to be a formidable weapon.

Natal's hippopotamuses are extinct. The last herd was protected by the government on a reservation near Durban, but did so much damage to the surrounding sugar plantations that orders were given to have it destroyed.

The presentation of the freedom of a city or borough in England is now a mere compliment, which does not confer any substantial or exceptional privileges.

Signals used by ships at sea date from 1855. They were invented by the Duke of York, afterward James II.

A LOVER'S FAREWELL.

Goodbye, my darling,
 (There is no such word,
 Though I give you back your promise
 And release you from your vow,
 I have learned that the love I sought for
 Had been given away before,
 And I know that love is your nature
 As I "love forever" yours.)
 Yet I wish you had not answered
 In words so tender and fair,
 For I could have borne it better,
 Though it had been hard to bear,
 If you had but told me truly
 That your heart was given for aye,
 I should not have known the sorrow
 That crushes my heart today.

Yet, why should I weeply blame you
 For the thoughts in my bosom hid?
 'Twas my own fond heart that led me
 To love you as I did.
 And now I must kiss my sorrow,
 As I did my love, in silence,
 And put it away in silence—
 To be spoken of no more.
 For since I know I possess not
 The love that had been such prize,
 I'll wait till my love comes back
 To show before my eyes!
 Not better farewell forever,
 And long may the daylight shine
 On the fairer part you have chosen—
 It will bear no more on mine.

Better if death had robbed me,
 For then I could have you still,
 Your memory would have served me
 To work with stronger will.
 Now is my dream but a sorrow,
 And my heart hath a sense of shame,
 Remembering the empty promise
 And the love that was only a name—
 Remembering the losses of joy
 That brought a fraction of pain,
 And the bliss that I held for an hour
 I held it and lost it again.
 I embarked my soul's best treasure
 To drift on a hazardous sea;
 I have gathered life's fairest blossoms—
 There still come no fruit to me.
 E. E. FRENCH.

A SOLEMN OCCASION.

The Only Interview Buchanan Had With His Vice President.

Vice President Stevenson used to tell a story which John C. Breckinridge had told him to illustrate the traditional relations between the president and the man whose principle business it is to wait for the possible death of the president, in order that he may take the president's chair.

Breckinridge said that Buchanan never consulted him about any important matter, although as a Kentuckian, having the confidence of most of the southern leaders, he felt that his advice might at times have been valuable to the president. In the early fall of 1860, when Buchanan's term was nearing an end, amid the gathering clouds of war, Vice President Breckinridge received an urgent summons to the White House. He responded at once, thinking that at last the president wanted his advice on the momentous questions then pending. When he arrived he was shown into the president's room, and Mr. Buchanan, who was alone, called his private secretary and instructed him to see that they were not disturbed by anybody during the important conference which was to follow.

When the private secretary had withdrawn, the president unlocked the private drawer in his desk, took out a manuscript, sat down with great solemnity, and said to Vice President Breckinridge, in his most impressive manner: "I want to read you the draft of my Thanksgiving day proclamation and to get your opinion of it."

The vice president controlled his facial muscles, listened respectfully and seriously made some complimentary remarks about the important document, and, with his customary courtesy, bowed and smiled his way out from the only interview to which he was ever invited by President Buchanan.—Boston Herald.

It Worked the Grocer.

A true story of a dog found guilty of obtaining goods under false pretenses has been recently told. The animal is very fond of crackers, and has been taught by his owner to go after them himself, carrying a written order in his mouth. Day after day he appeared at the grocer's, bringing his master's orders for crackers until the clerks became careless about reading the document. One day the man came in and complained that he had been charged for much more crackers than he had ordered. There was quite a dispute over it, and the next time the dog came in the grocer took the trouble to look at the paper. It was blank; and further investigation showed that whenever the dog felt a craving for crackers he hunted up a piece of paper and trotted off to the grocery store.—Atlanta Constitution.

Heading Letters For the Rich.

A lady living less than a day's journey from New York had the curiosity the other day to make certain calculations in order to see how large a part of her property she would have had to sacrifice had she granted all the requests made for money within a period of 42 days. She kept all the begging letters received during that time, added together the amounts they asked for and then discovered that had she granted each individual request for money she would have disbursed \$4,000,000. And this, he it remembered, in a short period of six weeks.—Harper's Bazar.

Our Big Guns.

The largest projectile for the 14 inch largest gun mounted on the warships of the United States navy, is 32 feet long and weighs 1,100 pounds. The projectile travels 30 feet before it leaves the muzzle of the gun, and in that distance is set revolving at the speed of 75 revolutions per second. The rifling inside of the gun consists of 32 spiral grooves, cut one-twentieth of an inch deep at the bore.

Punctured.

Speaker—Had my tire punctured this morning.
 Crocker—You don't say so? How did it happen?
 Speaker—Riding in a strange country and I ran against the fur of a road.

Spoken.

Spoken—Kidding in a strange country and I ran against the fur of a road.

IN A BLAZE OF GLORY.

THE DRAMATIC EXIT OF OLD CAP FROM LIFE'S STAGE.

He Lived a Wild Life and Wanted a Wild Death, and He Summoned a Wild Audience to See Him Do His Final Wild Act.

"The longing for the center of the stage exists not only in the centers of civilization," said a man who had gone west, made his pile in mining and come back to enjoy himself. "You'll find it up in the Rockies among the hardest, toughest citizens that ever handled a pick or shot a bear. The melodramatic instinct is mighty strong in most men, and the glare of the calcium is eagerly sought after by many who won't admit it. I knew an old man out in Arizona some years ago who was one of this kind. He was about the most 'don't give a darn' cuss I ever knew. He lived up in the mountains, about ten miles back of Tucson, all by himself.

"How he managed to live I never knew, but he seemed contented. His evil deeds never seemed to worry him any, and the Lord knows his record was black enough. He had been a great gun fighter in his time, and even in the days I speak of it wouldn't do to tread on his toes. He loved to tell of his wild life, and the frankness with which he related his somewhat questionable escapades made him an excellent entertainer if you didn't happen to feel squeamish. Squeamishness isn't a common fault out that way, and everybody knew and liked Old Cap—that's what they called him—except the few who had been in trouble with him at one time or another.

"Now, no one ever thought that Old Cap was spectacular. He was the last man on earth who would be thought likely to want the center of the stage for any of his stunts. But he did, and the climax of his life was more pyrotechnical than any man's I ever got mixed up with. He certainly did no out in a blaze of glory. It all happened about seven years ago. I was in Tucson. A lot of us boys were sitting around in front of a gummill one afternoon, just talking about things in general. Our horses were tied in the yard at the back. It was a mighty fine day, just warm enough for solid comfort out of doors, and with the sky as clear as absolute dryness could make it. It was one of those days, you know, when you throw your chest out and congratulate yourself on being alive.

"As I was saying, we all sat on easy wicker chairs, talking and whittling I reckon, when down the street came a 10-year-old boy riding a broncho. We recognized him as a youngster who lived a couple of miles this side of Old Cap's on the same trail. He rode right up to where we were sitting and rolled off his horse, with his eyes a-popping and his breath a-panting.

"What's the matter, bub?" asked a tall Texan, who was by the party.

"'Old Cap says I come right up t' his place right off an fetch all th' men yer kin git. Th' Indians is comin'!"

"The Indians were always liable to bust loose and do something nobody suspected, so we got our horses out in a jiffy and started up the trail to save Old Cap. There were about a dozen of us, and we had our Winchester and six shooters with us. When we got near Old Cap's we slowed up a bit and began to look pretty sharp for Indians, but not a sign of a redskin could we see.

"We'll be in time, boys," said the Texan, who was leading the band. "Ef we get to Old Cap's cabin we kin stand off a pretty smart lot."

"Old Cap's cabin was situated in a clearing off the trail around a bend, with high rocks hiding it until you came out in the open. We reached the turn in safety and swept around it at full gallop. There we saw, first of all, the little cabin looking as snug as usual, and then we noticed Old Cap sitting astride a keg about ten feet in front of his door. His big, gray sombrero was cocked to one side, and the red scarf about his neck gave him the look of a stage hero of the plains. He had heard our horses' hoofs beating the rocky trail before we wheeled into view, and he was ready for us. Waiting until we had come within 75 yards of him, he lifted his hat and noised 37 above his head with a hoarse, wild yell. As I think of it now it sounded like the cry of a madman. Then he reached into his pocket and drew forth a match. This he drew carefully across a rock which was within reach of the keg upon which he sat, and saving it from the breeze until it was safely lighted he opened his legs and dropped it between them.

"There was a yellow puff of smoke tinged with a flash of red, and then a terrific roar. Old Cap's body flew skyward, and when it came down it didn't look like a human being. He had been sitting on a keg of powder and had deliberately blown himself up. Funny thing for a man to do, wasn't it? Old Cap apparently got tired of life and decided to kill himself. He wanted an audience, so he sent the kid out to drum one up. He got what he wanted, but it wasn't a very sympathetic one. Men don't go much on gush out there, and the Texan was a little sore about the trick we'd had played on us. He helped to straighten out the corpse, and then lay out down on a bowlder and gnawed at it.

"Well," he said finally, "he certainly did give himself a good send-off." And the rest of the gang guffawed loud enough to start the clouds down the valley.

"But it was all pretty human when you come to think of it. Old Cap had the center of the stage when the candle dropped, and his audience (then) was the best they ever had."—New York Sun.

A Household Hint.

Don't throw away the trimmings from your new tablecloths. Those long linen threads you will need when your tablecloth begins to break a little. With them you can prolong its span of life many days. Also try in ironing your tablecloths to have them folded in different ways to vary the creases so that the wear will not come always in the same place.

A Good Explanation.

"Papa, I know what makes some people laugh in their sleeves," said little Harry.

"Well, my son, what makes them?" asked the father.

"The men who suggest a compromise has usually been whipped."—Rehoboth Beach, N. J.

THE STANDARD YARDSTICK.

Years of Study and Experiments Were Necessary to Produce It.

"People who handle the yardstick have but little idea of the years of study and experiments that were necessary to secure the standard yard measure," observed an official of the coast survey.

"Bird, a famous scientist, made the first standard yard in 1790. But the English government did not legalize it until 1824. Ten years afterward, when the house of parliament in London was destroyed by fire, the standard yard was lost, and England was again without a standard yard of length. Sheepshanks next made a standard measure, which the English government adopted, and, so that it could not be again destroyed by fire, four authorized copies were made of it. One of these was deposited in the royal mint, another in the Royal society, another in the observatory at Greenwich, and the fourth was imbedded in the walls of the new house of parliament.

"The standard yard measures which are owned by the government are copies of the original, one of which is owned by the coast survey. The United States naval observatory has one also. The delicacy of its construction may be gathered by the fact that a change of temperature of one-hundredth of a degree of Fahrenheit has been found to produce a sensible effect on the length of the bar.

"The copies of the standard are made of bronze, for the reason that bronze is least affected by temperature than any distinct or single metal.

"The cost of the construction of the original standard yard measure involved the labors of Bird and his assistants for nearly six years. Sheepshanks was 77 years in producing the accurate copies which he made from Bird's original measurements."—Washington Star.

WHAT MAKES SUCCESS.

It's the Man, Not the Job—There Are Possibilities in Everything.

"We are forever going to begu work in earnest tomorrow," said Mr. Stay-bull, "and we are never satisfied with the job we've got, and we perform the labor involved in it in only a half-hearted manner, but we are going to work in dead earnest when we get a job to suit us."

"The fact is that tomorrow, when we get to it, will be to us as today is to us now; we shan't feel any more like work. And that other job, when we come in actual contact with it and see it close at hand, won't suit us any better than the one we've got now does."

"The truth is that we are dawdlers and shy of work and trying to get along just as easy as we can. We hate to pitch in and go at things.

"The time for us to work is now, not tomorrow, and the job for us to collar is the one we've got. Round that up in style, do the work completely and thoroughly, and you'll be astonished to find how you'll bring it out and what chances there are in it. And everybody that knows about your work or is in any way concerned or affected by it, as it is done well or ill, will be delighted to see it well done—everybody likes to see a job, whatever it is, well done—and pleased with the door, and there's money in it every time.

"It isn't the job that makes success; it's the man, and don't you forget it."—New York Sun.

An Exciting Adventure.

I had an exciting adventure while I was engaged by superintending the laying down of water pipes in Queensland. After work was done for the day I went up the surveyed course for the pipes to see that it had been cleared for the digging of trenches next day. The pipes, huge iron tubes two feet in diameter, lay scattered about.

I was alone, but suddenly I heard a tremendous roar, and looking up saw a great herd of cattle stampeding down upon me. Before I could get out of their way they would be upon me, so I crawled into one of the pipes.

On came the thunder of thousands of hoofs, and then a mass of roaring, maddened cattle swept past my place of refuge. Scores of them stumbled over the pipe in which I lay, and those which fell were trampled to death.

Texas' Old Name.

Probably the fact is not generally known that Texas was at one time and for many years called the "New Philippines." The first settlement in what is now Texas was made by French emigrants in 1825. During the next 25 years there was an intermittent struggle between the French and Spanish for supremacy, resulting in favor of the latter, and in 1824 the name of the New Philippines was given to the country. This was its official name in Spanish records for many years and until the name of Texas, from a tribe of Indians, gradually came in vogue.—Indianapolis Journal.

Hardly Sentimental.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's sense of the ridiculous has always been a saving grace, leading her to avoid grandiloquence. On one occasion a lady at Newport, trying to get a fine sentiment out of her, said one moonlit evening on a vine hung veranda, "Mrs. Howe, do say something lovely about my piazza!" Whereupon every eye listened for the reply.

In her delicately cultivated voice Mrs. Howe responded, "I think it is a bully piazza."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Fanny Frensch.

The tailor who for years made Mack's clothes says: "He used to wear the most extraordinary trousers I ever saw. He would insist upon my making them of a peculiar nut brown colored cloth, with wide straps fastening beneath the shoes. From the knee down the trousers were cut so as to fall in deep, voluminous folds, so as to keep the calves of his legs warm while writing."

Then She Called Him Pet Name.

"I'm afraid we must be divorced, my dear," said Mr. Newlywed to his young wife. "The doctor says I have masculine tendencies and must give up all sport things."—Harper's Bazar.

THE PROFESSOR'S PRIZE.

It Was Something He Could Beat, but It Got the Best of Him.

One evening last winter one of Adelbert's popular professors attended a social function where the guests played progressively polo, a game in which the worthy educator lays no claim to being an expert. In fact, on the present occasion he was credited with but two progressions, a score of really astonishing smallness. Naturally, what is termed the "booby prize" fell to him, and this time it took the form of a double yolk egg, with the following sarcastic legend attached:

"Something you can beat."

The professor smilingly accepted the reward, and after it was passed around and joked upon he finally slipped it into the side pocket of his overcoat and then straightway forgot its existence.

When the party broke up, he accompanied two young ladies to their home. When they reached the house and the latchkey was produced and used, it was found that the front door was locked so tightly that it refused to yield to ordinary pressure. So the professor put his hip against a panel and pushed hard.

"There was a dull crash, a mild yell, the professor leaped in the air and convulsively clutched at his side. The double yolk had exploded! A moment later the afflicted educator gingerly drew from his pocket a pair of exceedingly yellow gloves, followed by a muffler of the same gaudy tint. And the ladies leaped against the railing and laughed until they cried.

"Of course they promised not to tell, but in some unfathomable way the story—like the egg—leaked out.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THAT FIRST SIN.

Figures to Show That Adam and Eve Ate Eight Million Apples.

Probably our great ancestor, Adam, little thought of the trouble he would cause posterity by eating an apple. But now the question as to how many apples he really did eat is a new difficulty.

"How many apples did Adam and Eve eat? Was it one or was it millions? When the subject was first mooted the editor very naturally replied, "Why, one, of course."

"No," said the assistant editor, "Eve ate one, and Adam ate one, too; that's two."

Then the subeditor passed along a slip of paper on which was written, "Eve 81 and Adam 81, making 162."

But the poet, who is a man of imagination, capped this with, "Eve 81 and Adam 812—893."

Then the publisher tried his hand, and his contribution was, "Eve 8,142, see how it tasted, and Adam 812, equals 8,954."

"The poet, who dislikes being surpassed as much as he hates barbers, came up to the scratch again with, "Eve 8,142 see how it tasted, and Adam 8,142 keep her company—89,284."

Then the humorist, who had been listening, quietly handed in his contribution, "Eve 8,142 eat how it tasted, and Adam 8,124,210—der a husband was he to see her out alone. This equals 8,132,352."

"But he had another object," said the poet. "Eve 8,142 satisfy her curiosity, and Adam 8,124,240-ly Eve in her position. That makes 8,132,382."—Philadelphia Record.

That Second Chapter.

The new pastor was preaching his first sermon. In the middle of it he stopped abruptly and asked: "How many of you have read the Bible?" Fifty hands went up.

"Good," said the pastor. "Now, how many of you have read the second chapter of Jude?" Twenty-five hands went up.

A wan smile overspread the divine's face.

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