Crew up together 'nd wouldn't speak,
Courted sisters, 'nd marr'd 'em, to;
Tended same meetin' house oncet a week,
A hatin' each other, through and through
But when Abe Linkern asked the West
F's soldiers, we answered, me and Jim,
He havin' his opinyin uv me,
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

But down in Tennessee one night
There wuz sound uv firin' ou' way,
Nd the Sergeant allowed there'd be a fight
With the Johnnie Rebs some time nex' day
Nd as I wuz thinkin' nv Lizzie nd home,
Jim stood afore me, long 'nd alim; le havin' his opinyin uv me,
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

med like we knew there wuz goin' to be Serious trouble f'r me and him;
Us two schuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,
But never a word from me or Jim!
He went his way, 'nd I went mine,
'Nd into the battle roar went we,
I havin' my opinyin uv Jim,
''Nd he havin' his opinyin uv me.

Jim never come back from the war agin,
But I hain't forgot that last, last night,
When waitin fr orders, uz two men
Made up 'nd schuck hands afore the fight;
'Nd after all, it's soothin' to know
That here I be, 'nd yonder's Jim;
He bavin' his opinyin uv me.
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!
Boston Pilot.

CLUB · LIFE.

An Engineer's Story.

BY EDWIN ROBINSON.

I am an engineer. Ever since C Road was laid, I've traveled ever it every day, or nearly every day, of my

For a good while I have had the same engine in charge—the San Franciscothe prettiest engine on the road, and as well managed, if I say it, as the best,

It was a southern road, running, we say, from A— to Z—. At A—a good old mother lived; at Z— I had the sweetest little wife under the sun, and a baby; and I always had a dollar or two put by for a rainy day. I was an odd kind of a man. Being shut up in the engine, watching with all your eyes, and at a fearful rate. The same man who heart, and soul, inside and out, don't had spoken to me before was standing anake a man talkative.

Make a man talkative.

My wife's name was Josephine, and I

How many miles an hour are we mak. called her Joe. Some people called me ounsociable, and couldn't, understand thow a man could be friendly without saying ten words an hour. So, though I had a few old friends—dear ones, too I did not have so many acquaintances most people, and did not care to The house that held my wife and baby was the dearest place on earth to me, except the old house which held

iny mother up in A—.

I never belonged to a club, or mixed myself up with strangers in any such way, and never should if it had not been for Granby, who was one of the shareholders—a handsome, showy fellow. I liked to talk with him, and we were good friends. He often rode from to A anti back again, and once he said:

"You ought to belong to the Scientific "Club, Gueldon." "Never heard of it," said I.

"I am a member," said he. "We meet once in a fortnight, and have a jolly good time. We want thinking men like you. We want some among us now.
I'll propose you, if you like."
I was fond of such things, and I had

ideas that I fancied might be worth

something. But then an engineer don't have days and nights to himself, and the club would have one evening in a fortnight from Joe. I said:
"I'll ask her. If she likes it, yes." "Ask whom?" said he.

"My wife," said I.
"If every man had asked his wife, very man's wife would have said, "Can't spare you, my dear,' and we should have no club at all," said

But I made no answer. At home I told Joe. She said:

dering another train. Its red eye glared on me; I flung myself before it; I felt must be superior men." "No doubt," said L.

"It isn't everybody who could be made a member," said Joe. "Why, of course, you must say yes."
So I said yes, and Granby proposed time. Thursday night I went with him

to the room. There were some men there with brains and some without. The real business of the evening was the supper, and so it was every even-

always been a temperate man. I cally did not know what effect wine would have upon me; but, coming to drink more of it than I ever had, at the club-table, I found it put the steam on. After so many glasses, I wanted to talk after so many more, I did. I seemed like somebody else, the words were so ready. My little ideas came out, and listened to; I made sharp hits; I were listened to; I made snarp mas, andulged in repartee; I told stories; I even came to puns; I heard some one

By George, that's a man worth knowing. I thought him dull at first.' Yet I knew it was quiet Ned Gueldon, with his ten words an hour, than the wine-made wit I was. I was sure of at, when, three hours after, I stumbled up stairs, to find Joe waiting for me, with her babe on her breast. "You've been deceiving me," she said.

She suspected it, but I wasn't sure. "A *scientific club couldn't smell like a bar-

Which means I do," said I, waving an the middle of the room like a flag at

station, and seeing two Joes.

"And look like one," said Joe; and she went and locked herself and the she went and locked herself and the never has. And if the San Francisco "Ned," said she, "do you think nothing so much like a bottled-up and strapped-down demon as steam is, is fit put in the hands of a drunken man? I some day, mark my words, the time

will come when not only Thursday night, but all the days of the week will be the same. I've often heard you wonder what the feelings of an engineer who has about the same as murdered a train full of people must be, and you will know, if you don't stop where you are. A sturdy hand and a clear head been your blessings all these years. Don't throw them away, Ned.
If you don't care for my love, don't ruin

My little Joe. She spoke from her heart, and I bent over and kissed her. One club night, as I was dressed to

"Ned," said she, "I never had a fault to find with you before. You've been kind, and loving, and good always, but I shall be sorry we ever met if you go on in this way. Don't ask me what I "Joe," said I, "it's only one club

"It will grow," said she. Then she put her arms around my

promise and my resolution.

I couldn't go home to Joe. I made up my mind to sleep on the club-sofa, and leave the place for good next day.

Already I felt my brain reel as I never had before. In an hour I was in the had before. In land of stupor. It was morning. A waiter stood ready to brush my coat. I saw a grin upon his face. My head seemed ready to burst; my hand trembled. I looked at my watch; I saw that I had only five minutes to reach the depot. Joe's words came to my mind. I fit to take charge of an engine? I was not fit to answer. I ought to have asked some sober man. As it was, I only caught up my hat and rushed

away.
I was just in time. The San Fran-

cisco glittered in the morning sun. The

cars were filling rapidly. From my post I could hear the talking—bidding

the line, and Gueldon the most careful

every mortal in the batch to their keep-

ing. Nothing could happen wrong with the two together."!

and Joe shall never talk to me again.

as I spoke. I heard the signal.

Five hours from L-to D-.

hours back. On the last I should be

myself again, I knew. I saw a red flag

flutter, but I never guessed what it was until we passed the down train at the

wrong place. Two minutes more and

we should have had a collision. Some-

body told me; I laughed. I heard him

"Of course, Mr. Gueldon, you know

Then I was alone, and wondering

whether I should go slower or faster.

did something, and the cars rushed on

ing? I did not know.

Ratte, rattle, rattle. I was trying to

slacken the speed of the San Francisco.

I could not remember what I should do.

Was it this or that? Faster-only

faster. I was playing with the engine

Suddenly there was a horrible roar-

a crash. I was flung somewhere—it

was into the water. By a miracle I was only sobered—not hurt. I gained the

shore. I stood upon the ground be

tween the track and the river's edge.

The engine was in fragments, the

cars in splinters; the dead, dying and

wounded were strewn around-men, women, and children, old age and tender

of despair. The maimed cried out in pain; the injured bewailed their dead;

and a voice, unheard by any other, was

and people came thronging back to find

their lost ones. Searching for an old

man's daughter. I came to a place under trees, and five bodies were lying

there in all their rigid horror—an old

woman, a young one, a baby, and two

children. It was fancy—it was pure fancy, borne to anguish. They looked

How did they come on the train?

What chance had brought this about?

I gazed on the good old face of her who had given me birth, on the lovely fea-

tures of my wife, on the innocent chil-dren. I called them by name. There

was no answer. There never could be

hended this, on the up-track came thun

it crush me to atoms.
"His head is very hot," said some-

opened my eyes and saw my wife.

"How do you feel?" she said; "a little

I was so rejoiced and astonished by

the sight of her, that I could not speak

"I must be crushed to pieces," said I

"for the train passed over me; but I

feel no pain."

"There he goes about the train again,"
remarked my wife. "Why, Ned!"
I tried to move; there was nothing

the matter with me; I sat up. I was in

my own room, opposite the crib in which

My wife and children were safe. Was

"Joe," cried I, "just tell me how it

"It's 9 o'clock," said Joe. "You came

in such a dreadful state from the club

that I couldn't wake you. You were

not fit to manage steam, and risk peo-ple's lives. The San Francisco is half

way to A-, I suppose, and you have

been frightening me to death with your dreadful talk."

It was a dream—only an awful dream.

But I had lived through it all as though

it was reality.
"Is there a Bible in the house, Joe?"

"Give it to me this moment, Joe."

She brought it, and I put my hand

ever comes to grief, the verdict will not

be, as it ought to be so often, "The engineer got drunk."

But He Couldn't.

cards in a Michigan avenue saloon the

other day got into a dispute, and one of

them brought his fist down on the ta-

"I can lick you out of your boots in

"I guess you can," replied the other.

"I can liek you and the whole family

The mild-mannered man turned to

"Father, Bill, Jim, Tom, Henry, Wallace, Stephen, George, Andrew, do

you hear that? Mother and Ann and

Betsey are not here, but I guess we can do him."

and had him velling for mercy inside of a minute.—Detroit Free Press.

And the ten jumped on to the boaster

JAPANESE chickens with tails from

eleven to thirteen feet long are being

ble with the exclamation:

wo minutes!

behind you!"

"Oh. no.'

"Yes, I can!"

"I don't believe it."

the crowd and asked:

"But I know I can!"

imported into this country.

A couple of men who were playing

two children were asleep.

I delirious, or could it be-

And Joe began to cry.

'Are we heathens?"

at first. She repeated the question,

-never would be. And as I compre-

oh, great heavens! cold and

in my ear, whispering, "Murder!"
The news had gone back to A—

There were groans and shriek

and then gazed at my own work.

were off.

say, respectfully:

like a child.

youth.

lika

dead-

body.

better?'

happened."

said I.

what you are about?"

I said, "I'll get through it somehow,

After all it was easy enough. I reeled

not control. She looked entle and good, but her actions con-inced the on-lookers that there were chances of her having partaken quite freely of the glass that inebriates dur-ing her last dinner, for, besides the roseate flush that beamed over her cheeks, there was a deviltry of manner about her that applied by the beauter cheeks, there was a deviltry of manner about her that could not have been absolutely innate. It so chanced that the stout and bald gentleman playing upon the bass viol stood immediately beneath the box wherein the pretty girl was sitting, so close to her, in fact, that the long handle of his viol extended upward almost to her perfect nose. For some moments after the opera becan the girl pazed interestedly at the gan the girl gazed interestedly at the instrument, without apparently listening to the music that progressed on the each other good bye, promising to write and come again. Among them was an old gentleman I knew by sight—one of the shareholders; he was bidding two stage. Then, while no one but myself was watching, she leaned forward and, extending a gloved hand, twirled one of the keys out of place. There was, a moment later, a severe discord that caused the leader of the ochestra to timid girls adien.

"Good-bye, Kitty—good-bye, Lue," I heard him say. "Don't be nervous, the San Francisco is the safest engine on glance sharply round, and then the prima donna was thrown out of tune by the false notes that continued to come engineer. I wouldn't be afraid to trust from the big fiddle. The fat player reached excitedly up to the keys of his instrument and placed it into tune again, but no sooner had he done so than the wicked girl in the box reached forward and unaccount accordance to the forward and unscrewed several of the keys at once. It was at an important time during a solo, while the viol was being utilized as the principal accom-paniment, and the horrible discords that mouned forth were more than the audience could bear. The prima donna stopped short in her song, the ochestra conductor banged his baton madly against his music rack, and every player in the band lost his head, the result being chaos of the worst kind. And while this insanity reigned the cause of it all, the pretty girl in the box, sat calmly back in her chair, making faces of sor-row at the misfortune that prevailed around her. When the player of the bass viol got his instrument back into condition again and the opera was progressing smoothly, the mischevious beauty looked fully as innocent as the best scholar in a convent school, and no one but she and I were conscious that she was a little nevil with the face of a saint

Another exploit was more commendable. It was a very windy Sunday morning, and the people on Fifth avenue, as they came from church, were holding tight to their hats and the ladies did their utmost to look graceful and dignified, while the brisk breeze swirled their skirts clingingly about them. Just in front of the reservoir near Forty-first street a particularly sharp gust of wind lifted the high hat from the head of an old gentleman who was passing, carrying it over the high iron fence and depositing it upon the narrow strip of lawn beyond. The unfortunate loser stood irresolute with a half abashed smile on his face and lifted his hand to shield his head, which was only sparsely covered with white hair, from the icy air. There was no gate to pass through and the only way by which the hat could be recovered was by vaulting the iron fence, which was about six feet high. At first no one offered to do this and it seemed as though he would be compelled to walk home without his hat, when, of a sudden, a strong, hearty and handsome girl of some fifteen years of age, dressed in the plain clothes of a well-to-do working girl, sprang towards the fence and called to her companion, a young woman a few years older than herself, to give her a hand. With this assistance the girl was lifted to the crown of the fence and, amid a fascingting flutter of white linen and black stockings, she hopped as lightly as a bird to the ground on the other side. Several hundred people had witnessed the proceedings, and, had it not been Sunday. I have no doubt some of them would have cheered the daring and independent girl that enacted it. As it was, they all waited e return trip after she had passed the hat out to the delighted and grateful old gentleman, but they were disappointed here, for the pretty creature ran round the reservoir and gained the street through a gate that was on the extreme other side, several hundred yards away. As the venerable owner of the hat en-deavored to thank her she, only remarked that her father was an old man omething like himself, and she wouldnt stand by and see the wind blowing through his whiskers if any act of hers

could prevent it .- Miss Lookabout, in Boston Herald. An Indian's Exciting Experience in a

Montana Theater. "You see, it happened like this," said an old-timer. "It was in '66. My old friend Bill Hamilton of Stillwater, ometimes called Wildcat Bill, was a United States Deputy Marshal and Sheriff of Choteau County. There had been some illegal whisky selling going on around the Blackfoot country, and finally Bill got after the guilty parties.

"A young Indian named Two got mixed up in the affair, and Bill arrested him as a witness and brought him to Helena. Howey was Marshal here at that time and I was deputy.
"When Bill arrived in town with his

Indian he called on Howey and me to help take care of him. Well, on the night of the day that Bill and the prisoner arrived there was some sort of a show going on in an old hall up on Bridge street. We all wanted to go, but we didn't know what to do with the Indian. Finally Bill said: 'We will take him along with us,' which we

agreed to do. "Neither Bill nor the Indian had ever seen a show before. Well, we went up to the hall and got seats in the gallery, the Indian being seated between Bill and me. I forget what the play was, but it was one of the old-fashioned kind, where the whole company was killed off before the show was over

"We got interested in the performnce and forgot all about the Indian He kept quiet until the killing began When the actors began firing pistols and showing knives the Indian got nervous, and finally, when the people on the stage began falling thick and fast, he could stand the show no longer.

"Suddenly he made a jump, from the seat, and before Bill and I could stop him, that Indian had jumped clean through a window near by and out onto a sort of platform.

"He got down to the ground, stole a horse somewhere, and rode twenty-five miles bareback down to the valley. There he stole a saddle and went hom again to his friends in the tribe. "Bill never caught him, but we heard afterward that the Indian said the reason he left was because he was

several times, and eaten lot on 'em." Among the paradoxes of life is the habit of young parents, in winter, who keep their windows tightly closed for the sake of the fresh heir.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Mitchell, who lives at St. Louis, and was contemporaneous with Lincoln, is said to have much of the same dry wit which Lincoln put into stories and anecdotes to illustrate his opinions. When Jay Gould put A. M. Hoxie at the head of his railroads in The recent sudden death of Major General Crook brings to light the fact that he was a "bad boy." While at West Point he stood low in his class, and was so frequently punished for infractions of the rules that he actually the southwest, Hoxie made a tour over

When he came back to St. Louis he had occasion to go to Mitchell's office on law business, and as they were old friends, began chatting about his new position. "I am in control of eight hated that institution—so much so that he never could be induced to revisit it. Grant and Sherman were bad boys position. "I am in control of eight thousand miles of road," he said to Mitchell, "and have just come back from inspecting 7,500 miles of it. It is the biggest extent of railroads that one man ever handled." The old lawyer leaned back and remarked that Hoxie's statement reminded him of a story,

while at West Point, and Sheridan was so bad that he came very near being

All these bad boys afterward became

boys? Does it

historic, and were anything but "bad" men. How does it happen, then, that

not seem as if there is some mistake about the application of the adjective

With too many people, especially instructors, a good boy is simply a dull boy, one who has not enough blood in

his veins to make him lively, and not

secution. The boy who is restive under

absurd restrictions, who laughs in the

wrong place, who resists unjust pun-ishments, and will not admit that he is

wrong when he knows he is right, is

promptly reported as a bad boy, and

graduates at the foot of his class, if he

day.

But such bad boys are not dismayed

at the frowns of teachers and the prophesies of well-meaning but ignorant friends. Jike Grant, Sherman, Sheri-

dan, and Crook, they grow up to be good men, with big hearts and great

brains, men who are loved as well as

Nobody claims that education is in

any case a detriment to success, or that the studious bov is to be, condemned,

but we cannot fail to see that the noisy,

popular at West Point as well as in our

colleges, is the boy who makes the big-

gest mark in the world, when he grow

A Periume of Wit.

Hannah Moore enjoyed a war o

words, and was a match for any one

with her ready wit. A good story is told of her. She and Mr. Langhorne were friends, who spent their summer

vacation at the same sesside resort.

They were wont to meet at a certain

time on the shore. One day the gentle

man inscribed on the sand the follow

"Along the shore Walked Hannah More: Waves, let this record last, Sooner shall ye. Proud earth and sea, Than what she writes be past."

In reply to the gallant rhyme she

"Some firmer basis, polished Langhorne, choose, To write the dictates of thy charming muse; Thy strains in solid characters rehearse, And be thy tablet lasting as thy verse."

Literary women do not always shine

society. George Sand was notably

When her sparkling

deficient in talk. When her sparkling friends were firing off their conversa

tional pyrotechnics, she sat in bewil-

dered admiration, stupefied rather than

inspired. Charlotte Bronte was so shy

that society became an actual infliction to her. We can easily believe that Mrs.

Browning had a "quaint, graceful humor of her own," but never spoke in

sallies of wit or repartee. George Eliot

talked as she wrote, in sentences wise,

weighty, epigrammatic. Mr. Cross says

joying and communicating genuine, hearty laughter." We need only to judge by her books, however, to know

that she was serious to sadness. Jane

Austen was "no more regarded in so-ciety than a poker or a fire-screen or any other thin, upright piece of wood or

iron that fills its corner in peace and

quietness." After people read her "Pride and Prejudice," she was "still a

poker, but a poker of whom every one

Every Animal Its Own Doctor.

fering from fever drink water, and

sometimes plunge into it. When a dog has lost its appetite it eats that species

of grass known as dog's grass, which

acts as an emetic and purgative. Cats

also eat grass. Sheep and cows, when

ill, seek out certain herba. An animal

suffering from chronic rheumatism always keeps as far as possible in the

organized ambulances. Latreille cut

the antennæ of the ant, and other ants

came and covered the wounded part

with a transparent fluid secreted in their

If a chimpanzee is wounded it stops

the bleeding by placing its hand on the wound and dressing it with leaves and grass. When an animal has a wounded

leg or arm hanging on, it completes the

amputation by means of its teeth. A

dog, on being stung on the muzzle by a

viper, was observed to plunge its head

repeatedly for several days into running

water. This animal eventually recov-

remained under a counter, avoiding light and heat, although it habitually

kept close to the fire. It adopted

general treatment of rest and abstinence

from food. The local treatment con-

sisted in licking the upper surface of

the paw, which it applied to the

wounded eye, again licking the paw when it became dry.—New York Com-

Reasonable Pride.

People who have seen better days are

aturally enough fond of referring to

the fact, especially in the presence of new acquaintances. The trait is not

unamiable. We all like to stand well

One of our exchanges tells a story of

a school mistress who had gone to teach in a rural town where she

'boarded round," according to the old

On the second Monday she went to s

new place," and at noon sat down with the family at a small pine

table, on which was a dinner of brown

bread, fat fried pork and baked pote-

joyed the meal or not, but just as the chair was pushed back, one of the chil-

dren, a little girl of perhaps ten years,

"I know what good victuals is. Yes,

"Do you, indeed?" answered the em-

barrassed teacher, at a loss what to

say, but ashamed to say nothing.
"Yes, ma'am, I know what good vic-

tuals is. I've been away from home

We are not told whether she en

mercial Advertiser.

with our fellows.

suddenly exclaimed:

ma'am, I know what 'tis."

ered. A terrier hurt its right eye.

The warrior ants have regularly

Animals get rid of their parasites by

was afraid.

mouths.

hearty, bold and self-reliant boy, so un

not expelled before examination

enough spirit to resent insolence or per

expelled.

nonored.

into a man.

ing:-

wrote:-

they were such

which he went on to relate.

An old farmer of his acquaintance, when he was young, had specially de sired to go to town on "training day," but was nervous about leaving the farm. He called up his only workman as he was starting away, and said to him: "Now, John, you must bring the old mare in and put her in the barn."

"And don't forget to turn the cows into the other pasture lot and put up the fences."

Yes, sir." "And, John, the old speckled hen is likely to want to set. If she does, sure you give her some eggs and let her

When the old man got back his mind was still on the instructions he had given. He had no sooner reached the farm than he asked his employe: "Well, John, did you bring in the old

mare? "Turn the cows into the other pasture ad put up the fences?"

"Did the old speckled hen want to "Yes, sir; I set her. I put twenty-

four eggs under her." Twenty-four eggs? Great heavens, John! Why did you put so many under her?"

"Well, she was making so much fuss I thought I would give her a chance to spread herself." "I am told that when Hoxie was on

his death-bed Mitchell went to see him, and the great railroad manager said to him: "Say, Mitchell, I got the chance, like the old speckled hen, to spread myself, but it has been too much for me.' Ben Abou in New York Press.

An Intelligent Dog.

A small fox terrier, white as milk, with the proper golden-brown spots on his head, having a pedigree longer than Queen Victoria's and a temper sweeter than Griselda's, full of fun, and adoring babies, made his debut when he was only a week old in a "littery" family. He was christened with great pomp Charles Chum." but later on these short syllables were not considered sufficient for his dignity, and he was rechristened "William Billykins," known

to his intimates as "Billy."

After he was taught that it was not polite to snatch at things, that his misress was perfectly satisfied with being kissed once a day, and that fruit cake was not a suitable diet for small puppies he was educated, by means of a whip trimmed with yellow ribbons, not to tear up a bit of paper. The chief and original sin in a fox terrier is the liking for tearing up anything, but especially paper, so that this young gentleman was taken through what the darkies called a "course of sprouts" before he realized fully the anything in the shape of an eavelope or bit of paper of any kind must be let alone.

One night his mistress counted out a roll of bills and put them in her purse. Then she went to bed. Billy stood by during the performance, but was not noticed. The next morning some money was wanted, the purse was gotten, the bills unfolded and a five dollar note was missing. The owner of it had never been out of the room since appeared on the scene. and she finds that Freddy's pants are hind part between the fore. The maid had seen that Freddy's pants are hind part between the fore. the room. Where had it gone? It was talked over, it was looked for, still no five dollars. During the discussion Billy stood by staring his mistress in the face, as if he were trying hard to understand what it was about. Sud-denly he made a rush, dived under the desk where he kept his favorite bones, and came out with a five-dollar bill in his mouth. He had picked it up where it had dropped on the floor, knew he must not tear it, and yet hid it away

among his belongings.

I ask no one to believe this; I know it is true myself, and William Billykins to-day is adorned with a collar on which hang two silver bells as a reward of merit for being a good dog.

His New Leg.

Says a London paper: Another medical wonder! It is stated that in the Edinburgh Infirmary a patient has had an ox rib substituted for a diseased bone in his leg, and is going about "with a limb as hearty and strong as ever." One would think that the curvature of the rib would give him a bow leg; it would also have been more considerate to have taken it from a pig, which has a "spare rib;" but these details. Of course, one has heard tales of the transfusion of blood-the life ("for the blood is the life") lent by man to his fellow-creature; and also of that strip of skin-taken from some spot, let us hope. where it would be little missed —out of which a new nose is made for a friend who has had the misfortune to lose that feature; but the borrowing of limbs from the lower animals is quite novel. It opens up, indeed, an extensive area of substitution. Time was when a man's brains were out that there was an end of him: but is there not now the frolicsome calf at hand with a superfluity of that commodity, the nature of which has been so often likened to what is missing? pigeon-breasted" may still remain only metaphor; but the lordly turkey, with his swelling chest, may surely supply a void beneath the close-buttoned surtout! If our respiratory organs can no longer give response to the humorous tale, why should not the equine race be requisitioned for its "horse laugh?" The rabbit mouth" and the "hare lip" may neither of them be admirable from an æsthetic point of view; but they will at least be better than nothing, and it is satisfactory to learn that they can be after we're in bed, and sometimes I go ntilized.

Do you ever wonder why poets talk so much about flowers? Did you ever hear of a poet who did not talk about them? Don't you think a poem, which, for the sake of being original, should leave them out, would be like those verses where the letter a or e or some other is omitted?

form the same operation. That is, if they only set themselves about it.

"Of course there is no doubt of that," says the man to himself, "a man can do anything better than a woman, and not make half the fuss and talk about it. Women wear themselves all out talking. things over. Why, a woman will tall more about making a flat-iron-holder than a man would about building a meeting-house. When a man is going to do anything, he goes to work and does it. He doesn't have to run all over the neighborhood to ask ever one he knows about it, and then do as he

has a mind to, as a woman will do. And so, having heard him boast of his capabilities for years, some fine morning, when his wife's head aches, and the feminine deity of the kitchen has given notice, the mother of the family invite

in to dress the baby.

The baby is big enough to walk around and have a finger in every pie, but it will be "the baby" till a later edition appears.

The man who knows it all smiles triumphently to himself. He is de-

triumphantly to himself. He is de lighted with the opportunity of showing his wife how much quicker he can do it than she can. And he'll see if that baby is going to run all over creation after cats and things, and cry half the time while he is doing it. Discipline is what is needed with children.

He calls the baby to him. "Stand there, Freddy, while paper

finds your clothes, like a good boy."

Freddy places himself in position, while his papa goes in quest of the rai ment belonging to the juvenile. Freddy spies a bird on the top of a tree in the yard, and he climbs on the piano to get high up at the window, and he knock down a couple of bundles of sheetmusic, his sister Fanny's new hat that she left there last night when she came home from the party, so tired that she could hardly get up stairs to bed; and then poor Freddy slips, and grabs the fixtures and all, and draws a double tracked railroad on the polished rosewood of the piano with his wildly clutching finger-nails, and lands safely on the floor howling with rage at not having been able to get the bird.

By that time his ra has found most of his clothes, and is ready to begin. But Freddy isn't ready. He wants to see the pictures in the album. he insists on hearing the watch tick. Then he wants to catch the dog by the tail and give it a good pull, to see if it is on fast. Then he wants to kis mamma. "Stand still!" says his pa, putting on

the severe look that he uses on his insubordinate clerks in the dingy downtown office, "and see if you can keep your tongue still while dress you! Don't wiggle so, Freddy! Stand still! Don't wiggle so, Freddy! Stand still! Put down your foot! Let that cat alone! Here, you little mischief, stow chewing that led-pencil! Hold up your head, can't you? Put this hand through -no, that one! Good gracious, it is strange that women will make pants for babies wrong end to! And more but-tons on 'em than would be needed to button up a regiment of men! Now then, for the waist! Humph, that is made the same way, all the buttons in the wrong place. No arm-holes, no nothing! Freddy, hold still! I tell you it doesn't hurt! Yes, 'tis on right. It can't be on any other way. By Jove, I've forgot the drawers, and the stockings! Here, put up that foot. Good gracious, Freddy, can't you stop wiggling your toes? Hold your leg still. There, now. Now, we'll put on the lit-tle man's collar. What an outlandish contrivance to fasten a collar. It doesn't stay put anywhere. Let's see, the bow goes under it? No, it must go over it. Keep your head still. What are you bobbing so for? Lift up your arms. Freddy! Why, what the duse is the matter with his child's arms? He can't move 'em. Don't cry, Freddy. Let me look. Do stop that bawling. This all comes of your mother's humoring you so. I say, Fred, stop this noise! Stop it, I say! I shall be crazy—

through the neck space, and the other one through one arm-hole of his waist. and his collar, which was made to turn down, stands up, and his stockings are on wrong side out; and his na will never own that there is anything out of order about the proceeding, but the next time he dresses the baby, he doen't dress it -he always has something to see to that prevents him. -Kate Thorn, in New York Weeklu.

The Living Microscope.

John Thomas Heslop, of Birmingham, England, is a lad whose powers of vision are marvelous. He is known as the "living microscope," on account of being able to see the most minute objects clearly defined. In 1878 or 1879 he was attacked with some baffling eye trouble and came very near losing his sight forever. After the disease had reached its worst there was an instant. and sudden change for the better, which resulted in a complete cure of all inflamation in an incredibly short time. It was not a cure, however, that brought back the old eyesight like that possessed by the average genus homo. When it returned it was with extraordinarily increased powers of vision. To John Thomas the most minute plant louse was as large as a rabbit, and the mosquito's bill as large as an ax handle. He could see and describe distant minute objects with startling clearness and precision. He was amazingly shocked apon repairing to the well to get a cooling draught to see the immense number of hideous creatures that were floating, Aghting and wriggling about in the water. From that day to this water has never passed the lips of John Thomas Heslop; his drinks consist wholly of coffee, tea and milk, thoroughly boiled. The doctors say that the entire organization of the eye has undergone a structural change and that the cornea has become abnormally enlarged .- Springfield Republican.

His Scheme Worked Against Him. "John," said the talkative wife as her uiet husband crept meekly into bed, did not hear the strangers go."

"No; they are still in the parlor; the servant girl will let them out in an

"Who are they?" "They are short-hand reporters. You see, I always forget what you say to me to sleep when you're talking, so I thought I would have your lecture written out and study it over at my leisure. They're all ready, the door's open

so's they can hear you, and you can begin as soon as you like." The reporters were quickly hustled out and the lecture that night lasted three hours longer than usual.

When money is tight it is quiet That is more than can be said of a

The wind is a disagreeable sort of a fellow. He is always very quick to come

IF you can't marry a women with dollars the next best thing is a woman with sense.

POMPEY (after robbing the roost)—Dat's a fowl out. Farmer Ha! ha! Caught on the fly.

Fashionable ladies are not fond of hard work, and yet they know what a toilet is to dress for dinner.

Some speakers prefer to talk in the open air. It is the only way they can induce people to hear them out MANY people who claim to be wedded to their art seem to have been overtaken with divorce proceedings from the out-

BRIGGS-Tomkins is engaged to a widow, I hear. Braggs—Yes; that's just like him. He is too lazy to do any of the courting.

JERSEY FARMER-Out huntin', be ye! City Sportsman (wearily)—Y-e-s, been hunting all day for a patch of woods without a law-penalty sign on it.

BLINKS—What sort of comic papers do they have over in Europe? Jinks—

Excellent. Blinks-Are the jokes like ours? Jinks—Exactly. Same jokes, in fact, only a month older. THE London Lancet complains that

disease lurks in the barber's mug." That's all right, if it will continue to lurk. But the difficulty is that it is transferred to the customers's mug. Mrs. Fuss-1'm very sorry, Mr. Bent,

that Charlie didn't suit you. He never did have very taking ways. Mr. Bent -Pardon me, madam, but it was his aking way that we could not stand. MRS. DRESSY.—Why did you lay aside those pieces of cloth? Mrs. Patch—They will be useful some day to re-

pair thebasis of Tommy's trousers. Mrs. Dressy-I see: they are reserved seats. SILVESTEIN (sarcastically)—Vas it a matter ohf brinciple mit you that Leah should marry a Gentile? Goldberg—

Oh, no, he vas not so far ahead ohf me ast dot! It was only a question ohf inderest. INSURANCE Superintendent - Think this Mr. Lieon is a good risk, eh? Agent --Couldn't be better. "Perhaps he has some dangerous occupation." "No, indeed. He'll never get hurt. He's a

policeman. SIMPSON (on a visit)—Excuse me, Miss Ethel, but aren't these—er—vege-tables burnt? Cousin Ethel (of Boston) -Oh, no; those are natural black beans. You know, Charles, there's a death in the family.

Mr. Enterprising-There is something mysterious about Miss Kicklow; she had a desk with secret drawers, and all that! Old Mrs. Dephpost (who never hears all of a sentence)— It's a good thing they are secret from your prying eyes.

HE Went Never to Return.-She-I dreamed last night that I was the most beautiful woman in the world, Mr. Noodly. He (stupidly thoughtless)
—That's just the way, Miss Fwances,
don't you know. Dweams always go by contwawies. CHEERFUL Editor-If you could

shorten your poem a little! "Why, there were sixteen verses when I first wrote it, and now there are only three." Exactly! Now with a little more effort perhaps you can do away with those three, and then we shall be all right.

Bunting (to policeman)-I understand you secured the discharge of Of-ficer O'Brien for sleeping on duty. That was right. Officer Mulcahey— Yis, sorr. Yez see, me an' O'Brien had a nice corner to go to shlape in ivery noight; but O'Brien snored that loud Oi cuddent shlape at all, so i reported him.

Can't Fool the Horse.

The horse will leave musty hay untouched in his bin, however hungry He will not drink of water objectionable to his questoning sniff, or from a bucket which some odor makes offensive, however thirsty. His intelligent nostril will widen, quiver and query over the daintiest bit offered by the fairest hands, with coaxing that would make a mortal shut his eyes and swallow a nauseous mouthful at a gulp.

A mare is never satisfied by either sight or whinny that her colt is really her own, until she had a certified nasal certificate to the fact. A blind horse, now living, will not allow the approach of any stranger without showing signs of anger not safely to be disregarded The distinction is evidently made by his sense of smell and at a considerable distance. Blind horses, as a rule, will gallop wildly about a pasture without striking the surrounding fences. The sense of smell informs them of its proximity. Others will, when loosened from the stable, go directly to the gate or bars opened to their accustomed feeding grounds; and when desiring to return, after hours of careless wandering, will distinguish one outlet, and patiently await its opening. The odor of that particular part of the fence is their pilot to it.

The horse in browsing, or while gathering herbage with its lips, is guided in its choice of proper food entirely by its nostrils. Blind horses do do not make mistakes in their diet.

Clouds and Their Heights.

For practical purposes clouds are divided into four classes—cumulus, stratus, cirrus, and nimbus. Meteorologists, however recognize many differences of form in each class. Abercrombie gives these ten principal' varities, with their mean height in summer at Upsala, Sweden: Cirrus (pure wispy cloud,) 27,000 feet; cirro-stratus (thin, high, wispy, or straited sheet cloud of all sorts,) 27,600 feet; cirro-cumulus (fleecy cloud at high level,) 20,000 feet; strato-cirrus (a similar cloud to the cirro-stratus, but at a low level,) 12,000 feet; strato-cumulus (ex-tended lumpy cloud,) 6,000 feet; cumulus (pure rocky cloud,) 4,000 feet at base; cumulo-nimbus (rocky rain-cloud,) 4,000 feet at base; nimbus (low raincloud,) 4,500 feet; stratus (pure sheet cloud,) 1,900 feet.

Asking Too Much.

Stranger (out West)-See here! I want you to arrest those two men over there for forcing me into a game of poker with them and then swindling

Policeman—Y'r askin' too much stranger, I can't arrest them gents. One's th' honored Mayor of thi city, an' th' other's th' Chief of Perlice.

New York Weekly.