

YOUNG FOLKS.

I Can't, I Won't, and I Will.

Three little boys in a rollicking mood
Out in the snow at play;
Their hearts are light, for the sun is bright,
On this glorious winter day.
Three little boys with shouts of glee
Slide down a snowy hill.
And the names of the rollicking little boys
Are "I Can't," "I Won't," and "I Will."

But play must cease, and warning voice
Calls out from the open door:
"Come, boys, here's a task for your nimble
hands,
We must have it done by four."
"I Will" speeds away at the mother's com-
mand
With a cheerful and sunny face,
And "I Can't" follows on with murmur and
groan
At a weary and lagging pace.

But "I Won't," with a dark and angry
frown
Goes sauntering down the street,
And sulkily idles the time away
Till he thinks his task complete.
At school, "I Will" learns his lessons all
well,
And is seldom absent or late;
"I Can't" finds the lessons all too hard
"I Won't" hates book and slate.

So the seasons come and the seasons go,
In their never ceasing race,
And each little boy, now a stalwart man,
In the busy world finds his place.
"I Will," with a courage undaunted, toils,
And with high and resolute aim,
And the world is better because he lives,
And he gains both honor and fame.

"I Can't" finds life an up-hill road;
He faints in adversity,
And spends his life unlabeled and unknown,
In hopeless poverty.
"I Won't" opposes all projects and plans,
And scoffs at what others have wrought
And so in his selfish illness wrapped,
He dies and is soon forgot.

A Dog Wins a Decoration.

"Who brought that dog here? Send him
back at once."
So spoke, in his deepest and sternest tones,
old Colonel Eugene Noirmont, as he rode out
of the French fort at Biskra, in the Sahara
desert, at the head of a strong body of irreg-
ular cavalry which had been sent to check
the raids of a hostile Arab tribe.

"He is my dog, Colonel," answered the
junior captain, young Alphonse de Picardon,
glancing apologetically at the small white
poodle that was close at his horse's heels;
and I hope you will not object to his going
with us, for it would break his heart to be
left behind."

"And whose heart will it break," growled
the Colonel, "if the brute begins barking
just as we're going to take the Arabs by sur-
prise, and warns them of our coming?"
"It is not for me to contradict you,
Colonel," said the young officer, respectfully;
"but, with your permission, I can soon show
you that there is no fear of that." Then he
turned to the dog and said, sternly: "Jac-
quot, silence a la mort."

Then, at a sign from the Captain, several
of the men began to shout, clap their hands
and make noise enough to set an ordinary
dog barking furiously, but Jacquot never
uttered a sound.

"Very well," said the Colonel at length,
"the dog may go," but remember, Captain
de Picardon, that I shall hold you responsible
for his behavior."

The young captain saluted and fell into
his place without a word, and off rode the
 detachment.

It was weary work riding over stony ridges
and sandy hollows through the blistering
heat and the blinding glare, while the hot,
prickly dust, rising up in clouds at each step,
clogged every pore and choked every breath.
Mile after mile of the desert was left behind,
here and there a burning, weary inter-
minable day crept slowly past, but still there
was no sign of the enemy, or of any living
thing save a wide winged vulture, which
hung poised in mid-air, like a blot upon the
bright, scorching, cloudless sky. The sol-
diers grew impatient, and began to murmur
and growl.

But all at once the dog (which was still
keeping pace with them) stopped short,
snuffed the air uneasily and then began to run
restlessly backward and forward, uttering a
low, anxious whine.

"Do you think he scents the enemy?"
whispered Colonel Noirmont to Captain de
Picardon.

"I'll stake my life that he does," replied
the Captain. "I've never yet found him
wrong. There must be some hollow here
that we can't see. Here, Morel, Barbot,
hold fast to each other while I climb on to
your shoulders."

And then, supported by the two burly
troopers, he raised himself high enough to
make out a dry watercourse a few hundred
yards ahead, in the hollow of which a large
number of men might easily be hidden.

"Aha!" cried the Colonel, when he heard
this, "they want to catch us in an ambush,
do they? Not so fast, my fine fellows!
Half a dozen of you dismount, lads, and un-
sling your carbines, move forward about
fifty paces, and then fire."

The crash of the volley rolled like thunder
along the silent desert, while the Colonel
roared, in Arabic,
"Come out, you dogs? We see you plainly."

The effect was magical. Up started, as if
rising through the earth, a swarm of savage
faces and wild figures, while the flash and
crackle of the answering volley followed as
thunder follows lightning; but the Arabs,
firing hastily and almost at random, only
wounded two men.

"Now," thundered the Colonel, "upon
them before they can reload."

Down swept the French upon their enemies
like a whirlwind, and in a moment were
hand to hand with them. The Arabs fought
like tigers, but training and discipline soon
began to tell, and the battle was over (as
one of the French troopers regretfully ob-
served) "almost before one had time to enjoy
it."

But, when the Arabs began to scatter and
fly, the Colonel (whose blood was fairly up)
dashed off in pursuit of them so recklessly
that he was soon left almost alone, seeing
which three of the enemy faced round and
attacked him.

Captain de Picardon, who was famous as
the best swordsman in the regiment, came
dashing up, barely in time to cut down one
of Noirmont's assailants, while the Colonel
himself disposed of another, but the third
man was just about to stab de Picardon in

the back when his dog flew at the A's
throat and clutched it with such hearty
energy that the man fell to the ground,
bleeding and half strangled.

"Form in line!" shouted Colonel Noir-
mont when the fight was over and all the
wounded had been brought in. "My child-
ren, you have done well, and I thank you.
To-morrow you shall be reported for good
service to the commander-in-chief himself,
and he will not forget you, but I have one
acknowledgment to make before that. Cap-
tain de Picardon, bring forward your dog."

The four footed scout was at once produc-
ed, and, when set down in front of the Col-
onel, he stood up on his hind legs and made
a military salute with his fore paw, to the
unbounded delight of the soldiers.

"A soldier who knows his duty so well,"
said the Colonel, with a grim smile, "must
not go unrecompensed, and thus I reward his
services."

So saying he detached from his own uni-
form the cross of the Legion of Honor and
hung it around the dog's neck amid thunder-
ing cheers from the assembled troopers, who
declared with one voice that this decoration
had been fairly won by their "dog sol-
dier."

Aunt Nerv's Mistake.

Belle Colman's Aunt Nerv was more like
a cousin than an aunt. And a very dear
cousin at that. Minerva Fresno was only
two years older than Belle Colman, so that
it seemed strange to hear voluble Belle,
when she was three years old, calling an-
other tot, who really seemed very little old-
er, "Aunt Nerv." And yet that was the
way Belle Colman always addressed Minerva
Fresno.

Grandpa Fresno lived in Walnut Valley,
eight miles from his son-in-law, Jonathan
Colman, but these two little maidens, aunt
and niece, made at least two visits yearly to
each other. At Grandpa Fresno's there was
the wonderful dairy cave in the side of the
hill near the kitchen door, and the great
orchard below the house, both full of
wonders and delights for them; while at
Mr. Colman's there was the large lake and
the turnpike to occupy their time and
talents. When they were apart they longed
and talked of the time when they should
see each other; when together, they played
very hard and constantly, so as not to think
of the parting time; and when they came to
separate, their tears and lamentations made
a scene doleful to behold.

Now Belle was supposed to be giddy,
while Nerv was a quiet, steady girl. Belle's
impulsive headlong ways made her many a
true friend and bitter enemy; Nerv's placid
nature gained her very few warm friends,
but she had no enemies. Belle threw herself
into the enjoyment of the passing moment
with abandon; or vehemently detested any-
thing in the passing moment that made it
unenjoyable. It was hard to get an opinion
out of Nerv, and she rarely scolded or praised.

These two girls, so very different, were
bosom friends until the eldest was sixteen
and the youngest fourteen years of age. At
this time Mr. Colman removed from his farm
to town, and opened a store. This threw
Belle into gay company, and with her im-
pulsive nature it is not strange that she soon
got a reputation for being volatile, and yet
she was a good-hearted girl, true to her
friends, anxious to know and do the right,
but scornful to take the trouble to undeceive
those who judged her wrongfully.

The first time Nerv visited her in town,
a coolness sprang up between them because
Nerv made the mistake of thinking Belle
"stuck up," and Belle made the mistake
of allowing her to think so. It is unnecessary
to repeat the thousand and one little things
that sundered them more and more. I will
hasten to the pleasant task of relating how
they "made up."

About two years after Belle had gone to
town she visited Nerv. Upon her arrival at
Walnut Valley, Grandpa Fresno said:
"Bella, dear, I'm awful glad you've come.
Vina is down sick and I must go and nurse
her. Nerv is not well, and the hired girl
left last week. I wish you would stay right
here and manage things until I get back."
"I'll do so, Grandpa, with the under-
standing that you are to ask no questions
about how much cream I use on my straw-
berries, when you get back."

"Now, Belle, you know I always want
you to have all the cream your berries will
stand."

"That's true, Grandpa, I was just teas-
ing you. Go on to Aunt Vina; I'll run this
machine all right."

And so big-hearted Grandpa Fresno
fussed away three miles to see her sick
daughter, leaving Nerv and Belle to cook
for Grandpa, Ross, Jim and Joe, milk seven
cows and make the butter. The sweeping,
bed making, etc., made the task of keeping
house no sinecure, but Belle was in earnest,
and when Grandpa was fairly away, she
said:

"Well, Aunt Nerv, what shall I do?"
"I'm afraid you'll spoil your hands, Belle,
with housework. You'd better take your
crochet and stay in the sitting room."
"Crochet! Bless you, I can crochet in
Neola. If you are more anxious about my
hands than I am, I'll go pick some straw-
berries, and stay here."

Nerv dragged through the preparation of
dinner, which the men, fresh from the fields,
swallowed with relish. They were soon
back at their work, but Nerv could not go
on with her work. She was sick. Belle
saw it and said:

"Now, Aunt Nerv, you must lie down,
while I do up the dinner things." Nerv
was obliged to give up and was soon tucked
in bed.

"I've been chilling for some time past,
and to-day is my chill day. I believe the
ague is coming on now."

"Well, I'll go into the kitchen. Call me
if you need me," and soon Belle's electrical
movements were making the dishes rattle.
She was fair-skinned and looked delicate,
but was naturally robust. Her white able
hands seized the work with no uncertain
grip. Her quick, almost unerring judgment
guided her by the short cut to the perfor-
mance of each task, and in a few moments she
closed the door on a clean kitchen, and
bustled into Aunt Nerv's room.

"How are you now, aunt Nerv?"
"The chill has passed and the fever is on
me."

"You will soon be better then," no,
in a few moments Nerv said:
"I'm shaking again."

"What?" said Belle, springing up. She ex-
amined the sick girl a moment, and then
muttering, "It's a congestion," started to-
ward the kitchen. On her way she seized
four bricks, and, arrived in the kitchen
placed them in the oven. Then filling the
stove with wood, she took off two of the lids,

replacing them with kettles, into which she
poured water. Hurrying to the sick room she
placed the stove lids at the patient's feet;
then gave her a cup of ginger tea. She now
called the men from the field, started one
for the doctor, and with Grandpa, worked
with the sick girl until the doctor came.

She did all the evening's work while Nerv
was delirious. When the doctor left at mid-
night, Grandpa asked him if it would be
best to send for Grandpa.

"No, I would leave her where she is. Vina
needs careful nursing. Belle will take care
of Nerv, and she'll be all right in four or five
days."

Well, Grandpa did not get home for six
days. During all that time Belle nursed
Nerv, did the housework, milked the seven
cows, churned every day, washed and ironed
one, and met Grandpa with a smiling wel-
come saying: "Grandpa, I never had so
much fun in my life. Aunt Nerv has been
sick and I've had the whole thing to myself,
bossed the men around shamefully. They're
awful glad you've returned."

A week later, when Belle had to go home,
Nerv folded her in a long embrace and
said: "My dear girl, I never hated to see
you go as badly as I do this time. Just to
think what a big mistake I made. I thought
you were stuck up, and you are as common
as my old shoe."

Only a Dog.

Finding Francesca full of tears, I said,
"Tell me thy trouble."—"Oh, my dog is
dead!"

"Child,"—I began to say, but checked my
thought,—
"A better dog can easily be bought."

For no—what animal could him replace?
Those loving eyes! That fond, confiding
face!
Those dear, dumb touches! Therefore I was
dumb.

From word of mine could any comfort
come?
A bitter sorrow 'tis to lose a brute
Friend, dog or horse, for grief must then be
mute.

So many smile to see the rivers shed
Of tears for one poor speechless creature
dead.
When parents die there's many a word to
say—

Kind words consoling—one can always
pray;
When children die 't is natural to tell
Their mother, "Certainly, with them 't is
well!"

But, for a dog, 't was all the life he had.
Since death is end of dogs, or good or bad,
This was his world; he was contented here,
Imagined nothing better, naught more dear
Than his young mistress, sought no brighter
sphere;

Having no sin, asked not to be forgiven,
N'er guessed at God, nor ever dreamed of
heaven.
Now he has passed away, so much of love
Goes from our life, without one hope above!
When a dog dies there's nothing to be said,
But—kiss me, darling!—dear old Smiler's
dead.

T. W. PARSONS.

The French Pretender.

The Duke of Orleans, who was recently
sentenced to two years' imprisonment for
violating the law of banishment from France,
remains behind the bars, but it is understood
that as soon as public opinion has had time
to subside, President Carnot will release
him. The Duke of Orleans has been quietly
conducted to the frontier. Meantime Mr.
Henry Labouchere has paid a visit to the
duke, who is only 21, and thus describes
him: "The hope of the house of France is
a cross between a little fool and a smart
young officer of a crack regiment without
any idea beyond those subjects which are
discussed at mess. He is tall, of fresh com-
plexion, has neat features, and could not fail
as an ensign troop colors to steal away the
hearts of nursery maids and romantic
young ladies, if they were not physiog-
nomists enough to see that the eyes are harsh,
unpleasant and dull, and that although he
has lost the pudding contour which made
him an ugly boy, the domination of stomach
over mind is still shown in his cheeks. His
light-brown hair, of a dull shade, is parted,
masher-like, in the middle, and is slightly
curled. As to dress, it was irreproachable
and carefully careless. I could trace a re-
semblance in the cut of his features to the
late Duke of Orleans, but the countenance
was not his, and betrayed a mind on very
small pattern, a good deal of vanity, and a
temper more irascible than sunny. The
eyes, to which I venture to recur, are small,
triangular and wanting in fine expression,
and, too close set, gave a mean character to
the face."

Of the duke's near friend the Duke de
Lynes, Mr. Labouchere says: "This
nobleman is saved by a clear, fair skin and
a good-natured laugh from being the exact
image of our Darwinian forefathers. I never
saw a clearer case of reversion to a far back
ancestral type. This duke's mouth reaches
from ear to ear, and his loose lips refuse on
any account to cover up the rufous teeth
and gums. His forehead slopes back from
his brow at an angle of thirty-five degrees.
Republicans and Semites have no reason to
fear the dual party. The Duke of Lynes,
though now fairly well stricken in years and
corpulent, continues to dress as a masher,
and wears his grizzle hair parted in the
middle, while marks of curling irons on the
top part court attention."

Upright Men in Downright Earnest.

"We need, nowadays," exclaims Spur-
geon, the great English preacher, "upright
men in downright earnest, who say what
they mean, and mean what they say. Cheat-
ing in trade, cheating in religion, cheating
in talk, must not be put up with any longer.
Old Father Honesty is the man for our
money. None of your painting and gild-
ing, give us the real thing. There would be
a great fall in sheepskins if all the wolves
were stripped; but stripped they ought to be,
the rascals! Let each one of us begin to
mend the world by putting off every bit of
sham that we may have had about us. Off
with the trumpery finery of pretense. Show
the smock-frock, or the fustian jacket, and
the clump boots, and don't be ashamed."

A Burnt Child Dreads the Fire.

Jawkins—I wonder why old Guffy never
married? He looks so melancholy when
the conversation turns on woman that I am
afraid there is some sad romance connected
with his youth.
Hogg—So there is; he got nipped so
badly in a breach of promise case that he
could never look at a woman since.

TRAGEDY ON A STEAMSHIP.

A Female Cabin Passenger Takes a Dose of Laudanum and Dies.

Mrs. Ida Ward, of Leicester, England, a
cabin passenger on board the American
Line steamer British Princess, captain Freeth,
which arrived at Philadelphia the other day,
committed suicide on the way over and was
buried at sea.

When the British Princess left Liverpool
she had about 100 steerage passengers and
one cabin passenger—an English woman
whose name appeared on the passenger list
as Mrs. Ida Ward. Even if she had not been
the only saloon passenger aboard the atten-
tion of Captain Freeth and his officers
would have been drawn towards her soli-
tary table companion, as Mrs. Ward was
a woman who would have attracted notice a-
board a crowded transatlantic liner.

She was young, about twenty-five years
old, handsome and highly accomplished,
speaking several languages and was a finish-
ed musician. The intonations of her voice and
intimate knowledge of all the convention-
alities of society strengthened the belief that
she was a woman belonging to a cultured and
refined circle of society. She was extremely
reticent about herself. But she told Capt.
Freeth that she was from Leicester, and that
her husband lived there, and that she was
on her way to Cincinnati, O., to study to
become a professional nurse.

From several other remarks the officers
decided that her domestic relations were not
happy, and the evident depression and
mental anxiety under which she appeared to
suffer confirmed their opinion. Mrs. Ward
suffered greatly from sea-sickness, which
tended to still further depress her and Capt.
Freeth grew anxious about her condition.

On the morning of the 11th of the month
the stewardess knocked at Mrs. Ward's
state room, and receiving no answer opened
the door and found her lying in her bunk in
a nearly comatose condition.

One glance at the unconscious woman
told the doctor that she had taken laudanum,
and he at once administered the regular
antidotes. She was walked up and down the
deck and the stomach pump was brought
into use, but despite all their efforts she
died a few hours after she was first dis-
covered.

That same day she was buried at sea
in the presence of the crew and steerage pas-
sengers, Capt. Freeth reading the Church of
England burial services over her body before
it was consigned to the ocean's bed.

No communication or letter of any kind
was found to show what reason drove her to
her death. It is possible that the unfortunate
woman did the deed in contemplation
before she came aboard the Princess, as
three bottles of laudanum, two full and one
empty, were found in her state room.

AN INFIDEL'S PHILOSOPHY.

The Extraordinary Last Moments of a Vien- na University Professor.

A most remarkable deathbed scene took
place in Vienna three weeks ago. The hero of
it was a young professor at the University
there. He was a man of great brilliancy and
learning. His lectures concerning the inner
life of the soul were famous among the stu-
dents, who attended them in crowds. He
was regarded by his fellow professors in the
philosophical faculty as the coming man in
the department of psychology. Socially,
also, he was a man of considerable promi-
nence. He had married into a wealthy
family, and took every opportunity to get
for his wife and three children all the pleasure
which the gay Austrian capital affords. At
the theatre, on the promenade, and at the
great court balls he was one of the most
familiar figures.

Four years ago he fell ill of an incurable
disease, and his physician warned him that
only a radical change from his gay mode of
life could hinder for a short time the progress
of the malady. The young professor answered
quietly that he would die as a philosopher
should die, without an effort to defer his
last day. He ate, drank, studied, lectured
and danced exactly as he did before the
doctor warned him. A few weeks ago he
lay down on his deathbed. He read the
same books and talked of the same frivolous
amusements as usual up to one evening about
three weeks ago. At 8 o'clock the doctor
then told him that he would die within a
few hours. The young professor discussed
many topics, entirely foreign to the subject
of his fast-approaching death, with his wife
till midnight.

"I feel well, very well," he said to her finally,
"so well that I would like to drink a bottle
of champagne with you before I go. Kiss
me—for I may go while you are away—and
then have the wine put on ice." His wife
obeyed. A few minutes later he took the
bottle from the servant's hand, emptied his
wine for his wife and himself, flung it to the floor, and
dropped back on his pillow, dead.

The Vienna dailies, which have a constitu-
tional prejudice against printing the full
name of any man of high social standing,
mention the hero of this strange scene only
as Herr Prof. P.—. He was an infidel.

A REMARKABLE DUEL.

They had Only One Revolver and Took Turns in Firing.

The new mining town of Elkins, W. Va.,
was the scene of a remarkable duel on Sun-
day night. A coal miner named James Nee,
and a carpenter named Archer, went on a
drunk together, and going to a saloon kept
by Mrs. Wise, they drove the woman out of
doors and wrecked the place. About the
time they had completed the ruin the two
men quarreled, and they concluded to fight
a duel over the wreck of the bar. They had
one revolver, and decided they would take
turn about in shooting at one another. They
agreed on fifteen feet, nearly the length of
the room, as the distance.

Archer got the first shot, and his bullet
ploughed a groove along Nee's scalp. He
then gave up the pistol to Nee and he fired
at Archer and missed. Archer then took a
second shot and missed and handed the re-
volver over to Nee. This time Nee took bet-
ter aim and shot Archer through the hand.
Before any more shots could be fired out-
siders interfered and took the revolver away.

A Very Clear Case.

"And how do you feel, my dear, this
morning?" asked a sympathizing physician
of a lady prostrated by "la grippe." "I
feel as if a freight train had run over me,"
was the reply. "Do you ache in your
bones?" "Ache in my bones—yes I do, and
I think the number of bones in the human
body has been greatly underestimated."

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

It is for youth to acquire; for age to ap-
ply.
There is nothing at all in life except what
we put there.

Conventionality always gets to the front
in these miserable days.
I love men, not because they are men,
but because they are not women.

The peasantry feel no patriotic hatred
that belongs to the upper class alone.
Solitude is as needful to the imagination
as society is wholesome to the character.

The heart of youth is reached through
the senses; the senses of age through the
heart.

Roguary is thought by some to be can-
ning and laughable; it is neither; it is
devilish.
Enveloped in a common mist, we seem to
walk in clearness ourselves, and behold only
the mist that enshrouds others.

And be the stern, sad truth spoken, that
the breach which guilt has once made into
the human soul is never in this mortal state
repaired.

The unfaithful woman, if she be known
for such by the person concerned, is only
unfaithful; if she thought faithful she is
perfidious.

Take all reasonable advantage of that
which the present may offer you. It is the
only time which is really ours. Yesterday
is buried forever. To-morrow we may
never see.

If we could throw ourselves away, like
broken china, every time we think we have
spoiled ourselves and all our story, the back-
yards of creation would be full of broken
flinders of us.

Disappointed love makes the misery of
youth; disappointed ambition that of man-
hood; and successful avarice that of old age.
These three attack us through life; and it
is our duty to stand our guard.

Love—that vast excess of reason, the
stern and virile pleasure of great souls—
and enjoyment—the vulgar happiness sold
in the streets—are two aspects of the same
thing. The woman who can satisfy these
two cravings of man's double nature, is as
rare in her sex as the great general, the great
writer, the great artist, the great inventor,
is among a people. The man of superiority,
equally with the common man, feels the need
of the ideal and of the material pleasure
both; they all seek the mysterious herma-
phrodite, there are being who comes to them
as a general thing in two volumes.

Evolution of Bea uty.

All people agree that beauty lies in health
and proper vigorous proportion, to speak
roughly, and yet women as fragile as thistle-
down, and consumed with a wasting disease,
have at times a beauty more potent than the
rosiest maiden. Helen the daughter of the
gods, was most divinely tall and fair and
Cleopatra was "little and black" it is said,
and kingdoms were thrown away for both
of them. There is one thing very certain:
The amount of beauty in the world has in-
creased enormously since the days of Helen
and the Serpent of Old Nile. Men do not
leave their homes and fight for ten years for
even the most radiant beauty to-day; nor do
the great conquerors think the world well
lost for any modern smile. In the days of
Helen, and even of Cleopatra, beauty was
very probably far more rare than now. Wo-
men in all but the wealthiest classes were
ill protected from the discomforts that
destroy beauty and harden and coarsen femi-
nine loveliness. They did heavy manual
labor, were poorly fed or protected from wind
and weather, and, like the peasants of many
of the Latin nations to-day, while they may
have had a certain beauty du diable in the
first flush of youth, the radiance quickly died
and left them ugly servants and beasts of
burden. Therefore, when a woman arose who
possessed the true beauty that age cannot
with her nor custom stale, men went mad after
her, fought to possess her, and possessing her
thought the world but a bubble in comparison.
Selection of this sort was, of course, constantly
at work improving the type, and the survival
of the fittest, age by age lifted up the general
plane of beauty. As civilization grew, women
no longer trudged with heavy burdens through
rain and blinding heat after nomad husbands,
and their feet grew delicate and lightly arched.
The richer wives resigned the coarser labors
to their servants, and used their fingers only
to spin delicate threads, to make rich needle-
work, to knit, to thrum the strings of man-
dolin and lute, to curl the silken tresses of
their infants and smooth the brows and
bind the wounds of their lovers and warriors.
The palms grew like Desdemona's,
moist and tender, the nails, no longer broken
with coarse labor, gleamed like the delicate,
transparent nacre of a shell. The skin, pro-
tected from the sun and wind, grew fair and
clear as rose leaves, the lips ruddy and soft.
Their hair, carefully washed and tended,
wound itself into vine-like curls, and took
the smooth gleam of silk. Sufficient food
gave rounded contours, long hours of soft
slumber sprinkled the dew in the violets of
their eyes, and the movements of dance and
gay motion made their limbs slender and
supple, and at last the modern beauty was
evolved.

The Consciousness of Doing Good.

Contentment serene in the bosom abides,
And he sings in the midst of his labor
Who cleans off the snow past the line that
divides
His sidewalk from that of his neighbor.

The Animal She Would Like to Have Him Be.

He—"What sort of an animal would you
prefer to be, Miss Northcote,—that is, if you
had to be an animal?"

She—"Oh, I don't know, I am sure. But
I know what sort of an animal I would like
to have you be!"

He (curiously)—"What?"

She—"A weasel!"

He—"Don't you remember the old nurs-
ery rhyme, 'Pop goes the weasel?'"

A Matter of Economy.

"Wait a moment outside, Maria. I've
got to step in here."

"You ought to have more regard for ap-
pearances, John, than to stop at a drug store
on the way to church."

(Fiercely)—"It isn't a question of appear-
ances, Maria, it's a question of economy. I've
got to buy a cigar or two and get some small
change or else throw this twenty-five cent
piece in the contribution box. Do you think
I'm a Jay Gould?"