"It Could Not Happen Now."

Ere country ways have turned to street,
  And long ere we were born,
A lad and lass would chance to meet
  Some merry April morn;
The willows bowed to nudge the brook,
  The cowslips nodded gay,
And he would look, and she would look,
  And both would look away.
Yet each—and this is so absurd—
  Would dream about the other,
And she would never breathe a word
  To that good dame, her mother.
                Our girls are wiser now.
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
  Extremely strange, you must allow,
Dear me! how modes and customs change?
                It could not happen now.

Next day that idle, naughty lass
  Would rearrange her hair,
And ponder long before the glass
  Which bow she ought to wear;
And often she'd neglect her task,
  And seldom care to chat,
And make her mother frown, and ask
  "Why do you blush like that?"
And now she'd haunt with footsteps slow
  That mead with cowslips yellow,
Down which she'd met a week ago
  That stupid, staring fellow.
                Our girls are wiser now.
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
  Extremely strange, you must allow,
Dear me! how modes and customs change
                It could not happen now.

And as for him, that foolish lad,
  He'd hardly close an eye,
And look so woe-begone and sad,
  He'd make his mother cry
"He goes," she'd say, "from bad to worse!
  My boy so blithe and brave."
Last night I found him writing verse
  About a lonely grave!
And lo! next day her nerves he'd shock
  With laugh and song and caper,
And there!—she'd find a gold-in lock
  Wrapped up in tissue paper.
                Our boys are wiser now.
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
  Extremely strange, you must allow,
Dear me! how modes and customs change!
                It could not happen now.

The Beyond.

It seemeth such a little way to me,
  Across to that strange country, the Beyond;
And yet not strange, for it has grown to be
  The home of those to whom I am so fond;
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

So close it lies that when my sight is clear,
  I think I see the brightly-gleaming strand;
I know I feel that those who've gone from here
  Come near enough to touch my hand.
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find Heaven round about us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread
  When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead,
  And join the loved ones long dreamed about.
I love this world, yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand about a bier and see
  The sea of death set on some well-loved face,
But that I think, one more to welcome me
  When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this land and that one over there—
One more to make the strange Beyond seem fair.

And so for me there is no sting to death,
  And so the grave has lost its victory;
It is but crossing with hushed breath
  And white, set face a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful in, more precious than before.

The Touching Tale of the Pampered Pug.

The Lady Geraldine Montagu sat by the shimmering sea,
And Lord Plantagenet Fortescue was reading aloud from "She,"
At her feet in repose on a Persian rug,
With his snub of a nose lay her precious pug.

In glimmer of gold and satin sheen the little darling was dressed,
A point-lace ruff encircled his neck, he'd a diamond on his breast,
And seraphic sweet as the moonlight pale,
Was the baugle's glam round the puggy's tail.

The Lord Plantagenet closed his book, down on his knees he dropped,
With a languishing look his hand he took, and the fateful question popped.
Alas for the Lord, and alas for his suit—
He had knelt thus down on that sleeping brute.

"Angel divine, wilt thou be mine?" he stopped quite sudden-ee,
He felt a grip, and a sudden rip, as the teeth met in his knee,
But never a moan or sigh gave he,
And his voice was calm as the shimmering sea.

"Oh! speak, my love, and be as quick as you conveniently can,
Your precious pup is eating me up; he has crunched my right knee-pan;
Let him gnaw away in his ampered pride,
If you will only say you'll be my bride."

"Oh, Heaven!" she cried, "he'll surely die," and she sprang to her swan-like feet,
"He has lived up on carunes and macaroons, with never a taste of meat;
And, oh there's a piece of your trouser's leg
In his sweet little mouth; fly at once, I beg."

"My love has turned to bitterest hate"—her tears were falling thick,
"I am sure," she sobbed with drooping head, "that you have made him sick;
I can never feel the same for you—
It is best we part. Adieu! adieu!"

He limped away where the breakers play. "My life is wrecked," he cried,
Then gave a leap down the rocky steep, and sank in the hissing tide.
And the lady glanced at the Persian rug;
"Ah, life is short," she said to the pug.

—*Mary Bissell Waterman.*

Canadian Customs Decisions.

The following decisions were rendered by the Board of Customs in March:

Adams' composition for cleaning and polishing furniture, 30 per cent.

Brass, sheet, stamped or figured, cut into narrow strips 30 per cent.

Equitable Record, 1 cent each.

Hartness's ap, 25 per cent.

Jelly tumblers with tin covers, 5 cents a dozen, and 30 per cent.

"Masolene" furniture polish, etc., $1.90 per imperial gallon.

Patent brocated seating in imitation of hair cloth, 22½ per cent.

Time detectors, 35 per cent.

Feeding Apples to Dairy Cows.

A farmer reports his experience in feeding apples to dairy cows as follows: "A small Devon heifer that dropped her first calf in January ran in an ordinary pasture the following summer and was fed windfall apples night and morning, gradually increasing the amount until she had a bushel per day. I measured the milk every day and found a general increase, then I fed less and less two or three days and at the close of the week she had none, when she gave two quarts less, beer measure. I was selling the milk at 5 cents per quart. I repeated the experiment and obtained the same results. In feeding, I have found it safer to cut the apples than to feed them whole, as there is less danger of their getting choked and less danger of getting sore gums, as sometimes happens from eating hard apples whole. There is not much danger in feeding all large or small apples alone, the danger is with medium-sized mixed with large ones."

Tombstone, A.T., is famous for its apt names. Its leading newspaper is called the *Epitaph*, and the sheriff of the county is Colonel Slaughter. He defeated Major Blood by two votes at a recent election. Captain Cutts was also a candidate, but was nowhere in the race.

SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW.

Many of our readers have often asked "What is Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, about which we hear so much?" To answer their question we have secured the following explanatory article, written by a competent authority:

The symptoms of Bright's Disease (which is but an advanced form of Kidney Disease) differ in different individuals, but generally the patient presents a flabby, bloodless look, is drowsy and easily fatigued, has pain in the back, vomiting and febrile disturbance. The urine is reduced in quantity, is often of dark, smoky or bloody color, and exhibits to chemical reaction presence of a large amount of albumen, while under the microscope blood corpuscles and casts are found.

There are several forms of the malady, but their common prominent characteristic is the presence of albumen in the urine, and frequently also the co-existence of dropsy. These associated symptoms, in connection with Kidney Disease was first described in 1827 by Dr. Richard Bright, an English physician, who first investigated them. Sometimes there is a degeneration of the tissues of the kidney into fat, thus impairing the excreting powers of the organ so that the urea is not sufficiently separated from the blood. The flow of the blood, when charged with this urea, is retarded through the minute vessels, congestion ensues, and exudation of albumen and fibrin is the result. The disease is often accompanied by eruptions on the skin, as boils, etc., and is frequently associated with enlargement of the heart.

The causes of this terrible malady are, indulgence in too much ice water as a beverage, strong drink, high living, indigestion, exposure to wet and cold, various kinds of fevers, malaria, pregnancy, and other bodily derangements, such as a complication of certain acute diseases, like erysipelas, diphtheria, and especially scarlet fever (of which it is one of the most frequent and serious after effects), diseases of bones and other scrofulous affections.

Common-sense treatment of Kidney Disease of the character referred to necessarily involves removal of the causes, rectification of other secretions and increase in the number of blood-red corpuscles, by the administration of Warner's Safe Cure. It is a specific even in the advanced stages, when the blood has poisoned the nerve centres, restoring the secretion of healthy fluids and relieving the congestion of the brain. It speedily arrests the inflammatory action, which is marked by an increased amount of urine. The albumen gradually disappears, the dropsy subsides and the patient recovers. There is no standstill in advanced Kidney Disease; those who are affected with it are either constantly growing better or worse. How important, therefore, that this terrible disease be taken in hand in time and treated with a known specific.

Latest Scottish News.

Prof. Blaikie, of Edinburgh, starts this month for the United States to visit his son in California.

A movement is on foot to raise funds for a flag for the flagstaff which marks the spot where Bruce's standard waved at the battle of Bannockburn.

Right Hon. Charles Thompson Ritchie, President of the Local Government Board in the present British Government, was born at Dundee 51 years ago.

Mrs. Jessie Macaulay, or Mackenzie, has died in Stornoway at the remarkable age of 105 years. She lived during the reigns of four Sovereigns of Great Britain.

The Edinburgh Town Council has resolved by a majority of 22 to 14 not to elect representative elders to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

A memorial tablet has been placed next to the Montrose monument in St. Giles', Edinburgh, recording the execution and burial along with the Marquis of his friend and follower Sir William Hay, of Delgaty.

Rev. John Robertson, of Stonehaven, believes he will see the poet Burns in heaven not far distant from the apostle Paul. He says "Robbie Burns was ten thousand times better than many of his white-tied contemporaries."

At the instance of the Marquis of Bute, who is now proprietor of the Falkland estate, excavations are at present being carried on at and near the site of the Old Falkland Palace, with the view of discovering any objects of historical interest which may be lying among the ruins.

Captain Edward Scott, who took part in the Garibaldian insurrection against King Bomba of Naples, died at Greenock on the 18th ult. Captain Scott entered Naples Bay after the insurrection, and landed troops without losing a man. He was for some time in command of the steamers of the Trans-Atlantic trade.

Surely there are fewer salmon in this stream now than there were some years ago, a keen Scotch angler remarked to a west country native. "Ou ay, nae dout," he replied, "Ever since the Disruption the salmon have been leavin' the river; but," he added, in a more cheerful tone, "Dr. MacKay says that whenever the church will get her richts again, which he thinks will be very soon, the fush will all come back."

A Complicated Family.

Mack Carter, a son of Bill Carter, married Tuck Phillips' daughter, and Tuck Phillips married Bill Carter's daughter, and Bill Carter married Tuck Phillips' daughter. Bill Carter is therefore Tuck Phillips' son-in-law and father-in-law, and Tuck Phillips is his father-in-law's son's father-in-law, while Bill Carter's son's wife is his father-in-law's daughter. Now, if Tuck Phillips has a daughter born to him she will be Bill Carter's father-in-law's child and at the same time his son-in-law's child. But the thing to tell is what relationship would exist between the respective children of the three couples in case they have children. Can any one tell?—*Chattanooga (Tenn.) News.*

A Stayer.

In the parlor at 12.30 a.m.:

"Excuse me, Harry; papa is calling."

"Certainly, Evaline."

Evaline (on her return to the parlor)—I'm sorry, Harry, but you'd better go. Papa says he hasn't got a license for running an all-night place.

WORSHIPPING A WOMAN.

Singular Delusion of the "Congregation of the Lord."

A singular religious delusion is revealed by the evidence taken in the equity proceedings of the "Congregation of the Lord" to recover from the heirs of Anna Meister the property 1,113 South Eleventh street. Seven members of the congregation purchased the building in 1864 and had the deed recorded in the name of "J. Elimar Mira Mitta," which means "the daughter of Jehovah," whom the congregation worshipped. This person was Anna Meister, a Swiss woman, and the fascination she exercised upon the credulity of her followers was remarkable. They paid $5,000 for the house of worship, but found upon the death of "the daughter of Jehovah" that her heirs would inherit the property unless legal measures were taken.

The case has been before a master for two years. Lawyer William H. Staake looking after the interests of the Meister heirs, and the matter is now in shape to be presented to court. From the evidence submitted it appears that the worship began in 1856. The woman was looked upon as the third person in the Trinity and in her house a temple of worship was set up. The front part of the second story of her home was fitted up with an altar pulpit and all the paraphernalia necessary for an imposing service. Ceremonies were held every Sunday. Myra Mitta, surmounted with a crown studded with brilliants symbolical of her high estate, encircled with a girdle sparkling with gems, in a loose silken robe, preached to her abject followers, who bowed before her. A costly cloth covered the chair on which she sat, in order to protect her from contact from all that was sinful.

Lissette Munzert, who was in Myra Mitta's household, testified before the master: "I think the Lord formed the congregation. She was brought to us and it was shown from the Lord that we had to take care of her. I believe she was the Third Person of the Holy Trinity."

Miss Munzert also said that she believed Mira Mitta could do more than any other person on earth, and that by merely placing her hands on sickly persons she brought them back to health.

Mrs. Caroline Lang, another witness, said that an angel appeared at the meeting of the congregation on Ridge avenue in 1856. The angel bore a scroll on which was written in golden letters that Mira Mitta is the daughter of Jehovah and the sister of the Saviour.

The "daughter of the great Jehovah" was possessed of good, substantial common sense on some points at least, as one incident illustrates. On one occasion as she was about raising a glass of hydrant water to her lips, an unseen power dashed it from her hands and writing appeared upon a table to the effect that henceforth Mira Mitta should not drink hydrant water unless it was first boiled. This astonishing revelation was communicated to the members of the church, and they thereupon unanimously resolved never to drink Schuylkill water again without boiling it.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Never Tired.

When this country was first settled there was an impression among the colonists that the Indians had no intelligence or craft in their relations with the white men. The latter soon found, however, that this was not the case. Some of the farmers attempted to make farm servants of the Indians, but discovered that they had a propensity to "get tired" so soon after they began work that their services were of little value. One day a farmer was visited by a stalwart Indian, who said: "Me want work."

"No," said the farmer, "you will get tired."

"No, no," said the Indian, "me never get tired."

The farmer, taking his word for it, set the Indian at work and went away about some other business. Toward noon he returned to the place and found the Indian sound asleep under a tree.

"Look here, look here," shouted the farmer, shaking the Indian violently, "you told me that you never got tired, and yet here you are stretched out on the ground."

"Ugh," said the Indian, rubbing his eyes and slowly clambering to his feet, "if me not lie down, me get tired like the rest."

A Salvation Army Baby.

Mrs. Ballington Booth, wife of Commander Booth of the Salvation Army, has a very pretty, plump little baby, which on pleasant days last month was trundled along the avenue on the West Side uptown. Baby Booth is pretty much like other babies, and would have attracted little attention had it not been for the curious badges which adorn its small breast and shoulders. "God's Infant," "Dedicated to Jesus," "One of Christ's Little Ones," "Holy to the Lord," "A Growing Soldier," "The Little Corporal," "Enlisted for the War," are a few of the emblems which at one time or another emblazoned the babe.

Usually they are worked on gold floss on purple or scarlet ribbons, and serve for sashes or are pinned from the neck to the waist of the child's gown. They are Mrs. Booth's one-dress mania.—*New York corr. Philadelphia Press.*

A Queer World to Him.

The minister called one afternoon to see Mrs. Brown, and at a moment when she was out of the room, being in a sermonizing mood, he said to little Johnnie: "This is an unreasonable world, my young friend." "You bet it is," assented little Johnnie, in a way that left no doubt as to his sincerity. "Teacher licks me when I don't know enough, and dad takes it out of me when I know too much."

Yankee Boy's Trick on His Father.

A naturalized citizen of English birth being asked how he liked the birthday of the father of his adopted country, told this story: "The day before the Fourth of July last year, the teacher to whom my boy goes to school explained to her class why the day was celebrated, giving full particulars. The next morning the boy, who was born in this country, said to me: 'Dad, this is the day we licked you.'"—*True Flag.*

The greatest weather profit of this season is the money saved by young men who didn't go sleigh-riding.—*Puck.*

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Tricks in the Dressmakers' Trade that Produce Oddities.

NOVELTIES IN SEASONABLE OUTFITS.

Women as College Presidents and Railway Owners.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.)

The Latest Evening Fashions.

Dressing for the evening, writes a London society correspondent, is just beginning in earnest; until now the dresses worn at night have been rather quiet. The richest silks are worn, and quantities of jewellery, but no flowers. Miss Fortescue looked charming on Saturday night in a cream colored demi-toilette, with a high mascotte collar made of transparent cream colored lace, and wearing a very beautiful necklace and crescent brooch of diamonds—not the white diamonds, but those which hold all the colors of the rainbow. Lady Dorothy Neville made a marvellous toilette of very rich flowered silk covered with enormous roses, and made in the quaintest way, so that she looked just like a lady in an old picture. Now that jewellery is worn to such an extent any one who possesses old-fashioned trinkets can show them to admiration, as it seems impossible to put on too many. Lady Dorothy Neville wore a magnificent necklace, and a ribbon round her throat, on which hung three quaint and brilliant pendants. Mrs. Labouchere wears very fine white diamonds and makes her dress subordinate to them, as many persons do just now. It is a subject of discussion among Mrs. Chamberlain's admirers whether her diamonds or her pearls are the finest, but I believe the pearls really carry off the palm. Some ladies wear both diamond and pearl necklaces at the same time, in order to be in the front of the fashion.

Lady Dufferin's Connemara Cloak.

The papers have been talking about who brought the first Connemara cloak into fashion, and it is like the tailless evening coat, credited to every social personage of any importance. The tailless coat, by the bye, is credited to the duke, while the cloak is credited to the bud. The truth about it is that it had its birth in the smart world through Lady Dufferin. Her ladyship had been in Ireland and was there presented with a very fine piece of Irish frieze. She took it to London with her and asked her tailor if he couldn't make her a long wrap out of it something out of the common and which would be stamped as decidedly individual. With quick wit he suggested just such a cloak as the Irish peasant wears, and so it had its birth. Lady Dufferin had a number made and soon all London was wearing them because they were so useful and could be so easily assumed. However, I do not think her ladyship expected them to be worn as street wraps nor did she foresee that caught in the March wind, they made the slender woman look like a balloon and the stout woman like the whole earth, not with a fence, but with a cloak about it.

London Fancies.

"Cousin Madge" writes in London *Truth*: "We went to the Salon on Tuesday and found a well dressed crowd assembled there, a few of whom were listening to the music of the Red Hungarian Band. There was an exhibition of pictures done by members, just enough to go round the walls once. A well-known singer wore a lovely gown of olive green silk, opening over white satin, and exquisite Turkish embroideries in pink, gold, olive-green and palest blue. An artist with a Circean face wore white brocade. There was one fancy ball costume in the crowd, so I suppose the wearer was going on to some gathering of a more fantastic kind. A Greek dress attracted some attention because there was so little that was Greek about it. It was a very annoying dress. I longed to give it a good pull at the back. Greek draperies never 'hung up' in the middle as it did, I am sure. Or, if they did, Greek would meet Greek in the shape of dressmaker and dress wearer, and then would come a tug of war. Two æsthetic sisters, dressed alike, hovered about in sad sage-green, apparently unaware that the day for that sort of thing is past and gone. A very pretty woman was so very pretty that I do not remember what she wore.

A Romantic Reconciliation.

Warren B. Westcott and Miss Jane F. Trueman were married recently at Saratoga. Forty years ago they were lovers and engaged, but Mr. Westcott jilted Miss Trueman and married a wealthy widow. To vindicate herself Miss Trueman successfully prosecuted a breach of promise suit against Mr. Westcott, but refused to accept the damages which were awarded to her. About three years ago Mr. Westcott became a widower. The old love revived in the hearts of both, and they decided to wed, he at the age of 70, and she nearly 60.

A New Trick of the Dressmaker's Trade.

One of the new tricks of the dressmaker's trade is to baste a sheet of wadding and a thin muslin interlining under the back breadths of Empire frocks, plait all three together and secure the lower edge of the lining and wadding to tapes sewed nine or ten inches below the waist. This makes the plaits look full and soft, and is not so obstinate as the bustle, which even in this stage of high civilization is capable of executing such fantastic tricks before high heaven as—but it is not necessary to continue the quotation. Angels are free from earthly troubles.

Princess Beatrice's Sister-in-Law.

Mrs. Crawford goes on: Mdlle. Loisinger is a great beauty. She is like a goddess of Reubens before the divine being fell into flesh. I never saw a finer tone of color or texture than her face, neck and arms. She came here some winters ago, hoping, through General Turr and other Hungarians, to obtain an engagement at the opera. I was asked to write her up, and was taken to see her. The voice was not first-rate, and, as she wanted vibrating capacity, the style was mechanical. But she had splendid plastic points, and her head of hair was a golden fleece. Her laugh was open and good-natured and the teeth milky white. In short, the dream of the bard of Kilkenny, of the bunch of ripe strawberries smothered in cream, was realized.

Pertaining to Women.

Russian tea at $4 a pound is the kind used at afternoon receptions in New York.

The women in England exceed the men by 3,000,000.

White is pretty for house dresses all the year around.

The cotillon is only just becoming fashionable in English society.

Pale green is a color worn much by Lady Randolph Churchill this season.

The golden wedding of the Gladstones will give occasion for a Liberal "jubilee" at Hawarden shortly.

Nearly one-half of the stockholders of the Consolidated Railroad, whose headquarters are at Hartford, Ct., are said to be women.

Mrs. Burnett's son, Vivian, has grown tired of being called "Little Lord Fauntleroy." "I'm just Vivian Burnett, that's who I am," he says.

The late J. E. Pfeiffer, Londoner, left half a million to his wife—Emily Pfeiffer, the writer of verses—to be used "for the advancement of women."

It is whispered among the knowing ones that Mrs. Gladstone's best gown is still the royal blue velvet with which she celebrated her husband's accession to power.

William S. Jackson, the husband of the late Helen Hunt Jackson, better known in the literary world as "H. H." was married to his third wife in Colorado Springs a day or two ago.

Miss Miriam Samuel, Bachelor of Arts of Bombay University, and daughter of a Persian merchant, has gone to London to study medicine with the intention of practising in India.

Two of the most successful college presidents in Kentucky are women—Miss Lottie A. Campbell, President of Caldwell College at Danville, and Miss A. M. Hicks, President of Clinton College.

The Queen of Madagascar is least bedeviled as a small, slender, light brown woman, with a very sad face, a sweet smile, and the end of Paris gowns. She is 28 years old, has been four years a queen and is really worshipped by her people.

Novelties in the Fashions.

Sprays of maiden-hair fern in green enamel incrusted with tiny diamonds, is a charming pin.

Low bodices for evening dresses are cut in every possible shape. Some en cœur open very low at back and front and filled with tulle gathered to a band at the throat. Some are cut oval to display the shoulders and finished by an old fashioned lace bertha.

The flading veil, such an institution for many reasons, can be worn with any broad-brimmed hat. Toilet it hang with a frill about the neck is well enough, but when drawn loosely under the chin and gathered high at the back one comes nearer the latest fashion.

Great clusters of pond lilies, fery poppies, hyacinths, field daisies etc., are lavishly used on ball toilets. The long, transparent green grasses with which these flowers are combined are an excellent background for so much vivid color. Some of the flowers are touched with faint colors almost natural.

Trim little turbans, toques and capotes are often worn with these gray suits. A bit of the dress material can be wrinkled over a stiff frame and finished at the edges by a band of white silk or gray velvet, and a white or gray bird, as the wearer's fancy may dictate—spreads his wings and arches his neck in front.

A court train worn recently by the young German Princess was six yards long, and of the finest white Lyons silk, magnificently embroidered in gold and silver. The price of the material was about $1,000, and the embroidery was done by twelve young girls who were working at it for two months.

The plaids give way before the reign of stripes that seem to dominate in every variety of stuffs. Two shades of gray or gray and white have the preference, these suits being often worn with short coats of solid gray, severely simple in make, sometimes with a bit of braiding and often trimmed in gray astrachan or some other fur.

Drap de Paris is a new fabric which will commend itself to all lovers of fine goods. It is not knitted, but woven like cloth, and has all the elasticity of jersey cloth. It is woven in ribs of different sizes, coarse and fine, the heavy coarse black being especially suitable for mourning. It comes in all colors and is used for any garment that can be made of Jersey cloth.

The full waisted jerseys are very popular for those who cannot stand the severe style of the tailor made article. These have yokes of plaits, tucks and of smocking, the fulness belted in at the waist with a wide belt and ornamental buckle. They are made of plain and striped goods, and in many cases embroidered with braid herring bone stitch or have a plastron of Persian trimming.

The Directoire jersey is cut away over a vest and fastened with two high buttons. Matelees of silk surah and merveileuse are a perfect delight to an ease-loving woman. There is comfort in them and good looks, the yokes are shirred, tucked or smocked, and they are confined to the waist with a loose belt or girdle. They are mostly trimmed with lace and are made in all the new desirable shades.

A Cordial Welcome.

Visiting mother-in-law—How glad I am to see you, my dear daughter.

Daughter-in-law—I am so glad to see you. It is so kind in you to travel that long distance just to see me. Take off your things. Now that you are here you must not think of leaving us before the first train in the morning.

Power of Association.

Mrs. De Temper (looking up from the paper)—Well, I declare! Another woman, single-handed, has captured a burglar. I should think she would have been killed by the brute; but the paper says the moment she grabbed a poker and made a dash for him his knees trembled and his teeth shook, and he sank to the floor in affright.

Mr. De Temper—He is probably a married man.

"I have an account of a big land slide," said the new reporter. "What head shall I put it under?" "Put it under the 'Real Estate Transfers,'" replied the snake editor.