The Russian Influenza.

In Russia, where there's dynamite in every breath they draw,
Where everybody has a name that almost breaks your jaw,
Where they double up the alphabet and rudely break it off,
And half the names you chance to meet resemble Whoopinkopff,
'Tis there they recently arranged some influenzial fad
That everybody's got to have, and got to have it bad,
Already it has found its way to lands beyond the seas,
Its in Chicago—there! Kerchew! I knew I'd have to sneeze.

A sneeze is such a stubborn thing—it's bound to have its way,
The more you strive to hush it up the more it has to say,
It likes to catch you unawares, at church, or some such place,
And when you'd look your sweetest how it wrinkles up your face!
And e'en the swain on bended knees all ready to propose,
May quite forget his piece the while he wipes his sneezing nose,
And do your best, 'tis all in vain to try to look at ease,
When one is coming—there! Kerchew! Great heavens, what a sneeze!

And so this plague is coming, if 'tis not already here,
And while there's naught about it that the people need to fear,
It isn't kind in foreigners to on our people spring,
Whose time is so much occupied, this hasty Rushin' thing,
The people oll oppose it, and there's scarcely any doubt
That blow on blow they'll meet it till at last they wipe it out,
It interferes with everything, and even lines like these
Are dull when interrupted—there! Kerchew Another sneeze.

A Suggestion.

Air.—"Something That Nobody Knows."

For the topical questions one hears every day,
An answer there must be I'm sure;
Or else on the shelf let us put them away,
And no longer the torture endure.
We have heard of the mother-in-law till we're tired,
The stay-at-the-club man is dead;
Don't you think they'd enjoy it if they could be fired,
When our late friend reposes his head?
"Ask McGinty."

Put along with the rest the old ice-cream joke stale,
This weather has melted it quite,
And the baby that makes a pedestrian pale
And the tack on the floor at night
Chuck in that old stove pipe and poems on spring,
Along with the "beautiful snow;"
And if you should wish to find out anything
As to how they are doing below—
"Ask McGinty."

The festive front gate and the coal bill so steep,
The dog and the stern parent's boot,
Let us gather them in for a long solemn sleep,
And let them all slide down the chute.
And after this funeral the curious man
That wants to these things a reply,
We'll smile a faint smile that is child-like and bland
And to say—"If you want to know why
Ask McGinty."
McGinty's Wife.

Buffalo, Jan. 6th, 1890.

The International Band.

Mamma's got a headache pain,
And had to go to bed again;
And Mary's gone after doctor's stuff,
As if poor mamma hadn't enough!
And we must be the best of boys,
And never make a bit of noise;
And we will be just terrible good,
I promised Mary that we would;
So come on boys and lend a hand;
And we will play at German Band.
I know 'twont hurt dear mamma's head,
'Cause you can't hear nuffin' when you're in bed.

Now, Ted, you take the big tin pan,
And bang it hard as ever you can;
And Jack will take the shovel and tongs
And beat the time to all our songs;
The dinner horn will just suit me,
And how I'll blow it you shall see;
And I will be the leader, too,
Now we are ready to begin,
Ted, here's a spoon to strike the tin,
New, tootle-too! and a bim, bim, bang!
And a too-who-who! and a rum, bum, clang
And a cling-a-ling! and with foot and hand,
Hooray! for the American German band.

* * * * * * * *

"Why, mamma, we didn't never know
Our music could have hurt you so!
We fought—you know you said so, Fwed—
Zat you can't hear nuffin' when you're in bed.
And we was bein' the bestes boys—
And nobody calls music noise!"
—*Olive Harper in Sunny Hour.*

THE DOSTERS:

A Romance of Georgian Life

CHAPTER I.

The Joyners, besides fifty negroes, owned a thousand acres of Ogeechee bottom-land, extending southward to the Mays, who, with as many slaves, paid taxes on over thirteen hundred acres. The mansion of the former, square, two-storied, with attic, was situate a few rods from the public thoroughfare leading from Augusta on the Savannah, through Gateston, the county seat, to Milledgeville, then the capital of the state. In a similar house, with a somewhat more tasteful piazza, a mile below, a little removed from a neighborhood road extending down the river-bank to the Shoals, dwelt the Mays. Equidistant, near the Gateston road, were the Dosters, in their story-and-a-half house, who, with a dozen slaves and about three hundred acres of land, rolling and much thinner than their neighbors', were doing at least as well as could have been expected. The Joyners and Mays had been intimately friendly always, and no neighbor had ever believed himself so dull a prophet as not to have foreseen, long before William and Harriet May and Hiram and Ellen Joyner were old enough to be thinking about sweethearts, that those two families, like their fine plantations, were destined in time to be united, and by a double bond.

The heads of both these families had deceased. So had that of the Dosters, the last, besides his widow, leaving Thomas, lately grown to manhood, and two younger children. At the period in which occurred what this story is meant to tell, Hiram and William were about twenty-two, and Ellen and Harriet nineteen and eighteen.

But for the demise of Mr. Doster, Thomas would have had a better education. This event made necessary his leaving the state college at the end of the junior year, in order to conduct the family business. To the necessity that called him away he yielded with more reluctance because he was to leave behind a very dear cousin, with whom the expectation had been to study and enter into a partnership for the practice of law. Yet in this while he had learned quite as much of books as either of the young men his more favored neighbors, who after leaving the academy had been two years at the University of Virginia, where they had spent money to such figures that their mothers readily assented to their proposal to return home without academic degrees. For three years past they had been managing in some sort the goodly estates left by their fathers; but some said that but for their negro foreman the plantations would deteriorate faster. Much of their time had been spent in fox-hunting, bird-hunting, and other field-sports, in horseback journeyings to Milledgeville and Augusta, and in other ways which they regarded their fortunes ample enough to allow. Each, however, had reasonably good moral character, and was frank enough to admit to his mother sometimes that, compared with that of the Dosters, their place was not kept up sufficiently, and that, upon ground well known to be less productive, the Doster crops were better. Yet all along it had been hoped that after a while, particularly when they had married and settled down to steady business, Hiram and William would make good energetic, prosperous citizens like their fathers.

The Mays were tall, slender, and fair; the Joyners of middle height, dark hair and complexion; Ellen somewhat petite, her brother stout and strongly set. The girls were considered quite pretty after their separate styles, and their brothers would have been slow to believe that Tom Doster, midway between them as to figure and complexion, was considered by most people rather better looking than either. The education of the girls was excellent for those times. It was only about a year back when they had come out of the female academy at Gateston, wherein they had spent all their years since very young girlhood. This academy, founded and kept by Rev. Mr. Wyman, a Baptist clergyman, native of Vermont, had, and most deservedly, a very high reputation, that had extended throughout the state and into several adjoining. All branches taught in New England seminaries, including music, drawing, and painting, were in the course which both the girls had made, not only with satisfaction, but high honors. Ellen played on the piano uncommonly well, and Harriet, less skillful there, was a sweeter singer. The young men were quite proud of these accomplishments of their sisters, but for which it was thought that they might have exerted themselves more for their own development. As it was, they held to their fox-hunting and other amusements, each satisfied apparently with the thought that when the time should come for subtracting from the other's family he would give in exchange a value regareded equal to that which he would receive.

Thomas Doster had made it appear very soon after leaving college that this movement meant business. The vigor and economy with which he had managed the farm were such that in three years enough had been laid up to purchase two hundred more acres and a family of negroes. For some considerable time people had been saying what a fine young man Tom Doster was. The Dosters, belonging to the same church, visited with the other two families, but not nearly so often as those with each other. The young men, particularly William May, who was of heartier temperament than Hiram, rather liked Tom, and in their own families might go so far as to admit that his example, if such a thing were necessary, might be worth imitating. If they felt like patronizing him, they could not do so to much extent, something in his manner, except when in presence of the girls, putting such deportment in restraint. Every week-day he was to be seen, in his plain, home-made, well-fitting clothes, where either the plough hands or the hoe hands were at work, and the passing by of old or young, male or female, seemed to affect in no wise the feeling of manhood as, thus homely clad, he kept at his work. Right often, as the girls with their brothers, or one with him of the other, were riding past, he would take off his broad brimmed hat, return their salutation, and, if happening to be near the fence, come forward at notice of disposition to linger for a brief chat. On Sundays when there was meeting at Horeb, a mile or so inland from the Joyners', he put on his best, and looked the equal of anybody there. Occasionally, when one of the girls had ridden there on horseback, accompanied by her brother, he proposed to escort her home, and—but not often—accepted the invitation to dinner which it was customary in all country neighborhoods to extend on such occasions.

"Tom's a stirring fellow," said Will May to Harriet one day, when, after some conversation with him as he sat upon his fence, they were passing on.

"Yes," she answered; "I think Tom Doster is a very promising young man; handsome too, even in his homespun clothes. I suspect that he would have made a good lawyer."

"Best as it is; indeed lucky, in my opinion. There's no good in a fellow trying to rise too far above his raising. It's well for Tom Doster that he could not go to the bar. He's proud enough, hard as he has to work, and he cannot, if he ever tries, conceal his aspiring nature. I like Tom very well myself as a neighbor; but Hiram, especially of late, doesn't. Hiram says that Tom is as proud as if he owned both our plantations and his little patch of ground besides."

"I don't see why he might not feel as proud as other people, brother Will. He's young, handsome, intelligent, industrious, and of as good family as any, if they do have less property. I should not call pride the feeling that keeps him from looking up to those who are in more favored conditions. I should rather name it a sense of freedom, which every man who feels himself to be a gentleman is bound to have."

"Yes; and that's just the way, as Hiram says, that Ellen talks, and both of you are rather imprudent in the way you treat Tom Doster; and I tell you now, Harriet, that Hiram especially doesn't like him."

"Oho! He doesn't! nor do you, I see. Well, Ellen and I must amend our speech, and be more circumspect in our behavior, even if we cannot help our tastes and manners."

Then she looked back with mock regret toward Tom, who was working away as if he had forgotten having seen and talked with them."

"Come, Harriet, you needn't put on airs."

"Of course not, before my brother Will, and especially before Hiram, of whose displeasure he warns me. But," she added, to tease her brother, "they do say that Tom's cousin has grown to be handsomer even than him. I'll have to see for myself before I can believe it."

"Wasn't that a pretty come off? He and Tom were to be two great lawyers, you know; and their grand scheme has wound up by Tom being, as his father before him was, a common, hard-working farmer, and his cousin a Methodist preacher."

"It was rather strange. As for poor Tom, the disappointment was unavoidable, and, like a true man always will in such cases, he has borne it not only patiently, but cheerfully. His cousin Henry, I doubt not, is following what he believes to be the line of his duty, and if so, that shows him to be a true man also."

"Everybody to his notion. Let us get on." They urged their horses to a brisker pace, that soon brought them to the Joyners', where they tarried awhile before returning home.

Henry Doster was son of Tom's uncle, who dwelt several miles beyond Gateston, and whose estate was somewhat larger than that of his deceased brother. Everybody, his parents, even himself, had been expecting, ever since he first entered college, and until just before he was to leave, that he was to become a lawyer. But about a couple of months before graduation, at the head of his class, during a revival meeting of the Methodist church in Athens, the seat of the state university, he, who always had been piously inclined, became convinced that he had a call to the sacred ministry. His parents, not church members, but rather affiliating with the Baptists, felt a double disappointment. Yet they loved and respected him too well to complain. He was as gentle as he was handsome and gifted. While in college he had the good fortune to be popular both with faculty and students, because he deported himself just as he ought before all. Of olive complexion, brown eyes and hair, his face on occasion would light into redness as decided as ever painted the fairest cheek. When he was in animated declamation his form of five feet ten swayed with a grace more engaging because unstudied, even unconscious, and his voice, at all times sweet, rang sonorous and true as a clarion's. His college mates had prophesied for him an eminent career at the bar, and many felt regret more than surprise at the course which, suddenly, as it seemed, he had resolved to pursue. At Commencement he made his modest valedictory with much *eclat*, smilingly bade adieu to all his associates and acquaintances; then returned to his home, and went to preparing himself for the solemn work that he was to undertake.

CHAPTER II.

The two leading religious denominations as now, were then nearly equally divided in middle Georgia, the ascendency held by the Methodists in the towns and villages being balanced by that of the Baptists in the rural districts. Not very many of the clergy of either had received a college education, yet many of them were very efficient preachers, and some eloquent to a high degree. The Methodists were well pleased at the accession of a young man in whom was such goodly promise. Brief preliminaries were required for the pulpit, and only a few months after the time when Henry Doster had counted upon applying for admission to the bar he was preaching the gospel. So young, and modest as young, it was thought well that for the first year he should work under the guidance of one of the older and more pronounced preachers. Fortunate to both it seemed that the Rev. Allen Swinger, a native of the county, was holding his headquarters in Gateston, and to him, as assistant in his circuit, Henry was assigned. This gentleman, very tall and muscular, had been in his youth a noted fighter, having won his wife, so the tradition went, by his conquest of a formidable rival, and he had not left behind all of his native combativeness when he advanced upon a higher field. He was fond of wielding what he styled his sledge-hammer, not only against sinners in general, but pronounced opponents of his own faith, of the entire certitude of which he never had felt a doubt since the day on which he embraced it first. Yet he was, or he meant to be, as pious as he was aggressive, and he cordially believed that his interest in the welfare of souls, outsiders and nominal insiders, was as good as the best. Many and many a time, with emphasis, would he talk about thus:

"If Allen Swinger know anything at all about hisself, his own self, and if he don't, the question arise who do, but if so be, I am not aginst none of their souls' salvations, if they would only git their consents to give up their mean ways, and then git right straight up and come aright straight along where everybody that ain't a actuil a blinded with predijice is obleeged to see, plain as open and shet, is the way they got to foller so they mayn't git conswined not only to fire but brimstone sprinkled on top of that, which every scence I ben converted myself, like a bran' snatched from the burnin', I ben astonished that anybody could ever be such a big fool as to think he could stand ary one, let alone both. Now as for Henry Dawster, if he wasn't quite so thin skin, and if he could get his consents to pitch in four-an'-a-half (Mr. Swinger by this phrase meant fore and aft) aginst worldlyans, and be more vigious on them Babtisses, which if they ain't headed they goin' to take this whole country, same like the sand of Egyp', him and me together could git up rewivals a'most a constant. But I can't yit git him to make charges on 'em. That whut I call comin' down out the pulpit and marchin' right on to 'em, right and left. Yit he's a good religious boy, same as a good Meth'dis' woman that don't know how to be anything else, and I love him a'most a like he were my own child, and, in time, and spechual, when he git hisself a wife, I shall count on his spreadin' hisself accordin' to his talons, which, jest betwix me and you, to go no furder, he's got a plenty, more than any one man's sheer, when we have the expenuce to go along with 'em."

Unlike as were these two, a friendship amounting to affection united them. The absence of everything like envy in Mr. Swinger, instead the bounding pride he felt in Henry's superior gifts, and his eagerness to help in such employment as he believed would develop and exhibit them to best advantage; on the other side, the young man's ready performance of every service assigned, his confidence in the single-minded integrity with which Mr. Swinger deported himself toward him, bound them, in not long time, closely and fondly. In spite of his general sternness of manner and speech, Mr. Swinger had much softness of spirit and considerable humor. The submission of a sinner or any other kind of enemy would melt his ire to tenderness instantly. He could tell a joke with excellent effect, and he would do so even when himself was the butt of its ridicule, and his delight at such rehearsal was equal to his hearers' in the laughter thus provoked. He believed, and he so assured the young preacher often, that he could never make important continued headway in his profession as long as he remained single. His talks upon the subject discovered some romance in his being.

(To be Continued).

Young Lawyers Catching On.

A young lawyer who comes to a big city to make his fortune must first make himself known. Without acquaintances he might as well try to manage a comic opera company on a desert island as to get cases of a desirable kind. The piece of advice that is first given the young lawyer by the older heads when he comes to St. Louis is, "Make yourself known!" There are different ways of doing this. Some young fellows, if they have money, plunge into society the very first thing. That's a good thing in its way, but I do not believe that it pays in the long run. Others join secret orders, attend meetings regularly, and in a few weeks know several hundred people by sight and name. That is one of the best plans, and a very popular one.

If you are familiar with the secret organizations of the city, just think how many of their officers are lawyers. Another plan which is employed with good results by many is to take board in a down town hotel, and spend a great part of the time, out of office hours, in the rotunda, meeting strangers and talking. One keeps himself in touch with all the news this way, and makes valuable acquaintances. The young lawyer who is fortunate enough to get a desk in the office of some established attorney, whose friends and clients he meets, is in the best position of them all, and will probably begin making money sooner than any of them. If, with this advantage, he will also put into execution one of those other plans, he will go ahead rapidly.—*One of Them in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Stimulants Between Meals.

Although all persons who indulge in alcoholic stimulants well within the margin of actual drunkenness speak of themselves as moderate drinkers, there are two special classes of them which bear no resemblance to each other except in the solitary circumstance that they never, at any time, take sufficient to intoxicate themselves. The one class is that which only partakes of stimulants while eating; the other indulges in them between meal times. To the latter habit is applied, in this country, the title of nipping, while in the east it is spoken of as "pegging." And this is the most pernicious of all forms of drinking, from the fact that stimulants taken without at the same time partaking of food, though only imbibed in small quantities at a time, have most deleterious effects on the internal organs. A man who habitually indulges in a single glass of sherry in the forenoon, a brandy-and soda in the afternoon, and a glass of whiskey-and-water in the course of the evening does far more injury to his constitution than one who partakes of a larger quantity of alcoholic stimulants at meal times.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Dust of Travel.

If you have been travelling any distance on the cars don't wash your face in cold water the moment you reach a washstand. If you want to remove all trace of dust and smoke rub your face well with vaseline or cold cream, and wipe it off on a dry towel. The towel after the wiping will show you where the dirt has gone. Then you may wash your face in hot water if you will. There is nothing like hot, really hot, water for the complexion. It keeps not only c'ean, but clear.—*Boston Traveller.*

Bearly Escaped.

"I hear you were rescued from the clutches of a grizzly last summer. Narrow escape, that?"

"Yes; it was a pretty tight squeeze."

MONEY IN STAMPS.

Some Famous Collections Made by Enthusiastic Connoisseurs.

Six years ago a business man in this city, who had plenty of money, determined to collect a magnificent assortment of foreign postage stamps. For six years he has done little else than pursue this occupation. He became connected with all the leading dealers in the world, and left with them orders to secure rare varieties at any price. He has already expended $25,000, and has now a collection of about 14,000 stamps. This may include all the "adhesives," as there are about 8,000 of them in existence. Occasionally you read, and so do I, of postage stamp collections containing millions of different stamps. Such things are myths, unless they consist of innumerable duplicates. Perhaps dealers and advanced collectors consider the collection of M. Ferrari, son of the Duchess of Galatea, the finest collection of postage stamps in the world. It is said to outrank even the famous Rothschild collection. The Ferrari collection is worth $250,000, and its happy owner employs a well-educated secretary who does nothing whatever but attend to it. This secretary classifies and pastes the stamps, and corresponds with all the leading dealers of the world, endeavoring to obtain what collectors call "unobtainables." The stamp dealers frequently obtain specimens of rare stamps in queer ways. Not long ago a bookkeeper employed by a Philadelphia merchant entered the office of the firm of which Mr. Hanes is a member, and throwing a stamp on the counter asked whether it was worth anything. This was one of the first stamps issued by the city of Baltimore many years ago, and the bookkeeper said he had found it on a letter of an old correspondent of the firm for which he worked Apparently the man did not think the stamp would bring more than 50 cents or a dollar. You can judge of his amazement, therefore, when he was offered a sum very far beyond this, and which seemed to him fabulous. He parted with the stamp gladly, and hurried out of the office as if he were afraid the money would be asked back. Several days later this stamp was sold for $260. One of the most famous collectors of the world is Mr. Tapling, an English member of Parliament. He lives at Dulwich, not far from London. His collection, which is valued at $200,000, is mounted on cardboard and includes a long list of what connoisseurs call the "unobtainables." Dozens and dozens of Mr. Tapling's stamps are worth from $100 to $150 apiece. Several weeks ago a very small boy who has been selling stamps at intervals to a local dealer called upon him with a United States stamp—I think it was one of the old "80 cents"—and asked how much it was worth. This was a stamp which sells readily for $10. But the lad had never received more than 5 or 6 cents apiece for his stamps before, and the dealer was afraid of frightening him at first by mentioning a high value, so he told the boy "It was a mighty good stamp." Then offering $5 for it, he asked the lad whether he would sell it at that figure. The boy became scared, picked up the stamp, ran away and has never returned. He probably has an idea that it worth is a fabulous sum.—*Philadelphia News.*

Public Men in Washington Who Were Born Under the British Flag.

(Fred Perry Powers in Chicago America)

There are four natives of England in Congress, and they are exactly divided between the two houses and the two parties. Senator Jones, of Nevada, Republican, and Senator Pasco, of Florida, Democrat; Representative Crisp, of Georgia, Democrat, and Representative Greenhalge, of Massachusetts, Republican, were born in England, but Mr. Crisp's parents were only visiting in Sheffield when he was born there; he does not tell us, however, whether they were Americans, or from some other town in England. They brought the young statesman here when he was under a year old. Senator Pasco was brought to Massachusetts when quite young, and was educated at Harvard. Senator Jones was brought to this country by his parents when he was less than a year old, and Mr. Greenhalge was brought here early in childhood. Scotland has furnished us more members of this Congress than any other foreign country. Senator Beck, of Kentucky, and Representatives Henderson and Kerr, of Iowa, and Farquhar and Laidlaw, of New York, were born in the land of Burns and oatmeal. Senator Beck and Mr. Farquhar received academic educations before coming to this country. Col. Henderson came to this country at the age of six, and Mr. Kerr came here one year later. Mr. Laidlaw was a dozen years old when his parents brought him to the United States. Ireland, fruitful mother of politicians, sends only four of her offspring to this Congress. Mr. McAdoo, of New Jersey, is one of the youngest members of the House. He is only thirty-six and is serving his fourth term in Congress. Messrs. Clancey, Wiley and Quinn are new members. Mr. Wiley was only four years old when his parents brought him, and Mr. Clancey was brought here in childhood, but Mr. Quinn was twenty-five or more when he came, and so far as the biographies in the Congressional Directory inform us he is the only man in this Congress who required naturalization.

Mr. Clunie, of California, was born in Newfoundland of Massachusetts parents temporarily residing there. Mr. Grout, of Vermont, was born in the Province of Quebec, of parents temporarily residing there. Mr. Connell, of Nebraska, was born in Canada; Senator McMillan, of Michigan, in Ontario; Mr. Stephenson, of Wisconsin, in New Brunswick, and Mr. Caine, the Mormon delegate, was born in the Isle of Man and came to this country at the age of seventeen.

Measurements of the Great Lakes.

The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth, 688 feet; elevation, 827 feet; area, 82,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 300 miles; its greatest breadth, 108 miles; mean depth, 690 feet; elevation, 506 feet; area, 23,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Huron is 300 miles; its greatest breadth, 60 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 274 feet; area, 20,000 square miles The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; its greatest breadth, 80 miles; mean depth, 84 feet; elevation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth is 65 miles; its mean depth is 500 feet; elevation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Nothing Commonplace About Our Own Death.

It is very commonplace to say that all men must die, but it is not commonplace to say that you, John—you, Mary—you, George—you, Jane, are going hence after 135,000 working hours, more or less. You are proud of your two beautiful cities. You say and think that some day they will be one great municipality, another London, larger than London, which more than doubles the size of ancient Rome. But you will not be here. But the nation is the tree, the individual the leaf; the tree will live. Gaze at the cemetery gate. The procession which passes there is the one you must join. We go hence, we go soon, never to return. So teach us to number our days that we may apply "our hearts unto wisdom."—*Rev. Joseph Cook.*

Sisterly Sweetness.

Minnie—Mr. Binx actually proposed to me last night. I never was so surprised in all my life.

Mamie—You needn't have been. His sole ambition is to be thought eccentric.

THE HUMAN VOICE.

Some Incidents which Go to Show Its Wonderful Influence Over Man.

It is said by those who are competent to judge that an Englishman's voice indicates almost infallibly the social standing of its possessor. Shakespeare calls a "soft, gentle and low" voice an "excellent thing in woman," and another observer, with a happy knack at phrasing, says: "A woman should never raise her voice above the singing of a kettle"; while another exclaims, "Let no one say it is a matter of indifference what song is sung by a child's cradle. It sounds through the whole life."

There was a great thrill in a story that went the rounds of the papers some years ago because of its truthfulness to nature. A brave New York fireman was climbing a ladder upon a blazing house, striving to reach a child who stood in the window of the fourth story. The smoke became so blinding and the heat so unendurable that the intrepid man wavered and paused.

A shudder ran through the crowd, till an inspired voice called out, "Cheer him!" Instantly the heavens were rent with a shout of passionate enthusiasm that bore the sinking fireman upward on its breath, and the fainting child was soon in its mother's arms.

We recall another instance: On the night of the ever to be deplored 15th of July, 1823, fire broke out in the venerated basilica of St. Paul, in Rome. The terrified and lamenting populace gathered from all quarters around the sacred edifice, which had been filled from very early times with the most venerated religious relics, as well as with the richest treasures of art.

Paralyzed with fear and grief, the people stood in helpless awe, when a clarion voice rang out, "Save the arch, the gift of the fifth to the nineteenth century!" The cry acted like an inspiration upon the crowd; every arm felt the thrill, and the arch was saved.

A still familiar instance of the power of the voice over a crowd is perhaps that which occurred at the raising of an obelisk in Rome, many years ago. For a long time no one could be found willing to attempt the work, but at length an architect, Domenico Fontana, devised machinery by which to accomplish it. The risk was great. If the enterprise should miscarry, and the obelisk, partly raised, should fall to the earth, it might cause the death of hundreds, beside the destruction of the monument.

A huge crowd assembled to watch the operation. To prevent confusion, an edict had been issued forbidding any one, on pain of death; to speak, or even make any noise. The signals to work and rest were to be given by the sound of trumpets.

The silence of death reigned over the vast concourse as the first signal sounded, and the machines began to work, and the levers to creak and bend under the great pressure. The obelisk rose steadily, surely. At first easily; then with greater and greater difficulty, until it was within a few lines of the perpendicular.

Men and beasts exerted themselves to the utmost, but the cables refused to work farther. It was a moment of despair. All seemed lost, when a brave sailor boy, perched aloft, risked his life and all by calling out in the dead silence, "Wet the ropes!"

The word was an inspiration. The architect and master workmen saw it at once. As if the voice of the sailor boy had electrified them, they wet the ropes, which contracted, and the obelisk was raised to the upright position it has held ever since. It is needless to add that the prayers of the people procured the pardon of the sailor.—*Youth's Companion.*

How Women Should Walk.

Have you noticed how few women walk gracefully nowadays? It is unusual to see a woman carry her head and shoulders well and step out freely, with a postical grace of movement. The majority waddle, strut or bounce. The school girl trips or hurries along head forward. The loitering shopper goes on her way with a lolling step. The young woman studying art, music, or for the drama lets her flapping, esthetic cloak hang loosely open as she saunters among a crowd, her step as preoccupied as her dreamy gaze. The tailor-made girl, severely buttoned to the chin, has a stride exactly like her brothers. Observe, if you please, the swaying, side-long swish-swash of that overdressed girl wearing a satin gown on a wet day. Though you cannot see her shoes, you know from the way she rests, first on one foot and then on the other, that they are too tight. We meet at every turn the girl who runs out her chin, who sways her arms and who carries one shoulder higher than the other. The undulating movement which should be natural to women seems to have disappeared. Modjeska is one of the few women in New York who walk well. She has the gait of a goddess. To see her move is satisfying in one way and tantalizing in another—you wonder so how she does it.

You have doubtless watched a panther pacing backward and forward in his cage. How like velvet is his step! How regular, how easy, yet full of repressed strength! Men who have devoted many years to the study of physical culture say a panther and a woman should get over the ground in the same easy, dignified way. If you would walk well, girls, study the panther in the park, then go and do likewise. A good way to practice is to start on a fine, bracing morning for a straight three-mile stretch and cover it at an even pace. Wear warm wraps, but leave your corset at home. Corduroy makes an excellent walking suit. A few days since I met a party of three girls in the upper part of Central Park, each one a symphony in brown corduroy made with skirts of ankle length and Norfolk jackets. Fore and aft caps of shaggy tweed and bearskin capes completed the costume, which seemed by right to belong to the heroine of one of Wm. Black's highland tales.—*New York Herald.*

Drinking a Matter of Habit.

I will show, I think, by a single illustration, that drinking is a mere matter of habit. Without the slightest fear of contradiction, I assert that there are at least 200,000 men in this city who drink every day in the week spirituous liquors and never think of touching a drop on Sundays. Now run through your own acquaintances and you will without trouble find scores and scores who never touch a drop of liquor in their own homes, but who on the floor of the Exchange, on the street, in the restaurant, in the cafe, at the stand-up bar are good fellows along that line of entertainment, spending their money freely—not because they or those whom they entertain care especially for the fluid, but that they may have a social interchange of courtesy and personal regard. This is their habit during six working days of the week. On Sundays they rarely leave their homes save to go to church, possibly to take a drive, now and then for a stroll, but thousands upon thousands, and scores of thousands of men content themselves on Sunday with their reading, their writing, playing with the children, receiving friends, literally resting from the labors of the rest of the week. Sometimes they drink at home, but in a vast majority of cases not a drop on Sunday. Because it is Sunday? Not at all, but because being out of the ordinary day routine, out of the companionships of the work-day week, away from the opportunities, they never think of it.—*Joe Howard in Chicago News.*

The End of It.

Brightfellow—Make any calls New Year's Day, old boy?

Stoopid—Yes, called on Miss Goldbug.

"Did she say it was a go?"

"No, but her father said I might."

MUST LAUGH HIS LIFE AWAY.

Story of a Georgia Man's Singular Paralytic Affliction.

Joseph Oscar Johnson was sent to Roff home a few days ago, and his case is probably one of the most remarkable that ever went to that or any other hospital, says the Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph*. He is a paralytic, and one side is entirely useless. The stroke came on him some two months ago. He is a locomotive engineer, and was able to make a good living. He had seen a good deal of the world, and generally saw the bright side of it. It was in the town of Clinton, S. C., that the stroke came on him. He was on a run that carried him into that town. He was one day doing some work on his engine and talking to some one standing near. At the moment he received the blow he was in the act of laughing, and, strange to say the muscles and nerves of the face that are brought most into play in the act of laughing are the ones that are most affected, and over these he has no control whatever. He feels, of course, like there is little left for him to live for, being utterly helpless, and it is necessarily a sad thought to him. But he cannot think of it nor tell his troubles, and the doubts and fears that torment him without laughing. He has a wife and five children, and when this affliction came upon him he went to his father-in-law, who lived in Wilmington, N. C., and told him of his condition and of his inability to care further for his family, and telling him at the same time that for himself he did not wish to be a burden upon any one, but would go somewhere and seek seclusion and calmly await the closing of what was henceforth to be a useless life. The recital of his parting with his wife was most pathetic and heartrending, yet with tears in his eyes and a heart full of agony he was forced to laugh as though he was telling the most ludicrous incident.

He has wandered from one county to another, and has frequently gone several days without a morsel to eat. Recently he spent a night in the woods in a violent rain storm. His crippled leg refused to serve him longer, and he was compelled, without shelter, to take the violence of the storm. His thin clothing was wet to the skin, he suffered the pangs of hunger, and the recital of it made him shudder all over, yet he laughed all the time he was telling it He was a most pitiful sight. He says he dare not go to church lest he be accused of making sport of the services and be requested to leave the church. And as for a funeral it would be out of the question for him to attend one.

His case is a most pitiable one, and is the more so because he is only waiting the only relief possible for him, and that one he would hail with pleasure, and almost prays for.

DRESSES TO DANCE IN.

Extreme Low Necks on Young Ladies Are Not Approved.

The dancing dress of to-day is a thing of gauze and other sheer materials. Glimmer of satin and sheen of silk are for the time veiled by materials like the filmy gauzes of Indian weave, "floating air" and "woven mist," but made in the land of France and called by the less poetic name of chiffognes. A few dresses for married ladies are made of brocades and satin, but for young women the embroidered lisses and tulles, or the spangled gauze, which look as if they might have belonged to the wardrobe of an Oriental Princess, are made up into graceful dancing gowns called "Josephine dresses," with simple, straight, full skirts of gauze over satin and low square-necked bodices, which might have been modeled after the familiar portraits of the beautiful Empress.

The severe style of this dress, with its high sash of soft surah is considered especially suitable for a debutante, though in such a case the square neck is veiled with lace. There is a decided objection among mothers to the adoption of the extreme decolette styles worn by the older women of society, by girls in their first or second season. In many cases the evening bodice for young girls is merely pointed and filled in with lace, while the sleeve is entirely omitted or is an elbow sleeve. Other dresses for young ladies are draped with figured net or gauze and caught up with rosettes and garlands of ribbons in the flat effect now universally seen. Dainty point d'esprit, dotted in the most delicate manner, embroidered lisses wrought with tiny rosebuds or some fine blossoms in pale green, delicate rose or yellow over satin make beautiful dresses.—*New York Tribune.*

The Utterly Correct Young Woman.

The young woman utterly correct in winter garb is a strikingly picturesque object these days. From crown to toe she wears only what is chic and what at first sight carries the evidence of fashion's latest whim. Beginning with her hat, it is a patent leather sailor, trimmed with a plain band of ribbon, and reflects in its glistening crown the upper windows of the houses she passes. She wears it just back of the waved fringe on her brow and above the knot of softly rolled hair. Of course she wears a coat of Russian sable, with a Medicis collar, into which she will sink her chin whenever the weather is cold, but which during these bright, brisk days falls open, showing a cream silk kerchief fastened high at the neck with little silver pins. Her hands are thrust in a good-sized muff not far enough to hide the thick, soft, dog skin gloves and the edges of white cuffs held together by silver links as thick as little ropes. As much of her gown as shows below her cape is Scotch tweed, blanket-like in its thickness, but soft and woolly. It falls in untrimmed, slightly draped folds, and as she steps out sans dress supporter, sans steels, sans bustle, it clings to her limbs and its edges ripple and sway about her feet in a delightful way. Her boots have patent-leather vamps, but tan gaiters leave only a little of their polish visible. If it is a gray day with a suggestion of coming rain in the air she has only one hand thrust in her muff, and in the other carries horizontally a slender, tightly rolled gold-headed umbrella. Do you see her in your mind's eye, this bright-eyed, faintly flushed young woman, making her light, independent way along with a confortable consciousness that she is the very pink of fashion? And do you think a prettier specimen of radiant girlhood could be found among the much-talked of but flat-chested English women or the overdressed, tightly-laced Parisiennes?—*New York Herald.*

A Bridge Over the Behring Straits.

In an age which has seen a Forth bridge an accomplished fact, and a bridge from England to France discussed and designed, there is nothing novel or extraordinary in the project which is receiving serious attention in Russia of bridging over the Behring Straits. The narrowest part of the gulf which separates Siberia from Alaska is only 96 kilometres (little more than 60 miles), and it so happens that there are islands in a straight line which would serve as points of division in the bridge and reduce each portion to a length considerably less than that of the proposed channel bridge. The compensating advantage to be gained by a work of such huge expense is not obvious, though there needs must be something attractive in a scheme which, if carried out, would seem to bring nearer the day when it may be possible to make the circuit of the globe on foot. But if, as we are told, the supremacy of the world in years hereafter is to be divided between Russia and America, it might be better for general peace if the sea remains unabridged.—*St. James' Gazette.*

—Sighs and tears will never pay arrears of duty.

WHAT IT MEANS.

Some Startling Figures Concerning the Publishing Business.

The cloud of paper flying daily from the humming presses is amazing to contemplate. Many of the Sunday editions of from twelve to forty pages would carpet the cities where they are printed. A short time ago on a gala occasion the Atlanta *Constitution* turned out a fifty-six page edition. The San Francisco *Examiner*, at the christening of its two monster Hoe perfecting presses, "Monarch" and "Jumbo," threw out upon a startled community forty pages of portraits and illustrations, and the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* came out with a sixty page edition describing the largest newspaper building in the world. For the 600,000 edition of its premium number *The Youth's Companion*, a Boston publication, used 125 tons of paper, and to illustrate this startling fact printed a picture of the Eiffel tower—1,000 feet high, and by its side the stack of paper piled ream on ream 3,400 feet—three times and over the height of the famous column For the white paper of "Harper's Magazine" and "The Century" it costs at least $600,000 in a year. Many of the presses of the metropolitan dailies eat up $1,000 worth of blank paper in a day. Add to the morning and evening outpoot of these whirling monsters the tons upon tons of weeklies, monthlies and trade publications, and at from 4 to 10 cents per pound, one gets financially bewildered over the unprinted sheet alone Type setting runs into the millions; think of the field of flying fingers all skilled and generously paid! Then the toll of the telegraph; the thousands of dollars for messages by cable under the sea; the millions clicked through the nervous keys on land. Nothing in the way of expense, as every reader knows, stands between the newspaper and its news.

Last the brain and brawn! An army! chiefs and subalterns, rank and file, day and night editors, correspondents and reporters, experts and specialists, artists and detectives, prize fighters and preachers; everywhere at all times, the pick of alert intelligence, the essence of quick thought and instant action, giving the best fibre of their lives for all sorts of pay (the ambitious hope just beyond), from the New York editor-in-chief at an honorarium of $20,000 to the amateur "editor, sole proprietor and publisher" of the Sitka *Peanut*, putting in his out-of-school time and surplus intellect for real love and glory. Out of it all do you realize what your one-cent paper means and what it represents? Do you fully appreciate the developing marvel of your day and generation—the daily printed budget of a world?—*Current Literature.*

Twins, Triplets and Quadruplets.

Twins do not happen more than 300 times a year in a population of 1,000,000, and seldom hit the same family twice. Triplets are rare enough to be curiosities. It is estimated that not one woman in 100,000 has given birth to three children at one time, and, although there is on record in the old medical works the case of a German peasant woman who had twelve children at four births—three each time—and a Michigan woman who is given the credit of having produced a dozen children at five births inside of seven years—quadruplets once, triplets once, twins twice and a lone youngster on the last occasion. Such instances of fecundity are rarer than new planets, and the lady entitled to the cake for having had four children at a birth is not to be found once in a crowd of 300,000 married women. The woman who has given birth to five children at once is alone among 2,000,000 of her kind.—*St. Louis Republic.*

"Like sunshine in a shady place,"
The poet called a woman's face
That gladdened all who saw its beauty.
A face, no doubt, that beamed with health,
That blessing which is more than wealth,
And lightens every daily duty.
O how can woman, whose hard life
With many a wearing pain is rife,
Escape the grasp of such affliction,
And be a power to bless and cheer?
The answer comes both swift and clear—
Take Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only medicine for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, of satisfaction being given in every case, or money refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle-wrapper.

A Strong Man.

Young Hopeful—Say, pa, you must be a pretty strong man.

Father—Tolerably so, my son; tolerably so. What makes you think so?

Young Hopeful—'Cause Uncle John said he went out with you the other night and you could carry the biggest load of any man he ever saw without showing it.

An English Medical Authority

Affirms that the best regimen for preserving health may be summed up in the maxim, "keep the head cool, the feet warm, and the bowels active." There is a world of wisdom in the observation. Obstinate constipation, or costiveness, is an exciting cause of other diseases; and, with many persons of sedentary habit, or occupations, this inaction of the bowels is a source of constant annoyance, producing piles, prolapse of the rectum, fistula, and various dyspeptic symptoms. All these are warded off, and health is maintained by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.

Wanted to Sell Out.

"You are the manager of the British syndicate?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I represent the Associated Tramps of New Jersey. What'll you give us for our cordwood sawing industry?"—*New York Sun.*

Don't disgust everybody by hawking, blowing and spitting, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and be cured.

How He Got Rid of the Bore.

A very pious clerical friend, who had consumed half an hour of his valuable time in small talk, said to James Harper, the publisher, "Brother Harper, I am curious to know how you four men distribute the duties of the establishment between you." "John," said Mr. Harper, good humoredly, "attends to the finances, Wesley to the correspondence, Fletcher to the general bargaining with authors and others, and—don't you tell anybody," he said, drawing his chair still closer and lowering the tone of his voice—"I entertain the bores."—*Exchange.*

Major Pond says Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, cleared $31,000 in one lecture season in Australia, and John B. Gough, Thomas Nast and others have made as high or higher amounts in this country. The Major thinks that Bill Nye is increasing his bank account by about $1,000 a week from his writings and entertainments

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