Lily. Good Words.

What ! a child of three-years' growth ! W hat : a child of three-jears girl Nature then hath known no sloi In a work so fairly done By thrice rounding of the sun. Lo! what wisely used power ('an accomplish hour by hour ! Every lineament is drawn With the genius of the dawn;

Every living curve is bright With a dazzling morning light; Every dimple is a pool Of ethereal vintage full, Whence a man might quaff and be King of more than kingdoms three. Look, her crown of golden curls Makes her queen of all the girls; And that light within her eye Might arouse old chivalry From the dreams of ancient time To adventure deeds sublime. Fo adventure decds sublime

To adventure deeds sublime. Lovely Lily—Lily dawnlike, Nimble Lily—Lily fawnlike, Tripping with a loot so airy As the foot of tabled fairy. Come, enchant me! with thy lips Thrill me in divine eelipse, That my common soul may be Snatched from earth to heaven by thee! Bless thee, child ! now slip away, Change green April to weite May With the soreery of thine eye: Wake the star-blooms in the sky With thy laughter. With thy smile Banish pain from heavy toil That some weary man may say— "Bless the hour and bless the day That I found the way to grace In thy heaven-suggesting face !"

In thy heaven-suggesting face!" Can it be, but three years old ! Why, methinks thou art so bold Thou canst look on bearded men With a most unwinking eye; Knowledge hath not made thee shy. Qneenlike, with a gemlike hand, Mer invincible to might Will obey thee with desight. Tis no wonder : the high dower Beauty hath is sovereign power. Dearest Lily, happy we Who are liegemen unto thee; Gentlest of all queens thou art, Seeking only from the heart w hat a spotless heart can pay In the tender light of day. WILLIAM FREELAND.

PEMBROKE OF THE ARGUS.

BY MARY FRANCES WILLIAMS. Ballons Magazore,

He sits at his office desk, in the waning light of a winter afternoon, with head bent and brows contracted; sits, and speeds his pen, with vindictive energy, across and across the lengthening copy of to-morrow's leader. It is a savage fusillade against the politics, the person, the manmers, and morals generally, of a rival editor ; and he seems to enjoy the writing of it.

Personally, Pembroke of the Argus and Smith of the Record are excellent friends: editorially, they abuse each other like mortal foes. They have found this sort of thing to pay, in local journalism.

As he drives away at his congenial task, it is not, perhaps, the most felicitous moment in the world to sketch his portrait. His expression is not amiable, and his eyes are persistently downcast upon the crossed and blotted page before him, -glaring, doubtless, in imagination, at his rival of the Record. When the dark-gray eyes are lifted, and the brows unbent : when the well-built figure stands erect, and the sharply cut lips are softened with the genial smile that would make any one handsome,—then, if not at present, George Pemberton, chief editor of the Octagon Daily Argus, may be called a very good-looking man. To him enters Mr. Brainard, his second

in command, with a paper in his hand, and a pen behind his car. He offers the present paper to his chief, and says,—

"Here's a little story, George, written by a young lady of the West Side. Think it will do for us? It's about the right length.'

This being the sole criterion by which Mr. Brainard judges each and every "article' submitted to his notice.

The chief editor lays down his pen straightens his shoulders, and takes breath for a moment. He glances over the neat manuscript, sniffs at the title, and makes a few caustic, brief comments on the subject matter; and ends by deciding in favor of the

story, as thus ;--"Hum! A Hero in Private Life. Written by a young lady, of course. Pretty lit-tle plot, —magnanimous rejected lover, saves the phot, —magnanimous rejected lover, saves the heroine's life at great personal risk, and heroically bestows her, with his blessing, on the fortunate suitor. Yes, that will do, Brainard; a good, sloppy sort of thing like that is what to take the public's fancy. Heroes in public life went out of date with wire and small-other, and magnanimity in wigs and small-clothes; and magnanimity in love affairs is as extinct as the Dodo. But the public like these things. Get the young lady to send us some more of her sloppy little stories.'

advertiser's name, - Mrs. Edna French

Vane. Pembroke is thirty-three years old ; and it goes without saying, that he has not arrived at this age without an experience of the heart. He was a good deal younger, in more than years, when that experience befell him; but he has not yet forgotten it. He has as little of the romantic, disappointed lover about him, as may well be ; he does not wear his heart upon his sleeve; but all the more keenly, perhaps, he remembers the romance of his youth, and the girl who jilted him for another man, and a worthless man at that. He does not forget her, the shallow, faithless little flirt : but he takes the revenge upon the sex of believing them all to be faith less and shallow. So he puts love and mar-riage behind him for good, and sets at work in earnest to try his chances for the next best thing in life,-to get rich.

It is a good many years since the ending of that youthful episode, and Pembroke is not yet rich. A young journalist, even if he does belong to the class distinguished as "rising," does not make his fortune very rapidly. However, as proprietor and editor-in-chief of the Argus, Pembroke makes a living, and could support a wife if he had But there seems very little probability ona. that he will ever have one. From his land lady and his washerwoman, to Mrs. Scott-Livingstone, who sends him cards to all her receptions, though he never goes, every woman who comes in contact with him understands that he is not a marrying

And now-He sets his lips together, and is very silent, looking down at that little bit of paper which seems to bring him face to face once more with Edna French. He has not seen her, has scarcely heard of her, since she married the handsome, good-for-nothing Clarence Vane ; but he realizes, at this moment, how little his heart has changed in all these years.

A man like Pembroke, who loves but once loves not lightly. He is not thinking now that she was false and foolish, and that all her sex are like her; but, oh, that she had been true to him! How passing well he loved her ; how well he loves her He forgets the rest, and remembers only

He remembers how young she was, and how thoughtless; but she is neither young now thoughtless, but she is friendless, and in need : the bit of paper tells the story; but it does not tell the whole. Is she wi-dowed, or—what is quite as likely—desert-ed? If the good-for-nothing husband has foreaken here here are a friend if the is forsaken her, she wants a friend ; if she is free'

Pembroke thinks no more. He rises, and takes his hat, glances at the address named in that advertisement, looks into the pressroom to notify Mr. Brainard that he is going out, and goes.

He finds the address readily enough. It is a street of decent lodging-houses, and she lives in the most decent. He mentions her name at the door, and is directed to her rooms; and he goes up many stairs, and raps upon a panel of the "second door to the right." He is stirred through every fibre of his being by the voice that bids him enter.

He enters; and a lady puts down some sewing-work and rises to receive him. lady whom he would not have known if he had met her by chance, so much older and sadder, so pale, so wan, so worn with many cares. His heart leaps with a great, passionsnte throb of tenderness and pity : then a different feeling brings a color to his cheek and a flash into his eyes; for she is dressed in black.

She has recognized him instantly. She stands wavering for a moment, and then sinks back into her chair with a faint exclamation :-"George Pembroke !"

He comes toward her quickly.

"I am sorry that my abrupt appearance has startled you, Mrs. Vane. I—I trust you are not sor y to see an old friend." 'I have not so many friends, new or old.'

she answers sadly. "that I can be otherwise than glad to see them. But how did you know "You sent an advertisement to our paper

1 am editor of the Argus," he explains. "I did not know it," she says simply.

"I suppose not. I was surprised to learn that you were here,-in Octagon," says Pem-He does not quite know what to say, now that he finds himself in her presence. He looks at the black dress, and after a moment. says 'I hope I have not taken a liberty in call-

expresses the hope that Mr. Pembroke will remember old times when he charges for the advertisement, and make it easy. Pembroke constrains himself to make a

decently civil answer; and, rising, says to Ed**na,**-

" Perhaps I can render some assistance in securing you a good set of pupils, Mrs. Vane, if you will permit me."

And so he leaves her, with the husband of her choice. There is nothing else that he can do; but he is sick at heart to think upon the life that she must lead. He goes back to the office, and almost astonishes Mr. Brainard by the energy with which he resumes his work. Reading notices, book reviews, the state of the public finances, and the interests of tax payers, no matter what, he takes them all in hand, and plies his busy pen long after Brainard and all the rest have gone. It is very late when he leaves the office, too tired in mind and body to feel the pain he has been fighting down; for George knows well there is no cure for a sick heart so potent as hard work.

Late as it is when he goes home to his lodgings, yet it is early when he starts for the office next morning. There is a good deal of bustle in the streets, however A circus is coming into town, and crowds have come out to see the street parade; and as Pembroke draws near the office of the Argus. he finds the streets full of carts, carriages, and all manner of teams which have backed off the main thoroughfare to avoid the circus procession. A hackman is struggling with a pair of spirited horses, frightened by the flaring band, and fluttering flags; they they break away from his control, and make a mad dash down the narrow street ; and Pembroke sees an excited individual stagger out in front of them, and fall, under their very feet. He knows the man, it is Edna's husband, Clarence Vane ; drunk, even so early in the morning.

If the sot is killed by the horses' hoofs, Edna will be free : it will be better for her, s the thought that flashes into Pembroke's mind. There is no aid at hand except his own, for everybody has rushed away to look at the circus.

For an instant he hesitates; one instant only. The next, with a curse on his unmanly impulse, he springs forward, seizes the plunging horses with all his strength, and hurls them back. He snatches at the drunken wretch floundering among the hoofs and wheels, and drags him up, unhurt, thanks to the special providence which watches over such as he.

As he rises, something strikes Pembroke on the breast,—one of those beating hoofs, the pole of the carriages, he knows not what; but it strikes him sharply, with a crash that seems to knock the breath out of his body, and sends him reeling backward, blinded, deadly sick, with a sensation such as he has never known before. He does not fall, however; some one grasps him by the shoul-ders; a voice cries, "it is Mr. Pembroke,-Pembroke of the Argus!" and then he loses consciousness.

When he comes to his senses again, finds himself in the apothecary shop at the corner, with a crowd around him, and a pungent odor in his nostrils. His clear mind takes in the state of the case at once, and he sits up and asks after the sot for whom he has risked his life.

"Oh, he's safe enough," replied the druggist, who stands at his elbow. "You can't hurt that kind of chap. But you got a pret-ty hard knock, Mr. Pembroke. You had better go home and see the doctor." Pembroke stands up, and puts his hand to his check for a moment; then shakes himself together and see

manded the traveller. "It's me," replied the farmer. "The old woman's got the toothache till she can't rest, and I come to ask yer fur a pinch of that fine

that's a fact, but I believe I'm all right now.

He laughs at offers of further attention, and goes his way to his office. Mr. Brain-ard has heard of the occurrence and is rather indignant. He tries to rebuke Pembroke for his recklessness in running such a risk for a drunken loafer ; but Pembroke will not have any words about the matter. He turns it off with a quiet, peremptory insist ence which his subordinate understands, and obeys. It goes into the paper as an item,—"Hack horses on the rampage," and that is the end of it, says the editor. But he makes a mistake, for the end is not yet

they ever did was to kuock a hind button off It is a busy day in the office, and Pemoke works hard t that he always Once or twice he feels a sharp pain, that makes him catch his breath, and lift his hand to his chest ; and Mr. Brainard observes that he grows pale and weary, as the day draws to its close. "What is the matter, George?" he says anxiously, "You look about half sick. I 'm afraid you haven't got over the business this morning."

I must sleep - sleep! - and dream of Edna !"

And Pembroke of the Argus lays down his head upon the desk and sleeps; that long, that dreamless sleep, which knows no waking upon earth.

A Curious Dining-Table.

Lord Charles Beresford's dining-table is fearfully and wonderfully organised. Years ago there used to be gruesome combinations of silver and glass, which simultated a river or lake in the midst of a dinner-table, with frosted silver swans and sham water-lilies. They were a great success, as such ghastly shams usually are; and they died and passed away, were melted, and went with gold and silver and the like. Lord Charles Beresford, who has no love for the Unveracities, has the real thing-a genuine tank-table or dinner-table, the whole middle of which is occupied by a lake containing several rocky islands, and a quantity of gold and silver fish. Around the lake are broad banks of dark green lycopodium. From the islands spring ferns and palms and innumerable fountains and jets of water. There is just enough table surface left for the plates and wine glasses of the guests, the remainder being given up to miniature landscape gardening of the most tasteful kind. The grandes eaux are only turned on when the dinner party exceeds six in number. At other times dinner is served in a charming room on a level with the drawing-room, and one of the most seductive of snuggeries, with its painted ceil-ings, stained glass windows, and doors and doorposts, window sills, and all'angular bodies covered with rich silk plush of a dark fawn colour. On the staircase hang the potraits of all the ships in which Lord Charles Beres ford has served, and some assegais and knob kerries brought home the other day by Lord William Beresford from Ulundi with the Victoria Cross so gallantly won. Beyond the ships lurks, if an object of such gigantic size can be said to lurk, an instrument which is viewed by various guests with mixed feel-ings. It is of the organ species, and is played during dinner as an accompaniment to the lights, the fountains, and the gold-fish, not to speak of the ancient music of knife and fork, and still more delightful murmur of laughter rippling from red lips. The master is greatly attached to this organ-like construction, and, indeed, to music of any kind from a penny whistle, on which he is a skill ful performer, to a violin.

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A Stranger's Advice.

Detroit Free Press

ansas to look up some property left by will, and in his wanderings he put up one night

with a farmer who hadn't much to brag of in

the way of a house. There was only one big

room with a garret above, and when it came bedtime the Detroiter was packed away under

tures worth recording, he knew that he was

in a section where every man is expected to look out for himself. Therefore before going

to sleep, he put his revolver under his pillow

and made up his mind what to do in an em-ergency. About mid-night the emergency arrived. The wolverine heard some one in

his room, and he reasoned that robbery and murder could be the only excuse. Out came

the revolver and he blazed away at a dim

figure until he had fired six bullets. After

"Stranger have you got through shootin'?" "Who is it, and what do you want?" de-

cut tobacker as a remedy. I was jest goin

to speak when ye blazed away with yer pop

"Yes, about one chance in a million.

Say, stranger, let me gin ye a piece of

"Trade that pop-gun off fur a fifteen cent

drink and buy ye a knife. When ye hit with a knife the splinters has got to fly, but when

ye begin shootin' with sich irons as that ye

are apt to spile all the old woman's red pep-pers or shoot yer own thumbs off. The fell-

ers around here have bin poppin' away at me fur three years back, and the only damage

"And I might have killed you !"

the last one a voice inquired :

While he had met with no adven-

the roof.

gun.

advice." "Well."

Some time since a Detroiter went to Ark

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

CURRANT JELLY .- Rub the fruit through a sieve and then squeeze through a fine cloth; three quarters of a pound of sngar to every pint of juice; set over a good fire and skim and stir occasionally. When it is done, it will fall from the skimmer in sheets.

COLD SLAW DRESSING .- Scald five tablespoonsful of milk, and while hot, stir in one well-beaten egg; add a piece of butter the size of a small egg; stir it instantly till i⁺, thickens; add vinegar and salt to your taste and pour over the cabbage or salad. Let it get cold before eating.

CATSUP. — Halve your tomatoes, place them in a firkin, with a layer of salt between each layer of tomatoes. Let them stand over night. In the morning, add seasoning, cloves, allspice, and very little mace, and pepper and salt to taste; then put on the stove and boil one hour. Take from the fire, and strain, and bottle.

A NICE BREAKFAST DISH.-Remove the skins from a dozen tomatoes; cut them up in a saucepan; add a little butter, pepper, and salt; when sufficiently boiled, beat five or six eggs, and just before you serve, turn them into the saucepan with the tomatoes, and stir one way for two minutes, allowing them time to be done thoroughly.

SAGO JELLY .- To one quart of water put six large spoonsful of sago: the same of sugar; boil to a jelly; stir it all the time while boiling; flovor to your taste; put in moulds (teacups can be used for moulds), and then turn them all out on a large platter, and pour cream or thin custard over them ; and round the edge of the dish place a row of fresh geranium leaves, and some little bright flower.

QUEEN PUDDING.—One pint of fine bread crumbs, one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten, the grated rind of a lemon, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake until done, but not watery. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff and beat in a teaspoonful of sugar, in which has been stirred a piece of the lemon. Spread on the pudding a layer of jelly, pour the eggs over this, replace it in the oven and bake lightly. To be eaten cold, with cream, or without.

DELICIOUS RAISED MUFFINS. - On bakeday morning, take from the bread-sponge which has been set to rise the previous night three pints. Use new process flour. three pints. Use new process flour. Take a lump of butter, size of a large hen's egg, slightly warmed, and beat it well into the sponge. Add three or four well-beaten eggs, and beat altogether thoroughly. Put into muffin-rings, or cups, or gem-pans. Let them stand in a warm place for fifteen min-Take a ntes. Bake in a quick oven. They will be done in about twenty minutes.

LEMON CAKE .--- Make a plain cup, bake it in thin jelly tins, turn each cake out upside down when done, let them cool and spread like jelly cake, with the following lemon filling: grate the peel of three lemons, squeeze the juice, mix them with the yolks of ten eggs and twelve ounces of pulverized sugar. Put all into a bowl standing in boil-ing water; beat till it is cooked. It should be about as thick as rich cream. Remove it from the five, beat in the stiftly which from the fire, beat in the stiffly whipped whites of five eggs, set it on ice to cool. When cold spread it between the layers of cake.

COMPANY'S FAVORITE. - A delicious pud-COMPANY'S TAVORTE.—A deficious pud-ding can be made in a few minutes by taking one pint of milk and stirring into it half a cupful of cassave, half a cupful of coca-nut, two eggs, a little butter the size of an egg, salt and sugar to taste; flavor with vanilla. Cook this as you would boil custard. When cooked and put in the dish in which it is to be served, pour over the top the white of one egg beaten to a stiff froth, with a tablespoonful of pulverized sugar added. Set it in the oven for a short time to brown. This may be eaten warm or cold, with jelly or preserves or without.

BEEF TEA. - Take a pound of beef from the best part of the leg, chop it up fine, and put it to steep in a pint of cold water for ah bour, or longer, as the steeping extracts ten iron from the meat and greatly increases the strengthening power of the liquid. When well steeped, strain off the liquid through a coarse sieve into a saucepan, and bring it to a boil, taking care to preserve the small fibres of meat which float in it, as they contain the most nourishment. Carefully remove the fat from the surface and it is ready escents may have salt and pepper added, but for very sick persons they are not desir-able, nor any kind of vegetables for flavoring. Swiss Trifles.—One cup of flour, one cup of powdered sugar, two eggs well beaten, two teaspoonsful of baking powder. Mix well together the ingredients and spread about a quarter of an inch thick on a butter-ed baking tin; bake five minutes in a very hot oven. Turn out flat on the table and quickly sprcad with preserves without stones and roll up. Set aside until cold, then pour over it one pint of custard made as follows : A teaspoonful of arrow-root, mixed in three tablespoonsful of milk, put the rest of the pint of milk with one laurel leaf to steep; mix the egg well beaten with the arrow-root, then pour it in the hot milk and boil it until thick. Flavor to suit taste. LUNCH SANDWICH.—A savory improve-ment on the stereotyped sandwich, when well prepared may be called delicious. Take some cold boiled ham, cut up in small pieces and pound it well, adding some butter and grated nutmeg to taste, and a little cream or condensed milk. Fill a mould with the mixture and set for half an hour into a mod-erate oven, then place the mould for a few minutes in hot water and turn out the mixture on a dish. Cover the surface all over with the beaten whites of some eggs; cut some bread in very thin slices divested of the crust, spread the slices with the mixture and sprinkle it with capers or pickled nas-turtium seeds, then roll the sandwiches and tie them with bright ribbons.

And Pembroke takes up his pen, and pre-pares to resume his annihilation of the Record ; tossing the sloppy story back to Mr. Brainard in rather a contemptuous fashion. The sub-editor smiles a little, and remarks,

"So you don't believe in that sort of hero, George ? Well, I do." "You do ? Name me one !"

Mr. Brainard only laughs, and goes into the press-room, without responding to the challenge. Nevertheless, he has one in his mind whom he might have named. Given the occasion, it is his belief that George Pembroke would make a very presentable hero, in private or public life. Mr. Brainard has a great respect and admiration for his taciturn and somewhat cynical chief ; indeed it is a feeling warmer than respect and admiration; for Pembroke is a man much beloved of men, though he has the poorest pos-sible success with women. Perhaps there is cause and effect in these two facts.

His lieutenant being gone he re-commences on the slashing editorial ; and presently it is finished. He leans back with a sigh of satisfaction, wipes his pen, and begins to turn over a pile of miscellaneous papers which are waiting his attention.

Suddenly he gives a start, the color changes slowly in his face, and he stares, with a strange look in his gray eyes, at the slip of paper he has just taken up. It is a notice for the column of "Wants,"

which has somehow strayed in among the matter for the editorial department; and it announces that a lady will give instruction in the French language to pupils at their residences, and that her terms for such tuition will be moderate. But it is not this very ordinary announcement which has so startled the editor of the Argus; it is the

ing ?" "Surely not ; you are very kind to come, Mr. Pembroke.'

She offers him a chair, and he sits dewn, still at a loss for appropriate remarks. There ensues an awkwark silence, which he breaks

"Mrs. Vane, are you a widow ?" "A widow ! No ; did you think so ?" "You wear mourning," falters Pembroke ;

'and-your advertising for pupils in French

embarrassed silence ; and it is some moments before she replies.

"I wear mourning for my child,-my little girl. I lost her last fall," she says at length; and continues with bitter calmness, 'As for the necessity of earning my own bread, that is nothing new to me. My husband

She pauses, and seems to listen. A stumbling step is heard coming slowly up the stairs; and, with a flush rising to her cheek, and a glance at Pembroke,-a glance that wrings his heart,-she says,-

"That is he. He is half sober. I think." The stumbling step draws near, and stops, the door opens, and George Pembroke be-holds the man for whom Edna threw him over. He certainly is not more than half sober. He was a gay, handsome, worthless young idler, when he caught the foolish girl's fancy of Edna French. He stand there now, a drunken brute, a sot.

He stands in stupid surprise, and looks at Pembroke, and then at Edna ; and she says, in a hard, cold voice,-

"This is Mr. Pembroke, of the Daily Argus. I am going to advertise in his paper to give French lessons." Mr. Vane grunts, and intimates a natural

surprise that the editor of the Argus should take so much trouble for such a matter. "Mr. Pembroke is an old friend. I knew

him when I was a girl," says Edna, in accents of ice.

Thereupon Mr. Vane becomes amiable, and

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"Well, there is a sort of pain here," Pembroke admits, touching that bruised spot on his breast, and winching involuntary as he does it; but he adds lightly, "It is nothing of any consequence: don't be so fuesy, Brainard.'

Brainard is not satisfied, however, He begs his chief to leave off, and go home car-ly for once. But there is yet a good deal of work to be done, work that Pembroke never leaves to any other hand than his own ; and he insists on remaining late as usual ; will share his labors. So Mr. Brainard, who is a married man, goes home perforce, to his wife, and his waiting supper ; and Pembroke is left alone.

One by one, he takes up his tasks, and one by one they are laid aside, completed ; and, when the last is done, and all is ready for the paper in the morning, a neighboring church-clock has struch the midnight hour. But still he sits there in the brooding silence, though he has lain his pen aside. and bushed the last, close-written sheet away. With elbows leaning on his desk, and head bent down upon his folded hands, Pembroke sits idle ; but his work is finished.

At last, he lifts his head, with a long and weary sigh, and half rises from his place ; but, with the movement, a spasm seizes him, and holds him like a demon's clutch, His face turns whits, he utters a hoarse groan, and sinks back into his chair, pressing both hands to his breast, weak and breathless with that awful rending pain.

For a moment he dare not stir. Then slowly, slowly, the agony relaxes, and he tries to rise, but he cannot. His hands fall helpless, and the pallor of his face turns ashen grey. His eyclids droop, and a broken murmur comes faintly from his

lips :----I have worked too long. I want rest,

Been Away.

"Hello! Is that you?" "Yes." "Been away ?" " Yes." "Been off on a vacation ?" "Yes. "Feel better?" " No. "Gain any flesh?" "No." " Tent out ?" "No ' "Go fishing ?" "Did you sail or row ?" "Nice at the hotel ?" "No." "Go in swimming ?" "No. "What did you do ?" "Nothing." "What did you go for ?" "I dunno."

Teaching a Sea Lion Cub to Swim.

Fromthe Cincinneti Commercial

The young sea lion at the Zoo was given its first lesson in swimming the other day by its mother. President Taylor of the Garden is quite proud of the success of its venture. The animal is not allowed to go into the water by its parent until six weeks after birth. The mother then covers it from head to tail with an oily substance exuding from her body, and then carefully pushes it into the yielding element, where is given the primary instruction. When the beginner shows signs of being tired, the parent props it up, or takes it up by the neck and lays it on shore, for a good long rest. These habits were closely followed the other day. Almost a year is required to pass before weaning commences or the small one is permitted to try a diet of fish. A short time ago this particular specimen at the Zoo flopped about until it fell in the water. Secretary Thompson, seeing the ac-cident, jumped in and rescued the little rascal but not before it was half drowned.

A couple of New York belles have been employed to advertise Prof. Somebody's face powders and other cosmetics at the watering places. They will prove very expensive advertisements, as it will require so much pow-der and so forth to cover their wide expanse of cheek.

QUITE an enthusiastic affair occurred in a Kansas newspaper office one day last week. It was a coroner's inquest on the body of the man who first saw the comet and had come in to let the editor know it. He died on the very spot where several other parties who were first to see the comet fell, and of the same disease."