Koch the Killer.

We have heard that the great Robert Koch,
Who puts people's breathers in soak,
Has discovered a cure,
That is certain and sure
To make all the bacilli croak.
And every one will say
As he walks his merry way;
"If he'll but kill the consumption
To kill the consumption,
He'll surely drive pimples away."

"The insects that pray on the nose,
The germs that reside twixt the toes,
And eat up the tissue,
He'll rob of their issue,
And poison them into repose.
Consumption in earliest stage,
Before it's consumption at all,
He'll cure by injection,
With great circumspection,
And squirt at the worms till they fall.

For lupus and pimples,
And glandular dimples,
Through very small doses of lymph,
Although they are cleanlier,
Will get up and vanish,
From old man and young man and nymph,
And so I should think we should say,
As we think of the great Robert K.,
If he hasn't the gumption
To cure the consumption,
He'll surely drive pimples away.

Buffalo News.

Before the Baby Came.

Francis Windsor, in the *Century*:

There was a time when my discourse
Was wrecked not out of joint;
I did not shout till I was hoarse,
And point out every point;
Nor thrice the sense did try to tell
And mangle it and maim
My wife has time to listen well,
Before the baby came!

There was a time when here and there
I flitted like a bird;
My wife went with me everywhere,
Just when I said the word;
We saw the boat-race and the play,
We watched the baseball games
We had a free foot, as they say,
Before the baby came!

There was a time when I alone
Was by my wife adored;
I sat on the domestic throne,
The sole and sovereign lord,
My crown is gone. Without a thank,
He takes my very name—
I'm not a vestige of my rank
Before the baby came!

THE PRIMA DONNA.

When my pride was sure that I was hidden by the wall it allowed me to stop and listen, and, in spite of it, for a moment choking with regret, I was on the point of running after Mina to tell her how sorry I was that I had spoken so. A moment later I should have been beside her and all would have been well, perhaps, but clear and distinct that little trill sounded on the still evening air, and the echo crept down the alley with the refrain,

"Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei gethan."

With a shudder I turned and climbed the gray stone stairs alone. Alone! I had never seemed alone there before.

There were deep grooves in the steps where the heavy shoes of the poor people, living on the different floors, had worn the stone away, in the ages they had been climbing, just as they would go on climbing for who could tell how many ages more; but among them all, with all their burdens, I am sure that the heaviest weight over those winding flights, was the heart that I carried with me that night, constantly saying to me: "You can do better, you can do better. Mina is no longer proud of you."

Many a time those stairs had seemed to me like the grand approach to some great castle; like the golden steps of the Rhine romances; like the marble flights of sunny Italy; some fairy charm invariably transforming them for the little heart that was ever so full of the sunshine which pervaded Mina's life and therefore mine. Now a cloud had come between us, and having no sunshine of my own I was left in darkness.

We had often quarrelled before, but Mina was always as angry as I. We had fought out our little battles and one or the other had conquered, dissipating our wrath in the joy of making up long before she sun went down. But to-night I had been angry all alone and Mina had laughed at me. My little cloak of fond conceits her hand had torn away. My beautiful rainbow of self-satisfaction she had obliterated. As fourteen years of age I felt that my life was utterly blasted, and up from the rocks upon which I believed that I was wrecked, I seemed to look, only to see my Mina, sitting upon the high cliff above, laughing at my distress.

It was all folly, no doubt, but like the castle with its legends and the wonderful fairy tales which we had so often acted, it seemed much more real to me than real life and Boppard. I could not eat my supper, little though there was of it at the best. The dry black bread choked me, and, with hot tears burning in my eyes, I crept into my rude bed to toss about all night, upon the blanket, in bewildered, dreamful sleep, ever haunted by a hideous vision of a distorted Lorelei laughing at her tortured victim.

At last, however, of their own wanton fancy, the dreams took a wayward turn toward something better. I seemed to be sitting in a wonderful apartment, the like of which I am sure that I had never seen before, with sheets of canvas on wooden frames about me and a curious tripod supporting one of them directly in front of me. Upon this I seemed to be ardently working. In one hand I held a thin board upon which were little mounds of color; bright, soft, pliable color. In the other hand I held a little brush. At the bottom of the canvas before me there was blue water. Out of this a great rock rose, seamed with many fissures, scraggy with moss and clinging vines; and seated high upon the summit of the rock was a lovely figure, more beautiful than anything that I had ever seen, smiling a bright smile upon me, as in breathless eagerness I realized that I was producing it.

Suddenly starting from my sleep, I sat up in bed, rubbed my eyes and looked about me. The little window was gray with the first light of the morning. The little room, with its bare walls, was barren and cold about me and the beautiful vision was gone. Closing my eyes I saw it once more, and, seeing, I seemed in some strange way to know that the picture was the Lorelei.

I had never seen an artist's studio, and I knew absolutely nothing of his means or methods, so, though the dream was distinct and clear and as I now know accurate, I could not then understand it; but as I sat with my eyes shut a voice seemed speaking to me, saying something which I could hear but not understand. It was like a song without words, like a painting without outline, and I responded without knowing why. I moved, utterly unconscious of what it was that I was bidden to do, only realizing that I must go somewhere and for some purpose. I cannot put this more plainly. It was simply that the voice spoke to me and that I was obeying when I gathered up my precious crayons and, taking the broken loaf of black-bread in my hand, before the slumbering mists had been roused from their couch in the Rhine valley, stole away from Boppard, up the river, only pausing to whisper a sad farewell to the shadows lurking about Mina's door as I passed it. On and on and on along the bank of the Rhine I plodded without hesitation and with almost the conscious sensation of holding in mine some stronger hand that was constantly leading me.

CHAPTER III.

The spires of St. Goar were in the distance, before night, but, having no money, I had no use for the city and crept under an arch of the new railroad, making my bed there, with a stone for a pillow; and, after such sleep as a tired boy must catch during the dark hours, I started on again with the earliest gray of the morning and was soon wending my way through the streets of St. Goar. The bakers' windows were the only sights that attracted me as I passed, and their buns and cakes and pastry were the only things which I remembered after I had left the paved streets behind. Hunger made them fascinating; but a boy without money who could not steal and would not beg could only deny himself; so, leaving the crowded thoroughfares behind, he continued his way up the Rhine.

I had never before been so far as St. Goar, and had never in my life seen a picture—save that in my dream—of the famous rock, just above the city, rising upon the opposite bank; but as I came upon it, early in the morning, the blue water laving its base, the mist hanging about the summit, I instantly recognized it as the Lorelei. Every seam and fracture was identical with the picture in my dream. Every weather stain was as I had seen it upon the imaginary canvas. Each crannied nook, with its clustered vines clinging to the terrace, was indelibly impressed upon my memory before I fixed it. Think of it as you will, the fact remains; though I cannot explain it.

Shuddering, shivering, hungry, tired, cold even in the warm sunlight, I sat down upon the bank to wonder what it meant. Only the phantom on the cliff was wanting, for the mists disappeared as the sun rose; but with my eyes I traced the outline, as I had seen it; a figure which, like the cross of the Wandering Jew, was destined to follow me relentlessly, through years and years to come, urging on the fiercest fires to burn beneath life's crucible, till they purged me, till they rid me of my misapprehension, forcing me in blindness to see and in ignorance to know not the vanity but the blessing, not the cruelty but the kindness of my Mina.

Sometimes while I sat there, as though suggestive, almost prophetic of that which was beyond, I seemed to see through the phantom a beautiful figure, the beautiful figure of my dream, beckoning to me, smiling upon me and calling me toward it still, whispering something about a life out of death, a victory out of defeat, a triumph, some day, somewhere, for Mina and for me, hidden deep in the heart of the Lorelei.

Surely they were strange intuitions, but for that they were the more real. Of course I did not understand them but I felt them. In some way I knew that my dream was foretelling something important, something which I should know, and that these intuitions were warning me and guiding me; but I could not understand. Just as I knew in my dream that I was painting the real rock and the Lorelei, just as I recognized the rock afterwards when I came upon it, I knew that those intuitions had a meaning and I recognized each meaning in its fulfillment, as it came afterward. Alas! that we cannot read the handwriting on the wall till it is explained to us in the taking away the kingdom

Thus I sat all day, without moving, drowsily awake, half dreaming, knowing that I should know something but utterly ignorant of how to find it out; shivering and shuddering in the shadow of the Lorelei. I had neither power nor inclination to go any farther. The hand that led me on seemed to have left me, and, without question, I remained as though I had been distinctively bidden to stay there. Late in the afternoon some one touched my shoulder and a peculiar voice, deep and stern, and not over attractive, to a child, said, "What is lost with you, lad? Have you missed your way or your wits?"

Looking up, I recognized the stranger who had passed through Boppard. Then I knew why it was that I had waited there all day; but utterly unable to speak I only sprang toward him.

A curious apparition it must have been: A ragged, barefooted, half-witted boy; dumb with exposure, fasting and surprise; not half so bright as most boys at his best; thus suddenly dragged from the fascinating horror of that grim fancy into such sentiments of joy and anger as were spontaneously aroused in his defiant but helpless breast at confronting the destroyer of his pride and at once the only promise that he might ever be proud again.

"Well?" the stranger said, deliberately stepping back to avoid my grasp. I succeeded, however, in catching his hand and clung to it in the fear that, being annoyed by my stupidity, he would turn away again before I found the power to speak.

"I asked you what was out with you," he said, sternly. "Are your wits woolgathering?"

I opened my mouth in a frantic effort to reply, but in vain; I could only shake my head.

"I notice that you have a tongue in there," he observed with a faint smile. "It is a pity if you do not understand the use of it." His eyes seemed piercing through and through me. But still speaking slowly and more as though to himself than to me, he continued: "It is fine material to be running to waste. I say, my boy, reflect! Are you awake? I am taking it for granted that you understand the language I am speaking."

My utmost effort only enabled me to nod my head and still stupidly stare at him and piteously cling to him.

"Ah! There is some progress at last," he said, with a sigh as though relieved. "Evidently you comprehend me; but alas I am still failing to comprehend you. Now a very few words from you, if well arranged, would enlighten me. How would it be if you were to tell me why you were here all alone?"

"I am waiting for you, sir," I gasped in despair, and then wondered at the reply; though I knew it was quite true. It was not till a moment before that I had realized, myself, that it was for him that I had been there all day so patiently waiting; but the moment I saw him I was as sure of it as if I had known it all day.

"Waiting for me?" he replied, in the same low tone. "This is a remarkable situation, my child. It is very pleasing I assure you to discover that you can speak, however. Suppose you try to speak again."

I did not in the least understand him. I only realized that in some way it seemed to please him that I spoke and, anxious most of all not to displease, at least, I made another eager effort and succeeded so far as to whisper, "Oh, I have been waiting so long!"

Again, in those slow, deliberate tones he repeated, "You have been waiting so long? Now, my dear boy, can you not see that that is not progress? You seem to comprehend this matter entirely, but I pray you to consider me lost in unfathomable ignorance. Once more reflect, if possible." Here he laid his free hand, not unkindly, on my shoulder; but there was something so stern in it, after all, that it frightened me as he continued: "Make another effort now and tell me, if you can, who you are."

Desperately I exclaimed, "You know me already! You know me!"

"Indeed, for your sake and my own, my child, I wish that I did know you, but I assure you that as yet I, at least, am utterly ignorant of the fact. How, indeed, should I know you, being an utter stranger."

"Why, I am the boy who can do better if he will only study," I cried.

"The boy who can do better if he will only study?" he replied as before. "Now, my young friend, is that so exceptional a thing upon the Rhine that it makes one celebrated, till a stranger from a far country, must be supposed to recognize him at sight, upon the strength of such a reputation? Why, in the land where I was fostered, there were, I presume, a hundred boys who could have done better if they had studied."

"You know me, sir!" I cried, interrupting him, for the slow progress of his words, which had but little meaning to me, was unbearable; and still pressing anxiously toward him, in a way that must have touched his pity, I think, for in the end he laid his hand upon my cheek, and, lifting my face to his, said more gently:

"It strikes me in reality you are making a mistake, my boy. I think if you will reflect a little we shall come at it better. Now, if it is true that I know you, tell me something else by which I may know that I know you."

"You are the one, sir. You are, I know," I persisted.

"I do not deny it," he replied, demurely smiling, "but which one? what one?"

"That one who looked at my picture on the wall and told me I could do better if I would only study," I sobbed.

"Ah!" he said with a sigh, and his large gray eyes rested on me with a curious smile. He lifted his eyebrows a little, and laying his hand again upon my shoulder, said: "Now, at least, see how you have enlightened me. Yes, I am the one. I perfectly remember now that there was a boy, though I should never have thought that you and he were one, drawing a picture on the wall, by the way to the castle, down at Boppard, a day or two ago. Yes, I remember the work quite distinctly. There was a river and a knight and a tree. It was a battle scene. Yes, and if my memory serves me, I believe that I was correct, though somewhat discourteous, in asserting that the boy who could do so well as that would have done even better than he did as the result of a little more study."

"Of course I should!" I exclaimed, "and I came here to tell you that I would."

"Came all the way from Boppard to tell me that you would study art?" he repeated, looking at me wonderingly. "That was a rare bit of wasted genius, but genius is always very wasteful in itself. Wait a bit, my boy, a sudden thought has come to me. Look sharp now! tell me truly or I shall know it if you lie! who was it that sent you after me? Who told you to come to me?"

"You did, sir. You said it, and I came," I exclaimed; "and there is nobody anywhere who cares if I go or if I come."

"It was a very curious construction for a boy to put upon so brief a statement of an obvious fact," he said, deliberately, "and if it is advice from me that you are seeking, I should certainly bid you go back, forthwith, to Boppard; work faithfully for your father and mother, as any good boy should, and and give up forever any foolish notions about art. Art is a hard and whimsical master. I would not willingly make my path a stone to it if I were you; only this: it was for pastime, I did draw a picture, even though it were only a picture on the wall, I would have certain care that the water was not green and that the most prominent knight, in the foreground, was not as tall as a tree growing beside him. That is all that I meant; just a suggestion that a little study would better it in some of its details."

Every word and motion seemed to repel me, yet I only clasped his hand the closer, feeling that he alone could save me from himself, whom I feared. Thus, desperately, I replied:

"I have no father or mother to work for and I will not go back to Boppard. How is a boy to make blue water with green crayon? Can a man do it? Give me colors, real, true colors, and I will show you now that I can do better than that."

The stranger sat deliberately down upon the river bank and laughed at me. It might have been confusing, embarrassing and wounding, even to a boy's pride, to be laughed at in this way, had it not been that the overwhelming satisfaction, in finding him sitting down, where there was no immediate danger of his turning away from me, obliterated every other sentiment and I waited patiently till at last he observed:

"It slowly dawns upon me that you are, indeed, something of a genius; there is no doubt about it; but is it not the inalienable quality of genius to create? Where would be the artistic glory were every pigment to be picked for you and put into your hand? Your artistic instincts told you, as it seems, that water should be blue. Why did you not use a blue crayon to produce it?"

"I have only these three pieces in the world," I replied, taking the precious crayons from my pocket. "We found them, Mina and I. This is red and that one is green and that one brown. I know what colors they are, and I used slate for the knight's armor. I knew that that was nearer the right color for water, too, than my green crayon, but the knight came right up against the water so I could not have them both the same, and I cared more for him than for the water to be right. Then I made the tree just as big as the stones was, and because the stone was not big enough, I made the tree smaller than it ought to be so as to show what it was. That is how it came. I had no money to buy what colors I wanted or I would have done better before."

"No money?" he replied, "ah! now we arrive at the vital point. You were quite right in coming to me for money, since it was I who gave you the advice which you were unable to follow without it. I presume that you would only expect me to lend you a thaler, but the demand is too moderate. Here is a Louis d'or. You are quite welcome to it; or, if you wish, when you have made your self a Raphael or an Angelo, you can return it. Take it, my boy, take it I say. 'Tis not a charity; I am only loaning it to you."

In all my life I had never seen a gold coin before, except in the Boppard money changer's window, behind the iron grating. I had never once held so much as a silver thaler in my hand; I had never possessed a groschen of my own individual right. With two eyes strained to their utmost capacity the boy looked at the glittering coin. What would not a Louis d'or produce for him! Food? He was hungry. Crayons? How he longed for them! All the world, twice over, I thought that such a sum would buy. I even wondered if Mina might not forget that I could do better if she knew that I was the proud possessor of a great yellow Louis. The boys of Boppard, too! How I had envied them the paltry coins they used to vaunt, knowing that I had none of them. Vengeance is sweet, even to a boy; and my hand trembled to touch the Louis; but my eyes coked for an instant into the gray eyes of the stranger and something there sent the hot blood rushing to my cheeks. Hardly knowing why, I fiercely struck the hand that held the gold toward me, exclaiming angrily:

"It was for colors, true colors that I asked; not for that! I only want to show you that I can do better."

Smiling still, the stranger picked up the gold, brushed off the dust and put the Louis in his pocket, slowly repeating, as before: "'Colors, true colors.' Genius is ever so stupidly dissatisfied with gold. Well, if it must be colors, why, come, my boy, sit down beside me. There! Sit, I said, not tumble down. What, are you ill?"

"No, sir," I muttered faintly, trembling, however, with alarm at my own weakness, though it was surely natural enough under the circumstances, when, turning to obey, I stumbled and would have fallen had not the stranger caught me. Then, as he seated me safely by his side, he put his arm about me, drew me toward him, and looking down into my face he said very gently, "I fear, my boy, that you are ill."

It was only a little act of common kindness, no doubt; only a gentle look; only a touch of compassion; but, coming as it did, it opened all the fountains that were full to overflowing, just beneath the surface of the tired eyes, and they responded in a flood of tears, while the boy cried as only a boy can cry when nature, strength and courage have deserted him, and for the first time in his life he feels the support of a strong arm about him in his weakness, and in his loneliness the touch of the soft hand of sympathy.

The stranger drew the head down upon his knee and gently stroked the hair from the forehead until the tears flowed less freely. Then, by curious sounds, I knew that he must be doing something and immediately began to wonder what it was, till presently curiosity led me to forget my sobs and peep through the mists for a momentary investigation. One glimpse was enough to open my eyes wide and I could almost have cried again for joy. From a little case which had been hanging over his shoulder the stranger had taken a square piece of canvas and fastened it to a wooden frame, then he took brushes, three or four of them. Altogether they were not so large as the smallest brush which the Boppard sign-painter used for his most delicate work. Then he took out just such a thin piece of board as I had seen in my dream, and from a case he drew small bottles of shiny stuff, from which he pressed drops of beautiful color on the board. True color! White, blue, green, brown, red, black. Breathlessly I told off the drops as they came; real life pigments and an artist's palette, just as I had seen them in my dream; but never anywhere else. Last of all, he took a delicate pencil from the case, and, looking down with a smile at my eagerly upturned face, he said

"If the storm has cleared away sufficiently, why, here are the true colors that you asked for, and I should like to see you experiment with them. Draw the picture with this pencil first; draw it lightly; only distinct enough for you to see what you are doing; then fill in the color. Do you see? Try making up that battle scene again for me."

I heard very little, and I am sure I cared even less what it was that he was saying or what about the battle scene, for I held the canvas upon my knee and the pencil in my hand. Of course the pencil was much softer than my crayons, but the canvas was not so hard as the wall, so that the work was not entirely new in its results. My fingers moved nervously, but not carelessly, and to some extent I seemed to know what I was doing really without knowing. I had formed no plan of what my sketch should be, yet it was not the battle scene. It was the great rock over the river. It was hardly the great rock either, for I do not think that I once looked at it. It was really the painting of my dream that I was reproducing from memory. Even this I did not fully realize, myself, until with bated breath I turned an inquiring glance at the stranger who had been silently watching me.

(To be Continued.)

Domestic Servants.

It is not worth while to demonstrate that girls in domestic service get better wages and are really better off than if they go into shops or factories. Of that the girls themselves are the only judges. So long as they prefer the shop or factory work or shop or factory wages to domestic service, so long will they leave the kitchens empty. The remedy for the existing situation is an advance of wages—an advance in the general rate paid to competent servants. When that advance is sufficient to tempt a larger number of girls into the business the supply will increase, and it will not increase until that time, however seductively the arguments in favor of domestic service as a better occupation than shop work may be presented in print. When "money talks" wage-earners hear.—*New York World.*

Never Refused God Anything.

Florence Nightingale said, "If I could give you information of my life, it would be to show how a woman of very ordinary ability has been led by God in strange and unconscious paths to do in His service what He has done in her. And if I could tell you all, you would see how God has done all, and I nothing. I have worked hard, very hard, that is all; and I have never refused God anything."

Lord Salisbury writes that an early dissolution of Parliament is not probable.

THE REPORTER.

Blessed and Abused by Those Whom He Serves.

There are few men who are more courted, blessed and cursed than the reporter. The World says that he is everywhere when it has no use for him or desires to keep something secret from the public eye; then when it has something which it desires to display and by the display bring honor to one or more of its inhabitants and the reporter is slow in seeing the great importance of that in which they are interested, then "he is no where, at the best a good for nothing. News to him is of no value until it becomes history." The reporter has to deal with a strange crowd. Some of them say, that "They would die if their names got into print," others enjoy the best of health striving to get them there, yet, in spite of the peculiarities of the people he lives and moves among them as though all were his friends; that he has friends even in high places, who are not afraid to own him can be seen from the bold stand taken by Chaplain Allison when he held the onerous position as chaplain of the Minnesota Senate. One morning he startled that august assembly with the following prayer: "And now, dear Lord, bless the reporters, whose nimble pens catch every word almost before it is uttered." Like Thyself, they are omipresent and almost omnipotent. If we take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, they are there. They met us in the jungles of Africa, they waylay us in the solitary canyons of Colorado, and when at length we find the latitude of the magnetic pole, behold they are there. May their light and goodness be equal to their power, and when the General Assembly of Heaven convenes, let no reporter be excluded, Amen.—*Rev. T. J. Macfaddin in Newburyport (Mass.) Herald.*

PARIS FREEZING OUT.

Great Damage Caused in France by the Heavy Frosts.

A Paris cable says: At last the thaw has arrived after a frost the severest for eighteen years. Never in the annals of Paris has so much misery been known as for the past few weeks. The enormous class of sufferers consists of painters, bricklayers, gardeners, and such like. There are probably 50,000 people unemployed. The vote of 6,000,000f. by the French Government did more to popularize the Government than any other legislative act. Then came an appeal from the press, and two days' collection amounted to 150,000f. The market gardeners round Paris are in despair. Their crops are totally ruined. The price of vegetables in Paris is such that they are a luxury only for the rich. The Seine's ice shroud is rapidly breaking up down stream. The tugs used to break up the ice have carried away many old narrow bridges, such as Poissy.

Hall Women Ride Astride?

Some months ago considerable comment was caused by a statement that the women of the present day who rode horseback were injuring themselves by riding on one side of the saddle, and that riding man-fashion in bifurcated skirts was necessary to health and safety. It seems that Miss Kate Field was called upon for an opinion, as she was known to be an enthusiastic equestrienne, and she came on here from Washington to get a practical opinion of the merits, or otherwise, of riding man-fashion in the bifurcated skirts, from the Central Park Riding Academy. As Miss Field and the proprietors of the riding academy were not strangers, because of stabling her horse there for several years, she asked the gentlemen to speak very candidly to her on the subject, which they did. To begin with, they told her that they would never permit a lady to leave their building mounted on a horse man-fashion, but, as she wished to see for herself, they set apart an evening for her to come up to the riding academy and have a private view of a lady riding man-fashion in the bifurcated skirt. They also told Miss Field that the bifurcated skirt, if used on a side-saddle, was very practical, as in case of an accident the rider had free use of her limbs.

Although the discussion is over now, it has had its good effects from a medical standpoint, as, after consulting with several of the physicians who ride at their academy, the proprietors ordered from Wellman several saddles with reversible pommels, so that in order to develop both sides of the person equally, ladies ride to the left side one day and to the right the next. This, by the way, is the latest fad in riding circles, and the physicians advocate it very strongly.—*New York Truth.*

Connecting the North Sea and Baltic.

The ship canal from the North Sea or German Ocean to the Baltic is in full progress of construction. Seventy-seven million cubic metres of earth are to be removed, and of these nearly one-third had been moved last year before frost came. The skilled laborers engaged number 218, the common diggers 7,084. The barracks for the company accommodate 3,289 of these, who are obliged to take breakfast and dinner with their lodging. The price for these amounts to 15 cents daily. They can also sup there if they choose at an equally moderate rate. The personnel of the barracks consists of six managers, 35 help, 14 clerks, 14 cooks and 14 sick nurses. The canal, when completed, will permit ships to pass across south of Denmark and save the circumnavigation of that country.

Popular Fallacies.

That the physician collects his bills with greater ease than the tailor.

That men never read cook-books or fashion magazines

That only the eye-glassed young lady feels that inward bliss which comes of culture.

That a passion for fancy drinks denotes a love of the beautiful.

That there is a good-looking woman in the world who doesn't know it.

That there is anything that has severed more friendships than the simple phrase "Lend me five dollars."—*Judge.*

Polster From a Barber.

"What a foolish habit some men have of putting water on the hair in this kind of weather!" remarked one of the Duquesne barbers yesterday. "Why put water on the hair at all? It is done, to be sure, to make the hair lie down, but it is more of a habit than anything else. The hair can be brushed dry as well as wet. You see, men go out of barber shops with the water running from behind their ears. In a few minutes it is changed into icicles. The next day they complain of earache, neuralgia or pain in the back of the head. Do you wonder why? The cause is not deeply hidden. It is not water on the brain this time, but lemon the hair."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Scarcely an Encouragement.

"Don't you think, Miss Twilight, that you could learn to love me if you should try?"

"Really, Mr. Vere de Vere, I don't know. I learned to like tomatoes once, but after careful consideration I have been sure ever since that the result wasn't worth the pains."

He was no Musician.

Rochester *Herald*: Father—Where are the girls going to-night? Mother—There is a rehearsal of "The Messiah," I believe. Father, sharply—Has that infernal ghost-dance crew come east?

A Quiet Hint.

New York *Press*: Old Generous—And what did Santa Claus bring you, my little man? Mamma—Show the kind gentleman your beautiful toy bank, Tommy.

The Use of It.

Boston *Post*: You can utilize New Year's by sending the present which you didn't want to the person whom you forgot.

What Killed Him.

Syracuse *Herald*: Who killed Parnell? "I," said Kilkenny; "I'll bet a penny I killed Parnell."

ROCHESTER has a Society for the Organization of Charity which is worked in accordance with the following objects and principles:

First—Co-operation between individuals churches and charitable societies, both public and private, thus preventing the overlapping of relief.

Second—Such investigation as will ensure an accurate knowledge of each applicant for assistance.

Third—The exposure of habitual beggars and frauds.

Fourth—The organization of a body of friendly visitors who shall by personal interest and sympathy gradually build up habits of saving and industry among the less fortunate, thus preserving and elevating the home.

Fifth—The helping of the poor to help themselves by making employment the basis of relief.

SHORT-LIVED BEAUTY.

A Word to Pretty Women on the Preservation of Their Charms.

The woman who is pretty is far too liable to think that that is enough; she will conquer her kingdom by means of it; and when the day of reckoning, the day of fading comes, the kingdom will be already hers by right of possession. Indeed she does not consider the day of fading; it is something as difficult for her to realize as death itself is to the young; it is far off, vague, all but impossible; they do not, and still be herself? And at any rate there are always the means to make the repairs of beauty, and sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. And so, in an average of more than half the instances, she goes dancing off about her pleasure like a fly in the sun, as full of the present, as careless of the future; she makes no preparation for the impending fate which is sure to come to her if she live long enough; she relies on her fair face, her blushes, her dimples, her radiance, her smiles, her glances, her sweetness. To please, to attract, to marry, to marry well, is the mark she has set before her; and it does not need cultivation of the sterner virtues for that; the sterner virtues are not greatly called into account in this quest, have little opportunity of asserting themselves, or even of being missed.

Nor is great intellectual cultivation in the scheme of our pretty woman's life; according to her plan of action it is entirely unnecessary. Who cares for syllogisms, lectures, instructions, she unconsciously argues from rosy lips? Who will stop to ask if the bright eyes have dulled themselves over dry pages of scholastic lore? Let who will be learned, it is enough for her to be gay and happy.

What, then, has our pretty creature left for the dim passages of middle age, when beauty has fallen away, but there still is left the desire to hold captive what once beauty gained? The time is coming when there will be deep crescents round the mouth whose lovely curves have been dragged down by flacoid muscles, when there will be fine spider-web lines about the eyes, when there will be hollows in the cheeks, when the red and white of the skin will have become blurred and mottled or overlaid with yellow sallowness, when perhaps there will be present in the vacuous face only "that divine smile which has lost the two front teeth?"

Let the pretty girl remember that in the darkness of that middle passage the beauty that she had before she entered it will not signify; all faces are in the dark together then, the girl that was plain with the girl that was beautiful; the wreck of beauty signifies then no more than the wreck of what never was beauty. It is the sweet voice, the kindly manner, the burden of what is said, the tender-heartedness of what is done, that tells with any effect then. It will not be long before she arrives at this time, which, in comparison to the blaze of youth, neighbors close on the dark; and she will need then all with which she can have filled her intellect and fed her soul, all that wit and virtue and breeding can have given her, in order to make any thing of that kingdom to which in the early days she felt herself born by right divine.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

How England Wisely Provides Against a Stampede in Parliament.

I find that very few people in this country, says E. G. Chalmers, of London, in the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*, understand the way in which English members of Parliament resign. Most people who know of accepting the Chiltern Hundreds is equivalent to resigning, but not one in a thousand is aware of the reason for this roundabout method of quitting Parliament. According to the English law a member of Parliament can not resign, but he can accepting the acceptance of some other office under government.

Our legislators were of the opinion that serious embarrassments might be occasioned by the simultaneous resignation of a large number of members of parliament and took steps to prevent it. The command of the Chiltern Hundreds, a nominal office, disqualifies a man from holding a seat in parliament, but only one man can hold this office. When a member wishes to withdraw he applies for the Chiltern Hundreds, which is granted as a matter of course. He ceases to hold a seat and the next day resigns his new office. The effect is that only one man a day can leave parliament, and wholesale resignation is prevented.

MILITARY TRAIN WRECKED.

Yankee Troops Met With Disaster on Their Way Home.

A Topeka, Kas., despatch says: The particulars of the collision of a passenger train and the special with the troops from Pine Ridge, which occurred last evening on the Union Pacific Railroad at Florence, Kas., have been received here. The special was carrying about 400 soldiers, part of the 7th Cavalry and Battery "E" Light Artillery. The train consisted of seven passenger, and twenty-four freight cars, loaded with horses and several pieces of artillery and ammunition, hauled by two large engines. The engines and several cars are a complete wreck. Many soldiers were seriously and at least two fatally injured. The dead, so far as ascertained are: Sergt. Schorlibs, Battery "E" Artillery, cut all to pieces; Pvt. Meil, Troop "G," 7th Cavalry, left leg cut off and head smashed. The baggageman and conductor were slightly injured, and two passengers on the military train were slightly hurt. On the passenger train one of the train hands was hurt. None of the passengers were injured. The conductor of the military train is held responsible for the accident, as he was running on the express train's time. He has disappeared. A large number of cavalry horses were killed.

Peru's Beautiful Women.

As all the world knows, the women of Lima are proverbial for their beauty. Such large, liquid, "soleful" eyes; such rosebud lips and pearly teeth; such dainty hands and feet and rounded arms and graceful figures it would be hard to find so commonly anywhere else on the earth. A comparatively few of the most ultra-fashionable wear modern hats and bonnets for state occasions, but the vast majority still cover their glossy black tresses with the lace mantilla or black mantua of silk or woolen. The latter is the only correct thing for church wear among young and old, rich and poor; and a bonnet would no more be allowed during service than a gentleman at the north would be expected to come to the communion altar with his hat on his head. But the mantuas are no longer put on as formerly, so that only one eye is visible, but are disposed with more or less coquettish effect, and are vastly more becoming to the Castilian type of beauty than the most elaborate trimmps of French millinery.—*Lima Letter.*

Medical Ethics and Advertising.

Buffalo *News*: Dr. Edward Storck has undertaken quite a contract to read every doctor who advertises out of the business. Will the good doctor tell us what is the difference between a doctor who advertises and pays for it and the doctor who gets his advertising under the rose, does not pay for it—but gets it all the same? We think the doctor has given more attention to the ethics of the medical profession than to legal jurisprudence or to his own private practice. Others, wiser, older and somewhat abler, if that were possible, than our learned friend, Dr. Storck, have tried to make advertising in newspaper columns a crime and have not succeeded. The legislation that he promised to obtain this winter he won't obtain, and it will be a very cold winter when he gets it.

Murdered the Hermit.

An Argentine, Kas., despatch says: The lifeless body of Wm. Hornman was discovered on Friday in a miserable hut near here. There was a hole in the top of his head. The body was in a state of advanced decomposition. Hornman was a hermit and a miser. He lived in the utmost squalor, and ate but little. He owned 40 acres of bottom land, and it is known he had considerable money, some placing the amount at $20,000, hidden about the house. Search was made for this, but not a cent was found. It is believed he was murdered for the purpose of robbery.

Ireland's Three P's.

Washington *Star*: Potatoes, politics, Parnell.

Poor Old Ireland.

Chicago *Mail*: "What's the matter with Ireland?" "She's all riot!"

The New York Surrogate has decided that the marriage of Eva Mann to Robert Ray Hamilton was void and that she is still Mrs. Mann.

ALBANI IN SCOTLAND.

Queen Victoria at the Tea Table of the Canadian Songstress.

It has been my good fortune to enjoy the friendship of Queen Victoria for some time past. I have seen a good deal of her private life, and especially of her life in her Scotch Highland home. She is, to my mind, one of the most charming of women. I spend my autumn holiday on Dee Side in the Scotch Highlands, where I occupy Old Mar Lodge, a house belonging to the Duke of Fife, in Mar Forest. My house is less than fifteen miles from Balmoral Castle, the Scotch home of Queen Victoria. I have had the pleasure and the honor of being called there two or three times each season to pay a visit to Her Majesty and to sing for her; and once each season, in return, the Queen pays me the very unusual honor of coming to my old house to take tea with me. Of this mark of honor I am naturally proud. It is not everybody, you know, who can have the Queen for a visitor and who can sit at their own hearth and make tea for so great a woman. The visits are quite private and the Queen is only accompanied by one of the Princesses, and perhaps two ladies of the court. It may interest you—I suppose it will—if I say that a table is laid in the drawing room and there I sit with Her Majesty and pour the tea. The ladies in-waiting are seated at another table, and my husband and son are the "cup-bearers," as no servants are allowed in the room at the time. The repast is of no importance; it is only bread, butter, cake and tea, but I have noticed that it seemed to taste good to Her Majesty, for, on each occasion that she visited me she has taken two cups of my very best, good black tea.

Knowing the interest all the readers of my own sex take in details where royalty is concerned, I am giving particulars which possibly may seem trivial; but I think I can trust the "gentle reader," at least, to find something charming about an afternoon tea served with all its delightful accessories of dainty china, pretty silver and cut glass, that the time spent over it is always remembered pleasantly.

The Queen spends from three-quarters of an hour to an hour in conversation and then drives back home. Last autumn she drove over in an open carriage in a snowstorm.

Her Majesty is very fond of music and is a very good musician. She studied music with Mendelssohn and singing with Lablache. As a consequence of this teaching she prefers the old Italian music to any other; but, at the same time, she can appreciate anything that is good in the modern music. This I know from experience, as I have sung all kinds of music to her, the new as well as the old. The Queen is much touched by a simple, homely ballad, and after I have sung to her songs like "Robin Adair" or "Old Folks at Home" I have seen tears in her eyes.

The Queen herself looks after the welfare of all her tenants and servants, and if any one of them is sick she is the first one to pay them a visit and take them little comforts.

During her stay in Scotland she takes a pleasure during her drives in stopping at various cottages to ask after the welfare of the inmates. When so occupied the Queen is as kind and simple as any ordinary lady could be. When she paid me one of her first visits and took tea with me my little boy was so much struck with this that he said to me after she had gone, "Oh, mamma, what a little woman for such a big Queen." It is all this that has made the Queen so beloved by all her subjects.

The Farmer's Boy.

The farmer forgets, as he spurs the toy at his side to renewed efforts with the hoe, the rake or the seed-bag, that he himself was once a boy, with all a boy's dreaming, hopes and ambitions. As the "city man" drives past, well-dressed and in evident enjoyment of life, the young drudge bends unwillingly to the work that never seems to have an end, and surely shows no immediate reward. The boy wants a holiday now and then—not solely the single "circus day" of the year, or the awkward Fourth of July experience—and the more holidays he gets, up to a judicious calendar of them, the more valuable he ought to be to the folks at home and to the farm. Do not, O farmer, crack your whip to keep the boys at work, even on rainy days, fearful lest a moment shall be lost that is not in your narrowness of mind "improved." Give them a "day off" once in a while, and enjoyments should be devised for the children on rainy days that will make them work with better zest when the sun comes out. Repression sometimes begets the license which it seeks to prevent; and liberal treatment is frequently as remunerative as money at interest. Above all, let the children read, and furnish them with books and papers for entertainment, as well as for profit. They may find in their reading reasons why they should stay on the farm.—*Albany Journal.*

Annie Laurie.

The famous song that is sung by all singers of the present day, I am informed, is a mystery as to the author. The writer was raised on the next farm to James Laurie, Annie Laurie's father. I was personally acquainted with both her and her father, and also with the author of the song, and have been requested to give the public the benefit of my knowledge. Annie Laurie was born in 1837 and was about 17 years old when the incident occurred which gave rise to the song bearing her name. James Laurie was a farmer, who lived and owned a very large farm called Thraglestown, in Dumfriesshire, Scotland. He hired a great deal of help and among those employed was a man by the name of Wallace to act as foreman. While in his employ Mr. Wallace fell in love with Annie Laurie, which fact her father soon learned and forthwith discharged him. He went to his home, which was in Maxwelton, and was taken sick the very night he reached there, and the next morning, when Annie Laurie heard of it, she came to his bedside and waited on him until he died, and on his death-bed he composed the song entitled "Annie Laurie."—*Chicago Herald.*

P. T. Barnum's Philosophy of Childhood

If you would be as happy as a child, please one.

Childish wonder is the first step in human wisdom.

To best please a child is the highest triumph