THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

Before and After Taking.

Oh, joyous, gladsome picnic morn!
How soon the sky, the skies how bright!
A thousand mentalities are born,
To fill the heart with wild delight.

The music from the lone forest hills,
The babble of the woodland rills,
The wild bird's song which proudly trills
And all the joys of forest life!

The mystic whisper of the trees,
The drowsy hum of humble bees;
A scene designed the soul to please,
A dream of happiness and ease,
That all our being thrills.

Oh, weary, dreadful picnic night!
I almost wish that I were dead,
I'm looking like a perfect fright,
And filled with aches from feet to head,
It rained incessantly since morn;
My clothes are wet and plastered and torn,
I'm feeling miserably forlorn,
I'm sorry I was ever born.

The woods were full of beggar's lice,
We drank rain water without ice;
And dinners full of ants aren't nice;
Horsefly's a picnic device
Will catch me—in a horn.

What's the Use?

What's the use of always fretting
Over ills that can't be cured?
What's the use of finding fault with
What we know must be endured?
Does it make our burdens lighter
If we grumble 'neath their load?
Does it make life's pathway smoother
If we fret about the road?
Better use our time than fill it
Full of sighs and vain regrets
Over some imagined blunder,
As he does who always frets.

"Laugh a Little Bit."

Here's a motto, just your fit;
"Laugh a little bit."
When you think you're trouble-hit
"Laugh a little bit."
Look sunshine in the face,
Have the boldness rude grimace;
Ten to one 'twill yield its place
If you have the grit and wit
Just to laugh a little bit.

Keep your face with sunshine lit—
"Laugh a little bit."
Gloomy shadows off will flit
If you have the wit and grit
Just to laugh a little bit.

Cherish this as sacred writ
"Laugh a little bit."
Keep it with you, sample it—
"Laugh a little bit."
Little life will sure betide you,
Fortune may not sit beside you,
Men may mock and Fame deride you
But you'll mind them not a whit
If you laugh a little bit.

THE OPERA AT SCUDDY.

THE little town of Scuddy, away out on the Kansas border, on the proposed line of the B., K. & N. Railway, was enjoying a boom of no mean proportions. Strangers were arriving daily, improvements were going on at every hand, and the little trading post was fast taking upon itself metropolitan airs.

Its citizens were jealously proud of its advancements, and the personal safety of a man who would have dared to assert that the town was not booming would have been very liable to be endangered.

Badgerton was Scuddy's own rival, the only thorn in the side of its citizen. Badgerton did not exist except upon the map, they scornfully asserted, but for all that, it occasionally made its presence felt.

The Scuddyites hailed with delight any opportunity to gain advantage over Badgerton, and were feverishly alert to secure anything that would boom Scuddy on towards prominence and discomfit its rival.

It was this spirit that caused Jack Bates to prevail upon the Acme Opera Company to visit Scuddy. Jack had seen the company at one of the towns further east, and had learned that they intended to visit Badgerton and not Scuddy.

It was not much in the way of an opera company, said Jack did not admire operas, anyhow. But, as he expressed it, "he didn't keer two whoops in Halifax for operys nohow; he was plump alive to the interests uv Scuddy, and didn't propose that no onehoss place like Badgerton should get the bulge on her."

To have it said that the opera company had visited Scuddy and had scorned to appear at its rival, would be a cause for the most profound satisfaction to every resident of the latter place.

By guaranteeing that every place of business would be closed on the night of the performance, and that every person in town and from as far out as the Yellowhammer Ranch should attend at $1 per head, or if unable to be present should send the dollar, anyhow, Jack was able to secure the company. In return the manager signed a contract to the effect that he would not visit Badgerton under any circumstances. If asked his reason, he promised to reply that the place was not of sufficient importance to warrant it.

Great was the rejoicing at Scuddy when Jack Bates announced the good news. A mass-meeting was held, and Jack's acumen and fostering care of Scuddy's prosperity were lauded to the skies. His name was even mentioned as that of a candidate for the Mayoralty at the next election.

When the stage drew up to the combined hotel and post-office, a few days later, with a more elaborate flourish than usual, it seemed as if every person in the little settlement was there to welcome its arrival. Bill Hankley, the driver, seemed to have acquired a new and added dignity since the citizens had seen him last.

"Air they thar?" asked Jack Bates, anxiously.

"You bet!" was driver Bill's reply. A shout of welcome went up from the crowd as the door of the stage opened and the singers alighted. Old Colonel Darby, whose enthusiasm had got the better of his judgment insisted upon delivering an address of welcome.

The last to leave the coach was a small, pale-faced, yellow-haired man, who bore in his arms a little bundle. It might have been a roll of clothing, or it might have been a baby.

The yellow-haired man was assigned a little room in the "L" of the hotel, on the first floor. He placed the bundle on the bed, and, softly removing the wrappings, revealed a baby, uneasily sleeping and catching its breath by fitful gasps. Its little face was thin and burning with fever. It opened its blue eyes and stretched its tiny hands feebly toward the yellow-haired man.

"I 'ant a d'ink, papa," the parched lips piped weakly.

All day long the yellow-haired man sat beside the fever-stricken baby. Oftimes his head sank on his breast, as if from sheer exhaustion, but he was always ready to instantly attend to the feeble cry of "I'Ant a d'ink, papa," oft repeated.

The child seemed to be sinking rapidly. Its hot breath came and went in painful, fluttering gasps.

Often the yellow-haired man's eyes closed involuntarily, but the baby's feeble wail for water always aroused him.

He took the little sufferer in his arms, and, as the sun sank from sight behind the distant mound, he seated himself before the open window.

The soft southwestern breeze, laden with the perfume of the wild verbenas, gently agitated the interlaced morning glory vines that crossed the window.

It dallied about the little hot face, fanned the burning cheeks, and kissed the small parched lips. It toyed with the baby's yellow curls, so like those of the pale-faced man who bent above it.

The little head nestled closer to the man's heart.

"Sing, Papa," the parched lips whispered.

It was only an old-fashioned lullaby, simple, even silly perhaps, but the tenor voice that sang it so softly glorified the homely air.

The swift, Indian summer twilight of the plains came and went; and still the yellow-haired man sat in the dim room by the open window and sang the sweet old lullaby. The song went steadily on, and presently the body was still, except for the feverish breathing.

Out in the darkness a night hawk fell, seemingly from the very clouds almost to the earth, uttering, as he turned to begin his ascent, his weird, booming, discordant cry.

The door opened softly and someone tiptoed into the room.

"Paul," said a low voice, your cue comes in five minutes. You must go now."

The yellow-haired man left the sleeping child softly on the bed, and followed the newcomer out into the darkness.

He stagged weakly as they strode along the dark street, and once would have fallen had not his comrade caught him.

"Take my arm, Paul," the comrade said.

The impromptu opera house, a new, half finished building, with a make-shift stage and scenery, was crowded to overflowing.

The citizens of Scuddy were present almost to a man, and even the ranchers from as far out as the Yellowhammer and Spade ranches were in attendance.

Jack Bates, with a bouquet clutched in his hand, occupied a prominent position and applauded every part of the performance with impartial vigor.

The performance had been going on for some time when the yellow-haired tenor appeared. He came upon the stage with unsteady, stumbling steps. His yellow hair was tossed about and his face was drawn and pallid. When he began to sing the audience regarded him with marked disfavor. He was intoxicated, they thought. His tones were inharmonious and almost harsh and broken by choking catches, now and then, as if the singer had smothered a sob in his throat. Then as his voice soared up, up, in a triumphant burst of music, it broke in a discordant, croak-like sound, that completely destroyed the melody.

The cowboys began to hiss, and Jack Bates expressed his disfavor in an audible growl. The singer did not heed them, but continued the discordant and often half-inaudible song, as if it had been the most delightful melody in the world.

The cowboys yelled their disapproval at the top of their voices, and one or two fired off their pistols by the way of protest.

The tenor ceased and one of the ladies began a song that was like the sweet music of a lark's liquid notes. A wild shout of applause arose from the cowboys, and Jack Bates stood up and cast his bouquet upon the stage. The yellow-haired man leaned wearily against one of the supports of the impromptu scenery. Then, as his tone came again, he broke into the lady's happy song with his doleful, tuneless croak.

The cowboys gave a howl of disgust and wrath and half a dozen of them started toward the stage, as if to wreak summary vengeance upon the miserable singer.

He ceased just as they reached the stage. Bending forward, he seized the bouquet that Jack Bates had thrown to the lady, and, without a word, the yellow-haired man disappeared from the view of the audience. They heard the door of the back entrance slam behind him. Jack Bates, with a shout of wrath, dashed down the aisle and out into the darkness, followed by the half-dozen irate cowboys and a few others.

A light was shining from the vine-clad window in the "L" of the hotel when the angry little crowd reached it. The cowboys were for rushing into the hotel and severely drubbing the offending singer, but Jack Bates restrained them.

"Hold on," he said "Let's see what the coward's a-doin' first."

"Like's not he's a-hidin' under the bed," growled one.

Jack Bates gazed through the interlaced vines a moment and then stepped back.

"What's he up to?" asked one.

"Look fer yerself?" Jack whispered.

One by one they peered in through the morning glory vines, and each drew back without a word. Within the room the yellow-haired man was kneeling beside the bed, with his face buried in his hands. His slight frame was shaking with sobs.

The little pinched face of the baby was white now, and the painful gasping for breath had ceased. The baby had died alone while the father was away.

The little hands were folded across the small bosom, and upon them lay Jack Bates' bouquet.

No sound came from the little mob outside except one, when the jingles on a cowboy's spur clanked against a fellow, and there was a sound from Jack Bates like an ill-suppressed sob.

A dark figure came among them, and whispered for the crowd to follow him. It was the man who had called the yellow-haired tenor to the performance.

"Boys," he said simply, "his wife died last month, leaving him alone in the world except for the baby. Last week the child was stricken with the fever and has grown worse since. Hardly a moment at a time has the baby been out of his arms for the last few days and nights, and all that time he has barely closed his eyes for an instant in sleep. He has missed his meals to-day for fear his absence would disturb the baby. The baby's dead now. That's all, boys."

A few moments later an awkward squad, consisting of Jack Bates and the cowboys, entered the room where the yellow-haired man knelt by the dead baby. Their hats were off and their bared heads were bowed.

The man who had spoken outside was with them.

"Paul, he said," "here are some friends who wish to speak to you."

The yellow-haired man rose to his feet and confronted them without a word. Jack Bates cleared his throat and began awkwardly.

"Pardner," said he, "yare's a leetle bundle we found in the road just now. His belongs to you an' the dead baby."

They turned and filed out into the darkness.

The tenor's comrade opened the little package that Jack Bates had placed on the bed. When the old, soiled handkerchief was untied, there was revealed a little heap of money—gold, silver and notes to a goodly amount—the gift of Jack Bates and the cowboys.

Lines About Lamps.

To prevent oil from oozing over the top of the burner, turn the wick down after the light is out.

Rub the wicks, do not cut them. A new wick must be started right. Loose threads must be clipped off to start with; but when once in shape, the necessity for clipping must be very rare.

Be sure that no bit of charred wick or burned fly or moth is left in the lower part of the burner. There is danger of these igniting and setting fire to the oil in the reservoir. A clean, unbroken lamp is not dangerous.

If a lamp has been left standing with a little oil in, it should not be lighted until filled and the burner carefully wiped. It is possible that gas may have formed and made the lamp, as it stands, unsafe if lighted before refilling.

When a lamp is first lighted, leave the flame low until the metal of the burner is heated, then turn as high as possible, without smoking. This secures a clear, steady flame.

To clean burners, boil in water in which sal soda has been dissolved. Put one teaspoonful to every quart of water.

To prevent chimneys from cracking, put them before using into a large pan and cover them with cold water. Bring the water slowly to a boil. Take the pan off of the fire and let the chimneys cool slowly in the water.

If the brass catches of a burner are too tight, the chimney will break as it expands with the heat. These catches are easily loosened without injuring the lamp.

Lynch Law Among Rats.

In the neighborhood of Burley the other day a gentleman looking over a wall saw a dead hen in the field. Presently a rat ran up, sniffed at the defunct fowl with much satisfaction, and went away in some haste. The onlooker, who is a student of natural history, knew what that meant and removed the hen from the spot. In a minute or two the rat came back with half a dozen friends, with the evident intention of removing the carcass for future use. Arrived at the spot where the fowl had lain the rat raised a loud squeak of astonishment at its absence. In a trice the other rats fell upon him so savagely that they left him dead on the field as a warning not to play practical jokes with his friends.—*Leeds (Eng.) Evening Post.*

When and What to Read.

If you are impatient, sit down quietly and have a talk with Job.

If you are just a little strong-headed, go to see Moses.

If you are getting weak-kneed, take a look at Elijah.

If there is no song in your heart, listen to David.

If you are a getting man, read Daniel.

If you are getting sordid, spend a while with Isaiah.

If you feel chilly, get the beloved disciple to put his arms around you.

If your faith is below par, read Paul.

If you are getting lazy, watch James.—*Golden Censer.*

Refused by Influence.

Dallas—I hear that you proposed to Miss Testy last night and got a refusal?

Callous—Well, as to that, she didn't bluntly refuse me; she wouldn't wound my feelings by doing that, yet the inference of her remark was plain enough.

Dallas—What reply did she make to your proposal?

Callous—She said if I was the last man on earth she might consider it.

Women Read Advertisements.

St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*: It has been my good fortune during my week's stay at this hotel to be seated at table with three or four bright women. Every one of them comes down to breakfast with a newspaper in her hands. And what do you suppose she reads first? Why, the advertisements of the big dry goods houses, of course. She dwells and comments on every item of the advertisements with the serious interest that I devote to the market reports.

"I say, my friend," said a traveller from Maine, "can you tell me where there's a haunted house?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Come with me and you will find cap kind of spirits you want."

A towel trust has been established. It will come down with a crash.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Speaker announced the resignation of Mr. Robert Watson, M. P., for Marquette, Man., and said the Speaker had issued a writ for a new election.

Mr. Haggart presented the resolutions in favor of railway subsidies for which notice had already been given, and which have been published.

Mr. Laurier protested strongly against bringing down resolutions involving such a large sum and upon so important a question at such a late hour of the session. The resolutions numbered sixty, and called for the expenditure of several millions. Now that so many members were absent, and so many others were preparing to go, it was quite impossible that these questions should be fairly and fully discussed.

Mr. McMillan (Huron) drew attention to the report of John McQueen, British farm delegate to the Maritime Provinces. He said the report was suppressed by the Government, and only brought to light when the Opposition insisted upon its production.

Mr. Colter followed in a plea for free trade relations for his province with the United States.

Mr. Mills (Bothwell) drew attention to the administration of the Department of Indian Affairs, which he claimed, demanded investigation by the House. He complained of the large amount expended on salaries, no less than $560,000 being paid out in this way, out of all proportion to the services rendered. He was confident that the efficiency of the service could be increased and $100,000 wiped off the salaries. The service had no other purpose than to pension off party followers on the public treasury. In one agency the amount distributed among the Indians was less than half that paid the white men for salaries.

Mr. Mills concluded his address on the Indian Department management, criticising the payment of salaries to unnecessary officials.

Mr. Dewdney, replying, said he was disappointed in the hon. gentleman's speech, as he usually profited by his criticism, but he feared he could not upon this occasion. He contended that the expenditures alleged to be extravagant were in fact necessary to the strict supervision of the Indians, without which the Indians would retrograde. It must not be forgotten that the agencies were spread over a vast area.

On the item, commercial agencies $5,000,

Mr. Paterson asked for an explanation, for, as he understood, the expenditures under this head were not all upon commercial agencies.

Mr. Foster said that already the commercial agency system had been established in France. The representative of Canada there had been instructed to send in a report upon the commercial conditions and tariff changes. In Britain the immigration agents were also made commercial agents. There were two agents in the Leeward Islands, one in the Windward Islands, one in Jamaica, and one in British Guiana. The first reports of these officers were expected by next mail. He was making arrangements also with a view to establishing a similar agency in Yokohoma. The agents were not extravagantly paid. The system was admittedly an experimental one. The item passed.

The House resumed in Committee of Supply.

On item $10,000 for a monument to the late Premier, Sir John Macdonald,

Mr. Laurier said that it was to be the policy of the country to spend public money for the purpose of honoring the memory of a public man who had passed away, he could not fairly object to this item. But Canada had lately lost a great man, one of her ablest statesmen, one who in his (Mr. Laurier's) estimation, stood as high as the late Premier. If this policy was to be pursued, the liberality of the Government and the House should not be confined to one side of politics.

Mr. Foster said he agreed with the view taken of the late Mr. Mackenzie. The Government had considered the subject of a monument in his memory, and would consider it further, but they did not reach such a conclusion as would justify a vote being asked at this time.

Mr. McMullen said that though Sir John Macdonald had ruled the destinies of the country for a quarter of a century, this was not regarded by all the people of this country as a good thing, but many regarded it rather as a misfortune. It was not right to ask political opponents to contribute to a monument of a political leader.

Mr. Foster said such references to Sir John Macdonald did not show a generous spirit, and he thought were unworthy of the hon. gentleman.

The item passed.

Mr. Foster promised to bring down on Monday the report of the recent conference at Washington.

After recess the House resumed in committee on the criminal code, and passed all the sections except those reserved at the former sittings for further discussion, and excepting also the schedules. The committee rose and reported progress and asked leave to sit again.

M. R. Mulock asked as to the truth of the statements he had heard that the Government had had an inquiry made into certain transactions of the Intercolonial Railway. He was informed that the Auditor-General had been enquiring into the amount due to the railway, and that thereon was the dispute. He understood a very large sum was owing to the Government for freights over the railway.

Mr. Foster said all he could say was that no special investigation had been undertaken, but the Auditor-General, in the pursuance of his duty, had made an audit of the accounts. He had not made any report on the subject up to this time, nor had he even made any extended verbal statement of the results of the investigation.

The House then went into Committee of Supply, and passed a number of items relating to the steamship subsidies.

On the item $105,000 to subsidize three lines of steamers from Halifax and St. John to the West Indies and South America,

Mr. Landerkin asked if the trade with the West Indies was growing in a manner satisfactory to the Minister of Finance.

Mr. Foster replied that it was improving.

Mr. Landerkin quoted the trade and navigation returns to show that from 1875 to 1877 inclusive the trade with the West Indies was $11,409,684, while from 1885 to 1887 inclusive it was $6,582,269, a falling off of over four millions. This did not seem to him a satisfactory state of affairs.

Mr. Mills contended that the prime difficulty as to exports was that Canada put barriers in the way of imports from the West Indies. The experience of the world proved that goods could not be sold by one nation to another unless it was prepared to take in return what that other had to sell. It was because she recognized this principle that Britain's foreign trade had grown to such enormous proportions.

After further discussion the item passed.

Two Epitaphs.

Remarkable are two epitaphs, the first of which is said to be upon a tombstone in the city of Sacramento: "Here is laid Daniel Borrow, who was born in Sorrow, and Borrowed little from Nature except his name and his love to mankind and hatred to redskins; who was nevertheless a gentleman and a dead shot; who, through a long life, never killed his man except in self-defence or by accident; and who, when he at last went under, beneath the bullets of his cowardly enemies in the saloon of Jeff Morris, did so in the sure and certain hope of a glorious and everlasting morrow." The other, which belongs to a Nevada burying place, is such a noteworthy achievement in this line that it may fitly conclude our compilation of a few of the curiosities of epitaph literature: "Sacred to the Memory of Hank Monk—the Whitest, Biggest-Hearted, and Best-Known Stage-Driver of the West; who was kind to All and Thought Ill of none. He Lived in a Strange Era, and was a Hero, and the Wheels of his Coach are now Ringing on Golden Streets."

A Veteran Still Fighting.

"And you want a pension?"

"That's what."

"How long were you in the war?"

"Well, sir, I war married 'long in '69, an' peace ain't been declared yit; so you kin jes' calkilate for yerself!"

A Boomerang.

Young Van der Million—Wouldn't it be rare fun for us to become engaged just for the summer, you know?

She—Just the thing! I never did believe in long engagements.

—"Oh, misery!" cried the editor. "What's the matter now?" "I just threw a post out of the window, and his wife, who was waiting for him below, has presented one of our insurance coupons at the cashier's desk. He had it on him! Another $500 gone, when $2 would have bought not only his death but his everlasting gratitude."—*Puck.*

A detective from Scotland Yard, London, is in Quebec, looking up the antecedents of Dr. L. M. Grant.

Broadest Sufferings of Two Fond Hearts in the Empire City.

They had been married two six weeks, and had spent the greater part of the honeymoon in Brooklyn. Their fond hearts were going away, to be sure there was a whole, dreadful day. She had gone to the station to see him off, and was clinging tightly to his arm as they walked up and down the platform waiting for his train to back into the station. Both of them were as solemn as they would have been had he been exiled to Siberia and was about to start for that delectable country.

"You'll write every day, won't you, darling?" she said.

"Yes, indeed. And you must write me a long letter to-night."

"Oh, I will. And you'll take real good care of yourself?"

"Oh, yes; I will."

"Oh, you must. What would I do if anything should happen to my boy?"

"Oh, nothing will happen to me, darling."

"Oh, but something might. It would kill me if anything should happen to you."

"You foolish little girl to be so fond of me. But I'll be all right."

"Be so careful getting on and off the cars. Promise me that you won't get off or on to a car while it is in motion."

"Oh, I won't. You take good care of yourself, darling."

"Oh, I shall just sit and cry all the time."

"Shall you miss me so much?"

"Miss you? Oh, George!"

"My darling!"

"The minutes will seem to me like years! Won't you miss me?"

"Miss you? I shall think of you every minute."

"You dear old boy! Oh, that is your train coming in?"

"Yes."

"Oh, George!"

"You must be a brave and strong little woman."

"How can I when you are go-go-going-a-away?"

"There, there, don't cry; you'll attract so much attention."

"I—I—don't care how much attention I attract, and I—I—have to cry!"

"No, you mustn't. Come now, kiss me good-bye."

"Oh, George!"

"Good-bye, darling."

"You'll be so careful?"

"Yes, yes. Good-bye!"

"And you'll be sure to come home Friday?"

"Yes, indeed. Good-bye, sweetheart."

"Good——Oh, I shall be so anxious about you."

"Oh, I'll come home all right. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, darling."

"Good-bye."

"Oh, George, how can I let you go?"

"You must, my pet. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, my treasure boy. Wave your handkerchief from the window, won't you, darling?"

"Yes, yes. I must go now; the bell is ringing. Good-bye."

"Good-b-b-bye!"

"There, there; don't cry. Bye, bye!"

"Good-bye. Be just—as—careful—as—Good-bye."

"Good-bye!" he shrieks from the car window. She waves her handkerchief excitedly, and his own flutters from the car window as long as the train is in sight, and she goes tearfully home, while he—well, the ways of a man are past finding out, but let us hope that he is thinking only of her.—*Minneapolis Times.*

Too Expressive Words.

One is sometimes startled at the discovery of a new and most disagreeable force in a single word, when that word is applied to himself to characterize some unpleasant fact of which he has long been aware, says the St. Louis *Chronicle.*

"Don't call me fleshy!" said a lady of magnificent proportions; "I don't object to my size, but I simply can't bear that word!" Another woman has not the least desire to marry, but cannot endure being called a "spinster."

Not long ago a pretty woman in the thirties announced her intention of taking a somewhat extended trip alone, and ended with the remark:

"An old maid like me doesn't need an escort."

Then Marjorie, the little maid of the family, burst into a torrent of tears. "You're not an old maid, auntie!" she wailed; "you're not! I can't bear it!"

"But I am, Marjorie," said her aunt, laughing; "why, it's a nice thing to be. I like it."

"Oh, but you're not, you're not!" cried Marjorie, as she rushed off to the study to ask, passionately; "Papa, is auntie an old maid?" "No, dear," said her father, soothingly, "not at all. She's only a postponed bride."

That proved wondrous comforting. The tears were speedily dried, but auntie herself was somewhat electrified when a caller came that afternoon to hear the little girl enquire sweetly and in a tone so innocent that no one could suggest her ceasing to repeat the remark: "Did you know that Aunt Helen is a postponed bride? Isn't it nice?"

A Desperate Young Man.

"Tell me, my daughter," said Mr. Munn, with some anxiety in his manner, as he led his only child to a seat in the parlor, "wasn't young Mr. Gasket here last night?" "Yes, papa. Why do you ask?" "Did you and he have a quarrel?" "No, papa—not a quarrel exactly. But tell me! Has anything happened to him?" "Did he or did he not propose marriage to you?" "Yes, he did, papa," replied the girl, now thoroughly alarmed. "Do tell me if anything has happened to him. Has he committed sui——" "What was your reply, daughter? Did you accept him?" "No, papa. Has his body been discov——" "Did you give him any encouragement whatever?" "No, sir. Did he shoot himself, or——" "You rejected him finally and irrevocably, did you?" "Yes, papa, and he said he'd go and do something desperate, but I didn't think he'd make away with himself. Oh, papa, isn't it awful?" "Yes, it's awful. I suspected that you had rejected him when I heard what he had done to-day." "Oh, papa, do you think I shall be arrested for it?" "Oh, dear, no. You didn't have to marry him just because he asked you." "But tell me what he has done, papa!" "He's gone to work."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Don't be in Haste.

To break off an old and tried friendship.

Or contract a new and doubtful alliance.

To give advice without being asked for it.

To spend your salary in advance of earning it.

To make love to more than one woman at a time.

To give up a reputable business to dabble in politics.

To blame your children for following your bad examples.

To take part in the difference between your neighbors.

To give up a safe but plodding business for a bubble speculation.

To accept the scandalous stories you hear concerning other people.

To quarrel with your wife because she criticises your faults.

Or with your husband because he doesn't tell you everything he knows.

Or with your sweetheart because she treats other gentlemen with courtesy.

Or with your lover because he mixes common sense with love making.

To go in debt because the shopkeepers have confidence in your honesty.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Drew a Line at the Shirts.

The husband of Mrs. Sarah T. Rorer, the cooking lecturer of this city, is a mild-mannered gentleman, who is contented to sink his personality, mind his own affairs, and let his wife travel about and gather fame unhindered. He broke over the traces with a vengeance the other day, says the *New York Times*, when he had to be his wife's messenger with the clothes piled high with a fresh delivery from the laundry. "This thing must stop right here," was his angry greeting. "Why, what is the trouble, dear?" asked his spouse. "Trouble! trouble enough!" he retorted, his voice shaking. "I have stood by quietly and let you have your own way with the public. That is all right. I make no objection now. But when my shirts come back from the laundry marked 'Sarah T. Rorer,' I draw the line."

Wealthy, but—Oh, My!

Mrs. Pry—Those Watkinses must be awfully poor people.

Mr. Pry—Why? How so?

Mrs. Pry—They never give a beggar anything—never.

Mr. Pry—Do you?

Mrs. Pry—No; but it isn't because I haven't plenty.

The scarlet fever epidemic in old London is growing more regular.

Collision on the Trolley Road Kills a Horse and Wrecks a Car.

New York *Sun*, October 1: The Brooklyn trolley road killed a horse last night, and bid fair to prove to a grateful public what it could accomplish in the death-dealing line, when it cut off, and was clinging tightly to his arm as they walked up and down the platform waiting for his train to back into the station. Both of them were as solemn as they would have been had he been exiled to Siberia and was about to start for that delectable country.

"You'll write every day, won't you, darling?" she said.

"Yes, indeed. And you must write me a long letter to-night."

"Oh, I will. And you'll take real good care of yourself?"

"Oh, yes; I will."

"Oh, you must. What would I do if anything should happen to my boy?"

"Oh, nothing will happen to me, darling."

"Oh, but something might. It would kill me if anything should happen to you."

"You foolish little girl to be so fond of me. But I'll be all right."

"Be so careful getting on and off the cars. Promise me that you won't get off or on to a car while it is in motion."

"Oh, I won't. You take good care of yourself, darling."

"Oh, I shall just sit and cry all the time."

"Shall you miss me so much?"

"Miss you? Oh, George!"

"My darling!"

"The minutes will seem to me like years! Won't you miss me?"

"Miss you? I shall think of you every minute."

"You dear old boy! Oh, that is your train coming in?"

"Yes."

"Oh, George!"

"You must be a brave and strong little woman."

"How can I when you are go-go-going-a-away?"

"There, there, don't cry; you'll attract so much attention."

"I—I—don't care how much attention I attract, and I—I—have to cry!"

"No, you mustn't. Come now, kiss me good-bye."

"Oh, George!"

"Good-bye, darling."

"You'll be so careful?"

"Yes, yes. Good-bye!"

"And you'll be sure to come home Friday?"

"Yes, indeed. Good-bye, sweetheart."

"Good——Oh, I shall be so anxious about you."

"Oh, I'll come home all right. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, darling."

"Good-bye."

"Oh, George, how can I let you go?"

"You must, my pet. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, my treasure boy. Wave your handkerchief from the window, won't you, darling?"

"Yes, yes. I must go now; the bell is ringing. Good-bye."

"Good-b-b-bye!"

"There, there; don't cry. Bye, bye!"

"Good-bye. Be just—as—careful—as—Good-bye."

"Good-bye!" he shrieks from the car window. She waves her handkerchief excitedly, and his own flutters from the car window as long as the train is in sight, and she goes tearfully home, while he—well, the ways of a man are past finding out, but let us hope that he is thinking only of her.—*Minneapolis Times.*

Too Expressive Words.

One is sometimes startled at the discovery of a new and most disagreeable force in a single word, when that word is applied to himself to characterize some unpleasant fact of which he has long been aware, says the St. Louis *Chronicle.*

"Don't call me fleshy!" said a lady of magnificent proportions; "I don't object to my size, but I simply can't bear that word!" Another woman has not the least desire to marry, but cannot endure being called a "spinster."

Not long ago a pretty woman in the thirties announced her intention of taking a somewhat extended trip alone, and ended with the remark:

"An old maid like me doesn't need an escort."

Then Marjorie, the little maid of the family, burst into a torrent of tears. "You're not an old maid, auntie!" she wailed; "you're not! I can't bear it!"

"But I am, Marjorie," said her aunt, laughing; "why, it's a nice thing to be. I like it."

"Oh, but you're not, you're not!" cried Marjorie, as she rushed off to the study to ask, passionately; "Papa, is auntie an old maid?" "No, dear," said her father, soothingly, "not at all. She's only a postponed bride."

That proved wondrous comforting. The tears were speedily dried, but auntie herself was somewhat electrified when a caller came that afternoon to hear the little girl enquire sweetly and in a tone so innocent that no one could suggest her ceasing to repeat the remark: "Did you know that Aunt Helen is a postponed bride? Isn't it nice?"

A Desperate Young Man.

"Tell me, my daughter," said Mr. Munn, with some anxiety in his manner, as he led his only child to a seat in the parlor, "wasn't young Mr. Gasket here last night?" "Yes, papa. Why do you ask?" "Did you and he have a quarrel?" "No, papa—not a quarrel exactly. But tell me! Has anything happened to him?" "Did he or did he not propose marriage to you?" "Yes, he did, papa," replied the girl, now thoroughly alarmed. "Do tell me if anything has happened to him. Has he committed sui——" "What was your reply, daughter? Did you accept him?" "No, papa. Has his body been discov——" "Did you give him any encouragement whatever?" "No, sir. Did he shoot himself, or——" "You rejected him finally and irrevocably, did you?" "Yes, papa, and he said he'd go and do something desperate, but I didn't think he'd make away with himself. Oh, papa, isn't it awful?" "Yes, it's awful. I suspected that you had rejected him when I heard what he had done to-day." "Oh, papa, do you think I shall be arrested for it?" "Oh, dear, no. You didn't have to marry him just because he asked you." "But tell me what he has done, papa!" "He's gone to work."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Don't be in Haste.

To break off an old and tried friendship.

Or contract a new and doubtful alliance.

To give advice without being asked for it.

To spend your salary in advance of earning it.

To make love to more than one woman at a time.

To give up a reputable business to dabble in politics.

To blame your children for following your bad examples.

To take part in the difference between your neighbors.

To give up a safe but plodding business for a bubble speculation.

To accept the scandalous stories you hear concerning other people.

To quarrel with your wife because she criticises your faults.

Or with your husband because he doesn't tell you everything he knows.

Or with your sweetheart because she treats other gentlemen with courtesy.

Or with your lover because he mixes common sense with love making.

To go in debt because the shopkeepers have confidence in your honesty.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Drew a Line at the Shirts.

The husband of Mrs. Sarah T. Rorer, the cooking lecturer of this city, is a mild-mannered gentleman, who is contented to sink his personality, mind his own affairs, and let his wife travel about and gather fame unhindered. He broke over the traces with a vengeance the other day, says the *New York Times*, when he had to be his wife's messenger with the clothes piled high with a fresh delivery from the laundry. "This thing must stop right here," was his angry greeting. "Why, what is the trouble, dear?" asked his spouse. "Trouble! trouble enough!" he retorted, his voice shaking. "I have stood by quietly and let you have your own way with the public. That is all right. I make no objection now. But when my shirts come back from the laundry marked 'Sarah T. Rorer,' I draw the line."

Wealthy, but—Oh, My!

Mrs. Pry—Those Watkinses must be awfully poor people.

Mr. Pry—Why? How so?

Mrs. Pry—They never give a beggar anything—never.

Mr. Pry—Do you?

Mrs. Pry—No; but it isn't because I haven't plenty.

The scarlet fever epidemic in old London is growing more regular.

"BRITISH" NOT "ENGLISH."

The Scotch Claim Equal Share in Great Britain's Glory.

BUT ARE SCOTCHMEN FIRST.

(From Circular of Scottish Home-Rule Union.)

"Too great a tendency to self-esteem too little disposition to regard the feelings the habits, and the ideas of others," is superficially an English characteristic; an absolute disregard of the national sentiment of smaller nationalities is part of their nature; and conciliation is not one of the arts for which Englishmen are famed. It is to these causes and an ignorance of historical facts that this custom against which we protest has sprung up. We have no idea of relinquishing that which is our own, or any idea of demanding a repeal of the union. On the contrary, our demand resolves itself into this, that the spirit of the treaty should be observed. We have therefore no intention of submitting to dismembering pretensions which have not a shadow of a foundation to rest upon.

Scotland's claim to the honorable fulfilment by England of these treaty obligations becomes the stronger when Scotland's share in the work of the United Kingdom is considered. Who built up this British Empire? What was its condition at the time of the union? Save a few islands in the West Indies and the plantations in North America which were afterward lost through criminal folly, there were few possessions. The rise of the empire dates from the union. Our Highland regiments, which have fought so valiantly in every part of the world, have so to maintain the honor, not of England, but of the United Kingdom. Go where you may and you will find Scotsmen occupying foremost places and doing more than their proportionate share in adding to the dignity and lustre of the British name. Why, then, insult Scotland by speaking of Britain as England, ignoring Scotland and what she has done? No difficulty is experienced in using the proper names in all diplomatic correspondence. Why not in all references common to both? In all matters affecting the British Empire we acknowledge but one interest—and in regard to loyalty, we owe none to England, and never did. Our loyalty is due solely to the British Crown and the British Government.

Lately a politician had the audacity to declare that Scottish nationality had ceased to exist. To declare that Scottish nationality had ceased to exist or is a mere dream without an object is to deny history and to fly in the face of fact. We possess and cherish glorious historical tradition unsurpassed by any other nation on the face of this earth. We are bound together by a name which is associated with the stirring memories of a thousand years. For centuries the Scottish people maintained their individuality against powerful invasions from without and the efforts of kingcraft from within, and they have retained that individuality after living for nearly 200 years under the same Government with another nation seven times as numerous and in spite of the influence of an absent Court and Legislature. Scotsmen are willing to unite with the other nationalities in constituting a larger nationality under the British name, but no more willing to be called English than the English would be to consent to be called Irish.

We further protest against another usurpation in being robbed of the fame of great names and the memory of brave deeds. Great Scotsmen—great in politics, in science or in letters—are often classed as Englishmen. The leader of Her Majesty's Opposition (Mr. Gladstone) we have been told is the greatest Englishman that ever lived. The leader of the House of Commons (Mr. Balfour) is the noblest Englishman of the present day. Instances innumerable might be multiplied. Scotsmen they are in the first place. Britons afterward—but Englishmen never! The noble achievements of our Scottish regiments are often chronicled as the brave deeds of Englishmen done to maintain England's honor. What is England's honor to them but a name and nothing more? It is the stirring memories of unconquered ancestors that inspires them "to do the deeds of deathless fame" which honor the British name.

The attempt to merge Scotland in England, which is repugnant to all the facts and associations of Scotland's past history, violates a solemn treaty and robs Scotsmen of a birthright of inestimable value. Every public man so acting, we declare, stands self-convicted of a deliberate wrong. The union neither did nor could denationalize us.

A Yankee Tale of Bideford Bridge.

Some folks have a curiously interesting way of relating facts, or of intertwining sober facts with flashes of imagination. The following appeared in the Washington *Star*, and has been copied into other American papers: "It is very interesting to see how the mussel manages to climb up the perpendicular sides of rocks or piles by means of these threads, which are stretched out and attached by the foot, one after another, in the direction in which the animal wishes to climb, each one being fastened a little higher than the last. Thus the heavy shell is drawn up gradually in much the same manner as that employed by some spiders when suspending an unusually large victim. You would hardly imagine that so small a creature could be a helpful servant to man, and yet the spinning and weaving of this humble mollusk have been among the most valuable assets of the town of Bideford, in Devonshire, is a long bridge of twenty-four arches crossing the Torridge River. The tides flow with such swiftness at this bridge that no mortar will hold the masonry of the arches. But the corporation of the town keep boats for the purpose of bringing mussels from a distance, which are applied to every interstice of the stone work. The mascary is entirely supported and held together by the strong threads these bivalves spin, and the law makes it a crime, punishable by transportation, to remove any of these. The assertion that the removal of mussels from Bideford Bridge is "punishable by transportation" is lovely! It has the flavor of the 'good old days' when a man could be hung for stealing a sheep.

Mutterings of an Undertaker.

New York *Herald*: "Put on airs, my beauties," muttered an undertaker, travelling on the elevated railroad. "Put on airs, but when I get you there won't be any airs, and one of you will look pretty much like the other