

NOTE AND COMMENT

Washington, April 27, 1896.—General Joseph Wheeler, Albano: By morning paper you are thinking of marrying widow. Don't.

GEORGE DEWEY.

Every time a kyspy is buried a cake of soap is buried with him. In this way the gypsies have made up in the other world for the baths they didn't take in this.

"Your majesty," said the chief eunuch, as he approached the Sublime Porte, "numbers 4 and 5 desire me to inform you that they require an advertisement for spring hats; numbers 6 to 71 are in need of a couple of pounds of shirt waists; num-

bers 81 to 106 inclusive have called my attention to their distressing lack of golf capes: numbers 28, 43 and 54 say that they can support existence no longer without pulley belts; numbers 111 to 222 feel that they have duck skirts coming to them, and—

"Hold on!" interrupted the Sultan; "You tell them that I've got a little bill to settle with Uncle Sam this Spring, and that the whole bunch will have to wear calico. Mother Hubbard's till I can levy another Income tax. Have you got a match?"

And as the chief eunuch dug up a couple of the California variety from his hip pocket, the great ruler lighted his hookah and sank back on the divan for a long, reflective smoke.

People who believe in a place of future punishment with fire and brimstone, or who think that the good and the bad criminals can gain some slight idea of their post-mortem place of abode by visiting the wharf at the foot of Main street, where a mill is kept busy week in and week out grinding brimstone. The quantity of this stuff ground and sacked there is astonishing, and leads one to wonder what it can all be used for. A great deal is used in preparing washes or spraying solutions

for killing insect pests, some is used for medicine, some in the manufacture of

matches, great deal is used in the manufacture of wood pulp for paper, and it has many uses in the arts of which the general public knows nothing. Its peculiar odor requires heat to bring out the full strength. Burning brimstone is a great fumigator, and the fumes will destroy any kind of animal or insect life. It was formerly used as a medicine for some kinds of skin diseases. A man who stood looking at the ground article, being asked yesterday, said that when a boy he had some skin disease, and he had to take sulphur every day mixed with molasses. He hated

to take the stuff, and avoided doing so whenever he could. His father gave him a scolding one day for not "taking his medicine," and he went and mixed up a whole pound which had just been brought home, and ate the whole of it. All the doctors in that county managed to save his life.

Once upon a time a Reformer called upon a Politician. "The City is full of Iniquity," said he. "Let Me run it and it will be a Whole Lot Better."

"What do you know about Politics?" asked the Politician.

"No," said the Reformer, "but I am on the Square; I never mixed with the Gang."

"That's the trouble," said the Politician. "Did you ever hear the Story of the Owl and the Prairie Dog Town?"

"No," said the Reformer.

"Well," began the Politician, "once an Owl lived in a Prairie Dog Town, and he found that Things didn't go to suit Him. 'This is a Bad Town,' said he; 'It is

"What it is, I don't know. I'll have to reform it. So he looked at the Prairie Dogs, and they seemed to think it was a Pretty Good Town."

"The Prairie Dogs don't know how the Town is," said He; "I must get Somebody Else to Help me in the Cause of Reform." So he went to a Snake, and the Snake said: "I'm with You; I'm not getting All that's Coming to me in This Town anyway."

"The Owl and the Snake Cooked Up a plan of Reform, and the Snake got other Snakes to do it. The Owl got other Owls. And they turned down the Prairie Dogs at the primaries, and made Laws of their Own."

"These are good Laws," said the Snake. But when the Owl came to Examine them he saw that they gave the Snakes the

Best of It, and were no better for the Owls than the Prairie Dogs' Laws.

"I don't like these Laws," he said to the Snake.

"Well," said the Snake, "neither do the Prairie Dogs. Why don't the Both of You Move to some Other Town?"

"Well, but I am not an Owl," said the Reformer, when the story was finished.

"Oh," said the Politician.

A Vernal Dream.

Boston Courier.

I dreamed a dream the other night when all around was still,
I dreamed a dream, starting arrived without a hint
of drug or pill.

That on the houses everywhere my wondering glances met
Not even the semblance of that vernal sentiment,
"To let."

I dreamed that waves of ambient air with
sweet repose were linked.
That grann-grinders and stentorian buxsters
were extinct.
And that a live ray nostrils play beneath the
arching sky
And get no noxious blast from burning garden
rubbish nigh.

Unto my dulcet hush there came no far of
moving van,
Along my fenceways lurked no junk nor old
tomato can.
My household goods and chattels stood in un-
disturbed repose,
And not a clothelining waved with freight of
carpets and old clothes.

Unknown to all the land were broom and mop
and whitewash brush,
In slippery feet I walked immune from sa-
peneous slime.

The hallways no collisions breed with scouers
and scrubs.

And not a single meal was served on station-
ary tubs.

But from this velvet trance, alas! I woke with
muscles sore
To find myself in chaos prone upon the garret
floor,
And hear a vocal dagger stab my unsuspecting
ear,
With, "John, get up and stir yourself! The
Londoners are here!"