

### NOBODY REALLY CARES.

If you're anything to grieve you,  
And all your heart with tears,  
If poverty bites near you,  
And your days are dimmed by tears,  
If you find with soul despairing  
No answer to your prayers,  
Don't say a word about it,  
Nobody really cares.

If health and strength forsake you,  
And pain and sickness bring  
A gloom that clouds the sunshine  
And shadows everything,  
If you feel that lot so weary  
But seldom mortal bears,  
Don't say a word about it,  
Nobody really cares.

This world is full of pleasure,  
And, take it at its best,  
The sadly bored unless you  
Meet it with smile and jest;  
It yields a'er want's complainings,  
At sorrow coldly shares,  
So never tell your troubles,  
Nobody really cares.

—Margaret Eglings, in Harper's Weekly.

### IN HASTE.

#### An Important Letter, Three Broken Eggs and a Telegram.

It was when postage stamps were three cents apiece, and eggs twelve and a half cents a dozen, that Mr. Huggins, the proprietor of the little country store at Elkton, sat at his high desk one dreary afternoon, with his head studiously bent over his book, making out an account of sales.

"Please sir," suddenly interrupted a thin, small voice proceeding from the space in front of the desk, "will you give me a stamp for these three eggs, and you needn't mind the change."

Mr. Huggins slowly lifted his eyes from the big book, to look for the small speaker below them.

It was a mite of a girl, not more than six years old, who held a letter in one hand and with the other tightly grasped her apron gathered together for the safe keeping of three eggs lying within.

Mr. Huggins' senses had been so absorbed in the difficulties of his long sum in addition, that it was several moments before he could recall them and bring them down to a level with the little head lifting itself eagerly up to him; but reaching out his hand mechanically, he took the letter, and supposing he would immediately take the eggs also, the little girl incautiously opened her apron, when, alas, with a pip! pip! pip! as though they were kissing each other a hasty good-by, out rolled the eggs, and with a smash! smash! smash! lay on the floor, a medley of gold and silver, and ivory shells!

For one moment the poor little messenger stood silent with dismay, and then lifting her distressed face to that of Mr. Huggins, she burst into a wail so piteous that the heart of the store-keeper was touched with compassion.

"Why, what on earth did you open your apron for, little gal?" said he, by way of soothing her.

"To—let—your—get—the—eggs," sobbed the child. "I thought you were going to take them."

"And so I was," he answered, "but you ought not to have let go your grip till I had hold of them. Well, well, they won't hatch now, that's certain," he continued, with a touch of philosophy in his tone, "but there's no more use crying over smashed eggs than over spilt milk; you ought to be glad there are so few of them; and what were you asking me to do with them?"

"To give me a stamp, please, sir. But oh, what will mother do now! Her letter can't go and she said it was to start at once and go in haste!"

The sobs grew louder as the little girl seemed to realize more and more the extent of the disaster.

"To go in haste," repeated Mr. Huggins, with a smile of superior knowledge. "Yes, I see, she has written on it 'in haste, in haste.' Well, that might have done some good, perhaps, fifty years ago, when letters were carried about the country on horseback; I doubt if it will hurry up the steam cars very much. But for mercy sake, little gal, do stop crying!" he ejaculated suddenly as the deepening sobs smote his heart anew and brought him back to the business on hand. "Didn't I tell you there's no use crying over smashed eggs! So, look up now and tell me what is the great haste about this particular letter?"

"O, I don't know 'zactly, sir," answered the child, tearfully, "but I know it is something very particular indeed, and will break mother's heart 'most to know it hasn't gone. You see, she had been over to Miss Riley's and she came back with the tears all running down her cheeks, and she hunted round till she found this paper and a pencil, and wrote the letter with her hand all in a tremble. But after it was all done up, she just remembered that she hadn't a stamp, and I ran as fast as I could to Miss Riley's, but she hadn't one, nor any money either, and mother just sank down and cried as if her heart would break, and then, sir—wasn't it lucky—I know a stamp cost three cents, and I just thought of my old hen. Buff, who was laying eggs that I wanted so to hatch, and there was just three in the nest, but I couldn't see mother cry so, and I ran out and brought it in to her, and she was so glad—well, I wish you could have seen her—and she said: 'Thank God for the eggs, Jess, and run as fast as you can, for this letter must go in haste,' in haste, that's just what she said—but oh, the eggs are all broken now, and what will mother do!"

The long story came to an abrupt end with a fresh wave of grief.

"Well, don't take it so to heart, child," said Mr. Huggins with his gruff kindness. "There's no great harm done; the letter can't go till to-morrow any how, for the mail has been gone these three hours."

"To-morrow!" repeated the little girl in dismay. "O, sir, mother won't sleep a wink to-night if she knows that; she said a day might make it too late, and that if you would read it, you would know it must go in haste."

"But that's all nonsense, child," said Mr. Huggins, beginning to lose patience. "There's no such thing as these days; letters now all go one way and in one time, and that's a deal quicker than they once did. But you run home now, and if you like you needn't tell your mother anything about the waiting, nor the eggs either; I'll put a stamp on for you and send it as soon as a can."

The little eyes beamed like stars through the falling tears. "O, sir, if you would!" she cried, "and when my hen lays three more eggs I will be sure to bring them to you."

She turned quickly to the door, but pausing there, as if with an unconquerable impulse, she looked back, saying: "And if you please, sir, do make it go fast, for that's what she said—in haste."

"That child has got more heart than head," thought Mr. Huggins to himself as he silently watched her depart without making further efforts to explain mail regulations. He knew the little customer quite well as the child of Widow Carson, who had come to the neighborhood just after the first of those terrible floods that had sent so many homeless ones back from the banks of the treacherous Ohio. It was said that her husband had perished in the waves after placing his wife and child in safety, and here she had lived ever since in a little log cabin not far from the store, where with her small patch of corn and potatoes she supported, as best she could, herself and Jess and the little yellow dog. But only a few days previous to this, Mr. Huggins had felt compelled to refuse her any further credit, till the bill, slowly lengthening on his big book, was paid up, and it was doubtless because of this that she had not sent him, at once to ask the advance of a stamp for this all-important letter.

Meditatively he looked at the envelope, with the address scrawled in so tremulous and unpracticed a hand that he doubted much whether it would ever reach its destination, and the words of Jessie returned to his mind—"She said if you would read it, you would know it must go in haste."

It seemed a sufficient permission to the kind thought in his heart, and opening the awkwardly sealed covering, Mr. Huggins with difficulty made out the words written evidently by a hand trembling with emotion:

"I have just heard you were seen in Rockport yesterday, looking for Jess and me; it seems too good and wonderful to be true, but I write at once to say that we are here, and God grant my letter may reach you in time. I will write 'in haste' on it, and I will pray day and night that He will make it go quickly, for Jess and I are in such need that unless you come to us soon, I do not know what will become of us. We have mourned for you so long as dead that I can scarcely write now for the beating of my heart at the thought of seeing you again."

Though Mr. Huggins was often called a rough, cold man, yet there was certainly a strange moisture in his eyes as he closed the letter. In a moment he had taken in the whole situation. Jessie's father, then, was not dead as supposed, but had been separated from his wife and child on that terrible night, and had lost sight of them. The sorrowing woman had just heard that he had been seen seeking those who mourned him; but it was evident that he was not long to remain at Rockport. What if his chance of reunion should be lost. These words, "I will pray day and night that God will make my letter go quickly," and the wan, anxious face of little Jess rose together before Mr. Huggins' mind, and with a sudden movement he rose abruptly, saying half aloud: "And my name is not Huggins if it don't go quick, quicker even than she thought!"

Striding from the store and looking the door behind him, Mr. Huggins was seen a little later riding rapidly to the nearest railroad station.

"I want this telegram sent at once," he said, handing a slip of paper to the clerk, on which was written:

"To John Carson, Boatman's Tavern, Rockport:—Jess and I are here; come at once, and inquire at the Elkton store for the house."

"MARY CARSON."

Rockport was only a hundred miles away, and Mr. Huggins cast many an expectant glance next day along the road leading from the station. And sure enough, about half an hour after the three o'clock train had whistled, a sun-burnt stranger with eager, anxious face, came down that road and hurriedly entered the store.

"Can anyone tell me where Mary Carson lives?" he asked, nervously, of Mr. Huggins.

"Yes, my friend, and I will lead you a part of the way myself," answered the proprietor, promptly, and without losing a moment the two were soon in sight of the little log cabin.

"That's the house," said Mr. Huggins, "you can easily find the rest of the way alone," and with these words he turned back, leaving the stranger to hasten onward.

He heard the little dog give its quick, yelping bark, and a backward glance showed him Jessie already at the gate, and the mother standing with clasped hands motionless in the door-way; but this was all, and you and Mr. Huggins both will have to imagine the rest of the story.—*L. I. Robinson, in N. Y. Observer.*

**Too Much Jersey.**

"Does your wife wear a jersey?" blandly asked the smooth-tongued dry goods clerk of Farmer Furrow, who was making a few purchases for his better half.

"Now, look a-here, young fellow," said the old granger, with a look of mingled scorn and ferocity, "don't yer be too fresh. I may be a countryman, but I'll be darned if I'll take a yuff from yer."

"Why, I didn't mean a yuff, timidly retorted the clerk. "I merely asked if your wife wore a jersey."

"Well, sir, if that's all yer want to know I'll tell yer. She milks Jerseys and feeds 'em and waters 'em, but, by gosh! she doesn't wear 'em, confound yer plecter!"—*N. Y. Herald.*

—We notice that the new code physicians won a victory at the Academy of Medicine in New York Thursday night by electing a full ticket. We don't know the code, but presume it is to put "Dr." after the patient's name and collect of the administrator.—*Lovell Courier.*

—According to reports an application of gun-cotton has been made in such a manner that it will eventually supersede the use of steam for the purpose of light locomotion and driving small machinery.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The sale of cigarettes to children in Missouri is forbidden by law.

### SMUGGUGERY.

The Astonishing Changes Which Result from Removal of Beard and Mustache.

A wave of smugugery is engulfing the land. To those who do not know what the scientific term smugugery means, I might explain that it refers to those who transform themselves into songswamps by shaving off their whiskers and mustaches. It is a barber's boom—or boon, rather. The result of this freak of fashion is that whiskers and mustaches are disappearing with a rapidity that is bewildering. A person passes his best friend and fails to recognize him—all on account of his smugugery.

I desire to point out some of the disasters that have occurred through the slavish following of this new fashion. I don't suppose that I shall be able to check this growing evil, but the instances that have come to my knowledge may serve as a warning to some who have not yet become smugugers.

There was John G. Stivers, for instance. Stivers wore a long, black beard topped by a mustache, and you doubtless have noticed when he spoke to him about anything that he had the habit of striking his long, black beard slowly in a way that certainly left the impression that Stivers was a deep—a very deep—thinker. I know that was the effect it had on me. I remember a few weeks ago meeting him, saying: "Well, Mr. Stivers, looks as if we were going to have a Russian war?"

Stivers stroked his beard thoughtfully, and said:

"Yes, it looks that way. But—well, you wait a few days."

"Now," said I to myself as I left him, "there's a man who has studied the Afghan matter in all its bearings. No ill-omened opinion there."

"Well, of course you've seen Stivers since he shaved! The weak, irresolute mouth and receding chin is now in full view. I happen to know that in a very short time he was to have been taken in as a partner in the house of Ready, Made & Co., the clothiers, whose confidential clerk he has been for so many years—manager I might say. Now he thinks his whole trouble arises from the fact that, when he went into the establishment just after shaving Mr. Made approached him smilingly and said:

"Anything we can show you to-day, sir?" Of course it made a big laugh when the clerks saw that old Made had been trying to sell something to his own manager, but that was not the trouble. Mr. Ready himself told me that it astonished him to think they had ever sought the advice of such a man, and of course now any mistakes that had happened in over purchase and that sort of thing were laid to the charge of Stivers' suggestions. Now he is out of employment, and no one ever prefixes the "Mr." to his name. It is pitiful to see the way his hand wanders aimlessly around his smooth face searching for the lost beard.

Then there was Dr. Schuyler Brown. He saw his mistake in time, and has left the city till his beard grows on again. His patients positively refused to be prescribed for by so boyish a looking man. By the time he lost half his practice the facts of the case dawned on him, and his leaving will doubtless bring back patients and beard.

I see by the papers that Mrs. Simpkins Calendar has got her divorce from poor Simpkins. Of course the very sight of his smugugery in court was enough to turn the case against him. Simpkins wasn't a bad-looking fellow when bearded like a pard, but the transformation was something awful. Why the man was idiotic enough to shave is a mystery to his friends. He ought to have remembered how he looked without a beard.

The fashion spares neither old nor young. I met old John Mortimer yesterday out for the first time in three weeks, and he looked haggard with the gray stubble of a three weeks' growth on his face. I think I served John right. I told him a month ago that that brutal dog would kill somebody yet; but Mortimer thought because the dog knew him it was all right. It was useless to tell old Mortimer that the brute had selected samples of the clothing of every friend that had the courage to call at the house. When the old man came home that night shaved smooth the dog did not recognize him, and so kept him up the tree in the front yard till Mrs. Mortimer and young John came home from the singing meeting. Young John would have brought him down from the tree with his revolver, too, if he had had it with him, for the old man was so hoarse with shouting that he could not speak above a whisper, and they thought he was a treed tramp.

It is rather curious how the scar on the upper lip of that McAdam who was arrested last week for the Chicago defalcation led to his being identified.

No one was more astonished than Brown. Brown said he would have trusted him with any amount. The case has been so fully reported in the papers that it is needless for one to go over it. Seems to me McAdam would rather have consulted safety than fashion. His mustache will have a chance to grow before he is at liberty to select his own barber again.

You might have noticed in the society columns some weeks ago that young Froman was engaged to Stimson Jones' oldest. Well, that match is off. Came off with Froman's beard. She said she had no idea the corners of his mouth jeopardized his ears to such an extent. She never dared say anything funny for fear he would smile. Finally the match was broken off. She couldn't stand that mouth.

Of course the above instances are well known; otherwise I would not mention them. It shows the surprising effect of smugugery. Let the young men of this country think twice before they smug their mugs.—*Anti Smugugery, in Detroit Free Press.*

—Florida oranges are being exported from Boston to Liverpool in large quantities. A lot of one hundred boxes, which were shipped recently, arrived in good condition, and were sold at satisfactory prices, although they came in competition with the Mediterranean oranges, which are sold in England at low prices.

### THE SPECTER IN RED.

Some of the Traditions Current Among the French People.

There exists a tradition that the Louvre, the great square and the Tuilleries palace, where it stood over there to our right, are haunted by a specter called "Le Petit Homme Rouge." The appearance of this specter is always followed by a national misfortune—civil commotion, revolution, public disaster, or the death of the head of State. When Catherine de Medici built the Tuilleries she took forcible possession of a lot of other people's property, including a butcher shop, the owner of which was known among his neighbors as the "Little Man in Red," because of his bloody business. This butcher was the witness of some of the adventures of Kate de Medici, and in order to be sure of his silence, the queen-mother had him decoyed into a subterranean passageway that connected the Tuilleries with the Louvre, where he was murdered. The spirit of this poor fellow took up his abode in the garret of the new palace, and ever since he has been a herald of death or misfortune. In the latter days of the reign of the grand king the "Petit Homme Rouge" showed himself to Louis XIV., and then followed a ruinous and disastrous war, the death of the Duke of Bourgogne and his wife within six days of each other, and then the king's own death. Louis XV. next mounted the French throne and was called by his people "le bien aime." One day the "Little Man in Red" showed himself to the king, and not long after he died with smallpox, loathed and deserted; he died as hated and detested a monarch as ever sat on a throne. Poor Louis XVI. must have seen the butcher's ghost the first night he slept in the Tuilleries after that howling mob had forced the royal family to move into Paris from Versailles. On the 20th of June, 1792, the sans culottes gathered in this Place du Carrousel and forced their way into the palace. For six long hours the royal family were forced to witness a deluge of the vilest scum through such rich apartments. The king and queen sat at the council table; the Princess Elizabeth sat beside her mother, who held the young dauphin in her arms, and from time to time stood him on the table for the people to look at. One fellow took off his red cap and placed it on the head of the infant dauphin, who began to laugh and amuse himself by peeping out from under it at the crowd. The beast of a Santerre, finding that this baby incident was putting the rabble into a good humor, shouted out: "Take off that cap. Don't you see it is stifling the child?" Among the spectators of this extraordinary scene was a young lieutenant of artillery, who, as he walked away when all was over, remarked: "With these cannon planted at the palace door, I could have swept the Place du Carrousel of all this canaille in five minutes." That officer, Bonaparte by name, was destined to be the immediate successor of Louis XVI. in the Tuilleries, and only three years later he had an opportunity to show the effect of skillfully handled guns on a mob, when from the steps of St. Roch Church he cleared the same place and put an end to the reign of terror.—*Paris Cor. N. O. Picayune.*

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