SHEEN KERRY'S CHICKS.

How They Brought Together Their Owner and Fair Nora O'Lane.

Och, but the hull brood wus a pretty lot. There wuz Mister Speckle wid his top-not gold ez a dollur, an' Missus Speckle wid her tin blissed feathur-tots. An' meslif es wuz proud on them all!

But jist acrosst the strate wuz me foine-lookin' naybur, Miss Nora O'Lane, wid a garden an' flowers galore, an' sez she: "Mister Kerry, I hate the soight ov yer chickuns!"

Sez I: "Guv me a raysun fur it!"

She flurted her curls loike the French leddy she wuzn't. "Sheen Kerry," she sed, "yer feather troibe are a bould set ov thaves an' robburs! They've scratched out me plants, an' cat up me fruit and wegtables."

So sez I: "Wat's the damage?"

She thinks a bit an' ansur'ed wid a twinkle: "Misther Kerry, I'll take the speckled hen fur me dinner, the morrow."

"Out wid ye fur a hertliss wun!" croid I. "Wud ye tak' the muther of ten blissid orphuns? Faix, an' there's niver a chicken asylum in the hull ov Ameriky!"

But Nora jist lafft her purtiest, an' sez: "It's the hen, Misther Kerry, or a grate debt lift unpaid."

An' sez I: "I'll niver pay it wid the loife ov a innercint feller-craytur, an' that craytur a hilpliss muther hen!"

"Thin," sez Miss O'Lane, "your'e a bit ov a robbur yoursilf!"

"But I'll mak' restytushun in the marnin'!" returns I, wid emphysis. "You shall hav' som'thin' that's a hape better thin poor ould Missus Speckle!"

"An' wat's that?" she said wid a smoile.

"I'll jist bring it over in the marnin', an' it's yersilf es wull do well to be on the watch out."

"Better bring it to-night," sez she commandin', "fur to-morror, I'm off to the fair, wid Teddy Farnum."

"Thin," sez I, "I'll cum crosst at the clock stroke of aight, an' moind yo be in an' awaitin'."

An' I jist kipt me worrd loike a man.

Nora wuz pickin' pears by moonloight, whin I opened the gait.

"Hav' you bro't Missus Speckle?" she axt, with pretinded cruilty.

"Och, Miss Nora," sez I, "the poor hen is slape in the coop wid the tin chicken-babies under her wing! I can't bring her, an' troth, I *won't!*"

"Thin where's your restytushun?"

"Safe in me peckit."

"It's not money I'd be takin," sez she, thinkin' I wuz 'bout to pay for the mischief dun her crops in dollars an' cints.

An' sez I: "I cou'dn't offer that same, be jabers!"

She handed me a great, roipe pear an' her purty w'ite fingers along wid it, an' I jist gathered the hull into me two stout fists.

"Let go my hand!" sez Nora, "an' tak' the pear loike a gintleman!"

"I'm not nadin' it!" crois I. "We're a pear alriddy!"

"Yis," sez she, "faythe wud call us a pair ov geese."

"I wudn't objict so long es Miss Nora O'Lane wuz wun ov the flock," ansers I, wid the rale dude gallantry, an' thin I kisses ivery wun ov her fingers.

An' nary a bit did she moind! So me bould arrum steals round her waist, loike the cap ov a climax, an' we stud fur a hull minit widout speakin a loine.

"Misther Sheen," sez Nora at last, "I'm waitin' fur the *restytushun* you brot me."

An' wid that I grabs a bit of a box frum me vist pocket.

It wuz full ov a rale gold ring wot glam'd loike a sky star in the blissid Siptimber moonloight. An' quicker thun half ov a minit 't wuz clappt on Nora's purty lift hand.

"It's a gold fince complete," sez I, "an I've got ye safe on the inside, fur there's nary a bit ov a bars."

Her swate blue eyes were fixed on my face. "You luv me, bye?"

"Better than ony wun else, Nora darlint; forgiv' Missus Speckle, an' promise to be my futer' Missus Kerry."

An' she jist snugged up close loike a lubbird an' whispered low an' lovin': "Dear Sheen, I promise."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Plantation Philosophy.

Bof fear an' kin'ness is love. Kin'ness is love for udder folks; fear is love fur yerse'f.

We kain't wholly 'spize de pusson whut likes de same things dat we does. We mout hate his ways, but we 'mires his jedgment.

Dar hab been some mighty truthful men, but dar nebber wuz er man dat would tell de 'zact truf erbout hisse'f. He is ap' ter try ter make yer think dat he is er little better ur er little wus den he is.

Some folks has er better way o' showin' dat da 'pre-herates yer kin'ness den udders does. De long-tail houn' ken 'pear ter be er heap gladder den de stump-tail dog, w'en de truf is dat he mout not be ha'f so glad.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Little Too Hasty.

"Oh! Charley," said Mrs. Sharpleigh to her husband, "here is an awful story about a young man who committed suicide on the day of his wedding."

"Humph! His action was, to say the least, premature."

"What do you mean?"

"He might have given his mother-in-law a few days trial."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—One bad example in a town is like a rat-hole through an earth dam.

CLEANING SILVER.

Valuabl Suggestions on a Matter That Puzzles Many Housekeepers.

Every housekeeper has her own way of doing her housework, and the cleaning of silver is no exception to the rule. Some part of a day every week or every two weeks is set aside for this work, and no matter what may happen this is seldom neglected. All that in every-day use, and usually that which is used very little only on certain occasions, is taken out and given a thorough cleaning. If proper attention were given to the every-day care of silver, there would be no necessity of scouring it every week or even every two weeks. It does not improve silver in the end to clean it too often. If it is solid metal and you should like to pass it off as a family hierloom, by all means scour it as often as you can and wash it in soap suds, and in a short while, if it is of antique pattern, any one will readily believe that it belonged to your great-grandmother, and excuse its appearance by remarking: "They used a great deal of pewter in those days." If it is plated, which is generally the kind most in use nowadays, the plate will wear off soon enough without any help from you in scouring.

Do not use the same towels you wipe your dishes with for the silver. The coarse crash, though very nice for crockery, is not fit for silver or glassware. The checkered toweling which comes especially for this work, and can be bought at any dry-goods store, is just the thing, and a half-dozen of these towels, at least, should be in every house. After each meal gather all the silver together, have ready a pan of hot water, in which put a little borax or a few drops of ammonia; into this put all the small silver and let it stand until you have all the things cleared away and are ready to wash the dishes. While going back and forth give the pan a shaking, now and then, so as to separate the silver and allow the water to get to every part of it. By the time the table is cleared the water will be cool enough to allow the removal of the siver without barboiling the hands. Take out of the water and wipe it thoroughly dry. In the case of egg, acid fruit or vinegar stains it may be necessary to give stained articles a slight rubbing, but unless the stains are very deep the borax or ammonia will do the work of scouring and no rubbing is required. Silver treated in this way will not need to be cleaned more than once a month, and that it shall be cleaned as often as this will be at the option of the housekeeper. I have known silver that had been cared for as above to go for one year without a thorough cleaning, and then look brighter and nicer than that which had been cleaned every two weeks. When silver ice-water services and tea-sets are in constant use, each piece should be thoroughly washed once a week in hot borax or ammonia water, which will keep them brighter and nicer than frequent scourings would ever do. To be sure, the cream pitcher will have to have a daily washing the same as the small silver. When there is no ammonia or borax at hand use clear hot water. Never on any account use soap in the water unless you want your silver to lose its luster and look like pewter. In using the ammonia a half-teaspoonful to a large pan of water is plenty for a large quantity of silver, and usually a quarter of a teaspoonful is sufficient. It is with ammonia as with many other things, a little of it does a great deal of good, but a great deal of it may do more harm than good.

For the general cleaning use ammonia and whiting. This can be bought already mixed, or may be prepared at home by mixing in a dish ammonia and whiting to the consistency of cream. Make only a little at a time, as it dries very quickly. Have a large and a small piece of flannel, a piece of chamois and two tooth-brushes. With the small piece of flannel apply the mixture to the articles to be cleaned, rubbing but very slightly, as the mixture does the work with only slight assistance. Use one toothbrush for applying the mixture between the prongs of the forks and into all rough and chased work, and the other brush to remove it when dry. As each article is cleaned lay it aside without wiping until all are done. Commence with the first article cleaned and wipe thoroughly with the large piece of flannel, using the dry toothbrush for all chased work and crevices. When all are wiped well go over them again with the piece of chamois for a final polish.

Silver not in general use can be cleaned in this way, wrapped tightly in flannel, or, that lacking, newspapers will do, packed away in a dry place, and when wanted taken out as bright and clean as on the day it was put away.—*Boston Budget.*

No Cause for Complaint.

"How are times, Uncle Jerry?" he asked an old colored whitewasher on the market yesterday.

"Very fa'r, sah—very fa'r."

"Then your business is rushing, eh?"

"Seems to be, sah. My wife has airned ober fo' dollars at washin' dis week, and' de chill'en has picked up a suit of clothes an' a basket of vittles. I can't complain' sah—can't complain."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A force of 2,000 colporteurs distribute sermons among the non-churchgoing people of Berlin, Germany. More than one hundred thousand sermons are thus distributed each week.

—The 60,000,000 people in the United States consume weekly about 6,600,000 bushels of wheat, thus using up all but a small percentage of the crop. Europe needs about 25,000,000 bushels a week, or 1,300,000,000 bushels a year. The European yield in 1887 was about 1,200,000,000, so that there will be about 100,000,000 bushels to be supplied by other countries.

—Boston is at a loss to find a dumping-ground for the several hundred thousand cart loads of dirt that are annually gathered from her streets. Heretofore it has been deposited on the low land about the city, but this is now nearly all filled up. The sending of the dirt to the suburbs is considered out of the question, owing to the great expense attached.

—There is on exhibition in a Pittsburgh show window, an image which was dug up by a farmer who was plowing near Montgomery, Ala. It has a human head upon a bird-like body, with a fantail, and is carved in stone. The face is purely Egyptian, and across the head is cast something resembling an amice, placed in such a manner as to leave the entire forehead revealed. The figure is 12½ inches long and 9¾ inches high, and weighs 21 pounds.

—A new occupation recommended for semi-invalids by a Philadelphia writer is the making of artificial flies for fishing purposes. The tools required are a small pair of sharp scissors, a pair of spring plyers, a long pin, and a small piece of cobbler's wax. The materials are breast and tail feathers of fowls and game, with silver and gold tinsels, a little fine sewing silk of all colors, some Berlin wool, stained gut, and hooks of various sizes.

—Jack McCloy, the noted Niagara Falls guide, accomplished another of his daring feats recently by removing an advertising sign on one of the small islands above the falls which the reservation commission has long wanted removed. McCloy crept through the water that was rushing along at a twenty-five mile rate with the aid of a spike and rope to the island. It is stated that Jack will be presented with a medal for saving the lives of several persons by the Government.

—The introduction of the incandescent electric lamp has offered the means of providing the diver with a better illumination for his work under water without adding any great additional complication to his dress. By means of a small lantern screwed to the upper sight-hole of the helmet a fifty-candle incandescent lamp can be carried in any way, which leaves the hands of the diver perfectly free and at the same time insures that the rays of light shall always follow the direction of his glances and fall upon his work. A powerful reflector concentrates the beam.—*Public Opinion.*

Guest (wildly) to Arizona hotel clerk—Say, there's a man under the bed in that room you gave me. Clerk (kindly)—That's all right; he's dead. We just left him there till his friends could come for him to-morrow. Front! Two whiskies for 39.

The Illinois corn crop of 1887 was the smallest since 1861, the total being 129,000,000 bushels.

Henceforth Mexican silver will be accepted at the Cuban treasury at 80 cents on the dollar.

There are 3,000 faith-healers in the United States, it is said.

Sulphur sprinkled in the dust furnished hens at this season for bathing will help to prevent lice.

Charcoal ground to powder will be found to be a very good thing for polishing knives.

See Antisell Piano advertisement.

Libby Prison is to be removed to Chicago for an exhibition.