MY TREASURES.

My children, how many? Why bless you, there's four;
Two rollicking, fun loving boys,
Who always give mamma enough work to do,
But working is one of my joys.

Dear Ruby, who "helps mamma lots," in her way
And my baby so winning and sweet,
Bright jewels adorning my wifehood's crown
In a home where angels may meet.

At the close of the day, I sit down beside
My baby, to lull her to sleep;
In sweet dreams of childhood the others repose;
Kind Father, thy watch o'er them keep!

You ask am I worried with trouble and care;
Ah, no, it is restful and sweet,
To be the fond mother of blossoms so fair,
To guide in the right their young feet.

"Would I wish to exchange?" Not for kingdom or crown!
Nor for all of your wealth and your pleasures.
You keep your fair lands and your couches of down,
I'll keep what is best, my four treasures.

Elsie C. Alden in Good Housekeeping.

THE TWINS.

And Maurice Keller began thus:

The Lartigues division had been fighting without a moment's respite since the commencement of the engagement. They had stuck like nails at Bruckmuhl, at Albrechtshauserhof and in the forest of Niederwald, where we had a hand-to-hand struggle with the Germans.

But those terrible guns of De Bos that had gained a foothold on the heights of Gunstett, made it impossible to hold the positions taken. It was almost worth while having sacrificed the splendid Michel brigade, composed of the Eighth and Ninth Cuirassiers and the Sixth Lancers, in the charge at Morsbroun, and whose last survivors we had seen sabered by the Thirteenth Prussian Hussars. This charge had only temporarily relieved the right wing of the army. We had just emerged from the edge of the Niederwald forest, when an order arrived from the marshal that Elsasshausen must be retaken at any cost.

I had met my twin brother, Philippe, three times since the beginning of the battle. We had hardly had time to cheer each other with a smile of recognition and call out from a distance:

"Is everything all right?"

"Yes, so far!"

This "so far" was not a mere commonplace, I can assure you, for our comrades were falling every instant, and the turn of one of us might come at any moment—a casualty that would have proved worse than death for the survivor.

The reader can form his own opinion; Philippe, who had only just graduated from Saint Cyr, was in command of a company, while I belonged to the second battalion, in charge of a lieutenant. The Prussians, who had suspected MacMahon's design, had placed eight batteries on the east of the village, behind some cherry trees, on the road from Woerth to Gundershoffen.

We had entered Elsasshausen and taken possession of the houses. A dozen of us had stationed ourselves at the windows, and fired so rapidly that the barrels of our chassepots had become hot. But in spite of the gaps we made in their ranks, one looking on from a distance would have said that they sprang from the earth, as they came on in serried columns.

The noise was deafening. Soon black smoke, like thick clouds, rose and cut off our view, but we still kept on firing at haphazard. Then the thick mass that rose slowly upward was pierced by long tongues of flame.

"The village is burning," said the old corporal who commanded us, while he continued to fire.

We had to stick like nails. The Prussians did not dare to come to close quarters with our death dealing guns, or the mitrailleuses that swept the roads leading to our positions, but they kept up a rain of bombs on the village. There were with us the three Pelle divisions and all that were left of the Wissembourg, Conseil-Dumesnil and Lartigues.

I cast a glance down into the principal street and saw a troop officer fall.

A captain and a second lieutenant were assisting him and stood him up against a wall. I saw that the second lieutenant was my brother.

"Good heavens! the colonel has fallen," I could not help exclaiming.

"This is a day of casualties; so much the better for the lieutenant colonel," replied the corporal. "But go on with your work, my good fellow."

He had scarcely finished the sentence when a shell struck the side of the window, burst, carried away his head and made a hole in the wall, while another fell on the shingle roof, crushed it in and set it on fire.

We could stay there no longer. We had been smoked out and made the best of our way down stairs.

In the streets the regiments are mingled in inextricable confusion. Philippe is picking up the wounded and notices me.

"Follow us, Maurice."

And about thirty of us started to run at a quick step behind him amid a frightful shower of bombs that naturally still further accelerated our pace.

We took refuge in a large brick structure at the entrance of the village and stationed men at all the embrasures.

There were four of us in a room with Philippe, who was firing at my side. At the end of five minutes two men of the twenty-fourth were wounded; one had his skull crushed and the other his breast half torn open. Suddenly my brother relaxed his hold on his gun and he fell in turn. I sprang to him.

"Philippe, where are you hurt?"

"I am done for," he replied; "it's my chest. Listen: the colonel, who has also received his death wound, gave Capt. Griffin and me the funds of the regiment." He stopped to spit out a mouthful of blood.

"I have eleven thousand francs in notes of the Bank of France in my pocketbook. You must put on my clothes. They can't tell us apart, and so you must take charge of the money. If you are not killed you will be taken prisoner. They search privates, but not officers. If you escape you must make your way to regimental headquarters and return the money to whoever may be in command. And now be quick! When I am undressed you must lay me on the bed at the end of the room and put your clothes by me."

I was dumfounded and obeyed mechanically. Outside we could hear wild shrieks amid a deafening uproar.

"There they are," murmured Philippe, who was ejecting a quantity of blood.

And he turned his face toward me as if to kiss me.

I bent over him in a last embrace.

At the same moment the door, which I had fastened carefully, flew open. Three or four shots were fired in but did not touch me, when a stentorian voice cried out:

"Stop!"

An officer advanced toward me and said in French:

"You are a prisoner, monsieur. Your sword!"

I was dragged down below, where I found some privates and officers surrounded by Germans. I was indeed a prisoner.

We marched towards Cologne. My heart did not give my conscience free play. I loved my brother more than I loved myself, and I also loved my country more than I loved myself. They had snatched me from both in the crisis of their greatest agony. Those only who have lost a twin brother know that ours is no ordinary grief. It is the other half of us that is dead.

Philippe and I had never been separated until he entered Saint Cyr. I had been rejected and my grief was terrible to witness.

My mother, the holy egotist, was pleased at it. You can guess why.

My father, chief of battalion, had been killed at Solferino. My sister, five years our senior, had been married at 16 to a young physician who had just settled in the west.

My mother was thus left alone, as from pecuniary reasons she had been obliged to consent to our being educated at Prytanee de la Fleche.

Perhaps, but for the outbreak of the war with Germany I might have realized her dream, which was to have one of us study law and become a magistrate, so that we could live near her. But the blood of a soldier coursed through our veins, and as soon as war was declared I volunteered in Philippe's regiment.

Never were twins more entirely alike than we. There was absolutely nothing to distinguish us—that is nothing but a difference in intellect. I learned far less easily than he, but of course that could not be known by any outward sign. In all other respects we were exactly alike. As children our parents only told us apart by the color of our cravats. At La Fleche the matriculation number on our clothes answered the same purpose.

It was only when I was alone in the small room I hired from the little tailor at Cologne, that I had time to reflect on all the consequences of my assuming my brother's identity.

I really became a forger by appropriating a rank to which I had no right, and allowing a certificate of death to be entered in the books of the Etat Civile that was incorrect.

I had received a letter from my heart broken mother asking for details of my own death, of which she had been informed. The peasants had found the little book containing my official description in the room where we had been fighting, as well as a letter I had received from my sister, and both had been sent to my brother-in-law, the physician, who the next day learned the sad story of the recovered articles. They said that I had been carefully buried in the little graveyard of Elsasshausen, and that when the war was over my relatives could come to pray at my grave, or have my remains reinterred near them.

The crime that I had committed at the request of my poor dead brother weighed on me heavily. I was eager to return to France that I might give up that portion of the regimental funds that had been confided to me, and to establish my identity.

At last the day arrived, and one morning in the month of April, 1871, I rang at the door of the pretty house at Lisieux occupied by my aunt, a manufacturer's widow, and my charming cousin Odette, with whom my mother had found a home during the war.

April was exceptionally fine that year and the garden was rich in floral treasures.

All at once two voices cried out in unison.

"Philippe, my Philippe."

I was just in time to catch my poor mamma and Odette in my arms as they came near swooning away. They clasped me feverishly, almost wildly, in their embrace, as if some one was trying to snatch me from them.

Then Odette started back, leaving me to my mother, who strained me in her arms, gazed at me, again embraced me, and then suddenly exclaimed:

"See, Odette, how they have used him! He's only a shadow. What a terrible thing is war, and in what a condition it sends back those whom it does not kill. They slaughtered my Maurice, and see what they have done with Philippe. Oh! my fine stalwart boys. Ah! the assassins! You are not going back again you understand, I won't have you in an other butchery in Paris yonder!"

"Be calm, dear mother, my regiment is being reorganized at Havre and we shall not have to march against the Commune."

She turned to my cousin.

"Come, Odette, I am not jealous; he is yours too. Ah! Philippe, love her well. If you only knew how she has wept and prayed for you."

At that moment I remembered something: Philippe and Odette adored each other and had sworn that they would remain faithful. Must I also steal this child's love?

What should I do? Must I cry out, "I am deceiving you both, I am robbing you, dear mother, of your sacred grief, and you of your affection, dear young girl."

So far as my mother was concerned it would only be a transfer of sorrow from one beloved object to another, but in the case of Odette it would be a death blow.

I therefore continued to play the part of Philippe. His dear personality in which I which I had robed myself, burnt me like the shirt of Nessus. It seemed to me that I could see him starting from his grave at Elsasshausen and crying:

"Enough! Give me back my uniform, my fiancee, my mother's sorrow. Give me back myself, robber!"

All at once—it is only women who are subject to this sudden change of ideas, but those who were living at that period will understand it—all at once my mother exclaimed:

"You are hungry, are you not? You have been hungry the last nine months. My hands must have the pleasure of preparing the first repast which you are to enjoy. Remain with Odette. You must have many things to say to each other."

"The young girl's face became illumined as with a spring aurora. She took my arm and pressed it.

"Oh, my beloved! What a day is this! It seems to me as if you had arisen from the dead!"

I turned pale and gazed at her wildly, letting the arm that she was holding fall inert.

"What is the matter? Do you no longer love me?" she stammered, also losing her color.

"Yes, yes; but let us say no more about the dead; they cannot come to life again."

"True! Stay, I am selfish. I forgot the other one—your other self, he of whom I was almost jealous, I loved you so. Do you remember what you said to me there, under the arbor, when we bade each other good-by?"

It seemed as if the earth was opening at my feet.

"Ah, yes! ah, yes!" I stammered like a culprit.

In this love duet I was playing out of time and tune, and she no doubt felt it.

"Tell me what it was," she went on suspiciously.

"Excuse me; I've thought of so many things since. My poor head! My brother"——

She pushed me away, gazing at me with a frightened expression.

"Are you not Philippe? Stay! what a horrible thought! You are not Philippe. If you had been you would have already taken me in your arms and covered me with kisses so I could not have spoken.

And white as a ghost she shrank back, holding up her finger like an accusing angel, and said in a voice trembling with emotion:

"You are Maurice, and it's Philippe who is dead."

I fell on my knees before her and covered my face with my hands.

"Pardon," I murmured.

She uttered a piercing shriek and fell to the ground as one dead.

My aunt, my mother, the servant, everybody, came running in. She lay on the floor apparently lifeless, while I was on my knees sobbing. What could I say? I confessed all.

The colonel of the regiment had escaped the casualties of war and was residing on his estate near Nantes. I set out the same evening, leaving Odette, in a sort of cataleptic fit, in charge of the physicians and went to return to him the sacred deposit intrusted to me by my brother and to tell him my terrible story.

He embraced me as if I were his son, undertook to make everything right and sent me back to my afflicted relatives with the expectation of obtaining a three months' leave of absence.

It came a fortnight later with a medal "for bravery at the battle of Elsasshausen, and for having saved half the funds of the regiment."

Ah! youth! At the end of a month, thanks to our tender care, Odette was herself again and I told her all. We entered into an engagement that was to last until the close of the war provided I could obtain my mother's consent.

When my leave of absence expired I said to the poor child:

"Odette, I am going away again; comfort my dear mother."

"You will not go away," she replied. "Philippe appeared to me last night and commanded me to love you. 'We are but one being,' he said; 'if you love me, you also love him.'"

"You are only making a sacrifice for my mother's sake."

"No, I swear I am not," she replied, blushing.

Then raising her beautiful eyes filled with tears, she continued:

"In loving you I am still loving my Philippe."

I remained. There is now another Philippe, my son, and he is the living image of my brother and me.—Translated from the French of Edouard Siebecker for The Home Journal by J. Henry Hager.

Knocked Out Their Papa.

John B. Jeffery had an experience with his two bright little boys that is one more illustration of how juvenile cuteness will often disarm anger. One evening when the bedtime for the little folks had arrived they seemed to be in a state of great hilarity. Mrs. Jeffery intimated to them that it was time for them to go, but in their high glee the boys did not obey with their usual alacrity. Mr. Jeffery then spoke to them, and a glance at "papa" told them he meant business, so they started off, with ill concealed reluctance. Once out of sight of their parents, a new idea seized the boys, and instead of going directly to bed they went up into a room at the top of the house fitted up as a gymnasium.

Here the two urchins put on boxing gloves and began sparring like two little Sullivans. They were none too quiet, and the noise they made was heard down in the sitting room. Mr. Jeffery donned his severest frown and marched up stairs. Opening the door of his gymnasium he saw his boys going for each other like Trojans. They saw him at the same moment, and both at the same time dropped down on their knees, threw up their hands, still burdened with the boxing gloves, as though they were at prayer, and said in mock earnestness: "Now I lay me down to sleep." The act knocked Mr. Jeffery out completely, and he could not utter a cross word. He shook his finger at them in playful sternness and ordered them to bed. This time the little fellows went, but they knew they had taken the wind out of papa's sails. —Chicago Herald.

She Sits Still and Glares.

"When I go to the library," said a lady, "and try to get any of the daily papers I usually find a horrid man in possession, either reading every line in the paper, including the advertisements, or else carelessly resting his elbow on one paper while carefully perusing another."

"What do you do in such an event?"

"Oh, I simply take a seat near him and glare. Yes, sir; glare with all the tigerish concentrated ferocity an amiable woman can throw into a pair of weak blue eyes."

"What happens?"

"Oh, he shifts about uneasily, as if he were the focus of four dozen pairs of opera glasses, and presently either moves his arm or deserts the paper I want to get. But men don't bother me nearly as much as women. Why? Because women are impervious to and wholly oblivious of a glare or a stony stare or any other form of ocular intensity. For instance, when I go to look for the foreign magazines I usually find some lady reading my favorite periodical, while the rest are out of sight."

"Where are they?"

"She is sitting on them and nothing this side of a dynamite explosion will get her to move. So I pass on."

There is a good sized moral hidden about this story somewhere.—St. Louis Republic.

MAMMA'S LITTLE CHERUB.

A New and Highly Edifying Version of Fun in the Photograph Gallery.

Fond Mamma (to her first-born, two years old)—Won't mamma's little cherub tell her Untie Will about having her 'ttle picture taken to-day?

Mamma's Cherub (energetically)—Goo-er-er piet-er-goo-boo!

Fond Mamma—Doesn't she tell it straight—the dear 'itt.e girlie? She's her own mamma's birdie!

Uncle Will—Was she good?

Fond Mamma—She was just as good as gold. Wasn't 'oo, angel, dear? Tell Untie Will how dood you were.

The Baby—Goo-goo-er-boo!

Fond Mamma—Can't she talk distinctly? Why, I can understand her as well as I can you.

Uncle Will—You were always a smart girl, Annie.

Fond Mamma—Now you are making fun of me—I know you are; and baby was just as good as she could be, so she was.

Uncle Will—As good as she could be! That isn't saying much. Did she cry.

Fond Mamma—Oh, well, she cried just a little; but then she was so cute. After I had her all fixed up and she looked as sweet as a peach the man told her to look at the hole—in the camera, you know—and watch for the little bird to come out.

Uncle Will—Well, she sat still and looked, did she?

Fond Mamma—Oh, no; she just toddled over to the instrument to see if there really was a bird there. Wasn't it cunning? Baby, tell 'oor Untie Will about the 'ittle birdie bird.

The Baby—No birdie! Boo-hoo.

Fond Mamma (delighted)—That's just the way she did at the photographer's! Wasn't it cunning.

Uncle Will—Very! Then what?

Fond Mamma—Oh, then I comforted her, and gave her some candy, and got her fixed up again, and she sat just as still until the man had every thing ready to pull the slide—or push it, whichever it is—and then she cried for more candy, and we had to begin all over again. Wasn't it cunning? Baby, tell Untie Will about it.

Baby—Goo-er-er-tandy!

Fond Mamma—Isn't that sweet?

Uncle Will—Well, did you get the picture taken after all.

Fond Mamma—Of course! But we may have to go again. The operator thought it was a good negative, but we can tell better after he sends us a proof. I expect a proof will come to-morrow, and I know it'll be just too sweet for any thing.

Uncle Will—Was it taken by the instantaneous process?

Fond Mamma—Oh, no; it took us over three hours; but baby was just as good as she could be.—Wm. H. Siviter, in Judge.

THE NEIGHBORLY WOMAN.

One of Her Long-Suffering Victims Says She Must Go.

What shall be done with the Woman Next Door who borrows our servants? This neighborly person, with a turn for economy, does not keep a domestic. Why should she do so? If she has occasion to go out shopping in the morning, she simply orders the parcels sent to the next door neighbor's address, and holds herself free for calling in the afternoon. The servant next door answers the delivery boy's ring and takes in the goods. When the Woman Next Door returns the neighbor's servant answers the door-bell and hands out the goods with a springing step and a heart grateful to Providence for the many opportunities of usefulness placed within her reach. The butcher boy is instructed to leave the steak next door. The baker leaves the bread next door. The grocer leaves the kitchen supplies next door. The Woman Next Door has occasion to go down town and leaves instructions next door to take in her husband until her return. The Woman Next Door goes down town again and leaves the baby next door until she gets back. The Woman Next Door instructs her callers to wait next door in case she is out. And one day the neighbor's servant coldly notifies the mistress that she intends to leave at the end of the month, and she tells other people that she has grown weary of doing the work of two families for one wage, and that she was in hourly fear that the Woman Next Door would invite her in to wash her baby and help with the dishes, or have the soiled clothes sent over on washing days. The Woman Next Door hears with regret that the servant next door has escaped, but her step does not falter nor her heart soften; she goes mercilessly upon her way, and the neighbor engages two servants, one for herself and one for the Woman Next Door, or moves, or dies, and the Woman Next Door orders crape for the funeral, and has the parcel delivered at the house of mourning. The Woman Next Door must go.—Toronto Globe.

No Eating with the Knife.

A well known Chicagoan recently spent a Sunday in the insane asylum at Kankakee. He went there to see one of the patients, and he took dinner with him, occupying a seat at one of the tables set apart for "mild cases." During the progress of the meal a patient at another table arose, carefully deposited his napkin at the side of his plate, and, walking over to the next table, caught another patient with a powerful uppercut under the ear. "There!" he cried, "that'll teach you better than to eat with your knife." In a moment more the aggressor was seized by alert attendants and hurried away to his own room. It was explained that this was his one hallucination. He became wild whenever he saw a man eating with his knife. On his way back on the train the Chicago visitor thought what an awful task this poor fellow would have if he were allowed to eat in certain local restaurants and hotels, where at least half of the guests are known in the vernacular as "sword swallowers."—Chicago Herald.

Types Versus Poetry.

Managing Editor—What was it that young fellow wanted?

Office Boy—He says that he wrote a sonnet entitled "Dolly's Dimples," and it got into the paper headed "Dolly's Pimples," and that he wants it explained, as it got him into trouble with something he called his feeansay.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

—A Georgia editor leads all the papers on the guessing schemes. It asks its readers to "guess who owes three years' subscription and refuses to pay it in sweet potatoes!"

THE JUBILEE OF THE SPARROWS.

Oh, what is this tumult and stir and commotion?
And what are the sparrows all talking about?
Say, why do they beckon and nod to each other?
Do they fear that some one their secret will out?

'Twas early this morning I met a gay party
All busily chat'ring way down by the brook;
Each bird to the other some news was relating,
And they never so much as gave me a look.

Pray, what is this matter that seems so important?
Oh, do you not know, sir, and cannot you say
Why each little heart's in a whirl of emotion,
And throbs as a leaf on a mad, windy day?

'Tis that they're expecting a host of relations,
All bright, merry cousins from woodland and mere,
And strangers from over the surf beating ocean,
So blithesome and chipper, and full of wild cheer.

And this seems the reason the little brown sparrow
Is glad when the long, dreary winter is o'er,
For spring on her wings bears the wealth of the tropics,
And scatters profusion from hill top to shore.

—Philadelphia Telephone.

OBJECTS OF EATING.

How the Body Obtains Its Supplies of Warmth and Strength.

We eat for warmth and strength; hence almost all articles of food have both these elements; have carbon to warm, and nitrogen to strengthen, to give power to work. Butter, sugar and oils are almost all carbon. Meats, flesh of all kinds abound in nitrogen. Food which has most nitrogen is most "nutritious." Butter has 83 per cent. of carbon and no nitrogen; an egg has no carbon and 20 per cent. of nitrogen. Milk contains two parts of warmth and one of strength. Bread contains one part of nitrogen and eight of carbon. It is thus seen that in reference to eating, carbon—which is charcoal fuel—and warmth are one and the same thing; while nitrogen—which is in effect saltpetre—gives flesh or muscle, which are one and the same thing in substance with strength. It is seen that most articles of food have more carbon or warmth than nitrogen or strength, showing that it takes more to keep us warm than to keep us strong. A sedentary person requires, in round numbers, about one pound of food a day, while a hard-working man requires two pounds; thus two pounds of food gives out power enough—as steam in an engine gives out power—to raise a man of average weight eleven miles high. But calling the two pounds 5,000 grains, only 300 grains of it are nitrogen, the remainder carbon; that is, sixteen times more of warmth is required than of strength-producing food. One practical result is, that as the world becomes more thickly populated, the necessity increases of economizing food; of adapting it to various needs of the sex, occupation and season. Persons living indoors should not eat more than half as much as those who work hard. Less warming food should be eaten in hot weather than in cold. If we eat an excess of warming food in hot weather we have to work it out the system at a great expenditure of strength; and until it is worked off we feel full and feverish and oppressed; on the other hand, in winter we require an additional quantity of warming food, hence our instincts lead us to eat heartily of pork and buckwheat cakes and butter and molasses, which are almost purely carbon. In warm weather we need cooling food and Providence sends us in profusion the fruits and berries and the green things, which have no carbon at all; and while our appetite for them is ravenous, the very idea of fatty food is nauseating.—Christian at Work.

Every Gift but Speech.

Mr. S. G. Harris, a horse dealer of Vincennes, Ind., is the owner of a wonderful dog. It is a Scotch collie and seems possessed of almost human intelligence. Mr. Harris and Boz gave a private exhibition in the board of trade building the other morning. His performances—they seem to show too much intelligence to be called tricks—amazed everybody. Bank bills and coins of various denominations were placed on the floor and the dog was requested to take his choice. He immediately picked up a $10 dollar bill, which was the largest in sight.

"What piece would you give me, Boz?" asked Mr. Harris.

Boz selected a nickel and dropped it into Mr. Harris' hand. Mr. S. A. Kent came in while the dog was performing, and said: "Boz, I want you to bring me five dollars and a half." Boz picked up a $5 bill and a fifty cent piece, gave Mr. Kent an I'm-onto-you expression, and trotted over to Mr. Harris with the money. "Find Mr. Richardson," was the next order. Boz trotted up to that gentleman, looked up into his face and wagged his tail.

"Pick his pocket," said Mr. Harris.

Boz grabbed Mr. Richardson's handkerchief out of his coat pocket and trotted off with it. "I want $15," said Mr. Kent. Boz picked up a $10 and a $5 bill. "Bring me the rest of it." Boz barked and growled. His next performance was to bring a hat from the window and a piece of paper from the waste basket in the corner, and he also gave an imitation of the way the clown dog prayed in the circus.—Chicago News.

A Nervy Suicide.

The suicide mania is making great ravages in the Austrian army. Shortly after the death of the crown prince an officer of the Prince of Wales' hussars blew his brains out. A few days ago the colonel of the Sixty-second regiment of the line shot himself in Hungary. But one of the most extraordinary cases of suicide on military record is now reported from Klausenberg. Lieut. Mangesius, one of the most popular officers of the garrison, proceeded on Saturday to the barracks, where his company was quartered, and was observed to be absent minded and depressed. He went into a room where a number of the new magazine rifles were kept, and loaded one of them with a bullet. He then called in two men. Addressing one of them he said: "Take this rifle and let us see if you can aim properly. Point at my left eye." The soldier had no idea the weapon was loaded, and, obeying the words of command, "Make ready," "Present," "Fire," he discharged the rifle at a distance of three yards into the officer's eye. The bullet went through his skull, and death was, of course, instantaneous. He left a letter for his captain saying that the soldier who shot him was innocent. —London Telegraph.

Another Compliment Gone Wrong.

Mr. Middlings—Awfully smart dance this, isn't it?

Miss Prettypert—Yes, indeed. After talking to so many clever people it's quite a pleasant change to come across somebody—like you.—Chatter.

ABOUT HANDKERCHIEFS.

A Collection Illustrating the Development of Manners in Society.

There was recently exhibited in Paris preparatory to sale by auction, a collection of pocket-handkerchiefs which had occupied its owner many years in the getting together.

Handkerchiefs appear at the first glance to be singular and unprofitable objects for a collector's fancy, but the collection exhibited at Paris seemed to prove that they could be made to tell an interesting story, illustrating the development of manners in modern society.

The most ancient handkerchief in this collection was merely a bit of silk tissue, used many centuries ago by priests at the altar. For centuries, indeed, priests were the only persons in the European world who used handkerchiefs at all, and they used them only at the altar, and there only for the sake of propriety.

This handkerchief of the altar was called a *facial*. It was carried by the priest in his girdle, and left with the vestments of worship when the service was done.

Presently the grand ladies of the court began to provide themselves with similar squares of silk. The next step was to embroider the edges of these squares. And soon their convenience recommended them so highly that gentlemen connected with the various European courts in some measure adopted their use.

As handkerchiefs were still carried only by the rich and noble, it became the fashion to decorate them with armorial bearings and crests.

Throughout the most elegant periods of the "age of chivalry," handkerchiefs, or any substitute for them other than such as nature provided, were utterly unknown. Elaborate books of etiquette and treatises upon manners were written long before either handkerchiefs or table-forks were thought of.

An early book on manners, written for lords and ladies of the court, advises the employment of the left hand in the service which the handkerchief now performs, because the right hand is most frequently employed in taking food from the dish. Only "vulgar persons," we are told by this treatise, use the *right* hand in this service!

Embroidered handkerchiefs had come into use in Shakespeare's time, as is proved by the important part which Desdemona's handkerchief—or "napkin," as it is called—plays in the tragedy of "Othello." But as yet the possessors of handkerchiefs were lords and ladies. Even in the seventeenth century the common people knew no such luxury.

One of the most curious notes about the early use of the handkerchief in polite society is the evidence we have in literature that the article was frequently lent, and passed from hand to hand for use.

But this was in the days when soap was unknown, and when even high-born ladies of the court bathed so seldom that the practice was hardly known. We read much of the elegances and refinement of the old courtly days, but these elegances did not include many of the common refinements that the poorest people of the present day practice.—Youth's Companion.

"BEG YOUR PARDON."

The Talismanic Virtue of the Phrase Illustrated by Various Examples.

What talismanic virtue there is in the three brief words, "Beg your pardon!" You dig your elbow into a gentleman's ribs in making your way through a crowd, and as he turns, irate, to administer the "upper cut," you utter the magic phrase in deprecating tones. Down drops his arm, his honor is satisfied, and, notwithstanding the blue mark on his intercostal region, he grins horribly a ghastly smile, and bows his head as if in acknowledgment of an act of courtesy.

Passing along the avenue of knees in a street car, in obedience to the "move up" of the packing agent of one of those social Black Marias, you come down with maddening emphasis on an unpruned corn. The furious exclamation which follows the deed as naturally as foam from the drawn cork of a bottle of champagne is arrested in the middle with an obsequious "*beg* your pardon!" and the expletive never reaches Heaven's Chancery to trouble the eyes of the Recording Angel.

You tread on the "trail" of a lady and "r-r-r-ip" go the gathers. In tremulous semitones, plaintive as the "last sigh of the Moor," you solicit forgiveness; and she—no, *beg pardon*, she does *not* forgive you, but with a scowl that reminds you of the most vindictive of the Don's tormentors, she passes on, thinking daggers, but saying nothing.

If you wish to insult a man without imperiling your personal safety, disarm him in advance with this saving clause, as thus: "Beg your pardon, sir, but what you say can not be the fact; it is utterly impossible." The deprecatory prefix is like a whiff of chloroform before the pulling of a tooth. Under the influence of a full dose of it we have known a regular fire-eater to endure the lie circumstantial and even the lie direct without wincing. "If" is a good pain-killer in some cases, but you may throw any quantity of moral vitriol in the face of a person you dislike, with perfect impunity, if you accompany the aspersion with plenty of "beg-your-pardons." The pardoning power is the most royal of human prerogatives. It tickles one's vanity to exercise it.—N. Y. Ledger.

He Settled It.

During the year 1884 I was located in St. Louis, and on several occasions had observed a fine St. Bernard dog stalking with dignity up Chestnut street. He was owned by a lawyer named Jacko, on Third street, who regularly sent him on errands to his home. On one occasion I saw him coming up the street with a basket full of something, probably meat, and at his heels was a small "cur of low degree," which was persistently snapping at him as if endeavoring to get him to drop his charge, when the little dog could sail in for a division of the contents. The large dog stopped twice on the block, turned round and looked at his tormentor and resumed his pace until he reached me, when, looking up into my face with an expression that almost said, "Please mind this for a moment," he laid the basket at my feet, turned and with one bound had the cur by the neck, shook him most unmercifully, rolled him in the gutter and dropped him. The cur took very little time in getting out of sight, not even stopping to shake himself. The St. Bernard then picked up his basket and with a satisfied air went on his way. —Forest and Stream.

A SORROWFUL AND SOLITARY LIFE.

The Pitiful and Touching Story of Joseph Merrick, the Elephant Man.

We can remember no invented tale that speaks so to the heart at once of the cruelty of life and the beauty of human compassion as the true story closed by a sentence in the newspapers announcing that Joseph Merrick, the "elephant man," was dead.

Imagine a human soul clothed in a body so unspeakably frightful that seeing it men turned sick with loathing and women fainted; a being who had to be conveyed from place to place in secret; who hardly dared to venture abroad even by night; who, finding his fellow creatures ran from him, grew terrified by the terror he created, and shuddered in dark corners like a hunted beast. Imagine him driven by starvation to accept a showman's offer and be exhibited to the most brutal of audiences, that commonly enough shrieked and ran pell mell from the tent as soon as the curtain was drawn.

Early in 1886 Frederick Treves, one of the surgeons of the London hospital, found Merrick in a penny show, in a room off the Whitechapel road, crouching behind an old curtain and trying to warm himself over a brick that was heated by a gas jet. Mr. Treves went up to him not only without fear or loathing, but with sympathy. For the first time in his life of twenty-four years Merrick heard a kind word and was spoken to like a man. The effect was curious. It made him afraid at first. He shrank as an ordinary man would from something uncanny. Then, as he began to realize the truth, he broke into sobs of gratitude. Days and even weeks passed, however, before he recovered from the shock of hearing a compassionate word.

The police prohibited his show on the ground of public decency. So he went to Belgium, where again the police interfered, and where an agent decamped with his money. Merrick was left destitute and starving in the streets of a foreign town, where the ignorant mob thought him a fiend.

He came back to London—how, no no one quite knows. At every station and landing place crowds dogged him. Steamers refused to have him on board. But he came back to London, because in London lived the only man who had ever given him a kind word. He made his way to the London hospital, found Mr. Treves, who had him lodged for a time in an attic in the hospital, and determined to find a permanent shelter for him.

But now it was found that no institution would receive him. The royal hospital for incurables and the British home for incurables alike declined to take him in unless sufficient funds were forthcoming to pay for his maintenance for life. He himself begged that he might be placed in a blind hospital. It is hard to match the pathos of this plea.

Then in November, 1886, Carr Gomm, chairman of the London hospital, wrote to The Times asking help for this case, and the British public responded. A room was built for Merrick on the ground floor in a remote wing of the hospital, and there, surrounded with books, flowers and a hundred tokens of the kindness that is really quick in the public heart, he lived.

He had found many friends—the Prince and Princess of Wales, Mr. Gladstone, Mrs. Kendal and others. To Mrs. Kendal is due the happy suggestion that Merrick should be taken to see the Christmas pantomime at Drury Lane. She engaged the royal box; she had him brought to the theatre, and took every precaution that no strange eye should see him. Hidden from the house behind the curtains of the box, the "elephant man" tasted an hour or two of intoxicating happiness. It was all real to him—the fairies, the splendor and the jewels.

Merrick, in spite of his hideous exterior and terrible experiences, was in his way a gentle sentimentalist, and gushed forth at times, under the happy conditions of his life at the hospital, in verse modeled on the hymns of Dr. Watts, in which he gave utterance to feelings of gratitude, the sincerity of which none ever questioned. It was a tender heart that was beating beneath a mask more hideous than that of Orson. Above all, it was a heart that was filled with love for the man who was literally his saviour, who first spoke kindly to him, who rescued him from a fate a thousand times worse than death, and to the end was both his doctor and his friend. Recently, it was only Mr. Treves who could thoroughly understand the poor creature's maimed utterances; and to Mr. Treves he clung to the last with the wistful trust and affection of a dumb animal.—London Speaker.

Points About the Hair Brush.

There is another consideration in connection with the use of the hair brush, which, though it may scarcely need mention, should not be overlooked. The brush should be kept clean. It gives one a shudder to see the brushes and combs that are sometimes supplied at places of public resort. No one should ever think of using a public hair brush any more than a public tooth brush, unless it becomes a matter of absolute necessity; but the fact remains that the individual article requires to be properly cared for, else it becomes an instrument of danger rather than a delight.

If the case is not very aggravated the bristles may be washed in lukewarm water, to which a few drops of ammonia can be added. This will clear away the accumulated dust and dirt as by magic. The bristles can be rinsed in pure water and allowed to dry in an airy place; the brush should not be exposed to the sun, nor should the back of it be wet at any time. Soda and soap soften the bristles, and if the back of the brush be of ivory it will turn yellow by their application. For general use it is better economy to buy a cheap brush, and, after using it for a reasonable time, throw it into the fire and start afresh.—Good Housekeeping.

Keeps His Word.

Wilson—Philson is a man who keeps his word, whatever else may be said of him.

Bilson—Do you find him so?

Wilson—Yes; he borrowed five dollars from me a year ago, and he said he'd never forget my kindness.

Bilson—And he hasn't?

Wilson—No; every time he wants to borrow money he comes to me.—Harper's Bazar.

A Nova Scotia woman doesn't claim to be connected with the English aristocracy, but just the same she was born on the same day that ushered Queen Victoria into the world, she was married on the same day that the queen and Prince Albert were wed, and her first child was born on the same day that Albert Edward assumed an entity.