

MEMORIES.

When twilight's hush is drawing signs... I remember the days when I was a child...

twice and thrice, comforted by Donald's opinion that girls said no when they meant yes...

THE DEADLY MORPHINE GUN.

How It Transforms Women into Friends and Wives.

AN ENGLISH SWANERY.

How the Beautiful Birds are Bred and Reared at Abbotsbury.



MOLLIE WILLIAMS.

BABY'S FIRST LETTER.

It Broke Up an Interesting Card Party and Turned a Drummer's Course.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

There is no other bird sings half like that! From Eden's bosom it flows...

Easy Enough.

Julian Mitchell, the stage manager, was rehearsing a company of variety people who had waded ambitions...

THE SHELL COMB.

Many years ago, in the good city of Edinburgh, a girl and a youth of twenty sat side by side on two chairs drawn close to a table upon which burned a lamp with a green shade.

He was carving a comb from a fine piece of tortoise shell; she, between in pieces of needless weeping, was watching him.

"It is done," he said, "and the prettiest piece of work I ever finished! Keep it for my sake, lassie, until I come back again; it's all the present I'm like to give you."

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He was fingering it as it set among her braids, and to be rid of him she took it out.

"It is the last gift my poor Jock gave me, Aleck," she said. "He carved it. See the fine work upon it. He was cunning in his trade."

Aleck held the comb in his hand as she spoke, and in his intoxicated condition Jock's name enraged him.

"To the dance with Jock and his carrying," said he, and tossed the comb upon the table violently.

Nannie uttered a cry. He had broken it in halves.

Aleck was not sober enough to care for the mischief he had done; but Nannie cried over it all night, and to every one who came her sister told the story of how Aleck, in his tipsy jealousy, had broken "Nannie's brow comb, and it a token of her sweetest."

"She can get it mended. There's a man I know of—a cripple—that does such work, and he mends anything made of shell or ivory, and he does it well."

"And then Nannie, with a little hope in her heart, took her poor comb and sought out the shop."

It was toward sunset when she reached it, and entered a tiny corner shop cut from a larger one by a thifty shoemaker, that he might profit by leasing it, and behind the counter sat a man at work, with a pair of crutches leaning against his chair.

Nannie stood and watched his delicate manipulation of a broken fan for some time before she spoke. It reminded her of Jock's way of handling things. At last she uttered a soft "If you please, and be turned. He looked at her, she at him.

There were two very pretty sisters who had married one eminent lawyer, the other a distinguished literary man. Literary man dies, and leaves younger sister a widow.

Some years roll away, and the widow lays aside her weeds. Now, then, it happens that a certain author and critic has occasion on a brooding day to innumerate to call on the eminent lawyer, husband of the elder sister. He finds the lawyer pleading and sweetering in a crowded court, sees that the lawyer is suffering dreadfully from the heat, pities him, rejoices that he himself is not a lawyer, and goes for a cool saunter under the sheltering trees of a fashionable park and garden.

Among the ice eating, fanning crowd there, he meets the younger of the two sisters, and for a moment thinks he is talking to the elder.

"Oh, dear," she says, "my lady, you don't tell me that it is I?"

"Yes, madam," replies our luckless critic, "it is I; but I can assure you the heat of this place isn't a circumstance when compared with the heat of the place where your poor dear husband is suffering today."

A horror-stricken expression comes over the face of the lady; she rises from her chair, and flounces indignantly away.—New York Ledger.

How surprising it would be to any Nineteenth century man who should read the Psalms for the first time at the age of reflection, to note how David (or whoever did that terrible cursing) was in continual collision with "enemies." The word occurs ninety-four times in the 150 Psalms; thirty-four times joined with the possessive pronoun "mine." Can we conceive of Tennyson and Browning, not to speak of Charles Wesley and Whitfield, giving enemies such a place in their hymns? Queen Victoria has a good deal larger frontier than David, and may be officially supposed to have enemies all over the globe; but even when we sing "God Save the Queen" we are content to wish their "knavish tricks" frustrated and their "politics" confounded, and do not want to take their little ones and dash them against the stones. But not only may we congratulate ourselves on the waning of the dread passion of hatred and revenge; we may also feel sure, rejoice in the positive development of benevolence and sympathy. The enthusiasm of humanity is a truly modern passion.—Frances Power Cobbe in Forum.

Saved by a Dog. About 4,000 anecdotes have been published under the above title, in which dogs have figured in preserving human life. We had a dog once noted for saving things, but there was a life among them. He kept the things he saved under the summer kitchen, and his hiding place was discovered for a long time; not, indeed, until it became necessary to tear up the kitchen floor to find a good place to deposit some chloride of lime during a cholera season; then we found what had been "saved by a dog."

There were a couple of kittens, a cat, two or three rats and a chicken, all very dead; a large assortment of bones, the remnants of an ottoman, for the theft of which the best hired girl we ever had was discharged; a tomato can, a couple of teaspoons, a torn volume of Hoyle's games, an old hoopskirt, a canary bird, a nutmeg grater, a plaster of Paris pipe and a cook book. It is rarely that there is so much saved by a dog, for they are generally provident.—Texas Siftings.

A Curious Theory. The following novel statements in regard to pulmonary consumption are attributed to Dr. P. H. Kretschmar, of Brooklyn: First, if there are many children in a family, those born after the sixth or after the seventh are apt to develop pulmonary consumption; second, if the children in a large family are old, if the parents are old, if the younger ones are apt to develop pulmonary consumption; third, if the offspring of healthy parents, born under conditions named above, escape the disease, their children are apt to develop pulmonary consumption.—Herald of Health.

Professor Bell has constructed a machine on the general principles of the typewriter, for facilitating conversation with deaf mutes.

The industry of extracting oil from cedar boughs is growing to large proportions in Maine.

First Passenger—Can you tell me the time? Second Passenger—Yes, sir (continues to look at the view).—Jeweler's Circular.

Michael Angelo was slow. Probably one of the liveliest parties which ever visited Europe from this country was one composed of members of the old Owl club of this city. Those who composed it were Tom Kirtwood, Prof. Stanley, Harry Billings, Scott Linn and several members of the Poor Chamber and Linn have died since this party was given a grand banquet at the Owl club's rooms on the eve of their departure, and were made to lie in flowers and bathe in wine.

It was no limited, "Cook's tourist" party, and each man took his "roll" with him, bent upon seeing the city of Rome thoroughly. They had their own special guide every where. In Rome they engaged the most expert courier and took in all of the celebrated art galleries. In one of these the courier passed in front of an old painting and said, impressively, as he pointed at the canvas: "That is by Michael Angelo. It took him nine years to paint it. The boys regarded it as a masterpiece. You don't mean to tell me that it took nine years to paint that," said Stanley, frowning. "It took Michael Angelo that time to paint it," said the guide. "Well," said Fred, "I'll lay 100 to 1 that Hank Milligan could have painted it in three days." The courier said he had never heard of him. "Never heard of Hank Milligan?" exclaimed Stanley. "Well, he may not be known here in Rome, but every one in Chicago knows him. He's a sign painter. If the guide had not been getting a large pay he would have quit the party in disgust, as he really loved art.—Chicago Herald.

"Cheer, Boys, Cheer." Many of the songs of the late Dr. Charles Mackay obtained a popularity such as the works of other verse writers of his age never secured. The two famous songs, "There's a good time coming, boys" and "Cheer, boys, cheer," are known wherever the English language is spoken—were written by Dr. Mackay. The second of these has connected with its popularity a very curious story, and one which is well worth recalling. During the Indian mutiny Nana Sahib found the song—or, perhaps, we should rather say, the melody to which it was set—of great use in encouraging his troops when in action. Stranger still, he ordered the band to strike up this air while his unhappy victims were being slaughtered in the assembly rooms before being thrown into the well at Cawnpore. It can hardly be wondered that the author, as he himself tells us in his memoirs, from that time never cared to recall his composition. The words of the song, however, ignore the fact probably has never realized the sinister associations attached to "Cheer, boys, cheer," and to this day the tune is a favorite one with the passengers on the emigrant ships that leave Liverpool for America or the colonies.—Montreal Star.

How the Lark Sings. The lark ascends until it sings no larger than a midge and can with difficulty be seen with the unaided eye, and yet every note fully half a mile from the nest over which the bird utters its song. Moreover, it never ceases to sing for a moment, a feat which seems to be wonderful to us human beings, who find that a song of six or seven minutes in length, though interspersed with rests and pauses, is more than trying. Even a professional public speaker, though he can pause at the end of each sentence, finds the applause of the audience a welcome relief. Moreover, the speaker and singer need not use no exertion save exercising their voices. Yet the bird will pour out a continuous song of nearly twenty minutes in length, and all the time has to support itself in the air by the constant use of its wings.—Good Words.

Not in Stock. An old lady from way back region came to the city to do some "trading." As she looked around the elegant store with vague wonder a dandy floor walker approached her.

"What can I do for you today, madam?" "I want to go to the place where you sell dry goods." "It is right here, madam. What kind of dry goods do you want?" "Dried apples, mister."

And for once a floorwalker was non-plussed.—Detroit Free Press.

He shuffled the package until he came to a little square envelope, post-marked in an interior town and addressed in a girl's hand.

Quickly came off the wrapper, and an intricately folded epistle appeared. Rapidly his eye read the first page. "Dear husband," it began, and tender words of affection followed. "I am so lonesome," it went on, "and miss you so much."

"I can't be running home every few days," thought the reader. A shade of determination to attend to business instead of yielding to his inclinations passed through his mind, and he read on. "Baby wants you, too, and here is her letter asking if you won't come home next Sunday."

What was this that followed? The tracings of the sheet were not distinctly seen in the jarring light. Ah, now he sees it—the outline of a chubby hand; the pen marks have been drawn around the tiny fingers, and as the father looks he can almost distinguish the pink palm as it lay on the paper. Dimples are in the knuckles and delicate wrinkles mark the joints of the dainty fingers.

Then the little pleading face and sweet blue eyes, with the mother's brown ones bending over, come before him and his own fill with dreamy tears for those most dear to him on earth. It is the sweetest picture man can conceive and portrays the truest and best love possible to human experience.

"Hurry up," comes from the card table. "Don't spon on your girl's picture all night."

"Go on with your game, boys," says the drummer, half laughing. "Here is the best hand a man ever held," and he shows the party a quick glimpse of the rude outline.

Somehow the game dragged after that, and when a few moments after the drummer started to leave the compartment, some one asked, as if by intuition, "Going home?"

"Yes," was the answer. "I can catch a train in that direction at the next station."

Baby's first letter had proved a powerful one.—Detroit Free Press.

A Blind Spot in the Eye. It is remarkable that, although the optic nerve is of all parts of the eye the most sensitive to light, yet should an object fall on it as we look around us, and some object must always be thrown on it—it is invisible to us; and in our field of vision there is in reality a gap, though in ordinary sight the surrounding objects fill it. But by closing one eye, by practice one may actually force the object which is reflected on to the optic nerve to disappear completely from the field of vision. Bernstein tells us that even the sun itself can be made to disappear if it fall exactly on the blind spot where the optic nerve enters the eye. This may account for the fact that some people can close one eye and stare the summer sun without wincing.—Chambers' Journal.

Influence of Small Courtesies. The small, sweet courtesies are so potent in their influence upon our daily life, softening its asperities, rounding its angles and insensibly compelling imitation. For who could be churlish, or even cold and indifferent, when surrounded by an atmosphere of genial warmth? The little everyday and all-day thought for others is not hard to some gracious natures imbued with the rare virtue of self forgetfulness; but to those who long for the admiration of their fellow creatures, the practice of the small, sweet courtesies can be recommended as an unfailing means of gaining that approbation. Mr. Brown expresses it thus:

"Was he thinking of others made you think of her."

—Harper's Weekly.

The Skoptsy of Russia. The Skoptsy, a religious body in Russia, believe in self mutilation, but will not submit to amputation, although knowing that a life may be saved thereby. They are expert dancers. Besides dancing and yelling for hours without intermission, they add a midnight acrobatic performance to their ceremony, many of the tricks and contortions being difficult in the extreme.—St. Louis Republic.

Honesty an Essential Character. It may be that honesty is not a Christian grace, but it is a moral quality which is essential to all Christian character. It may not constitute the Christian, but he is a sorry Christian who is without it. Evidently there is a growing demand for this honesty but valuable quality, the absence of which is bringing reproach on so many names and wrecking so many institutions.—A Mitigating Circumstance.

Hosstet McGinnis. It is mean of you to be always abusing your friend Jones behind his back.

Gus De Smith—I can't see it that way. If I abuse him to his face he will pound the life out of me.—Texas Siftings.

A Citizen of Muncie, Ind., possesses the flag that was wrapped about the body of General Nathaniel Lyon, the first northern general to lose his life in the civil war, when he was carried off the field.

The grapple plant of the Kalahari desert is said to be a real vegetable curiosity. In its general appearance it looks more like a star fish than a plant, and each ray or arm is tipped with barbs, which, when fastened to the wool of sheep, have to be cut out, that being the only way of removing them.

Justice in the British Isles may be slow, but it gets there sooner or later. Seven years ago a warrant was issued against an English poacher for threatening to shoot two police officers. The other day he was sentenced for that offense to a month's imprisonment, with hard labor. Two other sentences of recent date are worthy of note. An English tramp, arrested and brought before the justice of the Petworth police court for the crime of "damaging some out clover by sleeping on it," was fined by the justice, with the alternative of going to jail for eight days. In another case, at the Bromsgrove petty sessions, where a woman was charged with stealing some apples, it was alleged against her that the stems of the fruit "fitted" the trees from which they were said to have been stolen.

How a Counterfeiter Was Caught. E. T. Wallace recently journeyed from Seattle to San Francisco and started to swell the volume of coin at the western metropolis. He devoted some time to the manufacture of half dollars, and after accumulating a large stock he sought means to put them in circulation. But he proved a poor judge of human nature when he made a confidant of Henry D. Fox, a conductor on the Butler street car. E. T. Wallace, who apparently entered into a scheme for "shoving the queer" and made an appointment for the next evening. He didn't keep the engagement himself, but sent some officers in his place. They hailed Wallace away to prison, and found on his person a lot of bogus coin. At the fellow's room they discovered many tools of the counterfeiter's trade, and it looked as though the man from Seattle would spend the next few years in close retirement.

The Power of the Shoe. If you are going abroad, turn a deaf ear to the travelers who know it all and assure you that wise virgins and thrifty trade old boots to wear on the steamer. Never for one moment believe in that delusion, for it is a delusion of the basest sort. Have you a single spark of vanity? Then carry your most irresistible shoes, and put them on, too, for never will they be displayed to better advantage. When the stormy winds do blow and whisk your sailor skirts about, don't you think a smart pair of patent leathers is going to do a great deal of execution upon susceptible hearts as you take your morning stroll along the hurricane deck or the jibboom or those other delightful promenade which people take on shipboard? With ears and dikes always crossing, it is a chance not to be lost.—New York World.

When Males Increase. Professor W. K. Brooks has discovered that a favorable environment tends to produce an excess of females among both animals and plants, and unfavorable conditions an excess of the opposite sex. If this be true, and the professor has demonstrated that it is, a race or species which is on the brink of extinction will have an excess of males among its numbers.—St. Louis Republic.

A genius in the begging line has made his appearance in New York. He is dressed like a respectable longshoreman, is careful to keep himself neat and clean, and always carries a bunch of cotton and two dimes about with him. He stuffs the cotton in one cheek, assumes an expression of intense misery, puts the dimes in the hand that is not engaged in rubbing his swollen cheek, and asks the first benevolent looking man he meets for a nickel to complete the sum of 25 cents necessary to have a tooth extracted.

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