

GOOD-NIGHT.

BY MARY H. HINGHAM.
God keep you safe, my little love,
All through the night;
Rest close to his encircling arms
Until the light.
My heart is with you as I kneel to pray.
Good-night! God keep you in His care alway.

SHE SAVED THE TOWN.

BY JAMES CLEMENT AMBROSE.
I write history—and its narrative sits heavily
on me. Why? That in its poison it has many
parallels; in its antidote, few. How the years
that whirl past us tangle our brains with wonder,

in. The keeper of the bar was delighted at the
sight of a new customer in the petted young
lawyer, and set forth his "best," where best is
worst.
At midnight the three more stalwart drinkers
assisted Arnold Wilmoth to his own doorstep.

ing for prayer—then voted as they prayed. Nearly
every woman of the village was there, and none
voted to keep the jug and the glass where they
would be handy for husband or lover.
The saloons went out of power as the women
went into power. There was joy in the cottage.
There was public jubilation and praise aloud
bestowed upon her name—Agnes had saved the
town.

THE BERNHARDT GUSH.

"PUCK'S" SOULFUL YOUNG MAN GIVES HIS SWEET
IMPRESSIONS.
I have seen Her.
A woman—a fragile, delicate woman, vibrant
with the impulse of genius—utterly and
supremely vibrant.
When I first heard that She was coming here, I
wept awhile. Then I went to my sister Ludovica—
she who comprehends me best of all.

norance, in unholy alliance with prejudice, are to
be allowed to sit in judgment on this supremest
evolution of the triumphantly perfect femininity
of the nineteenth century? My soul sickens at
the thought.
Yet there were beings who blasphemed. My
father said:
"I have seen Rachel and I have seen Bernhardt.
Give me Rachel!"
And when I said some poor words of witness to
Her incomparable excellence, my sister Jenny
said that I did not know what I was talking
about. I think that for one unworthy minute my
sister's mind dwelt on the fact that she understood
French and I did not.

A TOUCHING STORY.

A rare example of constancy, courage and
devotion combined has just been furnished by a
brave young peasant woman, born and bred in a
remote hamlet of the Vosges. Marie Hagart, this
heroine in humble life, bade adieu to her husband
some months since, and saw him start for the
great city of Paris in the hope of obtaining
employment there. But almost upon his arrival in
the capital he fell ill, and, being without either
funds or friends, was taken to the Hospital de la
Pitié. The news of his illness reached the hamlet
where his wife lived, in the course of time, and the
latter, listening only to the promptings of her
heart, determined to join her sick husband at once.
She was utterly destitute. To travel by rail was
therefore out of the question; so she started on
foot with a baby in her arms, just two francs in
her pocket, and a journey of one hundred and
three leagues before her.

THE HUMAN EAR.—Imagine two harps in a
room, with the same number of strings, and each
string perfectly attuned to a corresponding one in
the other. Touch a string in one, and the corresponding
string in the other will give out the same
sound.

FEARS SHE WILL BE EATEN.—There is living
at the house of Captain Means a girl about nine
years of age, whose history is remarkable. An
American vessel called at a small island in the
Pacific ocean to procure water. The island was
inhabited by cannibals. They brought this little
girl to sell for the Captain's dinner, offering to
prepare her for cooking if he would buy. The
Captain bought her, and, afterward meeting Cap-
tain Means, gave her to him. She still believes
she will be killed and eaten, and when strangers
enter the house she clings to Mrs. Means and begs
protection of her.—Milbridge Journal.

"THE SOFTEST THING."—A Galveston man met
a gentleman from Northern Texas and asked how
a certain mutual friend was coming on.
"He is doing very well," was the reply.
"What business is he at?"
"He has got the softest thing in the world.
He bought a lot of Mexican donkeys at San Anto-
nio for \$3 apiece, and clears \$27 a head on them."
"Do they bring such high prices?"
"No; but he lets the railroad trains run over
them, and the company has to pay him \$30 apiece
for them."

A story comes all the way from Atkinson, Kan.,
to explain why Clara Louise Kellogg has never
married. In her school days she fell in love with
a poor boy, and they exchanged vows of con-
stancy. She went on the stage and made a fortune.
He declared that he would not become her
husband until his wealth equaled hers; and it
has never done so, though he has struggled hard
to increase it to the required amount.

"Emma R." asks the Springfield (O.) Tribune
this question: "Do you think it right for a girl
to sit on a young man's lap, even if she is engaged
to him?" Whereupon the editor gets off a very
extraordinary lie: "We have had no experience
in the matter referred to." Why didn't he say:
"If it was our girl and our lap, yes; if it was an-
other fellow's girl and our lap, yes; but if it was
our girl and another fellow's lap, never."—Ez.