REVERIE OF A BACHELOR.

to Smokes and Dreams and Then Makes Up His Mind to Light a Fresh Cigar. Puff This cigar—cost a pretty penny

too-is execrable. I feel like throwing it away, only blowing the smoke into rings is an amusement that I hate to forego. Puff! Now, that ring is a positive work of art Pity it has to go upin smoke. Rings of smoke-they are very like marriage rings. The delusion lasts about as long. They are infinitely more amusing-and less wearisome

Fancy being married! B-r-r! No more ochemianism, no cakes and ale-nor champagne, either-no pipes and punch. Instead-a drowsy fire-a clatter of dishes from the kitchen-a wife knitting a full fledged paterfamilias-buying roceries and paying money to the school book trusts-growing posy over "when I was a young fellow, sir." I shudder to think of it.

play at playing the game than really to play it. It is very pleasant to and that is why marriage is so unasant: one can't make love then. Making love is a game that should al-ways be played on the progressive plan. With the same partner always it be-comes dreadfully monotonous. It is for that reason that I pity the married man. To flutter from flower to flower; never bestowing affection on any, but affecting to adore all-that is the bachelor's priv-

ilege. But, you say, one cannot make love with gray hairs. An old bean is the most ridiculous of men. Yes, you are right. But it is not necessary to be always making love. As one grows old there are so many other hobbies.

Puff! How blue that smoke is! A kind of fading, ethereal blue, not tangible in words or from the palette. A blue like the blue of a pair of eyes—ah, what glorious eyes they are—set in a marble white frame—like the blue and white loves of Dresden china.

I wonder, by the way, if she meant all she said-with those eyes-at the Bronson's that night! She said-a good deal. She is really-not half bad. Rose Alwin -s pretty name-rather. Rose-um, she will still be Rose if... Well-the fact is-between me and the blue smoke -ber face has been haunting me like a shost I might-marry the ghost. From what her eyes said that night-she wouldn't say no. If I were to throw away this cigar-put on my hat and gloves, and go to her-what an exquisite joke it would be considering what I said about marriage just now Puff? By jove, I will do it! Pah. goodby, cigar-even bad things have an end. This glove—comes on too easily—denced bad form Um—how dust will settle on a man's hat. Now—I think I'll do.

What's that? The city post. H'm. Dan's bills. Ah-a woman's hand. Wha-at? "Mr. and Mrs. Alwin an-nounce the wedding of their daughter.

Ugh. How chill the room seems. 1 -light a fresh cigar. -J. Percy Pollard in Epoch. Hint 5 OM

A Queer Distinction in California.

There were some queer distinctions in those days. One Sunday, going to the butcher's booth. I found a customer ahead of me, who inquired if he could not have a piece of a liver which was hanging on a tree in plain sight. "Don't know if you can or not," said

the butcher.

"I'd like to know why? I've been trading with you all along, and never asked for liver before: but I want some variety now.

People who strive to elevate certain classes in the social fabric often find, to their surprise, that these very persons jealously guard the barriers of class a.s-The following illustration of tinctions.

that fact is given by the author of "Four Years in Rebel Capitals." A Richmond lady had a maid who devoted and constant to her mistress still burned with curiosity for a sight of everything pertaining to "Mars' Lin-kum's men." and especially for "de skule.

Womitin't Accept It.

For swift, indeed, had newcomers been to preach the gospel of Alphabet, and negro schools seemed to have been brought in by every army ambulance, so numerously did they spring up in the captured capital. So early one day Clarissa Sophia donned her very best. and with shining face hied her like anything but a snail to school. Very brief was her absence: her return

reticent, but pouting and with unduly tip tilted nose

It soon came out that the teacher had begun by impressing the children with the fact that all present were born "free and equal." and that each of them was quite as good as she was.

"Wa' dat yo's sayin' now?" interrupted Clarissa Sophia. "Yo' say I'se jes' ekai as yo' is?" "Yes. I said so, and I will prove it to

you.

"Ho! 'taint no need," was the response 'Reck'n I is, sho' 'nuff. But does yo' say dat I'se good as missus, my missus?

"Certainly you are." "Den Tse jes gwine out yere, right off," cried Clarissa Sophia, suiting action to word. "Ef I'se good as my missus. I'se goin' ter quit, feer 1 jes' know she ent 'soshiatin' wid no sich white trash like you is!"

One on Barnum.

When Senator Mahone, of Virginia. came here in March, 1881, to take his seat in the United States senate the whole country was excited as to his party affiliation The senate was close. On the little Virginian everything depended. The Democrats hoped to capture him. So did the Republicans. The attentions which the new senator was shown were very amusing, and he enjoyed them so much that he delayed the declarations of his political position for some weeks. While things were in this uncertain condition and the whole country was wondering. Mr. Mahone, sitting in his room one evening, received a card.

"Show the gentleman up," he said. The man, who was a perfect stranger to the senator, entered, put his hat on a table, shook hands and sat down and proceeded at once to business in this style

"My name is P. T. Barnum. You have probably heard of me. I am just starting out on my summer tour with the greatest moral show on earth 1 have called to make you a plain proposition. If you will travel with me this summer I will give you \$10,000 a month. I have got Jumbo, the biggest elephant ever brought to the United States, and

with you my attractions will be com-plete. Will you accept?" Mahone is a proud Virginian and a millionaire. But he didn't get angry. He replied politely, declining the proposition, and the great showman withdrew. This story is told by the senator.—Wash-ington Letter.

The Mexican Messiah.

Prima facie, Ireland has not only a good claim, but really the best claim to be the Tiapallan of the Mexicans. It is the most western part of Europe; it is insular, and in the earlier centuries of the Christian era was known as the "Holy Island." Between A. D. 500 and A. D. 800 it was the most active center of missionary enterprise in Europe, and its missionaries were conspicuous above all others for their daring maritime adventures. It is natural, therefore, to suspect that Ireland may have been the home of Quetzatcoatl, and, if that were so, to expect that early Irish records would contain some references to him and his extraordinary voyage. Upon this the inquiry suggests itself, Do the early Irisb chronicles, which are voluminous and minute, contain anything relating to a missionary voyage across the Atlantic at all corresponding to that which Quetzatcoatl must have taken from some part of western Europe? To one who, step by step, had arrived at this stage of the present inquiry, it was not a little startling to come across an obscure and almost forgotten record. which is, in all its main features, in most striking conformity with the Mex ican legend of Quetzacoatl. This is the curious account of a transatlantic voyage of a certain Irish ecclesiastic named St Brendan in the middle of the Sixth century-about A. D. 550. The narrative appears to have attracted little or no attention in modern times, but it was widely diffused through the middle ages -Dominick Daly in Popular Science Monthly.

CHEAP TURKISH BATHS. CLEVER GIRL'S SCHEME FOR

STEAM BATHING AT HOME.

An Old Chair, Pieces of Cast Off Water proofs, Alcohol and Feminine Ingenuity Form an Interesting Combination-The Details of Her Method.

enthusiasm about bathing that I do the very first warm spring day," said a girl to a friend of hers one pleasant day:

'and then the baths cost so much.' "Yes, I have learned that to my sor The bath itself is always one dolrow lar, a bit of cracker and a taste of wine

is half as much more, and then my bangs are straight when I am through, but I have so ved the problem now."

'How? So it won't cost so much? Oh do tell us all.' 'Oh. I have rigged up a Turkish bath

which only costs a cent an hour.' 'For goodness sake where? I thought you lived in a flat."

"I have it in my room where I can sit and steam away all day. if I choose, with-

out disturbance. 'But doesn't it take up lots of room?' 'Oh, no, not at all.'

Then just sit down and tell us al bout it.

"I took a low seated, high backed grandfather's chair, which mother had banished from the parlor, because you know every one has one now, and nailed narrow strips of wood in such a manner as to form a canopy-like top to it. Then, you know, like every one else, I had several old mackintoshes or gossamers in the old clothes closet, which from having sprung a leak about the shoulder or like cause had been thrown aside.

HOW SHE MANAGES.

Cutting out the best parts of these, I bound the edges of several pieces I had fitted to the frame with tape, and in the corners and at intervals along the edges made strong button holes and fastened the whole by means of these to nail heads I had left projecting about one-half inch from the framework: These pieces can be buttoned on and taken off in a few moments. When on the back and sides of the chair and top, being covered squarely and neatly, look like a high box. In front another piece falls down to the seat, with a small piece like a little window cut out of the middle to reathe through.

"This being finished, you want a small foot tub placed in front of the chair and filled, when you are ready to use it, with bot water. "I think every one should have in her room a one burner oil stove or a small gas stove, by means of which one may have water that is not only hot, but boiling, at will,

"Place such a one on a chair at hand, with a pan of hot water with which to keep that in the foot tub replenished. If you have not a shower bath, have ready cold water for a lightning sponge bath. Place a linen rag in a saucer and ponr on it a teaspronful of alcohol and set be-neath the chair. "Oh, yes: I tried that once when I had a bad cold coming on and I nearly roasted "Oh, but if you just tack a piece of cardboard on the front of the chair, just wide enough to protect the limbs from the blaze and have the seat of wood, or else well padded, you will have no trouble.

"It is a bother to get all these things together, but once having done so it is t to put them away in such a



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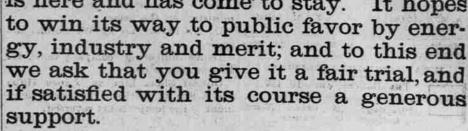
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"Stand around and let me look at you. No, you can't have any liver." "Well, why?"

"There ain't enough to go round. I

have to have some rule about givin' it out, and I have decided that no miner can have a scrap of liver from ine unless he wears a canvas patch on the seat of his pants.

The canvas patch was a badge of preceance as well recognized in our camp on the Trinity as the star of the Order of the Garter is in Great Britain.-E. G. Waite in Century.

Foreign Interference in Our Affairs.

Fortunately and wisely, we have thus far steered clear of "entangling alliances," with the single and limited exception of our treaty of 1846 with New Granada respecting the transit of the Isthmus of Panama: and by thus following the policy of careful abstention from all interference in the domestic questions and local issues of other nations. we are enabled more consistently to check and repel any impertinent or pragmatical attempt by foreigners to intermeddle with our domestic policies or to dictate alterations in our carefully arranged distribution of powers. It may as well be understood that, desirous as we are of pursning policies of peace, comity and reciprocal advantage with all nations, we will never so lower the standard of our independence as to change the form and principles of our government to accommodate strangers who come among us voluntarily and in pursuit of their individual tastes and fortunes.—Ex-Secretary Bayard in Fo-

A Chinese Girl's Life

The Chinese girl's education begins at six years of age. Then she must submit to the bandaging of her feet, which cruel custom cripples the poor child and causes her untold suffering. But as small feet are considered a mark of great beauty this arbarons custom, which has obtained in China for ages, is still practiced The bandages are changed as often as they become soiled, but the practice continues until the girl reaches the age of nineteen. Sometimes, when about ten, the hones of the toe are broken to prevent further growth

At nineteen the girl is married. But surtship, as it is known among the mericans, is not understood or tolerated the Chinese. Mutual affection is not foundation of the marriage, but the ren are betrothed in infancy by parents, and when grown are d to fulfill the engagement.-Phil

A Chinese Opinion.

It is impossible to understand these barbarous people. One thing is certain; if they do a thing they do it with all their might. Thirty years ago they had a big civil war. The whole country was turned into military camps and battlefields, and everybody, even to the wom en folk, were engaged in the war in one way or another, and one army numbered 2,000,000 men. And now there are young men, old enough to vote, who had never seen a company of soldiers in their life

In fact these people seem to think that another war will never break out. especially in their part of the world A person can travel clear across the American continent without seeing a soldier, and follow the main lines of travel too. In fact, at the present time there is only about one soldier for every 3,000 persons, while. Russis has one sol dier to every ninety. - Peking Gazette

ARA Cruel Answer. La die Pu

Miss Frostique-Mr. Brown met me in the dark hall way last night and kissed me. Miss Caustique—Mistakes will happen —Munsey's Weekly

Car Wash

as to be easily accessible.

"Notice how all evidence of it may be disposed of afterward. The pieces buttoned on to the nail heads may be taken off in a moment, the steam wiped off the waterproof surface, and they may be aired at the window while you are picking up the other things.

IT TAKES UP LITTLE BOOM.

When emptied the tub must be thoroughly dried over the register, the bath towels and wraps put away. A neat drapery of muslin or heavier stuff may be arranged like a canopy about the chair, and a dainty cushion and valance will conceal the tub in which the folded pieces of mackintosh are laid; and the whole may be stowed away beneath the chair

. It is obvious that if the chair is not available a simple framework could be made up by a carpenter at low cost, or a bright girl with a large bedroom or bathroom at command could utilize two packing boxes for the same purpose with better effect, if any, than the chair bath, although the almost hopeless ugliness of two packing boxes is a drawback.

And now for the bath.

'You disrobe as usual, and lifting up the curtain with the little window in it, step into the warm footbath and sit down in the chair. Tuck the quilted laprobe about your knees, let down the curtain and put one hand out and drop a lighted match into the teaspoonful of alcohol in the saucer

'Draw your hand in and close every crevice, to keep the hot air in. If you can stand it put more of the alcohol in the sancer at intervals, but don't try more than one teaspoonful at once. The hot, dry air at first makes you feel faint, but when the perspiration breaks out you can just sit and sizzle in comfort. After fifteen minutes I generally take

After inteen minutes i generally take the bath mitten and plenty of soap and water and scrub off the perspiration. "Then I burn another teaspoonful of alcohol, and when i get well warmed up in the hot air i take a quick bath in cold water, into which I have put a prepara-tion of gum benzoin, then with a quick rubbing with a coarse towel I jump into my bath blanket and into bed for a nap." -New York World.

Truin Is Right.

Mrs. Binks Goorge Francis Train says that people will wake up some morning and find that Jay Gould has lost every dollar.

Mr. Binks-That's so, every word of it. "My goodness' When will it be, do you think?

When he dies."-New York Weekly.



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