

THE LITTLE VOICE.

Oh, little boy, my little boy, You always have your way!

Oh, little boy, my little boy, A vision comes to me!

Oh, little boy, my little boy, I hear you plead, and lo!

Oh, little boy, my little boy, Ask what you will to-day!

Knot in the Marriage Tie

"It isn't the marriage tie that I object to," remarked the Bachelor Girl, thoughtfully stirring her tea with the handle of the paper cutter and trying to look serious in spite of the rose in her hair and the smudge on her chin.

The Mere Man glanced up sympathetically. "You mean the 'shait notes'?" he inquired, clinging shamelessly to the studio spoon and regarding the dimpled elbow above the paper cutter with artistic admiration.

"Yes, and the 'ought notes' and the 'dare notes' and the 'what notes'!" agreed the Bachelor Girl, waving the paper cutter dramatically over the whole domestic situation.

"Not at all," replied the Bachelor Girl, shaking her fluffy brown head, "that is, not at all often. Just think how few divorced people you know, compared to the married ones, who are going through life, fumbling hopelessly with the knots and getting snarled up tighter and tighter."

"And then," sighed the Mere Man, leaning his shock of yellow hair back against the Rembrandt sofa pillow, "they get disgusted and go and have them cut—in the divorce court."

"Not at all," replied the Bachelor Girl, shaking her fluffy brown head, "that is, not at all often. Just think how few divorced people you know, compared to the married ones, who are going through life, fumbling hopelessly with the knots and getting snarled up tighter and tighter."

"I didn't ask you anything," protested the Mere Man quickly. "I told you that you were out out for cradles and crockery, instead of for low art and loneliness, and that I—"

"Don't, don't!" cried the Bachelor Girl apprehensively. "Look at Bridget!"

"But Bridget won't do," protested the Mere Man. "In the first place, she's married."

"Every Saturday night," continued the Bachelor Girl, scornfully ignoring the interruption, "she will appear regularly against Mike in the police court to keep him from beating her; yet every Monday morning she will cart home my washing and a load of other washings and cheerfully break her back over the tub to pay for the beer she has put on ice and the pudding she has made wretchedly to celebrate his return to her hearth and bosom."

"Bridget," murmured the Mere Man, admiringly, as he filled his pipe, "is an ideal wife."

"She's just like all the rest," retorted the Bachelor Girl. "Mrs. Middle Class will do the same thing in a different way. She will cry herself to sleep night after night and wake up in the morning only too thankful if her husband has come home at all. There is something the parson puts into the ceremony or that the Lord puts into matrimony that will make a woman endure anything rather than untie the knot. And it's the same way with a man!"

"Yes," cried the Mere Man, suddenly aroused to interest. "That's what I cannot understand. It's easy enough to see why a woman should cling—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Porter," "Should cling—"

"Will you have another cup of tea?" "Should—"

"One lump or two?" "Should cling to her duty and her ideals," finished the Mere Man determinedly.

nobody but a nice, comforting valet to greet me at the door."

"That's nothing!" declared the Bachelor Girl sympathetically. "Suppose they called you 'poor thing.'"

"What?" "That's the conventional name, Mr. Porter, that a married woman has for one who carries her own latch key and knows just what her income will be at the end of the week and sleeps comfortably nights, without listening for the door knob. The most miserable married woman alive honestly and sincerely pities the luckiest and happiest single woman from the bottom of her heart."

"By jove!" murmured the Mere Man mutinously. "There must be something in it. Maybe," he added, regarding the bit of silver in his hand with sudden inspiration, "it's the love of the spoons."

"The—what?" The Bachelor Girl dropped her paper cutter and held her cup of tea poised half way to her lips.

"The domestic ingredient, the homing instinct in us all," explained the Mere Man, with a sigh, "the tender feeling for darned socks and cups with handles and broiled steak and a street and number to call our very own. A dog will stay with the master who beats him daily in preference to roaming the streets. And a cat—well, we all have a little of the cat in us, I think. We become attached to a place through mere association, and we somehow get the wife or husband in it confused with the place. If he or she is nice and congenial, we take him or her as a matter of course, and if not, we accept him or her as a matter of habit. It's the feeling of belonging that gets hold of us and ties the knot round our hearts. We all want to belong. We hate being detached. A man without a wife is rudderless and a woman without a husband is like a sail without a ship. Haven't you ever seen a family that could afford a Boston terrier with a pedigree, who clung to a three-legged dog with a bad temper just because he was there and belonged to them?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the Bachelor Girl, setting down her tea cup with a thud.

"How would you look in a cooking apron?"

"and that's just why I shall never, never—"

"Don't say it!" cried the Mere Man, rising and waving his spoon with a shudder. "You're not a bachelor girl really, you know. You don't smoke cigarettes and you do care how your front hair looks and you're still young enough to—to—"

"Acquire a three-legged dog?" inquired the Bachelor Girl, scornfully.

"Or a human equivalent," agreed the Mere Man. "But," he protested humbly, "some of us are still rather decent looking."

"And that's why I want to stand off and look at you," replied the Bachelor Girl sweetly. "I don't want to get knotted up to anybody until they put some modern improvements on matrimony. Marriage hasn't been improved or mitigated a bit. It runs right along in the same old tracks, with the same old slow, joggly, wobbly, uncomfortable bumps, in the same old dust and squalls along the road, to the same old destination; and if you can't get off until you reach the 'last station' and are worn to a frazzle—"

"Stop!" cried the Mere Man, as the Bachelor Girl twisted the point of her brush deftly on the blue spot in her palette. "You're putting on the wrong color and mixing things all up."

"Am I?" exclaimed the Bachelor Girl, in consternation.

"You're painting it all dark brown and deep blue," explained the Mere Man, "and you haven't put any sun in the picture, nor any life nor any sparkle. Wouldn't it"—he leaned over and swept the Bachelor Girl's hand deftly away from the palette—"wouldn't it seem jolly nice, now, for instance, to—have two spoons in the family—in the house, I mean?"

The Bachelor Girl sighed and studied her apron, as a soft light broke over her delicate face.

"And—and a cat?" she added mutinously.

"Yes—and a three-legged dog and a bird and a—"

"Oh, please, don't!" pleaded the Bachelor Girl, shaking herself determinedly and beginning to mix colors for dear life. "It isn't any use, is it? We haven't found any way of slipping the knot."

"I wonder," remarked the mere man, standing up and splinting at the Bachelor Girl reflectively, "how you would look in a cooking apron, instead of that thing?"

"Perfectly insipid!" declared the Bachelor Girl. "It wouldn't fit."

shaking his shoulders, with a sigh of relief, "and the beauty of it is—I can."

"What?" "And I don't have to come back again."

"Of—of course not," agreed the Bachelor Girl, with a little frown of wonder.

"Because," pursued the Mere Man, taking his hat and cane and disentangling himself from a yard or so of Persian portiere, "in the tie that binds us—"

"There isn't any," protested the Bachelor Girl hastily.

"In the tie of friendship," persisted the Mere Man, reaching for the door handle, "there isn't any knot."—New York Press.

CHESTNUTTY HAIR.

Paralysis Sometimes the Price of Vanity and Dyestuffs.

A man accustomed for twelve months to dyeing his hair and beard with a strong solution suffered from general weakness, confusion of thought, loss of memory, tinnitus aurium and defective sight, says a writer in the Homeopathic Envoy. These symptoms all ceased after stopping the dye. This reminds me of one of my first cases in my country practice; indeed, it was the very first case I tried my hand on in northwestern Ohio. I was called to a little more than middle-aged woman, a mother in Israel, but without children, a leader in the Woman's Relief Corps, and I found her sitting in her rocking chair carefully propped up to keep it from moving. In her lap she had a large tin pan filled with cold water and in this she had a mess of dirty potatoes which she was peeling and quartering for the next meal. She had called me for her rheumatism. That's what the "old" doctor had always called it. I took great pains to examine the case and the more I chewed on the symptoms subjectively, and especially objectively, noticeably her short curly hair of a most beautiful chestnut color and wet—the more I arrived at the conclusion that my lady was using something on that glossy hair. I broached the subject as gently as I knew how, but I made a mess of it and was promptly and indignantly shown the door of exit. As I held the doorknob in my hand I could not quite refrain from giving her this parting Parthian arrow: "I want to tell you, Mrs. Gineischwoebe, that you haven't got rheumatism, not for a half-cent's worth. What you have got is paralysis and if you don't stop painting your hair you will lose the use of all your limbs."

It was soon noised through the village that the new little-pill doctor had been kicked out of his first case. I felt pretty gloomy, especially when I saw the old-school doctor drive over there. In about twelve days I was surprised by a second call from the lady with the chestnutty locks. I at first refused, but, like the rest of us silly medical geese, when the case was pressed I gave way and visited her again. Now she was lying in bed, her hair several shades of green and brown and red, with frequent lines of white. In addition her right arm had gone to "sleep." She confessed her vanity and her errors. I do not recall what I gave, but as I had been taught to give hepar against all metals taken in dynamic form, it is likely she got that. Or perhaps I may have recalled the case of the woman swallowing a bit of silver caustic as the surgeon or dentist was doing something in her mouth and that she was promptly flooded with normal salt solution. At any rate, my patient got well and never again after that applied any more gum-sticks to her hair. She became one of my best advertising patients. Mark well that I do not say best-paying patients, for she never paid that bill. I was satisfied, however, and I think so was she.

Cleaning and Renewing Furs.

Recently many owners of furs have been receiving them from the summer storage and finding them dead-looking and lusterless, a condition in which even handsome furs are not attractive.

This is usually due to the fact that the fur is simply soiled, and it may be cleaned and brightened to a remarkable extent by a simple method, without the slightest danger of injury to the article. This is the method employed by the Russians, who are certainly the most extensive users of, and probably the best informed on the subject of furs of any nation.

The fur should be heated in an iron or earthenware vessel, being stirred all the while, until it has become as hot as is bearable to the hand. The fur should then be poured upon the fur in liberal quantities and thoroughly rubbed in. The fur should then be brushed with a clean brush or shaken and pounded until all the particles of bran have been removed.

The result of this treatment will be that all dark furs have regained their freshness and luster, and that white furs appear like new.—Technical World Magazine.

Double Protection.

"I wish," a lady recently said to her husband with what Punch discreetly terms "considerable emphasis," "I wish you wouldn't always sit on the piano-stool when we have company. Everybody knows you can't play a note."

"Neither can anybody else when I'm sitting there," returned the sage.

The Lucky Ones.

"Old Rounder is engaged." "Gee! Who's the lucky woman?" "There are millions of her."

"Why, he isn't engaged to more than one?" "Nope; that's what I mean—all the others are the lucky ones."—Houston Post.



Pessimistic Annie Lee. "Everything goes wrong ways," Said little Annie Lee. "Things I love the best to eat Are always denied me."

"There's candy, cake, and pudding. I love them all so much! Mince pie, and cheese and crackers, Which at night I mustn't touch."



"To-day I learn my lessons. But to-morrow there are more; And so I've got to study Just as I did before."

"All winter long I go to school, And study hard each day; When I would rather run about And spend the time in play."



"Snow and frost do always come The wrong season of the year; Instead of coming when it's hot, They come when it's cold and drear."

"I'd like a world to be just right, With summer every day; And not a thing to do but laugh And eat good things, and play."

How He Painted the Name.

They tell a good joke on a Maine captain of a little coasting vessel. The vessel was lying in port, and the captain decided to show the old "salts" about there how the name should be painted on a boat. He was fully able to pay a painter to do the job, but he was stingy, and, moreover, he wanted to let people see how readily he could "turn his hand to anything." So he dropped a float overboard, but finding that he could not reach high enough on the bows to do the painting from that standpoint, he went on deck and leaned over the side to do the work. The name that he desired to put on was MAGGIE, and having finished the lettering, he went on shore to take a look at his work. To his amazement he saw it thus:

MIDDYK

"Of course you understand how I made the blunder."

How Bears Catch Fish.

Did you ever see a row of men engaged in fishing? There they sit or stand on the bank of a lake or river, as still as statues waiting for the fish to bite. Fishing is often weary work, and needs a great deal of patience. Fishermen use a rod and line, some have make-believe flies as bait; some fish with worms or snails that dangle from the end of a hook. But what fisherman could hope to use his hands with any expectation of success?

Now the North American bear uses his paws in fishing, and oh, how very patient and persevering he is!

The bear, as I daresay you know, sleeps all through the long winter. He was very fat indeed when he went to sleep, and has kept himself alive by occasionally sucking his paws, into which the fat from his body has passed.

But now spring has come, bringing the warm sunshine; the bear wakes, rubs his eyes, and feels uncommonly hungry after his long fast. In order to satisfy his hunger he goes a-fishing.

You wonder, perhaps, how he can hope to succeed without a rod, line, and bait? Let us see! There he sits on the margin of a lake or river; he keeps so still that you might easily mistake him for an old burnt tree stump! He is, however, very much alive and watches the water intently. By and by, alone comes a fish, and just as it is about to swim past, the bear, crouching, dips his right

paw into the water and scoops out the fish, no doubt to its great surprise.

The bear fishes in the morning and evening, for he knows well enough that those are the best times.

When he has landed as many fish as he has a mind to, he eats what he wants, and thoughtfully buries the rest. So you see that he is not only a very clever fisher, but that he wisely provides for the future.—Cassell's Little Folks.

The Lobster's Shell.

Perhaps, the boys and girls have heard of the young housekeeper that refused to buy some lobsters in the market because they were not red. When the dealer told her that they were just out of the water, she said that might be true, but it was the red kind she wanted. It should not be necessary to point out the joke to the boys and girls, for they know, of course, that the red color of the lobster is produced by boiling; but do they know why it turns red? If they will notice the shell of a fresh lobster closely, they will see that it shows the mingling of two pigments, red and blue. Now when the lobster is plunged into hot water, the blue pigment fades out, and the red remains. That is the whole story.

Stretching.

You may stretch your mouth in jolly fun; You may stretch your legs in a good long run; You may stretch your arms in work, forsooth, But never, never stretch the truth.

The Artery Strain.

This is a new phrase in the physiology of athletics. It is thought to accompany the excessive exertion incident to some popular sports. Otherwise, it means an enlarged heart, waste of nerve force, and other organic debilities.

It is not observed that these troubles manifest themselves promptly. Youth is buoyant and tough, and the lesions that are said to accompany violent exercise do not develop any seriousness until soberer years begin to gather.

These facts, if they are really facts, explain the remark one so often hears, that athletes died young. It is quite certain that athletics as a state of robust health is not long continued. Violent muscular exercise is not natural. The physical organism is toned to moderate effort, and while it may endure "sports" of intense vigor, they are at the expense of the ordinary bodily force.

This seems to be a natural conclusion. A strain may be accounted an excess of muscular power; the use of the organs beyond what nature intended. It is as if a man's muscular force is limited to a definite quantity, say one million pounds, and a man would use ten pounds of it in a minute, when he ought to use only five pounds, the result will be that his stock of power will not last as long as it would if he had not engaged in a "sport."

This is the theory lately announced by the medical experts. We do not believe it is intended as a scare, but as a caution rather, in which light it should be duly considered by those who are inclined to believe that athletics is surely a phase of sound health.—Ohio State Journal.

Ultimate Fate of Fish.

"Fish never die a natural death," said an old fish man who has observed as he fished. "If they did, bodies of dead fish would be floating on the surface of the water about all the while, because such bodies if unmolested would have to float."

"I mean, of course, fish in nature never die a natural death, not fish in captivity. And perhaps it should not be called natural death that fish in captivity die. Their environment induces mortality that fish in their natural habitat would escape, and these causes might be properly classed as among the accidents that carry the captive fish off."

"If fish in their native element were never molested I believe they would never die. If they had sufficient food, which would be impossible if they no longer preyed on one another, there would be no reason for their dying. It was to prevent such uninterrupted tenure of life that all fish were made fiercely predatory if not remorselessly cannibalistic, as many kinds are."

"A fish's life is a constantly strenuous one and one entirely selfish. A fish lives only to eat and to avoid being eaten."—New York Sun.

Judge Witt's Rebuke.

Judge Witt administered sharp and deserved rebuke to a Richmond jury which made wide discrimination between a white man and a negro convicted of the same offense. They had both sold liquor to minors, but while the first escaped with a fine of \$25 the negro was fined four times as much. The judge promptly set aside the verdict in the latter case and ordered a new trial, and he did exactly right. That any distinction should be made in the administration of the law between races or classes is a violation of the spirit of justice, and all the more reprehensible when the harsher sentence is meted out to the poor and friendless.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

At the Ballot Box.

A Middletown, Conn., man was responsible for an amusing mistake at the polls, which was not exactly ballot box stuffing, although it savored of it, and it was due to absent mindedness. Having carefully made out the ticket he wished to vote, he deposited in the box, not the ticket, as he imagined, but a check which he had in his pocket.

WIT OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Little Winona—Mrs. Uppson says our minister is austere. What does that mean? Small Waldo—Oh, I guess she means he's a bully preacher.

Teacher—When Columbus discovered America he thought it was India. Can you tell me why, Arnold? Little Arnold—I guess it was 'cause he saw so many Indians standin' around.

Small Phyllis—Mamma, can I have some raisins? Mamma—Yes, dear; you may take a handful. Small Phyllis—Won't you please give them to me, mamma? Your hand is so much larger than mine.

Uncle George—To save my life I can't think of the name of that medicine I took last summer, and only a day or two ago it was on the end of my tongue. Little Elihu—Stick out your tongue, Uncle George; perhaps the name is on it yet.

"And can you remember President Lincoln, grandpa?" queried small Eloise. "Yes, dear, I remember him quite well," replied the old gentleman. "You see, I am a good deal older than you are." "And how much older will I have to be before I can remember him?" asked the little inquisitor.

Sunday School Teacher—Who was the wisest man, Ellis? Little Ellis—Solomon, Sunday School Teacher—Can you tell me some act of his that proved his wisdom? Little Ellis—Yes, ma'am. One day two women went to him to settle a quarrel about a baby. Each woman claimed the kid, so Solomon said: "Stop chewin' the rag, women. I'll take my sword and make twins of him, so you can both have one."

Farming on the Yukon.

W. M. Swinehart has compiled for publication the result of his experience in farming at Fort Selkirk, and these show that, taking one season with another, the crops raised and the prices received for the product are sufficient to cause the average farmer in the States to look to the North with envy. Out hay, the chief crop produced, yields about three tons to the acre and sells readily in the spring at from \$100 to \$125 per ton. Demand has never been lacking for all the hay the farm produces, since the Dawson-White Horse stage line, on which from 250 to 400 horses are used every winter for several months, passes within a few miles of the farm. Potatoes yield from three to five tons to the acre and bring as much as 25 cents a pound. The average price for a series of years has been a fraction over 20 cents a pound. Rutabagas yield six tons to the acre and sell for 6 cents a pound, or \$720 an acre. Carrots yield three tons to the acre and sell for 15 cents a pound, a return of \$900 per acre. Cabbages vary in production according to season, ranging from three to eight tons to the acre, and the price ranges from 15 to 20 cents per pound. It is an exceptional season when the Swinehart farm does not net its owners an income of \$10,000.—Seattle Post Intelligence.

Wagner's Childlike Happiness.

While in London in 1855 Wagner took a walk every day in Regent's park. There, at the small bridge over the ornamental water, would he stand regularly and feed the ducks, having previously provided himself for the purpose with a number of French rolls, rolls ordered each day for the occasion. There was a swan, too, that came in for much of Wagner's affection. It was a regal bird and fit, as the master said, to draw the chariot of Lohengrin. The child-like happiness, full of overflowing, with which this innocent occupation filled Wagner was an impressive sight never to be forgotten. It was Wagner you saw before you, the natural man, affectionate, gentle and mirthful.—From Ferdinand Praeger's "Wagner As I Knew Him."

Mpongwe Proverbs.

"The Africans," said an ethnologist, "are great people for proverbs. I collected among the Mpongwe tribe last year a multitude of wise saws."

"Almost," says the Mpongwe people, "brings nothing into the house."

"When the fox dines, no hen weeps."

"People think a poor man is not as clever as a rich one, for why, they ask, would he stay poor if he were clever?"

"Don't ask the fish what people are doing on land."

"Anger draws arrows out of the quiver; patience, nuts out of the bag."

"Who marries a beautiful woman takes trouble into the kral."

"Hear both sides before you judge."

Origin of a Well Preserved Joke.

Nascia, having called at the house of the poet Ennius, and the maid-servant having told him, on his inquiring at the door, that Ennius was not at home, saw that she had said so by her master's order and that he was really within, and when a few days afterward Ennius called at Nascia's house and inquired for him at the gate Nascia cried out that he was not at home, "What!" says Ennius. "Do I not know your voice?" "You are an impudent fellow," rejoined Nascia. "When I inquired for you, I believed your servant when she told me that you were not at home, and will not you believe me when I tell you that I am not at home?"—Cicero's "De Oratore."

Has a husband any more right to go into the kitchen and find fault than a wife has to go into her husband's office and find fault?