

ODDS AND ENDS.

THE POET'S SONG.

A bird of richest song flew out
And piped his carol full of cheer,
And long he wooed his way about,
But few would heed his song to hear.
With sorrow, in his lonely nest,
He hid his sweet song in his breast.
But some had heard that song of joy;
It came and touched the pangs of pain,
Gave hope where doubt rose to destroy;
Despairing souls tried once again,
It lifted hearts all temptations
That song, though still, was never lost.
A poet, no one knew him then,
Sung out his carol full of cheer,
Of hope and faith and love for men,
But few would heed his song to hear.
The poet? He is dead! But yet
The songs he sang no hearts forget.
—George Kirtland in Boston Globe.

AT FOUR O'CLOCK.

For more than a month there had been growing among the men of Townsend's set a suspicion that he was going to the bad. Once he had been seen coming out of a house which seemed to the eyes of Chadwick, who met him, to conceal possibilities of furo. To be sure, it was found afterward that Townsend had been to visit his "gooey" husband, who was laid up with a broken leg; but the impression clung, nevertheless.

Then Morton saw him one day on the street in conversation with a young woman of somewhat flamboyant architecture, and although it was proved beyond a peradventure that she was the very respectable person who did his mending, yet there were many who believed that Townsend was "mashed."

Unexplained, however, was his disappearance from his usual haunts at 4 o'clock every afternoon. There were rumors of his having been seen in dingy streets in the part by men who were walking out from Boston and were taking a short cut through that region.

Such being the state of public opinion, no one was surprised to have Townsend throw down his hand one day as the clock struck 4, although the last jack pot had been unusually exciting.

"I'm not coming in," he said. "In fact, I'm going out"—an attempt at wit that was greeted with derision.

With the shutting of the door every hand was tossed upon the table as if by common consent.

"He's doing this every day to my personal knowledge," said Chadwick, "and I'm going to see it out this afternoon."

"I'll go with you," cried Morton. The rest had no theories, but went from curiosity—all except Allen, who was a scold and who knew Townsend's mother and was in love with his sister, and hence felt it incumbent upon him to take the interest of an elder brother in his welfare.

For 20 minutes he led them at a smart pace through the better part of Cambridgeport, and then turned aside into a short bystreet that extended toward the river.

There was no electric light in this obscure alley and the early dusk of the winter afternoon concealed the group of spies in its fast deepening shadows. Townsend passed the tenements and went up the steps of a cottage, the only detached house on the street. It was at the end—beyond it a tin can strung across the alley, extending to the marsh.

Allen looked grave as he saw Townsend knock as if to warn the inmates of his coming and then take a latchkey from his pocket and enter before the door could be opened from within.

With one accord the eavesdroppers moved toward the vacant lot, where a shaft of light streamed from a side window. Once around the corner they did not see a woman who left the house almost as soon as Townsend had entered.

What they did see as they pressed to the window, whose partly raised curtain allowed them a good view of the room and its occupants, was of a nature to surprise every one of them.

Before the fire sat an old woman whom the novels of 50 years ago would have described as a "behdan." Wild eyes indicative of a disordered mind gleamed in a face crowned by a mass of unkempt white hair. Her thin figure over swayed to the promptings of an impetuous restlessness, and her nervous hands clutched incessantly at her dress or at the air.

The onlookers were in time to see Townsend greet her. She responded to his salutation by a blow of her cane, which the young man dodged with a coolness born of experience.

Seemingly untroubled by this reception, Townsend went to a closet in the room, and taking from it a chafing dish and eggs and milk and butter he set about the preparation of an omelet.

"Well, I'll—be—hunged!" said Chadwick, well in his amusement.
"By Jove!" exclaimed Morton.
"That's the silver dish his mother sent him on his birthday. I thought he'd use it in book."

Allen said nothing, but he felt a twinge of remorse, for he had thought so too.
It required some skill to serve the meal once it was cooked. Townsend placed a small table before the old lady. She promptly kicked it over.
When at last she was induced to hold the plate, she first threw a bit of the omelet to the cat ("A libation to Felis," whispered Grimson, who had taken honors in classics and antiquities, and then flung her fork into the fire. Townsend rescued it and substituted a spoon, which seemed more to his patient's fancy.
To air the overheated room Townsend opened the window directly over their heads as they squatted on the ground. He lifted the curtain higher and looked out blindly into the darkness. Allen thought that he heard him sigh. So did Morton. Morton was a just little man when once he was convinced.
"I say, fellows," he was whispered excitedly when Townsend had been recalled to his duties by a boiling over of the kettle that threatened to put out the

fire in the grate—"I say, fellows, I don't believe he'll do it after all."
Townsend had lifted the kettle from the fire and was making tea in a brown teapot with a broken spout. While it was steeping he picked up the pieces of the shattered plate from the hearth where the old woman had tossed it when she had finished her omelet.
"Here's your tea," came distinctly through the open window a few minutes later. "What will you stir it with today?"

He turned to a motley collection of articles on a shelf at the old woman's side. She selected a toothbrush, at which Townsend was seen by his watchful friends to make a grimace.
"I'm ready to go on," they heard her say, and Townsend, seated on the table's edge, in proximity to his cooking apparatus, swung his legs idly and began to sing "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley."

"Well, I'll—be—hunged!" said Chadwick.
The tea and the music seemed to have a composing influence upon the old woman. The incessant swaying of her body ceased. Only the nervous hands beat continual time with the toothbrush against the teacup.

"I went through a pork establishment the other day," said Townsend, resting his elbow on his knee and his chin on his hand, "and there I learned the intimate connection between the rendering of pig products and the rendering of a song. I stored the information in my memory to tell you."

The old woman showed some interest.
"In rendering pork you know, you try the fat, and in rendering a song you try the audience. See? I will now illustrate the rendering of a song." He went on hastily, seeing that his patient was growing restless in her effort to understand his nonsense.

He was singing "Ben Bolt" in a highly sentimental manner and tears were running down his hearer's withered cheeks when a step in the entry caused an instant change in her demeanor. Springing to her feet, she flung her teacup straight at the door. Townsend sprang from the table and caught it neatly on the fly.

"Out!" cried Grimson under his breath.
"How has she been?" the newcomer asked, with no trace of surprise at the warmth of her reception. She was a woman of 40, tall and angular, and her features showed her kinship to the insane woman, her mother.

"About as usual," returned Townsend. "I saved the cup today, you see, and I was too late for the plate," indicating the fragments on the table.
The listeners beneath the window now thought it wise to make good their escape—all except Allen. He walked around slowly after his friends, who were running in pursuit of an electric car that had flashed by the end of the alley. He let Townsend come up with him.

"Hello, old man! What are you doing here?"
"Spying on you," returned Allen frankly, and then made his confession, ending with, "And I beg your pardon with all my heart."

"Oh, that's all right," said Townsend, much embarrassed. "They're just two old women I found out about. The daughter makes neckties, and she has to deliver them at a shop in the square every day at 5 o'clock, so if I can stay with the mother while she's outside can keep her 'job,' you see. Then it saves her some trouble if the old woman has her supper while she's gone. It amuses me, too," he added rather shamefacedly.

Allen never told Townsend who had been his companions in the reconnoitering expedition, but it was not hard to guess at some of them. Chadwick came to Townsend the next day with—
"I say! I've got some money here that I got the other night—no matter how—and I don't like to keep it. Do you know any poor people that it would help?"

And Morton, who had cut several recitations for the purpose of going into Boston to make some purchases, brought him a big bundle of silks, saying:
"Old man, Allen tells me that you know a woman who makes neckties. Will you get her to make me up some out of these? Pretty, aren't they?" he added sheepishly.

And Grimson, who was fond of antiquities, implored him whenever they met to "render a song to try men's souls."—Mabel Shippen Clarke in National Magazine.

How Byron Proposed.
Byron's proposal to his wife, Miss Milbanke, was made after sordid discussion and study and lacked all impulse. Lady Melbourne, who stood in his confidence, observing how cheerless and unsettled his mind and prospects were, strenuously advised him to marry. She suggested a certain lady, but Lord Byron fancied the idea of marrying Miss Milbanke.

"No," said Lady Melbourne. "Miss Milbanke will not suit you. In the first place, she has no fortune now, and you want money immediately. In the next place, you want a person who will have great admiration for your genius; she has too great an admiration for herself."

"Well," said Byron, "as you please."
And, sitting down, he wrote a letter to the lady recommended by Lady Melbourne. He received a refusal.
"Now, you see," said he, "Miss Milbanke is to be the person after all. I will write to her."

As soon as he had finished his friend, still remonstrating, read the note and observed:
"Well, really, this is a very pretty letter. It is a pity it should not go."
"Then it shall go," exclaimed Byron, and, so saying, he sealed and sent the flat of his unhappy fate.

Speaking Of—
Some actors imagine that the only thing necessary to become an Irish comedian is to put whiskers under their chins.—Atchison Globe.

Wings of Litigants.
In an old Indiana case a man named Shallock undertook to live up to his name by running an unlawful ferry, but the decision of the court said to him, "You shall not cross."
The name of an adopted citizen of the Chickasaw Nation, whose adoption was canceled, and who was thereupon expelled, was Run Hannah.

A California woman who said in her will, "I have no fear of the hereafter; O my Lord, teach me to live right, then in dying there is no sting," bore the prophetic Christian name of Euthanasia.

The name Dr. Physick, which might be looked for in some allegory, appears as the name of a real person in a recent law report.

Some peculiarly suggestive combinations of names in the titles of cases are these: People versus Kaiser, Priest versus Lackey, Kick versus Merry, Proctored Home Circle versus Winter, Grant versus Lookout Mountain Company.

In reminiscences of the early Minnesota bar Judge Charles E. Flandrau tells in the Minnesota Law Journal an argument before the supreme court in 1853 by ex-Chief Justice Goodrich on behalf of an Indian convicted of murder. The Indian's name was Zuzi-na, but as the counsel could not pronounce it he always referred to him in his argument as "my client, Ahasternus."—Case and Comment.

The Irrespressible Small Boy.
This is a true story, and it really happened in a New York family. It looks as if it might be an old story brought up to date or renovated for the occasion, but it is exactly as the small boy arranged it and not to the edification of his family. The small boy was very fond of ice cream. It never cloyed his palate. It was with the same delight that he saw it each time brought on the table, and upon each of these times he showed the exuberance of his feelings by crying in rapturous tones: "Oh-o-o! Ice cream! Ice cream! Ice cream!" much to his mamma's annoyance.

"People will think we never have ice cream or anything else to eat," she said to her son one day. "Now, we are going to have company to dinner tonight, and I don't want you to say a word when the ice cream is brought on." The small boy promised. He really was a good little boy, and he intended to mind. But when the cream was brought on the old feeling of rapture was so strong that he forgot entirely and cried out as usual. Then he remembered and stopped short, looking very repentant. He had not intended to call out, and his mother was mortified. He changed his tone entirely.

"We have ice cream almost every night," he remarked carelessly.—New York Times.

Painfully Polite.
The people of Dresden are very polite, so overpolite that they not infrequently bring down ridicule upon themselves. It used to be told in that city that a stranger was one day crossing the great bridge that spans the Elbe, and asked a native to direct him to a certain church which he wished to find.

"Really, my dear sir," said the Dresdener, bowing low, "I grieve greatly to say it, but I cannot tell you."
The stranger passed on, a little surprised at this voluble answer to a simple question. He had proceeded but a short distance when he heard hurried footsteps behind him, and, turning round, saw the same man running to catch up with him.

In a moment his pursuer was by his side, his breath nearly gone, but enough left to say hurriedly: "My dear sir, you asked me how you could find the church, and it pained me to have to say that I did not know. Just now I met my brother, but I grieve to say that he did not know either."

Her Opinion in Full.
The car turned sharply around a curve and the tall man who was holding on to a strap somewhat loosely was suddenly thrown from his upright position with a force that landed him in the lap of a dignified dowager sitting near him, while his high silk hat flew from his head and rolled down the aisle of the car.

"Sir," she said as he rose to his feet again with profuse apologies, "I am compelled to say that in my judgment you were lacking in that complete grasp of the strap which was essential to the highest efficiency in maintaining an upright attitude when turning a curve."

That was all. But it crushed him.—Chicago Tribune.

As He Understands It.
"As I understand it," remarked the intelligent foreigner, "you Americans regard George Washington's hatchet as the emblem of truth."
"Yes, sir, that's right," replied the American proudly.

"Then, when statesmen or other individuals who have quarreled, bury the hatchet, I suppose they cease to speak the truth?"—Detroit Free Press.

Inspiring Hope.
The Doctor—Bear up. I must tell you the worst—you can't possibly recover.
The Client—That's a pity, for if I lived a bit longer I should have come into a fortune; as it is, I haven't a penny to pay you with, doctor.
The Doctor—Well, now, don't give up hope. We'll try to mend you. We'll try.—Illustrated Bits.

Not Mentioned.
"Everybody seems to have been mentioned for the office except you," observed the sympathizing friend.
"Yes," replied the disappointed politician. "My name is Pantis."
"Then, of course," soothingly rejoined the other, "you might expect to be among the unmentionables."
And silence like a pounce fell.—Chicago Tribune.

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Mrs. MARY COLEMAN CLARK.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefits I have derived from Ripans Tablets. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tablets does it. After one of my cases I felt myself completely restored. I am now the advice of Dr. Geo. H. Rowe, Jr., of Jersey City, I took Ripans Tablets with Miss BESSIE WINDHAM.

I have been suffering from headache ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tablets from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from them she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headache. I am twenty-five years old, but I feel like a young girl. You can witness to use this testimonial.

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Presence of Mind.
Although it is not given to everybody to know exactly what to do at the right moment, one woman at least can lay claim to a presence of mind which may, without undue exaggeration, be considered phenomenal.
This woman's little boy was sitting on the floor, playing with some blocks, and the doctor entered him some medicine. He had just taken his daily dose when his mother said, with a gasp of astonishment:
"I quite forgot to shake that bottle before you took it, Johnny. Come here."
Johnny obeyed, and, much to his astonishment and disgust, was subjected to a vigorous shaking from the strong arms of the parent, at the conclusion of which he was laid down with the remark:
"There, my laddie, that'll do. It should be good mixed up now, I'm thinking, but don't let me forget again."
Johnny protested.—Parsons' Weekly.

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