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NOBODY REALLY CARES.

If you're anything to grieve you,
And fill your heart with tears,
If poverty bites new you,
And your days are dimmed by tears,
If you find with soul despairing
No answer to your prayers,
Don't say a word about it, for
Nobody really cares.

If health and strength forsake you,
And pain and sickness bring
Gloom that clouds the sunshine
And shadows everything,
If you feel that lot so weary
But seldom more than
Don't say a word about it, for
Nobody really cares.

This world is fond of pleasure,
And take it at its best,
The sadly bored unless you
Meet it with smile and jest;
It yawns over your complaints,
At sorrow, grief and pain,
So never tell your troubles, for
Nobody really cares.

—Margaret Roberts, in Harper's Weekly.

IN HASTE.

An Important Letter, Three Broken Eggs and a Telegram.

It was when postage stamps were three cents apiece, and eggs twelve and a half cents a dozen, that Mr. Higgins, the proprietor of the little country store at Elkton, sat at his high desk one dreary afternoon, with his head studiously bent over his book, making out an account of sales.

"Please sir," suddenly interrupted a thin, small voice proceeding from the space in front of the desk, "will you give me a stamp and three eggs, and you needn't mind the change."

Mr. Higgins slowly lifted his eyes from the big book, to look for the small speaker below him.

It was a mite of a girl, not more than six years old, who held a letter in one hand and with the other tightly grasped her apron gathered together for the safe keeping of three eggs lying within. Mr. Higgins' senses had been so absorbed in the difficulties of his long sum in addition, that it was several moments before he could recall them and bring them down to a level with the little head lifting itself eagerly up to him; but reaching out his hand mechanically, he took the letter, and, supposing he would immediately take the eggs also, the little girl incautiously opened her apron, when, alas, with a pip! pip! pip! as though they were kissing each other a hasty good-by, the three eggs, and with a splash! splash! splash! lay on the floor, a molley of gold and silver, and ivory shells!

For one moment the poor little messenger stood silent with dismay, and then lifting her distressed face to that of Mr. Higgins, she burst into a wail so pitiful that the heart of the store-keeper was touched with compassion.

"Why, what on earth did you open your apron for, little gal?" said he, by way of soothing her.

"To let—yes, get—the eggs," sobbed the child. "I thought you were going to take them."

"And so I was," he answered, "but you ought not to have let go your grip till I had hold of them. Well, well, they won't hatch now, that's certain," he continued, with a touch of philosophy in his tone, "but there's no more use crying over smashed eggs than over split milk; you ought to be glad there are so few of them; and what were you asking me to do with them?"

"To give me a stamp, please, sir. But oh, what will mother do now! Her letter can't go and she said it was to start at once and go in haste!"

The sobs grew louder as the little girl seemed to realize more and more the extent of the disaster.

"To go in haste," repeated Mr. Higgins, with a smile of superior knowledge. "Yes, I see, she has written on it 'in haste,' and yet she's not going to have done some good, perhaps, fifty years ago, when letters were carried about the country on horseback! I don't if it will hurry up the steam cars very much. But for mercy sake, little gal, do stop crying!" he ejaculated suddenly as the deepening sobs smote his heart anew and brought him back to the business on hand. "Didn't I tell you there's no use crying over three broken eggs? So, look up now and tell me what is the great haste about this particular letter?"

"O, I don't know 'zactly, sir," answered the child, "but I know it's something very particular, indeed, and will break mother's heart a most to know it hasn't gone. You see, she had been over to Miss Riley's and she came back with the tears all running down her cheeks, and she hunted round till she found this paper and a pencil, and wrote the letter with her hand all in a tremble. But after it was all done up, she just remembered that she hadn't a stamp, and I ran as fast as I could to Miss Riley's, but she had none, none, no money either, and mother just sank down and cried as if her heart would break, and then, sir—wasn't it lucky—I knew a stamp cost three cents and I just thought of my old hen, Buff, who was laying eggs that I wanted so to hatch, and there was just three in the nest, but I couldn't see mother cry so, and I ran out and brought in a hen to her, and she was so glad—well, I wish you could have seen her—and she said: 'Thank God for the eggs, Jess, and run as fast as you can, for this letter must go in haste,' in haste, that's just what she said—but the eggs are all broken now, and what will mother do?"

The long story came to an abrupt end with a fresh wave of grief.

"Well, don't take it so to heart, child," said Mr. Higgins with his grin kindness. "There's no great harm done; the letter can't go till to-morrow any how, for the mail has been gone these three hours."

"To-morrow!" repeated the little girl in dismay. "O, sir, mother won't sleep a wink to-night if she knows that," she said a day might make it too late, and that if you would read it, you would know it must go in haste."

"But that's all nonsense, child," said Mr. Higgins, beginning to lose patience. "There's no such thing as these days; letters now all go one way and in one time, and that's a deal quicker than they once did. But you run home now, and if you like you needn't tell your mother anything about the waiting, nor the eggs either; I'll put a stamp on for you and send it as soon as a can."

The little eyes beamed like stars through the falling tears. "O, sir, if you would!" she cried, "and when my hen lays three more eggs I will be sure to bring them to you."

She turned quickly to the door, but pausing there, as if with an unconquerable impulse, she looked back, saying: "And if you please, sir, do make it go fast, for that's what she said—in haste."

There, who has more heart than head," thought Mr. Higgins to himself as he silently watched her depart without making further efforts to explain mail regulations. He knew the little customer quite well as the child of Widow Carson, who had come to the neighborhood just after the first of those terrible floods that had sent so many homeless ones back from the banks of the treacherous Ohio. It was said that her husband had perished in the waves after placing his wife and child in safety, and here she had lived ever since in a little log cabin not far from the store, where she made small patches of corn and potatoes she supported, as best she could, herself and Jess and the little yellow dog. But only a few days previous to this, Mr. Higgins had felt compelled to release her any further credit, till the bill, slowly lengthening on his big book, was paid up, and it was doubtless because of this that she had not sent him at once to ask the advance of a stamp for this all-important letter.

Meditatively he looked at the envelope, with the address scrawled in so tremulous and unpracticed a hand that he doubted much whether it would ever reach its destination, and the words of Jessie returned to his mind—"She said if you would read it, you would know it must go in haste."

It seemed a sufficient permission to the kind thought in his heart, and opening the awfully sealed covering, Mr. Higgins with difficulty made out the words written evidently by a hand tremulous with emotion:

"I have just heard you were seen in Rockport yesterday, looking for Jess and me; it seems too good and wonderful to be true, but I write at once to say that we are here, and God grant my letter may reach you in time. I will write in haste on it, and I will pray day and night that He will make it go quickly, for Jess and I are in such need that unless you come to us soon, I do not know what will become of us. We have mourned for you so long as dead that I can scarcely write now for the beating of my heart at the thought of seeing you again."

Though Mr. Higgins was often called a rough, cold man, yet there was certainly a strange moisture in his eyes as he closed the letter. In a moment he had taken in the whole situation. Jessie's father, then, was not dead as supposed, but had been separated from his wife and child on that terrible night, and had lost sight of them. The sorrowing woman had just heard that he had been seen seeking those who mourned him; but it was evident that he was not long to remain at Rockport. What if this chance of reunion should be lost? These words, "I will pray day and night that God will make my letter go quickly," and the wailing face of little Jess rose together before Mr. Higgins' mind, and with a sudden movement he rose abruptly, saying half aloud: "And my name is not Higgins if it don't go quick, quicker even than she thought!"

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"Can anyone tell me where Mary Carson lives?" he asked, nervously, of Mr. Higgins.

"Yes, my friend, and I will lead you a part of the way myself," answered the proprietor, promptly, and without losing a moment the two were soon in sight of the little log cabin.

"That's the house," said Mr. Higgins, "you can easily find the rest of the way alone," and with these words he turned back leaving the stranger to hasten onward.

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Too Much Jersey.

"Does your wife wear a jersey?" blandly asked the smooth-tongued dry goods clerk of Farmer Furrow, who was making a few purchases for his better half.

"Now, look a-here, young fellow," said the old granger, with a look of mingled scorn and ferocity, "don't yer be too fresh. I may be a countryman, but I'll be darned if I'll take a yug from yer."

"Why, I didn't mean a yug, timidly retorted the clerk. "I merely asked if your wife wears a jersey."

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SMUGGUGGERY.

The Astonishing Changes Which Result from Removal of Beard and Mustache.

A wave of smuggling is engulfing the land. To those who do not know what the scientific term smuggling means, I might explain that it refers to those who transform themselves into snuggumps by shaving off their whiskers and mustaches. It is a barber's boom—or boon, rather. The result of this freak of fashion is that whiskers and mustaches are disappearing with a rapidity that is bewildering. A person passes his best friend and fails to recognize him—all on account of his snuggump.

I desire to point out some of the disasters that have occurred through the slavish following of this new fashion. I don't suppose that I shall be able to check this growing evil, but the instances that have come to my knowledge may serve as a warning to some who have not yet become snuggumps.

There was John G. Stivers, for instance. Stivers wore a long, black beard topped by a mustache, and you doubtless have noticed when you spoke to him about anything that he had the habit of striking his long, black beard slowly in, way that evinced the impression that Stivers was a deep—a very deep—thinker. I know that was the effect it had on me. I remember a few weeks ago meeting him, saying: "Well, Mr. Stivers, looks as if we were going to have a Russian war?"

Stivers stroked his beard thoughtfully, and said:

"Yes, it looks that way. But—well, you wait a few days."

"Now," said I to myself as I left him, "there's a man who has studied the Afghan matter in all its bearings. No flippant opinion there."

"Well, of course you've seen Stivers since he shaved, yesterday, looking for Jess and me; it seems too good and wonderful to be true, but I write at once to say that we are here, and God grant my letter may reach you in time. I will write in haste on it, and I will pray day and night that He will make it go quickly, for Jess and I are in such need that unless you come to us soon, I do not know what will become of us. We have mourned for you so long as dead that I can scarcely write now for the beating of my heart at the thought of seeing you again."

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THE SPECTER IN RED.

Some of the Traditions Current Among the French People.

There exists a tradition that the Louvre, the great square and the Tuileries palace, where it stood over there to our right, are haunted by a specter called "Le Petit Homme Rouge." The appearance of this specter is always followed by a national misfortune—civil commotion, revolution, public disaster, or the death of the head of State. When Catherine de Medicis built the Tuileries she took forcible possession of a lot of other people's property, including a butcher shop, the owner of which was known among his neighbors as the "Lit-Man in Red," because of his bloody business. This butcher was the witness of some of the adventures of Kate de Medicis, and in order to be sure of his silence, the queen-mother had him decapitated on the guillotine, and his body thrown into the Seine. In the latter days of the reign of the grand king the "Petit Homme Rouge" showed himself to Louis XIV., and then followed a ruinous and disastrous war, the death of the Duke of Burgundy, and his wife within six days of each other, and then the king's own death. Louis XV. next mounted the French throne and was called by his people "le bien aime."

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ATTORNEY-GENERAL GARLAND.

The Ponderous Joke Which Colonel Dick Bright Played Upon Him.

Colonel Dick Bright, of Indiana, bears off the honor of perpetrating the first joke at the expense of the new Attorney-General, himself an inveterate joker and a hearty lover of good fun. While Colonel Bright was Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate his personal relations with Mr. Garland, then a member of that body, were intimate and cordial. The two gentlemen, indeed, became warm friends, and have since remained so. To-day Colonel Bright walked into the Department of Justice and made his way back into the Attorney-General's private office. It was after office hours, and in a few moments the Attorney-General made his appearance. The day had been a busy one, and Mr. Garland was very tired, into both of his ears early in the morning had been poured a ceaseless flood of praise and appeal in the interests of men seeking office.

"Mr. Attorney-General, you look fatigued," said Colonel Bright, sympathetically.

"Dick, old fellow," said the Attorney-General, advancing with his hand extended and wearing a pleasant smile, "I'm glad to see you."

The two clasped hands and dropped down on a sofa beside by Mr. Garland had a pleasant chat in prospect, and the hope of hearing a new story or two.

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SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

To stab the people's Free School is to pierce our country in the heart—is matricide.—W. H. Venable, in Intelligence.

The cost of the maintenance of religion in the United States is estimated at one-half cent per annum for each individual.

It is doubtful, says the New York Graphic, "if there are fifty men in the United States who speak and write the English tongue correctly." It is probable that every one of these fifty or less is teaching a foreign language in a university.—Chicago Current.

The annual meeting of the American Tract Society was held at Washington, D. C., recently. The reports showed receipts of the year, \$357,470; expenditures, \$345,083; books, tracts and periodicals circulated, 9,250,000; number of converts, 161, who made 155,225 family visits.

The nine leading denominations in London provide sittings as follows: Church of England, 677,643; Congregationalists, 172,547; Baptists, 136,178; Wesleyans, 96,140; Salvation Army, 33,180; Presbyterians, 32,221; Primitive Methodists, 17,785; Methodist Free Church, 17,100; Roman Catholic, 51,190.

The growth of the Free School in popular favor has had a striking demonstration in Berlin. In 1883, 122,098 children received gratuitous instruction against 83,783 in 1872, while only 34,646, or 22 in 100, children paid for instruction in 1883, as against 33,995, or 39 in 1872. At the present time about four-fifths of the Berlin children are educated at public expense.

In New York there are 49 churches, chapels and missions, which have accommodations for 375,000 persons. The 396 Protestant places of worship can accommodate 275,000. Of the 304,782 children in the city, 115,836 are in Sunday-schools, while 103,320 is the estimated attendance at the day schools, public and private. The current expenses of the churches amount to about \$3,000,000 a year.—N. Y. Herald.

In a report to the Baptist General Association Dr. Evans states that while Pennsylvania had a population of about 4,500,000 only 500,000 are members of Evangelical churches. There are eleven counties with a population of 300,000 without a single Baptist Church and five counties each having only a single church of the Baptist denomination. There is only about one Baptist to every sixty-six or sixty-seven of the population.

A writer in the Congregationalist says that some one asked Rev. Dr. Meredith how he would deal with Christians who refuse to join the church, the eminent divine made this characteristic reply: "I would talk with them, I would argue with them, I would try to heaven unless they joined the church, but that they had better do so. I think I would talk to them in this way. If I were going to Europe I would go down to the Channel, what and take passage with others, and a large vessel made on purpose for such a voyage. But if I were a fool I would take an eighteen-foot dory!"

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Speaking of names, one of the "characters" of Providence, R. I., is an aged negro of diminutive stature, who is happy in his possession of the name of George Washington Peck Hamilton Stout.—N. Y. Tribune.

Hugo Arnott one day when panting with asthma was almost deafened by the noise of a bawling fellow who was selling oysters before his window. The extravagant call, "Hugo! Hugo!" he wasted as much breath as would have served me for a month."

Astronomers tell us in their own simple, intelligible way that the gradual lengthening of the days is due to the obliquity of the ecliptic to the terrestrial horizon. This ought to set at rest the foolish idea that the days are longer because the sun rises earlier and sets later.—Chicago Tribune.

Little girl on a visit to St. Louis—"O, mamma, I think this must be heaven." "Do you, pet? Why." "Don't you see, mamma, all the ladies and gentlemen have wings, but they are on the sides of their heads instead of on their backs." "Hush, darling. Those are not wings."

"Yessy, Mr. Simpkins, you want to marry?" observed Miss De Silva. "Yas, I want to find the richest and prettiest woman in the world, who will marry me for love. Can you tell me where to find her?" "Indeed, I can't," replied the young lady. "My acquaintance with insane asylums is very slight."

A young lady at home from boarding-school for the holidays was asked if she would have roast beef, when she replied: "No, I thank you; gastronomic satiety is a monthly ailment that I have arrived at the ultimate stage of degeneration consistent with delicate integrity." The young lady never was asked if she would have anything over again.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Do you eat hash with a fork?" asked the landlady of her new boarder. "No, ma'am," he responded, kindly. "Ah you eat it with a knife, then?" "No, ma'am," he repeated, more timidly than before. "Indeed, I pray, don't ask how you do eat it?" "Yes, ma'am." "How?" "With fear and trembling, ma'am." He left the same day.—Merchandise Traveler.

Many men of many minds: The man who writes and writes in verse, is seldom worth a tinker's curse. The man who plays the violin, is always lazier than I.

The man who thinks he knows it all, is always a little out of the ball. The man who thinks himself the best, is always a little out of the ball. The man who pays the printer is the noblest knight in the land.—The Big Spring (Tex.) Telegraph.

"Pa, does the sausage come out of its hole on Candlemas day and look around its shadow so as to make an early spring. Ma says it does." "What are you asking about?" said the papa to the little boy. "It is the ground hog that comes out of its hole, not the sausage." "Well, ain't sausage ground hog?" "Yes, but it's a natural note or a semi-note. It took but a minute and, until the novelty wore off, Mr. Taber's ingenious arrangement of pins was a source of amusement to his former fellow-clerks.—Washington Post.