SPRING ROSES.

A deeper flush upon the air,
From roses in full bloom;
Methinks the summer looks this way,
And will be on us soon.

The garden blushes like a girl
At love's first whisper sweet;
And delicate the rare perfumes
That all our senses greet.

If these spring roses throw such charms
Upon our daily way,
What will it be when summer opes
The portals of the day.

And, coming through the garden gates,
Laden with perfume rare,
Throws beauty over all the earth,
And fragrance everywhere?

How beautiful the roses seem,
Clasped in the arms of spring!
Prized dearly both for what they are,
And what we know they'll bring.

A brighter blush of color rare,
An urn of sweetest scent,
Blue skies, gold rays, and green arcades,
In one fair picture blent.

E. B. CHESSBOROUGH.

MR. MEREDITH'S NURSE.

A beautiful, flaxen-haired boy, in a suit of brown velvet, with collar and cuffs of fine Irish point, stood by the window of a large hotel in Detroit, ruefully watching the weather.

"Can't I go out at all, Uncle Hugh?" he said, plaintively. "I've been in the house ever since Saturday."

"Not to-day, Nolly," replied a handsome young fellow, who was standing with his back to the fire and wondering what his sister Helen did when the youngsters were all sick. "You know the doctor said you'd have to stay in; and if you got sick this time your mamma would never let you come away with me again."

"Well," sighed the boy, resting his chin on one delicate little hand, "I shouldn't mind it if I only had something to play with. Oh, Uncle Hugh! there's such a lovely express wagon around the corner, with boxes and bags, and barrels, and—everything! There are four white horses, and a driver with a whip, and a hat that comes off and on, and—"

"Wonderful!" said Uncle Hugh smiling. "Well, I'll go around and look at it, Nolly; and, if it isn't too dear," he added, putting on his hat and coat, "I'll buy it for you."

"The child must have something to amuse him," he said, as he stepped out into the hall.

He started off briskly; but there was a turn in the corridor, and as he hurried along, whistling under his breath, he ran right into a young girl who was coming the other way with a trayful of dishes.

A little startled cry and then a crash ensued.

"I beg your pardon!" Hugh exclaimed, going down on his knees to gather up the broken china. "I am very sorry."

"Be careful, sir!" she said, quietly; for her momentary vexation had passed away. "Your coat is dragging in the soup."

"Never mind the coat!" Hugh answered impulsively.

"Wait a moment," she said; "I will get a towel."

She entered, as she spoke, a room nearly opposite the scene of the catastrophe.

"How did you happen to let them fall, Nancy?" said the fretful voice of a sick man, from within.

Hugh could not catch her low toned reply, but she came out in a moment, demure and practical.

"That is Mr. Meredith's room," Hugh observed—"the railroad man—been sick for some time. His nurse, I suppose."

"You needn't mind," said the girl, going down on her knees in a business-like way. "I will clean up this muss."

"I am sorry to put you to so much trouble," murmured Hugh, putting his hand in his pocket and drawing out a ten-dollar bill. "Let me make some amends for my awkwardness."

He put the money in her hands, but she was so much surprised that she could not speak, and when she recovered herself Hugh had walked away, being anxious, no doubt to escape from the scene of his undoing.

"Well, upon my word!" she exclaimed, picking up the money, which had slipped through her fingers to the floor.

A frown and a smile seemed to struggle for the mastery of her face; but presently she broke into a soft laugh, and tucking the bill away into her pocket, she began to clear away the remainder of the debris.

"A sweet-faced girl, that nurse," Hugh mused, when he was once more installed in his room by the fire, and Nolly was happy with his new express wagon. "It must be nice to have a woman like that about when one's sick."

His thoughts wandered off then, and he lost himself in a bachelor's reverie, till Nolly came and leaned against his chair.

"Uncle Hugh," the boy said, languidly, "my head aches."

Hugh looked up in alarm, and took the child on his lap. His face was hot and flushed, his lips dry.

"If he gets sick," he thought, anxiously, "Helen will be frantic."

And he rocked the child into a restless slumber.

The doctor came and went, but that night Nolly grew suddenly worse, and Hugh was distracted.

It was 11 o'clock when a waiter brought him some cracked ice, and, as Hugh opened the door, he saw someone emerge from Mr. Meredith's room—a slight, womanly figure, neatly clad in black, wearing a fresh apron and a very cunning little cap.

"Nurse!" he called. "One moment, please!"

She stopped and waited till he came to her.

"You are a professional nurse, I suppose?" he asked, abruptly.

"Yes," she replied, dropping her eyes. "I'm a graduate of the New York Training School."

"I am glad of that!" Hugh exclaimed. "My nephew is very sick, and I don't know what to do. If you have time, would you come in and look at him?"

She hesitated a moment.

"I don't think Mr. Meredith will care," he urged. "I will make it all right with him."

"It isn't that—" she began.

"But my nephew is so sick!" Hugh pleaded. "My sister would never forgive me, if any thing happened to him."

"Well, I will go," she said, moving across the hall. "Mr. Meredith does not need me to-night. He is better and has gone to sleep."

Hugh led her into the room where Nolly lay, his fair hair tumbling over the pillows, and his cheeks burning with the flame of a fierce fever.

"How long has he been in this way?" she asked, bending over him, and taking one little hot hand in her own cool fingers.

"Only to-night. Do you think he is very sick?"

"I'm afraid so," she answered, as she swept the flaxen curls tenderly away from the child's forehead. "Poor little fellow!"

"What can I do?" asked Hugh, miserably.

"I will stay with him," she answered, with a faint smile at Hugh's extravagant gratitude. "You had better go and lie down."

When the doctor came, he was very much surprised to find her there.

"So you've found a new patient, Miss Nancy?" he said. "I'm glad you came in, for the child will have a hard time I'm afraid."

"I have telegraphed for my sister," Hugh said, looking at her appealingly. "Do you think Mr. Meredith could spare you till she comes? It will only be two days."

"Yes; I will stay," she answered quietly; and then, moved by some kindly instinct, she added: "Don't be alarmed. He is very sick, but I think he will get well again."

"I am glad you think so," Hugh answered, huskily. "I—I am very fond of the child."

But Nolly's mother did not come in two days. A heavy storm had broken down the telegraph wires to the west of Detroit, and after the tardy message reached her a snow blockade put a stop to travel.

Meanwhile, the child lay at the point of death, and only the skillful care of Mr. Meredith's nurse sufficed to save his life.

Hugh Oliver never forgot the morning she came to him, with her sweet eyes overflowing, and said:

"He will live, sir; the worst is over."

"It is you who have saved his life!" cried Nolly's uncle, seizing her hands. "I can not thank you, Miss Nancy, but I honor you for your patient fortitude and I admire you more than any woman I ever knew!"

A sweet rose flush suffused her cheeks and she looked down.

Perhaps he may have thought so before, but it came to Hugh very forcibly then that in those long days and nights of anxious watching he had learned to care a great deal for the sight of that fair face, with its soft, womanly smile.

"Mr. Meredith is getting quite well now isn't he?" Hugh said, one morning, after his sister Helen had come.

"Oh, yes!" Miss Nancy replied. "We are going away next week."

"Next week! Then you will go with him?"

"I expect to."

Hugh walked toward the window.

"Could nothing induce you to change your plans?" he said, anxiously. "Miss Nancy, will you come and take care of me? I haven't much to offer you, but I love you dearly, and there is nothing I desire so much in all the world as to make you my wife!"

He came to her suddenly, and took her hands—he, the aristocratic head of the house of Oliver, was asking Mr. Meredith's nurse to marry him.

"But you forget," she faltered. "I am so far beneath you, Hugh!"

"Above me!" he answered. "My sweet patient darling! Oh, Nancy! can you—will you care for me a little?"

Then she looked up, and smiled at him through a mist of tears.

"I will, if I may," said she, roguishly. "You must ask papa."

"If you love me," he cried, clasping her in his arms, "you are mine already, my dear one! But whom must I ask? Nancy, do you know that you have never told me your name?"

"It is Meredith, she said, looking down—"Nancy Norton Meredith."

"What! You are related to Mr. Meredith? You never told me that."

"If you please," she replied, "I am his daughter."

"His daughter! Oh, Nancy!"

"Don't look at me so! Forgive me, Hugh! You mistook me for a nursery-maid at first, you know."

"But you said you were a graduate of the Training School!"

"So I am. A little training of that sort will not hurt any woman. And it struck me as such a joke that I kept it up—just for fun. Then afterward, Hugh, when I saw you were learning to care for me, and—and I cared for you so—I wanted to be sure that you were not wooing me for my fortune as so many men have done. Don't you see, dear?"

"I see that I am the luckiest fellow in the world!" cried Hugh.

One of the most peculiar communities in Michigan is St. Naziane. Though founded in 1848, its population is now but 212. The articles of association—for the settlement is, in fact, but a society—provide for a board of seven trustees, consisting of priest, three men and three women, elected by all the adult men and women annually. German is the only language spoken, and only two, the general manager and the doctor, know English. They live entirely by themselves, taking no interest in the outside world, and the women work in the fields the same as the men.

THE MEN IN COMMAND.

Something About the Military Leaders in Central Asia.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

If the present belligerant enthusiasm that exists in London and St. Petersburg ends in war, certain Russian and British officers who have already made brilliant records against uncivilized foes in the east will have an opportunity of showing what they are capable of doing when brought face to face with the arms and tactics of modern warfare and the generalship of men trained in the best military schools of Europe.

Skobeleff and Kaufmann are dead, but one of the bravest of the transcaucasus Russian Generals who was inspired by Skobeleff's life is this same General Komaroff, who has taken the Afghan bull by the horns at Penjdeh. Attached to the Central Asian command of General Kaufmann, Komaroff was placed in charge of Bokhara, around which he subdued the recalcitrant Turks, and fought side by side with his warm friend, Skobeleff, in the most arduous fighting done by Russia in Western Turkestan. Though not so picturesque a soldier in the field as the hero of Plevna, nor so capable of magnetizing his men by his personal example, nevertheless he has those excellent qualities of a soldier which consist of caution, determination, and implicit obedience to orders. If he has had any secret instructions to seize Afghan Turkestan and take Herat, Komaroff is just the man who will spare no efforts to carry out the programme.

But a more remarkable soldier than Komaroff is Joseph Vladimirovitch Gourko, who, although born in 1828, still retains enough vitality to justify the Czar in placing him at the head of the Russian army in Central Asia. Gourka has a military record second in brilliance to that of no other officer in the Czar's army. He figured in the Crimean war, in the Polish campaign of 1863, and in 1876 was made a Lieutenant General of a division. When the Russo-Turko war broke out he was instructed to go ahead through Turkey without regard to the main army, so as to spread alarm throughout the dominions of the Sultan. How well he did his work no one knows better than the Turks themselves. His rapid passage over the Balkans was a feat which has been compared to Hannibal's or Napoleonis passage of the Alps, and his retreat to the Schipka pass after he had struck terror to Constantinople, was a masterpiece of strategy.

On the British side General Sir Frederick Roberts, Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army, most resembles Gourko in his qualities of dash, bravery and swift-sighted schemes of strategy. His famous march in September, 1880, 320 miles in twenty-three days, and always harassed by the enemy, from Kabal to Kandahar, the siege of which he raised on the day after his arrival by defeating the army of Afghandab, was a feat which will bear favorable comparison with Gourko's passage of the Balkans. "When Greek meets Greek," etc., and if Roberts should ever be pitted against Gourko, the world would probably hear of some very extraordinary fighting and tactical maneuvering. General Sir Donald Stewart, who will take chief command of the Indian army of the Indus, is a fine old soldier, who has seen great service, not only in European wars, but in the Indian mutiny of 1857, and in subsequent encounters with turbulent hill tribes in Assam and around Peshawar. Other good soldiers with a large experience of Asiatic warfare, who are likely to be sturdy henchmen to General Stewart, are General Jenkins, General Ross, General Phayre, General Sir Herbert Macpherson and General Hugh Gough, all of whom made their mark in the last Afghan war. The Ameer himself has had plenty of experience in warfare, and if he ventures into the arena of strife he will be by no means the least picturesque leader in the field.

The Cause of Dyspepsia.

Chicago Herald.

"Oh, I'm used up with the dyspepsia," declared a sour-visaged, discontented-looking man of an acquaintance as he leaned against a bar chewing a nutritious toothpick. "I'm only one of thousands," he added, with a heavy sigh, "who have been made dyspeptics in American by the adulterations of food. No one can talk climate or cookery to me. It is the adulteration of food that creates dyspepsia. Why, bless you, the American cooking is on the average the best in the world, but it is almost impossible to get anything pure to cook.

"Alum is mixed with yeast powder, baking powders are adulterated with chalk and sugar, syrup and honey are extensively doctored. The first three are adulterated with glucose, which is manufactured by treating starch or woody fiber, with sulphuric acid. It is never advertised—glucose isn't—I can tell you, and it isn't easy to find. A large dealer told me the other day that he didn't believe he'd had any genuine molasses in his store for years. I never buy any honey unless I get it from an intimate friend. Milk is weakened with water and colored with a preparation made in the east. It is not generally known, either, but it is a fact, that the milk of farrow cows is unfit for food, being filled with an effete excretory matter. And butter—faugh!—it is not only adulterated, but counterfeited. Fat cheese is made from skimmed milk mixed with lard and tallow so skillfully as to defy detection. I was at an exhibit of butter and cheese in the state of New York awhile ago where the first prize was awarded to a cheese which the makers, with pride—mind you, with pride—afterward affirmed to be a manufactured article.

"Do you know what gluten meal is? No? Well, you see the advertisement, but you don't see glucose. It is a product incident to the manufacture of glucose. Fine fruit flavors—what do you think they are largely made from? Ah! the chemist has wonderful resources. They are made to a great extent from rotten cheese, fusil oil, sulphuric acid, ether and other things quite as injurious to the delicate linings of the stomach. Many of the soda water syrups, confections and jellies are flavored with such stuff. Of course a few persons use genuine fruit flavors. The sourness of lemon syrup and lime juice strengthened with sulphuric acid. Candy is composed largely of glucose and flour. Mighty little pure sugar goes into it. Manufacturers claim the substitute which is made from corn is not objectionable. Candy is adulterated with various substances. Some terra alba is used, and the coloring matter is often highly objectionable.

"Tea is adulterated with willow, oak, birch, elm, and other leaves, and spent tea leaves; also, with poisonous colorings. Ground coffee sold in packages is often quite a counterfeit. Among the other coffee adulterations, besides the old stand-by, chicory, are dried liver, beans, peas, all kinds of grain, tan bark and sawdust. Spices are mixed largely with inert substances, and then injurious matter has to be added to give them fictitious strength.

"Thirty-two deadly poisons are known to be used in the adulteration of wines, and whisky is even treated worse. The popular lager beer is adulterated also to an alarming extent, for it is drank freely by so many under belief that it is healthful and can not be meddled with as are alcoholic beverages. Even drugs—the very drugs used for adulterations—are themselves adulterated—Paris green, for instance, being one.

"It is impossible to estimate the amount of poison people take into their systems daily.

Gods of the Heathen.

F. E. Hudson, in New York Mercury.

About six months since a ministerial friend of mine called my attention to God. I thought for a time the name sounded familiar, and when he asked me if I had not heard of the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, I remembered that I had. My brother Isaac had often given me considerable information about him at times when he was sitting around the house with a corn on his toe and had notning else to do. From the manner in which Ike connected his name with damns and such things I have been led to suppose Isaac's God was a miller. I never heard Abraham and Jacob say very much about their gods, as they belonged to church and never had much to do with them except on Sunday. I thought about the subject until I began to feel a friendly interest in it, and last week I read up on gods to an extent that seems to me to qualify me for a learned thesis or something on this subject.

I find that gods were quite common as far back as the days of Adam, from which I am led to infer that the Yankees are not entitled to the honor of inventing them. The Chinese have gods three or four thousand years old, and there is not a gray hair or a wrinkle in their heads. One would naturally think that a god three thousand years old would be pretty well worn and a little bit out of style, but the Chinese claim that warmed-over gods, originally made of fire clay, and freshly varnished are just as good as new. People who have always had a god of their own—a sort of private god laid away where it will always be handy in case of an emergency—say they would not be without one for four dollars. They maintain that a private god is much more attentive and punctual in attending to business than a public god, which is very much overworked in the busy seasons, particularly during political campaigns and the chilblain season.

There is considerable difference of opinion as to the merits of the various kinds of gods. These Chinese are peculiarly fond of a little two by seven wooden god that can be carried around in the overcoat pocket, where it can be reached in an instant in case of a flood or earthquake, the owner of such a god whips him out of his pocket like a self-cocking revolver, and sets it between himself and all danger. It is said that a fellow can find gods enough to start a Chinese heaven with, along some of the river banks in China. They have been washed ashore after their proprietors were drowned in a freshet. It must be very humiliating to a man to see his god floating around him and leaving him to drown, in spite of all his supplications. It must look as if a man had got hold of an ungrateful and selfish one-horse god that is careless and slovenly in looking after his business.

The Aztecs' or mound-builders' gods were plain clay. By making their heads hollow and attaching stems to their stomachs, they could be readily utilized as tobacco pipes, and those who have smoked them say they are just as good as any other plain, barnyard style of pipe. An Aztec god was never an ordinary kind of a fellow. He was not considered first-class unless he had seven fingers or toes, or a pretty good-sized tail, and he would not stand the climate unless he was well baked. There are ruins of several god-bakeries in various parts of Mexico and Central America.

The Persians, Greeks and Romans of the olden time would not fool with common gods. They made their deities in a brass foundry, and claimed that no god was genuine unless he would turn green under an acid test and bore the government stamp. I have a god myself. He was given me by a Japanese lecturer who came this way last fall; but he is evidently a very poor god. All I have ever been able to get him to do is to hold down papers on my desk.

Pasteur, the French scientist, has been urging experiments to ascertain if animals can live on absolutely pure food. He is inclined to the belief that the presence of the common microbes in the digestive organs is essential to their proper operation. If the truth of this theory shall be demonstrated, we may in the future see advertisements telling of virtues in foods on account of peculiar microbic elements.

Miss Cleveland has taken up the old Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, and is devoting much time to investigating it. It was at her invitation that Mr. Ignatius Donnelly visited Washington to expound his theory of it.

TWENTY DOLLARS.

"I must have one," said Cathie Hartford.

Cathie was sitting at the breakfast table.

"Must is for the Queen," said Mr. Hartford, reaching out for another muffin.

"Now, uncle, please!" implored Cathie.

"How many hats have you got already?" inexorable demanded Mr. Hartford.

"Nothing that is suitable for this occasion," responded Cathie. "Ladies dress so elegantly for Mrs. Harte-Willoughby's morning concerts. And Madam Persiana has the loveliest opera that she will let me have for twenty dollars—only half price, uncle, dear; because Miss Hyde, for whom it was made, has gone into mourning and decided not to take it!"

"Indeed," said Uncle Hartfort.

"Dear uncle, you'll give me twenty dollars!"

"I'll give you nothing of the sort," said Uncle Hartford, decidedly.

Cathie cried a little when her uncle had gone to his office.

"Mean old thing!" said she, apostrophizing the portrait of her grand-uncle, which hung stiff and simpering above the mantle. "With all your oceans of money to grudge me a poor twenty dollars for a dress hat! And Paul Atherton is to be there, and Rose St. Felix will have him all to herself—and—and—"

And a new gush of tears followed this dismal foreboding.

"Lend you twenty dollars, Mrs. Apsell? What do you want me to lend you twenty dollars for?"

Paul Atherton was looking very kindly down upon the pale, pinched little widow in her rusty crape and worn bombazine, and Mrs. Apsell took courage to reply:

"It's interest money that I owe on the mortgage my poor Herbert gave Mr. Hartford, the banker. And if it isn't paid promptly, I'm afraid he'll foreclose; and all the living I made for myself and the children is by keeping boarders in that little house. I have hoped all along to raise the money without troubling you, but my best boarders left me last month, and the rooms are vacant yet, and——"

Mr. Atherton put his hand into his pocket at once.

"No more apologies, I beg," said he. "If I can't spare a little money to Herbert Apsell's widow, I ought to be cashiered. Here's a twenty-dollar bill—I've rather been keeping it for good luck, on account of the Maltese cross drawn in red ink on it, but I can afford to transfer the balance of luck to your account, I think!"

And Mrs. Apsell went immediately—the tears of gratitude bedewing her poor, little eyes—to No.——Fifth avenue, where Cathie Hartford was yet bewailing her affliction.

"What is it Bruce," said Cathie to the pink-ribboned parlor maid.

Uncle Hartford would not consent to a man in plain livery, although Cathie had declared, over and over again, it was quite essential to their stand in society.

"Please, miss, it's a person as insists on seeing you, if Mr. Hartford isn't in. A person to pay some money, miss."

Cathie roused up at this and went out into the vestibule, where Mrs. Apsell was meekly waiting.

"It's twenty dollars, miss," said Mrs. Apsell, that I owe Mr. Hartman your father——"

"Uncle," corrected Cathie, rather stiffly.

"Uncle—begging your pardon—for interest on a mortgage on a house in Hooper street; and if you'll kindly give it to him—"

"O, certainly, certainly," said Cathie, and Mrs. Apsell went away.

"Now," cried our disconsolate young damsel, "I'll have that dress hat at Madam Persiana's or I'll know the reason why. Uncle won't know the money has been paid in, and next week, when my quarterly allowance comes in, I'll make it all straight."

Miss Cathie Hartford appeared at Mrs. Harte Willoughby's in a superb white velvet hat, trimmed with snowy ostrich tips and silver wheat, tipped with crystal dewdrops, and Mr. Atherton thought he had never seen so pretty and fascinating a little creature in all his life.

"I do believe," said Mr Atherton, "I'm falling in love with that little girl."

He went home to his hotel. Mrs. Apsell was sitting in the reception-room waiting to see him.

"Hello!" said Mr. Atherton.

"He's going to foreclose, sir," sobbed the widow. "Mr. Hartford is going to foreclose."

"But he can't foreclose if the interest is paid up to the time," remonstrated Atherton.

"I don't know how that it is, sir," whimpered Mrs. Apsell. I never did understand law matters, but——"

"Did you pay that twenty dollars?"

"I paid it into Miss Hartford's own hands, sir."

"I'll go and see about it myself," said Mr. Atherton. "Go home, Mrs. Apsell, I will take the conduct of this matter into my own charge."

Half an hour later Mr. Atherton presented himself at the office of Harpagon Hartford, in Liberty street.

"How's this about Widow Apsell's mortgage?" said he. "I hear you're about to foreclose."

"Don't pay her interest," curtly returned the banker.

"How much is due?"

"Twenty dollars."

Atherton paused a minute or two, and wrinkled his brows in deep thought.

"I'll settle it," said he; and he settled it accordingly, thinking within himself, "I'on soul!" I dare say she had forty ways at once for her money, and hoped to see her way clear!"

And then he went home, stopping en route at the cigar merchant's to pay a quarter's bill. The merchant gave him in change a twenty-dollar bill with a red Maltese cross sketched upon its face.

"The deuce!" cried Atherton. How came you by that lucky bill, Mr. Smokeybridge?"

Let—me—see," said Mr. Smokeybridge. "My wife took it in from one M. Achille Persiana."

"Can you give his address?"

"Oh, certainly. His wife is the fashionable milliner on——street."

And to M. Persina's our hero went resolved to see what Mrs. Apsell had done with the money he had given her in good faith.

M. Persiana was obliging enough in a flowery, French way. He had received the money from Aurelio, his wife. Madame summoned to the conclave, referred to her books and immediately informed them that she had taken the bill from Miss Catherine Hartford, on Thursday, February 8.

From Catherine Hartford! And Mrs. Apsell had solemnly declared that she had herself paid it into Miss Hartford's hands.

"I'll see this to the end," said Mr. Atherton, compressing his lips a little; and he called on Cathie Hartford.

"Excuse me if I ask what may seem some rather impertinent questions," said he.

"Ask what you please," said Cathie all smiles.

"You bought a dress hat last Tuesday?"

"Certainly," said wondering Cathie.

"You paid for it with a twenty-dollar bill?"

"Yes."

"With this bill?"

He held it up. Cathie colored scarlet.

"And you received this bill from Mrs. Apsell to be by you given to your uncle in part payment of a sum of interest due to him? I must beg for an answer."

Cathie began to cry.

"I—I meant no harm," said she. "My quarter's allowance is due next week and——"

"That will do," said Mr. Atherton. "A thousand pardons for annoying you."

And he went away, and Cathie Hartford never saw him more.

She had got her dress bonnet, but she had lost her lover.

Pounding of the Pugilist.

Saturday Review.

That there are great and grevious objections to it no one need dispute; but the objections are not by any means such as are popularly entertained by those persons who cry out most loudly against it. Nothing can for instance, be more absurd than to suppose that the physical pain or "torture" suffered by pugilists in the ring is materially greater than that endured by men who engage in other severe bodily competitions. When one man is pitted against another in any prolonged trial of strength and endurance, combined with skill, the evil which he fears, and which eventually makes him or his opponent succumb, is purely and simply the feeling of utter exhaustion by which he is procluded from continuing the struggle. Compared with this deadly sensation, which for the time prostrates all powers of the body, all minor pains and griefs sink into quite a subordinate place. Compared with it the spur and the whip feel like flee bites to a race horse, the blisters of the rowing man become an insignificant matter, and in like manner the hard knocks received by the fighting man are regarded with fear, not because of the mere pain they cause, but because of the fact that they take out of him so much of his remaining force. No one of course likes to be smitten on the nose or in the mouth. The sensation is unpleasant even to the most hardened pugilist; for the theory that familiarity breeds contempt is hardly more true of the fighter and his wounds that it is of the storied eels and their sufferings while undergoing the process of flaying. But to suppose that a pugilist strikes his flag, or more properly speaking, throws up his sponge, because he finds that his nose is becoming sore, or because he feels a pain in his ribs, is to mistake altogether the whole character of a contest of strength between two highly trained Englishmen. The "punishment" received in the ring differs in kind, but not in essence, from the punishment suffered by a running man, when after "doing all he knows" he feels his strength ebbing away, and falls back out of the race because nature refuses him the force necessary to retain the lead. The best judges as to the "inhumanity" of a fight, as far as the principals are concerned, must surely be the principals themselves; and not one of them will say that they see any more inhumanity in it than in a long distance race.

And He Kissed Her.

A fashionable society girl married a man who lived in a country town, and as she really loved her husband she wanted to do all she could to please him. One day she told him she was going to make some nice home-made cider for him, and when he came home she had about two bushels of little hard apples piled up in the kitchen.

"Why, Maude," he exclaimed when he saw them, "what have you got there?"

"Apples, darling," she replied with a smiling face.

"Where did you get them?"

"Bought them, of course, love."

"But what did you get such hard ones for?"

"Didn't you say you wanted me to make you some home-made cider?" she asked with the trace of a quiver in her voice.

"Yes, dear, but these are not good cider apples."

"Why—why" she hesitated—"you said you liked hard cider, and, of course, I had to have hard apples to make it with, didn't I?"

The husband kissed the wife and never said a word. Young husbands are not like old ones.