SUNDERED FRIENDS.

Oh! was it I, or was it you
That broke the subtle chain that
Between us two, between us two?
Oh! was it I, or was it you?

Not very strong the chain at best,
Not quite complete from span to span:
I never thought 'twould stand the test
Of settled commonplace, at best.

But oh! how sweet, how sweet you were
When things were at their first and best,
And we were friends without demur,
Shut out from all the sound and stir.

The little, pretty, wordly race!
Why couldn't we have stood the test—
The little test of commonplace—
And kept the glory and the grace

Of that sweet time when first we .
Oh! was it I, or was it you
That dropped the golden links and l
The little rift, and doubt, and fret

Creep in and break that subtle chain?
Oh! was it I, or was it you?
Still ever yet and yet again
Old parted friends will ask with pain.

The Independent.

NED'S EXPERIENCE.

Ned had not a great deal of cash when he was married, so he and his wife decided to board for six months Eva had been a useful girl at home, that always helped mother, and when she became mistress of one room with "the use of the parlor for callers," she gladly did all there was to do, even to carrying the wood for their fire "so that dear old Ned wouldn't have to bother; he just sat down and toasted his toes by the fire without ever a thought of who kept it going.

When the young people had saved a little money for the necessary furniture and went to housekeeping, Eva began by slipping about very carefully in the morning till breakfast was nearly ready, "so the dear boy could rest," and he snoozed away the morning hour, regardless of the heavy work that he should have been doing to save the girl that, such a little while ago, he had promised to "love, honor and cherish." But Ned loved his wife and his home, and after a while, when a little baby girl came to stay at their house, Ned's pride and pleasure knew no bounds.

Involuntarily he would quicken his steps as he neared the home and thought of the dainty little darling in ruffles and embroidery, that had already learned to coo and jump for joy at his appearance. Ned was duly proud of her accomplishments, but about this time he began to have misgivings least Eva should be growing a little careless of appearances, for he did dread above all things else the thought of her ever becoming one of the untidy, slovenly appearing women into which he had seen so many pretty girls deteriorate. One thing was certain baby did not look as nice as she used to, and Eva seemed to be losing some of her spirit. He must speak to her about it.

That night he found the opportunity he was waiting for when he came home and found baby at the front door with a smudgy face and dirty dress. He took her in his arms and carried her back to the kitchen, where Eva was getting supper.

How surprised she was to see the pretty little white dress that she had put on a few minutes before, when she set her in the hall to peep through the blinds and watch for papa, while she made the tea and cut the bread for supper. But baby had interviewed the hat rack in the meantime, and found one of the muddy rubbers that Ned had thrown on the lower part of it late last night when he came in. It wasn't real easy to find fault, but he managed to tell her how disappointed he had been lately to notice that baby was hardly ever as clean and nice now when he came home as she used to be, and if there was anything he did like to see it was a sweet, clean baby. Eva explained that lately she had been creeping, which made an awful difference, which Ned thought a very flimsy excuse, for the floors did not look dirty, and baby never went out of doors; how could that make her clothes dirty?

One week after this he had another one that was very different. He was on his way home from business, when a friend asked him to ride. He got in and rode but a block or two when the horse ran away, spraining Ned's ankle so severely that he had to be carried home by friends who ran to his assistance when he was thrown out. They got him to bed before the doctor got there, and when he came he advised him to stay where he was for a week. At the end of this probation he was able to sit in an easy chair, with his foot resting on another, and here he stayed for two weeks more. But the time was not wasted that Ned was thus obliged to spend in doors. It gave him the first glimpse he had ever had of his home as it was when off dress parade.

He had never seen Eva work much, because she had always had a desire to make his home quiet and restful for him while he was in it, so no matter how hard she had worked before he came, or how she should have to hurry when he was gone, she never did any work that she could possibly help when he was at home. A little bit of fancy work busied her fingers while she sat and talked with him, but nothing more matter-of-fact was ever permitted in sight. And Ned never realized how things got done. If they were not done he noticed the lack, but when everything ran smoothly, that was only as it should be, and he hardly gave it a thought. But now he saw things as they were. He realized that every fire that cooked his meals had to be made by his Eva's own hands; that the same hands must carry in the wood and carry the ashes out, bring the water from the cistern and take the slops to the inconvenient alley drain, and he was heartily ashamed of himself. One day as he saw her going about these disagreeable duties for perhaps the thousandth time, he said: 'Eva, why didn't you tell me to do that long ago, instead of doing it yourself all this time?"

"O, I could manage it very well before baby came, and after that, when I had so much more to do, although I often wished I had some one to do these things for me, I hated to ask you, and so kept on doing them myself."

"Well, you won't keep on after I can stand on my feet."

Nor was that all that Ned learned in that three weeks. He found out why the baby did not always look as clean and sweet as she had while a tiny thing in long dresses. And when he had seen Eva take off every stitch of clothes the baby had for the third time in one day and put them in the dirty clothes bag, with the knowledge that it was her own hands that would have them all to iron next week, he protested: "Now, Eva, I wouldn't dress that baby clean again to-day if every woman in town saw her as dirty as a pig. What's the use of killing yourself."

"But don't you know, Ned, how much you always thought of sweet, clean babies?"

"Yes; and I know what a precious fool I've always been about the very things a sensible man ought to be ashamed of himself, not to know without teaching. I only wish ninety-nine of every hundred husbands had to stay in the house three weeks just as I have done, and they'd be 'taught.' They'd get over thinking their wives had such a fine time, and so much leisure for doing everything they chance to find undone and grumble about, or I'm a fool for certain."—Burlington Hawkeye.

A Disgraceful Scene in the Georgia Legislature.

Special Dispatch to the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Atlanta, Ga.—A lively sensation was created in the House of Representatives when a joint resolution on General Grant's death was received from the Senate. The Senate resolution was brief, simply stating that the General Assembly heard with regret of the death of the great man, and would adjourn out of respect to his memory.

Mr. Lamar offered a substitute, speaking of his death as a National calamity, and moving an immediate adjournment.

Mr. Harrison, of Quitman County, in an excited manner, moved to amend by striking out the part referring to the General's illustrious service.

Mr. Lamar, who is a cousin of Secretary Lamar, and was a gallant Confederate soldier, said that he believed his resolution was expressive alike of the feelings of the House and the people of Georgia.

Mr. Jake Dart, of Glynn, one of the leaders of the House and an eloquent orator in an excited and very emphatic manner, walked from his seat down the aisle toward the Speaker's stand, and said: "Who could ask a smaller tribute than this? Thank God I have divested myself of prejudice. I have felt his strong arm, but I remember the terms he gave us—and they were terms that no conqueror but a magnanimous one would have given. I am as true in my fidelity to the State of Georgia as any member on this floor, but I do say, in God's name, as people and patriots, as American citizens, show respect to the office he held if not to his memory as a man."

Great excitement and applause followed this.

Mr Harrison arose, his long red whiskers and red hair redder than ever, his face at red heat, and his eyes flashing fire. He said: "I regret exceedingly this most unseemly scene, but when I am asked to compliment the memory of any man, alive or dead, upon whose service rested the last hopes of my native land, then may you charge me with whatever you please. It shall not have my support. It shall not be said that I complimented the services of a man who deprived Georgia of her rights as she believed them. Unseemly is this quarrel. Anxious to prevent it, have I been earnestly asking the originator of it to take a different step. Never here nor elsewhere will I, under any circumstances, attempt to say on any occasion that Georgia was wrong—that her sons were traitors—and compliment the author of her misery. I will not do it." [Great excitement and hisses.]

Other members spoke in favor of the resolution and severely attacked Harrison.

Dr. Felton arose in his seat and delivered a handsome tribute to Grant, and censured the effort to defeat the resolution. He closed by saying that if General Grant had never performed another duty or another act except his fidelity to Southern leaders, "I would to-day with all my heart, a Southern man that I am, indorse this resolution honoring his memory."

Harrison here said that, as it was the desire of the House to pass the resolution, he would withdraw his objection.

The resolution went through with applause, and the House adjourned.

Keeping Up With the Fashion.

Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's.

It is, of course, necessary to wear our hair and mount our scarf-pins and tie our cravats and set up our cut-throat collars and to walk in the foreign mode. But it is ridiculous to be so slow in our imitation. Fashion ought to have more alert scouts out in Europe and quicker methods of diffusing the new styles here. We are always behind time. Now, before we get universally and well settled in the Bond street walk, the English youth will be walking in an entirely different manner and we shall be as much out of fashion as a last year's almanac. How do we know now that it is the correct thing for a young man to stand with a thumb in each trousers' pocket? It may be as out of date as that old and independent American way of wearing the thumbs in the armholes of the vest. Very likely when we are adepts in the high-shouldered, crooked elbow, rushing gait, the Pall Mal clerks may be turning out their toes and sauntering along with a sort of bowie-knife nonchalance, caught from Texas ranch life. We need decorative young men's societies to keep us up to the mark.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

For the Eyes of the Cook.

To Can Corn.—Use glass cans. Cut the corn from the cob, press it into the cans (with a potato-masher) till the milk flows over. Put on the tops, screw down tight. Place them in a boiler with sticks on the bottom, pour in cold water enough to about two-thirds cover them. Boil five hours. When about-half cooked remove a can at a time, tighten the top and replace. This recipe is reprinted by request. We tried it last summer with perfect success. Not a can spoiled, and the quality of the corn was excellent.

Oatmeal Crackers.—Take a pint of coarse and fine oatmeal, rub a teaspoonful of butter into the fine, and mix both together. Wet with salted water and work into an excessively stiff dough. Make into little cakes with the hands, and pound out thin and bake very slowly for a long time. They are nice to eat with a cup of tea, and if they grow moist can be made crisp again by putting into the oven for a few minutes. Many persons prefer them hot, and always heat them before serving.

Cream Cake.—Beat the whites of three eggs to a froth, mix the yolks with one cupful of sugar, one cupful of twice sifted flour, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Mix very quickly and bake in two small sheets. When cold, split the cake and put the custard between the layers. Make a cream of two-and-a-half cups of new milk, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour and one egg. Cook like a boiled custard, flavor with vanilla, and set it away to cool before adding to the cake. Rub the top layer of the cake with the white of eggs and then sift on powdered sugar.

Lemon Pudding.—Take 2 large lemons and three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Grate the lemons and squeeze out the juice and mix together with the sugar. Line a pie-plate with pastry and spread over it some of the mixture, set it in the oven for a few moments or till it crusts over a little, then pour in the rest of the mixture and bake without an upper crust. For this recipe I am indebted to a subscriber, who has kindly sent it with some gratifying comments on various recipes published in this column before.

Recipe for Dressing for Cold Slaw.—Put three tablespoons of vinegar in a saucepan with a little sauce and pepper; beat two eggs very light and mix with a tablespoonful of sifted flour, a teaspoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of sugar and a half teaspoonful of ground mustard. Set the vinegar on the stove, and when it boils stir in the mixture, adding half a cup of milk. Cook for two minutes, stirring constantly. Pour the same over the shred cabbage and let it become cold before serving.

Few cooks appreciate as they should the necessity of draining and airing all canned vegetables. For canned peas (in tin), beans, tomatoes, or any other, always open them three hours before they are wanted. Drain off the liquor and throw it way. Turn out the vegetables to evaporate and air upon a flat dish. Stir them up so that the air may reach them all through. A little trouble, to be sure; but it makes this kind of food much wholesomer; it gets rid of any gasses that may have been formed in the can, as well as any of the corroded solder that may have dissolved out with the liquor.

How to Make Plants Grow.

Success in house plant culture consists in keeping the soil moist, not wet, except in the case of the calla; in seeing that the leave are kept clean, which can be easily done by a weekly showering with a syringe or water-pot with a fine rose nozzle; in keeping down spiders and the aphis—water, above and below the leaves, in liberal quantities, applied with a syringe being the remedy for the former, and tobacco smoke or infusion for the latter; and in so regulating the temperature that it does not exceed 85 deg. or fall below 45 deg. Keep between these extremes, as evenly as possible, if you would have it suited to your plants. It is a good plan to cover them before sweeping, after that remove the covering, and sprinkle them daily. Keep a vessel of water on the stove to evaporate and put moss between the pots, if you can, to absorb water which it will give off in sufficient quantities to keep the air perceptibly moist about the plants. Don't have curtains at the windows where you keep plants, unless you can put them aside during the day time. Attention to these details, and a careful study of your plants will soon enable you to grow them well. The more study you give the matter, the more intelligently you can do your work.—Our Country Home.

Working for Comb Honey.

A very great part of success in securing comb honey depends on the condition of the brood chamber at the commencement of the honey harvest. If there be a surplus of room in the lower part of the hive, and the bees commence storing honey there, it is hard to force them in a new direction. The brood chamber proper should be kept full of brood, regardless of the number of frames it may contain. This of course can only be done by the use of division boards, and should be commenced early in the season, by removing all extra frames of comb which the bees cannot readily cover. No extra rooms should be given, until the queen has filled the frames quite full, when another frame may be added, inserting it in the center of the cluster, thus inciting the queen and bees to extra exertion of the cluster. This may be repeated from time to time until the full complement of frame be given back. By the time this is accomplished the honey harvest will have arrived, but before putting on the sections extra precaution should be taken to secure this condition of things as long as possible. To do this the several frames from the outside of the cluster should be moved to the center and those which contain the youngest larvæ or eggs moved to the outside. This will prevent the bees from storing honey in the outside frames until the brood will have hatched, by which time the greater part of the honey harvest will have passed. If at the time this change is being made some of the outside frames already contain considerable honey the capping and comb should be mutilated so as to start the honey, when the bees will gather it up and with no space below they are induced to carry it up stairs and pack it away where we want it most in the sections. With weak colonies which have not been able to fill their hives we should double up two in one, or even put on the sections as it was rather than give more room below. Bees gather but little honey until they are ten days old, which will require thirty-one days from the egg. So eggs laid after the middle of June are of but little worth as honey gatherers.—Indiana Farmer.

A Phenomenal Brother.

I suppose it is something of a phenomenon, but I know a man who takes his sister to all the first nights at the theatre, and who actually gave her a monopoly of the opera season. I was praising him and saying all sorts of things complimentary over his dutiful conduct. He said:

"No. There's nothing wonderful or extraordinary about it. She is the only woman I know in whom I have the most thorough confidence. She is always the same, always pleasant and affectionate, and to tell you the candid truth, I am afraid she'll go and marry some of those imitation men around here and be unhappy all her life. She has nobody else to look to and I'll take care she does not have to look to anybody else. I suppose some day a genuine man will come along. If he's a genuine man I won't object. Until he does come, old boy, she's good enough for me, and if I ever find as good a girl I'll marry her."

Don't Scold

For the sake of your children, don't do it. It is a great misfortune to have children reared in the presence and under the influence of a scold. The effect of the everlasting complaining and fault-finding of such persons is to make the young who hear it unamiable, malicious, callous-hearted, and they often learn to take pleasure in doing the very thing for which they receive such tongue-lashings. As they are always getting the blame of wrong doing, whether they do it or not, they think they might as well do wrong as right. They lose all ambition to strive for the favorable opinion of the fault-finder, since they see they always strive in vain. Thus a scold is not only a nuisance, but a destroyer of the morals of children. If these unloved, dreaded people could only see themselves as others see them they would flee to the mountains in very shame.

Shrunken Grain.

Boston Cultivator.—A larger proportion than usual of wheat grown this year has a shrunken berry which detracts largely from its flouring value. This shrivelled grain has a proportionally heavier hull, and more of the gluten with less starch in its composition. Much of the extra hard wheat grown in the Northwest has so shrunken a berry that an Eastern farmer would be ashamed to offer it in the market. It has, however, sold higher than the softer, starchy wheats, and is preferred by millers for making the best new process flour, though it will not make so many pounds per bushel. It seems now that most of our Eastern wheats have a shrunken berry, which looks very like the Northwestern Spring wheats. Let us see whether millers and other buyers will stand by their decisions of two or three years ago, that these shrunken grains made the best flour.

How to Preserve the Eyesight.

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never begin to read, write, or sew for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight or moonlight, or on dark, cloudy days.

When reading it is best to let the light fall from above obliquely over the left shoulder.

Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires and effort to discriminate.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub your eyes, that moment stop using them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not forcible open them, but apply saliva with the finger. It is the speediest dilutant in the world; then wash your eyes and face in warm water.

To Get Rid of Weeds.

There is but one way to get rid of weeds, and that is to destroy them whenever they are seen. It is not a hopeless job, and no one should be discouraged. Just at this time the most effective method is to prevent weeds from seeding. Most weeds are killed better in this way than any other, as it is easier to prevent an evil than to cure it afterward. To gather the weeds before the seeds are ripe, or if this is neglected to get them before the seeds are shed and to burn them, should not be neglected. During the summer season the cultivator and the hoe should be kept busy destroying all the young weeds, and perseverance in both these methods will soon clear the ground so that the work will be quite easy in the future. The key to success is to keep the weeds from seeding. If this is neglected, it is vain to complain of failure.

What Shelter Does for Swine.

From Our Country Home.

It is a fact that a farmer will frequently spend money to provide a useless dog with comfortable quarters and at the same time permit his pigs, that any day represent a considerable sum of money, to suffer night and day from extremes of heat and cold, and thereby fail to return him so much as 10 cents per bushel for the food they consume. Of course this is a ridiculous piece of folly, and the man who commits it may be an excellent dog-raiser, but scarcely a judicious manager of swine kept for money-making. Lumber used in making the swine stock comfortable is a good investment. The construction of pig-pens is a matter which should have more thought and care than is usually given it, particularly if you want healthy, thrifty and vigorous pigs at all seasons of the year. Sanitary appointment are as important in this case as in the construction of a building. Pigs are more liable to disease from poorly ventilated, damp, muddy pens than any other farm animal in similar quarters.

When you have decided of what capacity you want your pig house to be, plan it with a view to having everything about it convenient for yourself or the man who has charge of your pigs. Build a good, substantial house, one that will not need constant repair, but that will last for some years. Having planned the house, select a site for it. Have it near the barn or the place where you prepare the food for the pigs. It should be on high ground and where you can have a yard or run on the south side of it, and in which a few trees and running water are a great advantage.

Poultry vs. Quadrupeds.

A contemporary in an article on comparative stock-raising says a pound of poultry flesh is as cheaply produced as a pound of pork. This is simply nonsense, as every practical man knows. Yet the proposition that the rearing of poultry in connection with the production of eggs, where it is carefully carried out, is more profitable than that of other live stock is fully borne out by the fact that in Europe poultry and eggs are relatively cheaper than other meat in comparison with the United States. The principal reason is, poultry-raising is most profitably developed on small farms, and the product is sold directly in many cases, by the producer to the consumer. In cities it passes through the hands of one or, at the most, two intermediaries. Hence the price of poultry to the consumer is little more than that of good cuts of beef. Yet the producer receives nearly double per pound that of first-class beef on the hoof. In fact, more than double the price when both products are first-class.

These questions are worthy of careful consideration by the owners of limited acres. Transportation facilities are now so perfect that persons living considerable distances from commercial circles are comparatively equal in respect to profits. Poultry require warm, clean quarters in winter and plenty of range in summer. Their habits are especially active, and hence their waste is great, but they may live largely on insects in summer. There is nothing gained in winter by stinting them in animal food, and nothing gained in summer by stinting them in grain. No successful feeder of cattle, sheep, and hogs ever works on the starvation plan. Why should poultry-raisers? Early broods should be saved for early fall and winter laying, and late broods for laying late in the season, when strictly fresh eggs always command the best prices.

GODDESS OF THE DOME.

How She Courtesies to the Rising Sun and Salutes as He Sinks to Rest.

I heard some curious facts about the dome of the capital. It is said that there was a statue in ancient Egypt called Memnon which whispered sweet words of melody to the sun as he appeared above the horizon, and sang him to sleep every night with weird lullabies. The grand, haughty Goddess of Liberty on top of the dome has a heart of bronze, but a good heart for all that, and one filled with true old Virginia courtesy. She has not picked up enough courage to attempt to do the prima donna act, but every morning the good dame courtesies to the sun, and when he sinks in the west she again courtesies, but without turning around. Some time since Architect Clark suspended a plummet line from the interior of the dome, and it was found by actual measurement that the lead swung over a space of 41-2 inches, making a total dip out of the perpendicular of 8 1-2 inches. This is caused by the alternate contraction and expansion of the iron.

A coat of white paint is given every few years to the dome at a cost of $600. The painters who do the work resemble nothing so much as tiny flies, and the rope ladders, stretching down from the top in every direction like hair lines, remind one of delicate streaks of molasses, which the flies are working for all they are worth. To reach the bottom of the dome it is necessary to lie prostrate, and climb down these ladders, a proceeding which is not of itself difficult, but becomes so when he who descends has a dizzy head or an unsteady nerve.

The new terrace of white marble, which is replacing the old earth embankment, will relieve the capitol of its "squatty" appearance, and give it more height, adding 120 feet to the length and 60 feet to the width. This is to be fitted up for committee rooms and store rooms. The capitol will then cover five acres of ground and will cost about $15,000,000. One will have to walk half a mile to go around it.—Washington Letter.

Bravery.

Let child or woman fall overboard and a dozen men are ready to spring after and save them. That is bravery, but it is bravery born in impulse. Let human face appear at the window of a burning building and a dozen men will risk their lives in the effort to extend help. That is bravery, but it is bravery, born of pity and excitement. Let man but hear the cry of woman in peril, and he will rush to her rescue and deliver her at any cost. That is bravery, but it is the bravery of honor and chivalry. Let man be surrounded by wolves and all escape cut off and he will fight until pulled down. That is bravery, but it is the bravery of despair.

It is the battlefield which tests a man's courage. A regiment is in line on the edge of a wood. Half a mile away is another wood. Between the two is a meadow bare of the slightest shelter. The regiment is ordered to advance. As the line moves out into the clear sunlight every man will reason to himself:

"The enemy is posted in the opposite timber. Before we are half way over he will open on us with shell. One battery will cover our regimental front. This is my last day!"

So each man reasons, but every face is sternly set to a "front," and not a foot misses step as the line pushes across the meadow. The shells come, and dozens of men are blown to gory fragments, but the line moves on as before, and the living reason:

"The fire will presently change from shell to grape and canister, and then I shall certainly be hit!"

The prediction is verified. Gaps are opened through the double line, but only to be closed again. The regiment has lost its marching step, and its lines are no longer perfect, but the movement is still onward, and men reason:

"The infantry are in support of the battery. I have escaped shell and grape, but when we come under the fire of musketry we shall be slaughtered!"

There is no hanging back, no obliquing to right or left, no other thought than to push ahead. The grape ceases, and lead takes the place of iron. The lines are further disordered, and the left wing has lost its "front" by thirty feet, but the wave does not stop. As it rolls forward men grip their muskets tighter, their eyes flash, their teeth shut hard, and they reason:

"In a minute more we shall be near enough! Then we will charge 'em with the bayonet! Then will be a hand-to-hand fight, and I surely must be killed or wounded, but let us at them—hurrah! hurrah!"

Blind Hate.

When the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was being laid across the Blue Ridge, a frightful battle occurred between two large gangs of Irish laborers. Several men were killed, and many others were wounded. When some of the surviving ringleaders were brought into court, the first witness was asked,—

"What was the cause of the difficulty?"

"An' it plaze yer honor, an' there was none. We just met, an' saw, as we wor Corkonians an' they wor Fardowners, an' at it we went widout a wurred."

"How long have the Corkonians and Fardowners been at war?"

"Some hundred of years, yer honor."

"What was the first cause of disagreement?"

"De'il a man alive ever knew that, yer honor."

The venerable judge rose to his feet. "Do you mean to say that you have been murdering each other for centuries, and do not know the reason why?"

"Jes' so, yer honor," came with readiness from both clans.

Blind, causeless hate is more often a motive with men than they suppose. There are certain families in the west and south at war with each other, and the members of each family pursue those of each other with such relentless fury that every man in each for generations has, to use the expressive phrase common in such cases, "died in his boots." The original cause of these feuds was probably a quarrel at a dance, an unfair trade in mules, a display at whist—a hundred years ago. For this long-forgotten trifle one young beautiful life after another has been sacrificed, by brutal murder, and the condition of two families is reduced to utter ruin. —Youth's Companion.

She Caught Him.

A certain lady suspected that her husband was in the habit of kissing the cook—a pretty German girl, by the by—and resolved to detect him in the act. After watching four evenings she heard him come in one evening and gently pass through into the kitchen. Now, Katie was out that evening and the kitchen was dark. Burning with jealousy, the wife took some matches in hand, and placing her shawl over her head, as Katie often did, she entered the kitchen by the back door, and was almost immediately seized and embraced and kissed in the most ardent manner. With her heart almost bursting with rage and jealousy, the injured wife prepared to administer a terrible rebuke to her faithless spouse. Tearing herself loose from his embrace, she struck a match and stood face to face with Katie's beau, one of the factory boys. Her husband says his wife has never treated him so well since the month they were married as she has for the past week.—Houston Age.

Ex-Senator Chaffee says that after the exposition of Ward, Grant "would sit for hours in his arm chair clutching nervously with his hands the arm rests, driving his finger nails in the hard wood."