It was after the battle of Fredericksburg: The ground was strewn with the fallen toe. They lay in ranks on the side of the hill With their front to us; and a boy could

throw A stone to the nearest rank, so close Had they pushed their way to the frowning

Of our rifle pits in the last mad charge, When they struck our lines like an angry And fought up under the very guns

Till the bine line wavered, and turned' and b one, And the stragglers suddenly disappeared

Behind the mantle of pitying smoke. There was one tall man in the nearestrank, So tall he had towered above the rest As we watched him bearing the tattered

He lay with a rifle ball through his breast. We thought him dead but he furned at last, And raised himself on his elbow there, And looked down over the bloody field, Then back at us in a flerce despair. We saw him famble beneath his coat, And feebly draw with a shaking hand A little package of letters stained With use and tied with a faded band.

He spread them out and he picked up one, The smallest letter of all the store. We knew that his even were filled with tears That blotted the tiny packet o'er. He tried to read, but his head dropped low On his breast, and his hand fell nervelessly But the stiffening fingers still kept their On the words that his eyes no longer could

A nurmur ran through the rifle pits; We had watched him there from our shelter-

ed stand; We fell to wondering whose hand had The letter he held in his big brown hand.

"His wife!" said one: "No, his sweetheart, boys!" Said another. "His mother!" said one Was fresh and fair as a girl's; he dropped His gun and clambered from out the place.

He ran to the dead man's side and raised The hand and there in a childish scrawl Was written, "I love you, papa dear." The hand had closed o'er the rest, and all That had cheered his soul in that lonely

Was the simple note of a little child. And yet, it had sweetened the hour of death. For it seemed to me that the dead man smiled.

HERRIERT W. COLLINGWOOD.

### MATTIE'S MISTAKE.

BY MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. From the Youth's Companion.

The incidents in the story I amgoing to tell you took place more than thirty years ago. Most of the people mentioned are dead, or will have forgotten the events that I shall narrate, so that I am not violating confidence benefit of the young people of another generation. Of course I shall not give their real names.

Mattie Read had always lived in a small village in Vermont. Herfather, when she was a shild "kept" a country store, but after a few years, not succeeding in this, he sold out his business and withdrew, with his small capion the hillside, which was comfortable if not picturesque, and became what he had been in his younger days-a farmer.

Mattie went first to the district school, and afterwards, for a few terms, to the academy in Millville. She here "took lessons" in music, and her father bought her a melodeon, and endeavored, in such measure as his narrow income allowed, to make home attractive to her. Her garden was gay with marigolds and balsams and sweet peas and old-fashioned pinks, and to one who was unambitious and contented, it possessed a homely charm and beauty that were very at-

But Mattie did not see or feel this. She thought her life was dull, and longed to get beyond the green hills about her, and to see "the world." This meant to her nice dresses, the whom we will call "the coming man." Oh, if she could get away from all this daily routine of housework, this constant helping mother, which had to be done day after day! She hated to sweep and dust, and feed chickens, and make pies and fry doughnuts, and help with the butter and cheese, and put up luncheons for the men who worked on the farm. And all these things, which might have been pleasant occupations, became drudgery to her unwilling spirit.

But at last Mattie's restless and dissatisfied yearnings had their opportunity for being gratified. She received a most welcome invitation from one of her school friends, whose father had removed to Massachusetts, to "make her a good long visit." What a joy! And Cambridge too, with the possibili ty of "going into Boston every day!" No wonder that she was greatly uplifted at the prospect.

Now came the dressmaking and all the busy whirl of preparation. Her Aunt Melissa came bravely to the front, in spite of all her other engagements in that line, and the new plaided silk was bought and made, with all the "shirrings" and flouncing set forth in the last number of Godey's Lady's Book. The bonnet must be right, for was it not Mrs. Hill's "pattern hat"? And the new black silk "visite," with its pinked ruffle, was it not splendid? As she started off, under the escort of her father's successor, who was going to that mysterous region called by country folks "down below," to buy goods, she was a proud and happy

At Cambridge, her country home became, for the first time in her life, a the exalted speech of the heroines of to take her over. Father was using finishing it.

veloped her home in new beauties.

"A nut-shell was a glided barge, A shelling seemed a palace large, and she drew such a picture of her country "residence" that she almost

believed in it herself, Tom Sherwood was her hero of the nour. He had always lived in Boston. but thought he should delight in the country, and she told him of her ancestral home and broad acres, and really worked herself up to a little enthusiasm on the natural beauty of her native place.

Every day brought new pleasures There were drives and picnics and "spreads," and all the bewildering delights of a young girl in a college town. There were visits to Boston, that wonderful center of everything attractive to the New England mind! there was the Museum; there were the shops, with everything to tempt the eye, and the concerts to charm the ear. Oh, it was just lovely!" as she said; and Mattie had never dreamed of such a good time in her lite. But the visit came to an end at last, and Mattie returned home, with a sad consciousness that the bright vision was over, and the old life was to begin again just where

it left off. Tom Sherwood had a slight tenderness toward the little country girl who had given him such obvious admiration, and when she told him that she would like to show him her country home, he felt that he should be quite willing to accept the invitation, though I may add here that this is not a love story, and there was no ove in the case.

But after all Mattie did not begin at home just where she left off. We never do this; and the Mattie who went back was not just the same Mattie who went away. Her mother feared that she would be more discontented than ever, and less suited to the homely details of everyday Whether this was so or not. her horizon had widened, she had more things to think about. Contentment does not really depend so much upon the circumstances in which we are placed, as upon what we are in our own selves; and Mattie had the new pleasure of living over the visit in her imagination, and in recounting her triumphs to her

She talked very fast of what she had seen and heard, and what "I said," and "he said;" and the name of Tom Sherwood, who was not a lover at all perame quite prominent in her list of admirers. It was always a pleasure to Mattie to talk about herself, and her companions often said of her that her talk had a great many large I's in

But one day a dreadful surprise or friendship in giving them for the came upon her. Her father came brought of the young more of another driving up the hill, with a letter for Mattie, -a manly but unknown chirography.

For me! Oh, what? Who can it be from?" (Mattie's grammar was not always quite correct) and a quick glance at the foot of the brief page revealed the name of Tom Sherwood.

This was the letter: "WAVERLEY, Aug. 15 18-. "DEAR MISS READ,-I have come up to ness and withdrew, with his small capitals these delightful green hills to visit my coustal, to his father's old brown house in Miss Maria Smith. I find that I am you so often described to me and as I find that Maria knows you well, and quite intimately acquainted with the Sava family in your village, and wishes much to see them. I have persuaded her to go to-morrow with me to Stirling, when I shall give myself the pleasure of accepting your kind invitation to call upon you at your home. As I have come to this decis-ion suddenly, and expect to return to Cambridge on Monday, I cannot wait for a re-ply to my note, but trust I may be so forunatens to find you at home, and happy

"Very sincerely yours,

"Thos. E. Sherwood." Poor Mattie! What should she do? How could she let him see the old farmhouse, with its rag carpets and yellow-painted floors and braided rugs; and granpa and Aunt Melissa, and all the rest of it; and especially the unkempt, untidy, utterly unpresentable maid-of-all-work, who was as she thought, almost an idiot, yet who must be considered "as good as the rest," and cat with the family at the table, and Hiram, the hired man, coming in from his work in his shirtsleeves, and dripping with prespiraadmiration of others, and the devoted tion? He must have a seat at the attention of a mythical personage table, too! Oh no, the could not; she would not; she should die with morti-

In this dilemma she thought of Mrs. Silva, the mother of one of her young friends, a woman of raregraciousness, in whom the maternal instinct was so strong that she seemed like everybody's mother, and resolved to confide in her. She could not bring herself to confess to her own mother that she was ashamed of her and her

To this kind and wise friend she went, disclosing her affliction, and begged that she might call herself a boarder for the time in her house, and receive

the visit there. "Your house is so sweet and nice and cool, and you and the girls know how to do everything, and make everything so pretty! If my home was like this, and my mother just like you. I would never feel a bit ashamed of it.

But this proposal was kindly but firmly negatived. Mrs. Silva's upright soul could not stoop to dissimulation. "No, my dear, I cannot allow you to do that. If your youngfriend does not care enough for you to bear seeing you in your real home, and with your own family, his is not the friendship

which you wish to retain." Here Mastie burst into sobs of uncontrollable emotion, and the sad re-

"What shall I do?" burst ever and anon from her quivering lips. "Oh, dear, I wish I had never seen anybody outside of this town! I wish I had wever been born here-or any where

At last the brilliant idea struck her that she might forestall the visit by going over to Waverley, and meet him there quite by accident, and pretend to be very much surprised, and never valuable possession, for she could to have received his letter. Yes, that talk about it. She was quick to catch | would do nicely; but she had nobody | the congregation to excuse him from

her stories, and her imagination en the horse, and he never women spare veloped her home in new beauties. Hiram to drive—and—and—here her sobs and tears began afresh.

Her distress, which was real, and by this time communicated to the whole family, so wrought upon the sympathies of a young lawyer, a prospective son-in-law of Mrs. Silva's, that he flrally offered at great inconvenience to simself, to drive her over to Waverey early in the morning. She dried arr eyes, went home and slept.

The next morning they started for Waverley at an early bour, taking a ross-cut over the hills in order to each their destination in season to prevent their friends from starting; and after their departure, as it seemed o be a broken day at the farmhouse, the family thought it a good time to go off on a blackberrying excursion. eaving only the elmoxious Sally at nome to clear up after the Saturday's onking, "right up" the house get dire ner for the hired man, feed the chickus, and look out for tramps.

But mas for Mattie's schemes! Tom Sherwood and Maria Smith cok an early start too, "in the cool of the day." but not being in any pecial haste they went by the usual oute, arriving at Mr. Read's soon after the family departed, and before Sally's righting up of the house had airly begun. Sally saw the horse turning up towards the house, and was delighted with the prospect of having her lonliness cheered by comcompany. She rushed to the door to meet them before they alighted from the chaise, and greeted them with great cordiality. She was barefooted, and had on a very dirty and ragged dress, and her red hair was scratched up under a head-covering known in those days as a log-cabin sunbonnet. In this plight she was even less than

usually prepossessing. "Is Miss Mattie at home?" "Oh, dear, no! I'm awful sorry, but she heard there was some dreadful grand folks over to Waverly, and they were coming here to see her; and she said she wouldn't have 'em come here tor all the world, 'cause the house looks so oad; and she made Square Converse ake her over across Pomfret hills to nead 'em. I don't see why she didn't want em to come, but she said she wouldn't have 'em nohow, but she'll se awful sorry to miss o' scein' you. But Sally was hospitable, if she was not clean, and insisted that they

hould "come right in. "O Tom!" said Maria: "don't let us top; we will drive right down to the illage. I want to see Mrs. Silva, and I know she will be glad to see us.'

But this was too funny an episode for Tom to give up. He would go in, and sit down and look at the premses. Saily came in and sat down too, and did her best to entertain the company, but when by way of making herself agreeable, she ad-dressed him with the inquiry,—

"Tom, are you going to the sareus?" he nearly went into fits over it, and almost gave her an invitation to next

week's circus on the spot. At last Maria, who was too kind to enjoy this dreadful mortification to her friend, succeeded in getting him started for the village, and was glad to introduce him to the family of her dear Mrs. Silva, where they were so cordially and kindly received that it was not difficult to persuade them to

Maria was glad to have this city ousin see this charming specimen of farmer's home in Vermont. Every thing was so clean and appropriate and well-cared-for, within and without. The garden, with its rows of vegetables and ripening fruit, the barn, the bechives, the cows coming up from the pasture, the sheep crowding eagery about the farmer for their salt, the iens and chickens, and even the pigs, were interesting to the city boy, and he asked so many intelligent questions, and expressed so much admiration of the horses and colts, and evinced such hearty appreciation of the bread and butter and everything else, that the family were delighted with him, and gave him a cordial invitation to come

and see them again "in sugaring time: Just before ten, the other pair of excursionists drove up to the door, Mattie had lingered in Waverly until she was sure that Tom and Maria must have started for home, and then came back after a wearisome and unsuccessful day. Her embarrassment was extreme at meeting these friends, sut, luckily for her peace of mind, she did not then know what had happened it the farmhouse, or the extent of her misfortunes. She did feel, however, that she had made an utter failure of her well-laid scheme, and could not help seeing that her friends regarded her with a kind of contemptuous pity, rather than with admiration. However, she tried to forget her troubles, and join in the general conversation at the tea-table, but she thought that Tom had not improved since she saw him, that she did not think it was ery polite to burst out laughing at the table when there was nothing to laugh at.

Poor Tom had really such a sense of the ludicrous that he really could not help it, though he did try faithfully and was more shocked at himself than

he was at him. We do not know what account Sally gave of her visitors, but we may be sure that Mattie heard enough to give her a good lesson for all the rest of her life. Whether she learned it or not, history does not say, but we may take it for ourselves, remembering what the Irishman said, "The wickedness of the wa-r-r-ld is nighty improvin', if ye'll only take war-r-raing

Had Mattie had an eye to the real worth of her country ho me, and sought to have made it the ideal one she had represented it to be. Tom doubtles would have admired her spirit, certainly he would have respected it.

While the Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, was preaching one Sunday night on the subject "Is Life Worth Living?" his voice gradually failed, and when he had reached the middle of his sermon he was obliged to ask

#### A NOVELTY IN BALLOOMS.

Its Construction and the Principles Upon Which It Depends.

When the members of the Military Service institution entered the museum building on Governor's island Thursday, says The New York Times, they found two wires stretched across the museum hall in front of the stage. Resting on them, near the south window, was an elliptical object about thirty inches long, covered with black material, and with projecting points in front and behind. Small wheels attached to a framework kept it upon the wires. Its resemblance to a crushed umbrelta on a play truck was striking. A blackboard on the platform displayed several designs, one of them a very flattering outline of the umbrella-like contrivance. The drawing was intended to illustrate the principles of a dirigible balloon, or a balloon that can be directed without any connection with the earth. The design on wheels was a model of a dirigible balloon not wholly independent of the earth, and operated along wires by electric power. When the party had assembled, Gen. Russell Thaver, of Philadelphia, stepped upon the platform and began to explain the workings of these balloons in a paper entitled "Dirigible Balloons for War Purposes." Gen. Thaver said that little real

progress had been made in balloons for one hundred years until, in November last, Capt. Renard ascended from Mendon, France, sailed in the air in a nine-mile breeze for threequarters of an hour, and landed safely where he had started. The balloon had been scientifically constructed, and it turned out to be what it had been in theory. Gen. Thayer has applied Renard's principles and devices of his own to the balloon; that he explained yesterday. "The motor which I have devised," he said, "consists essentially of a high speed air compressor, coupled directly to a specially designed carbonic-acid gas engine and a reservoir, into which the compressed air is forced until the required pressure per square inch is obtained. The rear end of this reservoir is so arranged that at given intervals the confined energy is suddenly released, thus producing a powerful motive thrust forward. The amount of power thus rendered available is dependent upon the discharge. By the use of the carbonic gas engine we have no coal or water, and we avoid all danger from fire. Another form of motor consists of a powerful blower drawing in air from forward, effecting the continuous discharge of a large volume through a nozzle pointing sternward, by this means developing a powerful continuous force acting forward. If a hollow, truncated cone can be placed over the nozzle and the air discharged through it, outside air is drawn in through the annular openng, and, mixing with the jet, has velocity imparted to it. In experiments made with water and using five cones it was found that the forward thrust of the motor was increased at once 50

"The dirigible balloon consists of two portions. The buoyant part, which correspond to the hull of a water ship, is made of superposed tis. sues of strong silk and rubber, and the shape is that cf a circular spindle, in which the long horizontal axis is 33, the length of the diameter amidships. This structure is tilled with hydrogen gas, and is perfectly rigid. No yielding can take place in this as in the ordinary form of balloon, and broad bands should preferably be used to netting to support the deck. The deck of the ship upon which the machinery is placed is below the buoyant part of the structure, and is firmly supported and braced. Opposite the center of the ship is a lower deck, completely inclosed and separated from the rest of the structure. From the motor a pipe leads all or part of the energy ut lized in the production of motion to the stern of the ship, and is there terminated by a nozzle fitted on a ball and socket joint. This arrangement permits the nozzle to be moved in any direction at pleasure, and by a movement of the nozzle from the wheel the ship may be steered in any direction, thus avoiding the necessity for a rudder.

per cent.

Gen. Thayer's assistant touched the battery and ran the model across the hall on wires. Gen. Thayer said he would have brought the model of the independent balloon from Philadelphia only it was thirty feet long and ten feet in diameter, and might make trouble in a small room. He quoted figures to show that the independent balloon encountered a proportionately decreased reistance as it increased in size, and that theorists therefore thought an ideal balloon should be three thousand feet long. The size approved by the ordinary board for test was 337 feet long and 100 feet in diameter. It could carry fifty-five tons, or a good a ze locomotive. Such a balloon could lay a large city or a fleet under tribute by dropping dynamite bombs down from the sky. The electric balloon, constructed on the same plan, ought to be ballasted so as to keep it on the wires. Telegraph wires would be strong enough to carry such a balloon, but cables would be better, because they could convey more electricity. The wires could be run on supports stout enough only to Africa.

hold the wires. Such balloons could be propelled seventy miles an hour against forty as a present maximum in calm weather for the independent balloons. They would be useful in carrying men and supplies for the rear of an army to the front at short notice. Gen. Thayer says he has proved by experiment that his designs

#### Liability of Auctioneers.

The following statement of the law as to the liability of anctioneers upon sales made by them without disclosing the names of their principals was made by Judge Robinson, of the Maryland Court of Appeals: "We take the law to be well settled

that one selling property as an agent without disclosing the name of the principal binds himself personally. In such cases the purchaser has the right to rely upon the responsibility of the agent by whom the sale is made, and s not obliged to rely upon the responsibility of an unknown and perhaps irresponsible principal. The same rule applies to sales made by auctioneers. Whether the doctrine of implied warranty of title attaches to a sale made by an auctioneer, for the breach of which he would be liable for unliquidated damages, is a question not necessary to be decided in this case. Be this as it may, as it is clear, we think, both on reason and authority, that if a sale is made by an auctioneer without disclosing the name of the owner, and the property is afterward claimed by a superior title, the purchaser may, in an action of money had and received. recover the purchase money of the auctioneer. There is in such a case an entire failure of consideration, and the sale having been made by the auctioneer, the only person known as vendor, it is but just and right that he should be answerable to the purchaser. There is certainly no hardship in this rule of law, because the auctioneer knows the person on account of whom the goods are sold, and has it in his power to protect himself against loss. Any other rule would not only be a fraud on the purchaser, but destruct-

ve of all confidence in auction sales. "So far back as Hanson vs. Roberdean, Peake's N. P. C., 120, Lord Kenyou said. That though where an aneneer names his principal, it is not proper that he should be liable to an action, yet it is a very different case when the auctioneer sells the commodity without saying on whose behalf he sells it; in such a case the purchaser is entitled to look to him personally for the completion of the contract.

"We have not been able to find a single case in conflict with the rule thus laid down. On the contrary, it cisions, both in England and in this country: Jones vs. Littledale, 6 Adolph 431; Frank vs. Lamond, 4 C. B. 637. is laid down in the broadest term. In from the nature of public sales it is ry on Agency, Sec. 267.

"In Babington on Auctions, Law Lib. Vol. 9, Sec. 185, the rule is thus laid down: 'Where an auctioneer does not disclose the name of his principal at the time of his saie he is personally liable to an action for damages for no completing the contract.' '

# Carl Pretzel's Philosophy.

ful oyster. Make oben your mouth saved any of his men, environed as he when you did want to said someting, und oxclaim it, when you hafe consult- ed by victory and eager for revenge, ed vourself.

You vil been a trinket on sociedy, far the correspondence. ofer you done mit fellers vat you like pooty vell dot dhey vas done on you, disparage the valor, the judgment, efery leedle vhile, also.

cabbage hed to make der sour kraut fatal ambush is a mistake that an officome, shood got a toomb shtone so high | cer with less bravery would be likely like a shteebie, und mine mudder vood to make; but Custer was daring and dook der bremium.

shtrong like an oxen, but when firtue get mixed mit der butter up, I got to dink about dot. Dot was a pad oxample to saw a much olt man gommence to been firtuous enuff. - Nationat Weekly.

## A Good Suggestion.

A correspondent suggests the following remedy for the nervous trouble engendered by two persons sleeping together: A partition lengthwise of the bed. This partition might be of boards, handsomely painted and touched off with a few happy designs. To which another person remarks, "that it would be cheaper in the long run to build it of brick, with marble facings and granite cap. At the option of the owner of the wall, a layer of glass could be spread on the top to prevent any climbing over." \_ National Weekly.

Mohammedanism makes great strides h

#### THE CUSTER MASSACRE.

#### A Modee Indian Participant's Account of the Fight.

A gentleman of Kenosha, Wis., for many years connected with the United States army, and more recently (in the fall of 1884) engaged in trapping and shooting near Cot on wood Creek, Northern Wyoming, found an opportunity to interview one of the Indians who participated in the terrible fight in which Gen. Custer and his brave companions perished. The interclew took place, through an interpreter, in a Sioux tepee, and was a few days ago reported in a Kenosha newspaper the Courses.

The information received from the Modoe warrior was freely given, and bore the semblance of truth. In substance he said:

Sitting Bull was not their chief when Gen. Crook struck their trail and chased them across the Rose Bud River, but Rain-in-the-Fare, a warm friend of Sitting Bull, was in command. After crossing the Rose Bud a council of chiefs was held to decide whether thee would fight Gen. Crook or run to the Big Horn Mountains and make a stand. Some of the warriors wanted to fight at once, and while the council was in session a Sioux scout brought in word that Gen. Custer was advancing into the Big Horn country. This intelligence naturally created an excitement. Rain in-the-Face made a great speech, telling the chiefs that they were between their white enemies (Crook and Custer), and elequently urging them to march across the country as rapidly as possible, kill Custer and then turn upon Crook.

After this "big talk" the Sioux warriors were ready to go anywhere with Rain in the Face, who told them that · Crook was a walk-a-heap and a very bad man."

"If the above statement is true," adds the correspondent, "it is evident that Rain in-the-Face, although an un. lettered savage and scarcely knowing the difference between a parapet and a Gatling gun, had grasped the situation, and with the intuition of military genius had determined to destroy his foes in detail, and that he went to his task with the cunning of a wolf and the ferocity of a tiger. The necessary delays of Crook, the rapid advance of Custer into the valley, and the divison of his command almost within sight of the battle-ground, aided the Indians' design, and when the blow came it was crushing."

The warrior further stated in answer to questions, that in the fight with Custer's force a party of about twelve soldiers shot their own horses and fought behind them in a "bunch;" that Gen. Custer was one of that paris sustained by all the subsequent de- ty, and that they all fought like great soldiers, and would not give up the

struggle. & Ellis, 486; Mills vs. Hunt, 20 Wend. In reply to the query whether Gen. Custer was the last white soldier, the And in all the text-books the principle warrior said that the smoke of the contest was so dense when the Indians his work on Agency, Judge Story rode rapidly around the "bunch" and says: 'Thus where a contract is made | finished their bloody work they could with an auctioneer for the purchase of not see whether Custer was then killgoods at public sale, and no disclosure ed or not. When asked how many is made of the principal on whose be- Indians were killed in the fight the half the commodity is sold, the auc- warrior declined to answer. The intioneer will be liable to the purchaser | terpreter said, in reference to this, that to complete the contract, although although he had been with the Sioux several years he could get no definite plain that he acts as agent only,' Sto- idea of the number of warriors killed in the Custer battle; that the Indians are superstitious and do not like to speak about their dead, but he thought their loss was small, as the Indians "had the drop," and the fight

lasted only twenty minutes. The correspondent, referring to the censure which was passed upon Maj. Reno, for his part in the unfortunate affair, defends the course of that of-Lif once mit yourself like der peace- ficer, and says: "That Maj. Reno was by a horde of savages flushshould redound to his credit." Thus

At this late day no one will wish to and the military skill of the lamented Der man dot vas foorst to blaat der Custer. That he should fall into a impulsive. It is said that Reynolds, Ofer you got some goot rebutations, his scout, told him to "go slow;" that geeb id lock out. Id vas yoost the valley was full of Indians, and like some combrerrela. vhen you lose that they were in the bush. The ophim you nefer dond got it pooty gwick portunity for a fight overruled all othes considerations, and the brave sol-It was a bully firtue to been so dier rode gallantly to his death .-Chicago Journal.

## Arsenie as a Beautifier.

This talk of a person with a ghastly white look being an arsenic eater is all bosh. I was at a social the other night and a young lady who looked as if she had been bleached for a year was pointed out to me. I got near her and made an examination. It was bismuth and nothing else, though she must have greased her face well with mutton tallow before she used the bismuth .- Denver (Col.) News.

## Just a Hint, as it Were.

A lady was speaking to a fashionable society reporter and closed with the following pertinent suggestion: "Speak of me in your society news if you wish, but do it in the same way that my dressmaker cuts my evening dresses-so as to reveal a little and leave a great deal to be divined."-San Francisco Post.

Even Belgium has a chrysanthemum crase,