

BE EARNEST.

They tell me that 'mid Alpine snow,
And rock, and avalanche, and storm,
Some flowers in regal splendor grow,
Beneath the snow in hue and form.

HUMPHREY'S BELL.

Mr. Giles was seated alone in the
lap-room of St. Agnes inn, with his
feet on a table and a half-filled mug of
ale in his hand. He was looking
through the open door at the fading
sunlight and wishing some thirsty cus-
tomer would come up and drop a few
shillings into his till.

"Good evening, Mr. Giles," said the
newcomer.
"Good evening, Parker, good even-
ing," answered Mr. Giles. "Come in.
What will you have, and what is the
news?"

"Ain't Giles, and a bit of cheese. You
ask for the news; then you haven't
heard it?"

"Not a whit. What is it?"
"Silas Humphrey."
"Of what?" asked Mr. Giles.
"Dead!"

"Yes, dead," repeated Mr. Parker,
as he brought his hand down on the
table with emphasis, as though driving
the last nail into Silas Humphrey's
coffin.

"When?" asked Giles.
"Two hours and a half ago."
"Many a secret dies within him,"
said Mr. Giles, shaking his head in a
mysterious manner.

"Giles, what do you mean?"
"Nothing," was the unsatisfactory
answer.

"It must be something."
"Nothing, no matter," replied
Giles. "What did he do with his
money?"

"He divided it among some kindreds
in Wales; all excepting one hundred
pounds."
"Was that for?"

"The good of the parish," answered
Mr. Parker.
"Heaven help the parish then."
"What do you mean, Giles? I want
to know what you mean."

"Nothing, Parker, nothing. What's
that money for?"
"For a bell to put in the vacant
tower of St. Agnes church."

"It will never ring aught but a death
knell," said Mr. Giles in a sepulchral
voice.
"Give me an explanation to your
words Mr. Giles. I demand it. What
do you mean?"

"That the parish must not touch the
money."
"Why?"
"Because it's cursed, I say."

"Cursed, Giles! Was that the word?"
"Yes, cursed—every penny. It will
bring only mischief."
"How cursed?" asked Parker.
"There's blood, red blood on it!"
"I don't understand."

"There is a great deal you don't un-
derstand. A vast, great deal, Mr.
Parker. But I tell you, I will not enter
the church if a bell purchased with
Silas Humphrey's money is ever hung in
its tower."

"You are wrong, Giles. You are too
severe on Silas, who may have been a
little wild a few years back, but lately,
you know, he has been a sober and well-
behaved man."

"I know it. I know it. And I know
a deal more."
"What is the matter with you, Giles?
There's something on your mind, and I
say out with it like a man."

"Parker."
"Who, Giles?"
"Who do you remember the great num-
ber of robberies which were committed
twenty years ago on the very road
which lies before this house?"

"Yes."
"Who was the robber?" asked Mr.
Giles.
"I don't know."
"Who was the murderer?"
"I don't know."

"I do," said Giles.
"Who?"
"Before answering, Mr. Giles looked
all about the room, and then sinking
his voice to a whisper, said:
"Silas Humphrey."
"Silas Humphrey?" repeated Parker.
"Who do you know?"

"Listen," said Mr. Giles, as he took
his astonished friend by the arm and
drew him nearer. "About four years
ago Silas was here alone, as you are
now, and had been drinking a great
deal, as you have not. He was talka-
tive, and so drunk he mistook me for
some one else—some companion of
twenty years before—and he talked
about robbery and murder."

"Well?" put in Parker.
"He said he had been the leader of
the gang, continued Mr. Giles, "and he
kept referring to me to corroborate his
stories as though I had been with him."

"Why haven't you told this before?"
"I didn't dare while Humphrey lived.
Indeed no. My life wouldn't be worth
that pewter pot if I had. Silas was
too drunk to know what he said, and I
didn't propose reminding him of it."

"I rather think he was so drunk he
imagined the whole thing," answered
Mr. Parker.
"Think as you will, Parker. Think
as you will. But you will see. Mr.

chief, and mischief alone, will come out
of that bell. I have nothing more to
say about it, and will have nothing to
do with it."

"You are silly, Giles. Because S has
Humphrey may have done wrong it is
no reason the church should not accept
the bell."

"Have your own way, Parker. Have
your own way. But I tell you the money
came through evil, and the bell will
bring only evil."

"You are a croaker, Giles. The bell
will be swinging in St. Agnes tower be-
fore two months, and on Christmas
day will ring as merrily as any bell in
all England."

"Let it be croaker, Parker. We'll see,
we'll see," said Mr. Giles.
So the conversation ended for that
day, and the subject was not mentioned
again for about a month, when one
night, as the two friends were seated at
the table where Silas Humphrey had
told of his crimes, the clerk of the parish
entered the room.

"Good evening, Mr. Miller, good even-
ing," said Giles; "come, take a seat
and tell us the London news. When did
you reach home?"
"Very afternoon," returned the
clerk.

"What news about the casting of the
bell?" asked Mr. Parker.
"Bad news," said the clerk.
"I told you so, I told you so," said
Mr. Giles. "What is it, Miller? Out
with it."

"I went to see them pour the bell,"
answered Miller, "and all was ready at
three o'clock yesterday. The metal was
in a huge iron pot which some
workmen were swinging by a crane into
a place to pour, when a chain parted
and the molten mass was spilled onto
two of the men, killing them instantly."

"What did I tell you, Parker, what
did I tell you?" asked Mr. Giles in an
excited manner. "Didn't I say it would
bring evil? Here are two good lives
sacrificed, and there may be more.
There may be more."
"Will they try again next week,"
said the clerk.

"They had better stop right where
they are. They had better stop," an-
swered Mr. Giles.

Mr. Parker had nothing further to
say at that time. He was much affect-
ed, and began to fear, that perhaps Mr.
Giles was right. But on that day two
weeks he had forgotten his fears and
entering St. Agnes Inn said: "The
bell is here, and will be hung to-mor-
row. It is so large we must build a
scaffolding and take it up outside of
the tower, and let it come down through
the roof. You must come and see us hang
it. There will be a fire in the church
store to keep your fingers warm."

"The shadow of the church shall
never fall on me after the bell is on the
ground," said Mr. Giles. "But I will
be there."

"That is right, Giles. Come and
hear the bell ring out a merry laugh at
your fears."

The next morning the bell was depos-
ited at the foot of St. Agnes tower, and
the men who had gathered at the church
were waiting for those who had not
yet come. When Mr. Giles
came he did not go near the church,
but stood some distance from the tower,
looking upon the bell in a half-
frightened manner, as though it were
some brass-jawed and iron-jawed wild
beast ready to spring on him. To Mr.
Giles it was not a senseless mass of
metal, but the incarnation of Silas
Humphrey's evil deeds. He was
frightened at the very thought of its
blasphemous voice calling God's war-
riors together. He was startled by
the cheerful voice of Mr. Parker be-
hind him.

"Come, Giles," said Mr. Parker,
"don't stand here freezing this cold
morning, but lead a hand, and we will
have the bell in place in no time."

"No, Parker, no! Not I, I wouldn't
touch a hand to the thing for all the
royal treasure."

"Then stay where you are, and in
half an hour you will see the bell swing-
ing, and hear its voice laughing at you,"
Mr. Parker said as he went towards the
church.

Mr. Giles stood looking at the bell,
while the men prepared to put it in
position. Mr. Parker took his place at
the top of the tower beside an im-
promptu crane which had been erected
with its projecting arm reaching beyond
the wall, and holding suspended a rope
which was to raise the bell. All was
made ready. One end of the rope was
secured to the bell, while the other,
which had been run over a pulley on the
crane above, was fastened to a windlass
on the ground. Eight men seized the
arms of the windlass and walked slowly
around with it. The bell began to rise
and was soon swinging clear. Higher
and higher it went, while Mr. Parker
above allowed the rope to pass between
his hands, and gave directions to the
men below.

Mr. Giles stood speechless, shading
his eyes and watching this monster of
a bell suspended between earth and
sky. The thought came into his mind
that such should have been the fate of
Silas Humphrey.

The bell reached the top of the
tower, and slowly rising was a son
above it. Mr. Parker took a firm hold
of the rope with one hand and called
for help to swing the bell over the para-
pet, that it might be lowered to the
bearings prepared for it. He looked
down to Mr. Giles, and waved his
hand exultingly. Was it only imagina-
tion that caused Mr. Giles to think
the crane was vibrating, or was it actu-
ally moving? He thought he saw it
leaving toward the church and Mr.
Parker appeared to be using his strength
to stay it. It was no imagination.
The crane was tottering and being drag-
ged by the weight of the bell. What
was Mr. Parker's strength compared
with the gravity of that mass of brass?
Nothing. The fastenings once loosened
twenty men could not have held it. It
must go. Mr. Giles saw this, and cried
out with alarm. The men below jump-
ed from under, and the ponderous bell
and rope and crane swung partly
around, with Mr. Parker still clinging
on. He loosened his hold, but too
late. He had been dragged beyond his
balance, and conscious man went down
with senseless metal. Not out on the
ground, but onto and through the
church roof. The men rushed aside,
and a cry of "fire!" was raised. The
bell had struck the stove, crushing it

to the floor and scattering the burning
coals, which lighted the surrounding
wood. Soon the church was filled
with smoke and flame. Water came
too late. The church was doomed.
The men could do nothing but
stand by and watch the devouring
flames destroy the temple of worship
and leave nothing standing save a few
jagged pieces of wall.

"I told you so, I told you so," said
Mr. Giles. "Poor Parker wouldn't
believe me, and now where is he?
Dend! His life sacrificed and the church
destroyed, all on account of the ac-
cursed bell, which I knew could bring
only evil."

When the fire subsided Mr. Parker's
bones were found beside the bell, which
was cracked from rim to top, and lay
half-buried in the ground. Not a man
was found who would touch it. There
it was left among the ruins of St.
Agnes on the ground it had cursed.
And there it lies to this day, amid desola-
tion to be avoided, especially after
nightfall, excepting by the ghost of
Silas Humphrey, which is to haunt the
spot, and with its skeleton hand to
nightly strike the hour of twelve on
the almost voiceless bell.—Chicago
 Herald.

As to Food.

Opinions about eating have taken a
more sensible turn under late medical
observations, contrasting with the time
in memory when conscientious people
studied to limit their fare to the fewest
ounces that would sustain life. Pious
people and infidel philosophers alike
thought it an advance when they could
record their daily diet at fifteen ounces,
mostly of bread and weak drink. Rigid
persons carried scales to the table and
weighed their food allowing so many
minutes and so many ounces, after
which they rose from the table hungry
or satisfied, as the case might be. Hy-
gienic reformers are still harping on
the mistaken rule. "Always rise from
the table hungry," as if the natural
instincts of the body were given solely
to be disregarded, and to be a constant
uneasiness. This ascetic rule is one ex-
treme of the food question, opposing
which we may place the homely old say-
ing, that the way to eat mush and
milk was to "sit two inches from the
table, and eat until you touch." Science
and common sense alike forbid hunger
and repletion.

Dr. Hodges, before the Boston So-
ciety for Medical Improvement, takes
high and well-sustained ground that
"the body requires not only to be fed,
but filled," and says that the underfed
absorb a large part of medical practice
for the relief of diseases from lack of
nutrition, among which are, nervous
prostration, anemia, neuralgia, cough
and throat troubles, constipation, back-
ache, and nausea or sick headache.
The symptoms of "chronic starvation,"
he declares, are found not only in Irish
and Lancashire famines, or among un-
derpaid operatives and shop girls, but
in good families, among growing
school children, boys fitting for college,
society girls, young mothers of fam-
ilies, and working women. Quality of
food, with all the heat and force it may
contain, will not make up for quantity,
and the better educated classes readily
deceive themselves, and mislead others,
as to the amount of food necessary
for welfare. Under the con-
cept that eating heartily is neither whole-
some nor refined, a habit of going with-
out enough sustenance is established,
till the stomach grows contracted from
want of sufficient venting, and the re-
sult is low tone, and weakness of
body and brain. Much of the ill-humor,
the dullness and flatness of inter-
course, the failure in business and literature,
is directly traceable to defective nutri-
tion. The mind is slow or confused,
the nerves give way under strain, and
that snappishness results which is
really a form of hysteria, in men and
women. The shortcomings of the usual
diet are apparent when it is seen that
the ordinary ration of mixed fare
should weigh with in an ounce and a
half of seventeen pounds of the heart-
iest food. The utter inadequacy of the
gentle restaurant portion was forcibly
shown at the International Health Ex-
hibition in London, when the Vegetar-
ian Society plumed itself on furnishing
six-penny dinners to four or five hun-
dred persons daily. From the carefully
kept account of bill of fare, compared
with the standard diet agreed upon
by physiologists, it appeared that
six of the six-penny dinners would
be needed to support a man during a
hard day's labor. And growing crea-
tures, hard students, and overtasked
women require not less than two-thirds
this amount, or the body languishes,
and it takes but a few years to estab-
lish disease. Experience confirms the
necessity of a heartier diet. Within
twenty years the rations of armies, and
of charitable institutions, hospitals
and prisons have been liberally increas-
ed. It is hardly possible to exaggerate
the necessity for an amended diet, gen-
erous in quantity, quality and variety.—
The Congregationalist.

Maggie's Sixpence.

A missionary told us the other day a
very affecting little incident. He had
been preaching a mission sermon in
Scotland, and telling of the condition
of the poor women of India, and ob-
served that many of the audience
seemed quite affected by his account.
A few days afterward, the pastor of
the church where he had preached met
on the street one of his parishioners, a
poor old woman half blind, who earned
a precarious livelihood by going er-
rands, or any other little work of that
kind that came in her way. She went
up to him, and with a bright smile put
a sixpence into his hand, telling him
that was to go for the mission work in
India. Her minister, knowing how
poor she was, said, "No, no, Maggie;
that is too much for you to give; you
cannot afford this." She told him she
had just been on an errand for a very
kind gentleman, and instead of a few
coppers she generally received, he had
given her three pennies and a silver
sixpence; and she said: "The silver and
the gold is the Lord's and the copper
will do for poor Maggie." How many
lessons do God's poor teach us!
"Poor in this world, rich in faith and
heirs of the kingdom!"—At Home and
Abroad.

TROUBLE IN THE CAMP

A Decision That Has Caused Much
Discontent in the Salvation Army.

The recent autumn maneuvers of the
Salvation army in England were highly
successful. The Amen artillery chal-
lenged general admiration, and was es-
pecially effective at long-range practice.
The Hallelujah infantry, which were
recently equipped with new drums and
tambourines maintained the old-time
esprit de corps.

When the Salvation cavalry came into
view a laughable incident occurred, for
a religious hobby horse took the bit in
his mouth and cavorted and pranced all
over the field with a Salvation army
lieutenant, who was utterly unable to
hold him. Among the corps whose
evolutions won especial praise were
"the Blood and Fire Fencibles," "the
Cold Stream Guards" (Baptist), "the
Royal Seven Day Cavalry," "the Petticoat
Lane Light Cavalry," "the Cheap-
side Curassiers," "the Collection Plate
Dragoons," "the Mosaic Veterans,"
and "the Mount Ararat Invincibles."

A large part of the army are to be
armed with repeating rifles. Since
going into winter barracks the Salva-
tion army, not to speak disrespectfully
of that excellent organization, has
adopted the military system of the Zu-
lus, for it has decided that no officer
may marry until he has distinguished
himself in the service and has reached
the grade of captain. He must also
obtain the consent of his post com-
mandant, and must have sufficient mili-
tary capacity to command three for-
tresses of the army at once.

People who are not familiar with the
grades and ranks of the Salvation army
may be interested to know that a can-
didate, after going through a thorough
course of military instruction in the cat-
ecism, and passing rigid examinations
on the art of holding camp-meetings,
becomes a "cadet." He often serves
two years as a cadet before he gets to
be a lieutenant. If he survives four or
five years of active service as a lieuten-
ant he is promoted to be captain. In
some instances the ambitious cadet
serves fifteen years before he wears a
captain's shoulder-straps and com-
mands a class-meeting.

A promising cadet of the Salvation
army who becomes enamored of a pret-
ty daughter of the regiment has now to
wait fifteen years before he may wed.
Promotion is slow, and unless he distin-
guishes himself in passing the collection
plate the young salvation soldier may
never reach the rank of captain. Sev-
eral hussars in the Salvation cavalry,
who are engaged to pretty young ladies
in the Amen light artillery, have des-
pairingly given up all hopes of ever cele-
brating their nuptials. There is great
discontent over the new military order,
and hundreds of soldiers are deserting
every day. Several battalions have
openly mutinied and thrown away their
prayer-books.

The rule has been adopted to encour-
age gallantry in the field, and to pre-
vent martial inequities. Under the
old system a callow cadet of the Salva-
tion light infantry often married a vet-
eran skirmisher of the "Blood and Fire
Fencibles," or a young and pretty tam-
bourine-player in the "Flying artillery,"
gave her hand and heart to an ancient
drummer of the "Mosaic veterans."
Husband and wife were separated for
many years. They shouted in different
battalions. The husband might be sent
to India with his battalion to sap and
mine under a heathen temple, while at
the same time the wife might be sent to
Switzerland with her battalion to skim-
ish with the Lutherans on the Alps.

The adoption of the rule will also
give the Salvation army officers time to
devote themselves to religious work.
They will no longer pass delightful
hours in paying court to charming
young ladies, the flour of the religious
army, nor longer hide their lamps under
a bushel on Sunday evenings. Hence-
forth they will have to face grim
war everywhere, and will go to India
to be eaten by tigers and to Switzerland
to be stoned by other Christians.

The new order about the officers mar-
rying has not yet been received in this
country, but it is fearfully expected
every day. All the cadets and lieuten-
ants in New York are indignant, and
talk of throwing up their commissions.
If an attempt is made to enforce the
new rule in New York there will be a
mutiny in the Salvation army second in
history only to the Sepoy mutiny.—New
York Star.

A Solid City.

Berlin is a solid city, for the Berlin
character is deep and substantial. Its
solidity is more manifest than its good
taste, though this is by no means al-
ways lacking. Since Germany has en-
deavored to compete with France in
the markets of the world she has at-
tempted to imitate French goods, even
those into which art largely enters, but
with imperfect success. German cloths
are not equal to those of either France,
England or Belgium. German hosiery
is invariably poor. German jewelry is
honest, but not as tasteful as that made
in Paris or New York and San Fran-
cisco. So with the infinite category of
fancy goods. A shop window on the
Unter den Linden does not compare
favorably with one on the Par's boulev-
ards, either in respect to quality of
goods, elegance of pattern, or taste of
arrangement. Whether it is a suit of
clothes, a night shirt, a necktie, or a
set of toilet articles, the want of skill
in making and of taste in designing is
seen at a glance. On the other hand
there is no apparent effort to make a
thing seem better than it is. On this
point the purchaser is rarely deceived.—
Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

He Thought It Wrong.

"How's prohibition out here?" asked
an Eastern clergyman of a rural Iowan.
"Prohibition be hanged! There isn't
any. Why you can buy all the whisky
you want for fifteen cents a glass."
"My friend, do you think that's
right?"
"No, of course I don't."
"I'm heartily glad to hear you say
so, my friend."
"No, we ought to get too drinks for
that money."—Tid-Bits.

NATURAL GAS.

How It Is Accumulated and Stored—
The Safety Valves of the Globe.

Dr. H. W. Fauceit, of Neosho, Mo.,
who has for many years been deeply in-
terested in natural gas, its origin, and
results, and who has made experiments
and investigations in the oil regions of
Pennsylvania, is at the Hotel Moser.
He talks upon the subject that prob-
ably occupies a major portion of his
thoughts and shows that he has given it
much careful research.

"Science tells us," said he yesterday,
"that the central portion of this globe
is a molten mass of heat, so it must
necessarily be an incandescent or electri-
cal heat, burning in vacuo without oxy-
gen—hence no combustion. Admitting
this to be the case and considering that
at least two-thirds of the globe's surface
is covered with water, there must be
an immense quantity of that liquid
gradually working its way by gravity
through the crust of the earth and com-
ing in contact with this great heat, the
natural result of which is that immense
quantities of hydrogen gas are liberated
from the water, and it being very vola-
tile and expansive, finds its way
through to the many cavities and cavers
in the earth's crust, where, as it
were, nature's gasometers, on an im-
mense scale, and there accumulated
and stored until under that immense
pressure it must find vent, and in doing
so it is constantly coming in contact
with sulphurous gases, which are also
generated by the internal heat, and be-
comes a hydro-sulphurous acid gas. In
other instances it comes in contact with
organic or carboniferous matter; each
having an affinity for the other it be-
comes a hydrocarbon gas and burys a
white flame, while in the original state,
or a sulphurous acid gas, it burns a vel-
lowish and blue flame. These gases find
an outlet through and between the dif-
ferent strata formation of the earth's
crust and in doing so under that intense
or inconceivable pressure and expan-
sive force with great velocity cause the
waves or undulations called earthquakes
and the escape of these gases are what
are generally noticed in the odor of sul-
phur at the occurrence of these undula-
tions or waves Vesuvius, Etna, and
other volcanoes are the safety-valves of
this globe, and when the erator or out-
let of any one of these cools or closes
these gases have to seek other outlets,
and generally do so where the crust
may be the thinnest, or find their way
between the different strata to where
they may outcrop, frequently under the
bed of the ocean. The large quantity
of dead fish seen floating on the surface
at times are evidence of these results,
either from sulphurous acid gas or com-
bustion. The tidal wave that occurred
on the west coast of South America a
few years since was the result of an out-
break under the ocean."

"What other results have you no-
ticed?"
"There are many different results pro-
duced by the overpressure of gases;
ranges of mountains are thrown up,
continents and islands are formed and
sunk, lake and inland seas are formed
by depressions. With our contracted
ideas we can scarcely conceive the mag-
nitude of the work going on in nature's
laboratory, and only when such occur-
rences as the undulations or waves
that have recently taken place at
Charleston and vicinity do we con-
sider their force or magnitude."

"What is the nature of these gases?"
"They are the most volatile and ex-
pansive substance known and under the
immense pressure they are subjected
to are permeating and escaping from
the earth's surface at all times yet they
are not noticed except in extreme low
temperatures or where they may es-
cape through still water. The spas-
modic flow of the geyser at Yellow-
stone are identical with the regular
spasmodic flow of the petroleum wells
in some instances, and both are caused
by the accumulated head of pressure
of gas behind the liquid. There is no
thing novel in the use of the gases for
fuel or illuminating purposes. I and
others generated steam in our boilers
and lighted and heated our offices and
buildings with it over twenty years
since in the Pennsylvania oil region."

"How do you account for the stor-
age of these gases in certain places?"
"There are no geological theories by
which the storages of these gases can
be located or defined. The underlying
strata or formation of the whole area
or basin, from the breaks on the west
base of the Appalachian range to the
Rocky range lying horizontally and
being unbroken or undisturbed, confine
the gas, and only through connecting
crevices or at the outcroppings can it
find an outlet in quantities. Every
city and town within that area can as
well be supplied with natural gas from
nature's gasometers at far less cost for
plant and product than erecting works to
manufacture from coal or other substan-
ces. There are surface indications in
the outcroppings of gas on the water
springs as is the case on the Muskingum
river, in Ohio, on the Kanawha in West
Virginia, and in the Choctaw and
Chickasaw nations in Indian Territory.
The Indians value these oil and gas
springs for their medicinal properties and
light their camps by inserting a tube or
gun-barrel in the earth."

"But would not the supply soon be-
come exhausted?"
"As to the permanency of the supply
of these gases there can be no doubt,
but in cases where the outlet is in ex-
cess of the accumulations the head or
pressure must necessarily decrease. By
proper management experience will
soon demonstrate the supply of any
given outlet without decreasing the
pressure. Where crevices or cavities
may be struck in drill wells that lead
to large caverns or storage places for
the accumulations, and the escape
should be regulated accordingly. In
many instances in the Pennsylvania oil-
fields crevices have been struck that
have afforded many millions of cubic
feet of gas daily, escaping under a pres-
sure of 300 to 400 pounds to the inch
through the usual 5/8 casing, and suf-
ficient to light any city on the continent."

Petroleum has its origin in deposits
of organic matter of a marine growth
of fatty vegetation, while natural gas is
a separate and distinct formation, being
accumulations as above stated.—St.
Louis Republican.

The Old Man's Trouble.

Two prominent citizens of wealth
and respectability, about sixty years
old, met at a lunch counter in a saloon
for the noon meal a few days since, as
is usual with them. They resented a
few pieces of rye bread from the plate
on the counter, painted plaques on the
slices with a mustard spoon, spread a
few floating slices of head-cheese from
the vinegar on a plate, and taking their
glasses of beer, sat down at a round
table, blew the foam off the beer and
drank a cow-swallow before tackling the
lunch.

"Bill," said one to the other, "I have
noticed lately that you had an air of
nervousness and irritation. You look
cross, and I have thought that maybe
things were not going all right with
you in business. If there is anything
wrong, and you need a friend, you
ought to know me well enough to speak
out. If there is anything I can do to
help a friend, I will do it."

"O, John," said the other, with a
sigh, as he shook his beer-glass and
watched the bubbles rise to the top.
"There is nothing you can do for me.
It is not business that bothers me. I
am a great sufferer. There is not a
minute of the day but I suffer the tor-
tures of the damned."

"Great heavens, you surprise me,"
said his friend, "I supposed you were
the healthiest man in the world. Have
you talked with a doctor about it?"

"Doctors are no good for what ails
me," said the old party. "I suffer
from underclothes. My skin is sensi-
tive, and for forty years I have tried to
get some sort of flannel for underwear
that would not set me crazy. I sup-
pose I have spent a hundred thousand
dollars experimenting with underwear.
Sometimes I will see in a store a suit
of flannel that is as soft as silk,
and warm, and I will buy it, and think
that I am fixed for the winter, and that
I will be happy. The first time it is
washed the shirt shrinks so I can not
get into it, and it is not big enough for
a child ten years old. The drawers
shrink so they come up above my
knees, they are too small around, and
the cloth 'fills,' so it is as thick as a
board, and it smells like soap grease. O,
how I suffer. Again I will give the
underclothes to the hired man, and
buy some soft knit goods, and find that
they are full of burrs, that seem to come
off the sheep, and every little piece of
burr sticks cruelly into my skin, and I
not only wish I was dead, but I wish
the man that made underclothes was
dead, and that the sheep that raised
the wool, with the prickles in it, was
dead. Last year a friend steered me onto
some sort of camel-hair underclothes,
and when I felt of them I thought
I was fixed, but after wearing
them a day I found that each particu-
lar camel's hair in the goods was a
hog's bristle, put in so the sharp end
would perforate me, and I was wild,
and wanted to kill my friend. I have
tried all the different kinds of under-
wear that was ever manufactured, and
after wearing it once, have given it
away, until every man that works for
me is wearing my underclothes, and I
have sent car loads of it to relatives all
over this country. I am a victim of
rough drawers and sand-paper lined
undershirts, and shall go to my grave
scratching my back and legs, and curs-
ing somebody. Now, you seem to be
perfectly contented and at your ease,
what do you wear for underclothes?"

"I don't wear any," said the friend,
as he emptied the glass of beer and
rapped on the table for more. "Every fall
I have a house painter come and paint
my body a good warm color—terra cotta
is my style this fall—rub it down with
sand-paper and shellac, and put on a
coat of varnish, and I am warm and
comfortable all winter."

"You are a condemned liar," said
the one with the underclothes, and
they shook dice to see who should pay
for the lunch.—Puck's Sun.

Because of Thea.

My life has grown so dear to me
Because of Thea!
My maiden with the eyes demure,
And quiet mouth and forehead pure,
Joy makes a summer in my heart
Because of Thea!

The very winds melodious be
Because of Thea!
The roses sweeter for the sake,
The waves in softer music break,
On brighter wings the swallows dart
Because of Thea!

My sky is swept of shadows free
Because of Thea!
Sorrow and care have lost their sting,
The blossoms glow, the linnets sing,
All things in my delight have part
Because of Thea!

A Silent Bell.

Something very, very sad happened
near the corner of Monroe avenue and
Randolph street yesterday. A very
meaty man had met three friends at
that point and stopped to tell a couple
of stories. A young man, who was a
stranger to all, was leaning against the
front of a store, bearing the general
appearance of one who knew all that
was worth knowing before he cut his
baby teeth, and was now hanging onto
life because death refused to come.
Pretty soon the meaty man got off
some pun, and the hand of the weary
young man was lifted up and the tones
of his chestnut bell rang out on the
morning air.

"Was that you?" asked the story-
teller as he wheeled around.
"Yas."
"Did I get off something old?"
"Very old."

"Beg your pardon, sir, I will now
get off something entirely new for your
benefit."
He seized the weary traveler, whirled
him around, and a stout calf-skin boot
was planted against him four times in
succession.

"If there's anything old about that
just ring two bells on me," said the
kicker as he ceased his labors.
It must have been a new thing.
The young man had tears in his eyes
as he steered himself around the near-
est corner, and the sharpest ears
caught no melody from his little bell.
Detroit Free Press.

The wind is always blowing about some-
thing; but there is nothing in it.—New
Orleans Picayune.