

#### THE FIRST PARTY.

Do you notice that young fellow—  
Eyes of blue and moustache yellow?  
He's so happy that he can't conceal his joy.  
Why!  
He's a daddy!  
He's a papa!  
He's the father of a bouncing baby boy.  
What a grin expands his features  
As he greets his fellow creatures  
When he meets them in the morning coming down.

Mr!  
How he claps you!  
How he grips you!

He is certainly the craziest man in town.

And he never tires of telling  
What the baby weighed, or dwelt in  
On its beauty and its growing intelligence.

Yet—

Well not tell him—

Though we're certain—

That it's like all other babies in looks and sense.

—Columbus Dispatch.

#### THE CALICO FROCK.

It wasn't a hot day, nor a cold day, nor a damp day, but it was an atrocious day, a clammy day, an unbearably day, a day that made your clothes stick to you like poor relations, that brought out cold sweats on pitchers and goblets, that made your back a race course for contemptible little chills and the rest of your body a target for a thousand invincible pins and needles, that made the grasshopper a burden and the dusty, begrimed city a pandemonium, that made Solomon Griggs, bachelor, of the firm of Griggs, Makem & Co., the great clothing merchants, shut up his ledger with a bang and start for the country by the next train, ready to old Grimesby, the head clerk, "that the city was stifling." To which that worthy replied: "So it is; but how about the fellers that can't get out of it and must stay to be choked?"—problem which I suspect our friend of the firm of Griggs, Makem & Co., troubled his head very little about, being just then busy in looking into the dusty recesses of that picture gallery which memory furnishes and arranges for us all, at a single landscape hanging there. A low house with mossy, overhanging eaves, standing on the slope of a green hill, shaded by branching elms, with level fields stretching off in the foreground toward the sparkling water on one side and dusky woods on the other, and there, dusty, sweating, and tired, Solomon found himself just about sunset. Out came a ruddy-cheeked, smiling old lady in a cap and apron, that had attained a state of snowy perfection unknown to city inundresses.

"Why, bless me, if it isn't little Sol, why'd you have a thought of seeing you?" and she folded the stalwart bearded man in as warm an embrace as though he were in reality still the little Sol. of former days.

"And how do you do, Sol? Come in, come in; don't stand out there. You know the little path and the way to the pantry yet, I dare say. Come in; you needn't start back—it's only Rachel."

"But I didn't know you had any young ladies with you, Aunt Hester."

"It's only Rachel, I tell you—Rachel Hart, the seamstress. Are there no women in your city, that you are afraid to face a little country girl?"

"Little indeed, thought Solomon, as he acknowledged his aunt's somewhat peculiar introduction—and not pretty, either—with large eyes of that uncertain gray that sometimes beams darkly blue and then deepens into brown with a smooth low forehead, and light brown hair drawn tightly across each ear, just revealing its crimson tip; a face irregularly featured, and rendered still more striking by the singular contrast between its extreme pallor and the intensely scarlet lips—the personification of neatness, the embodiment of reserve.

"An odd little person," thought Solomon, "but it's none of my business," and dismissing her from his mind, he proceeded to the much more important business of making himself presentable at Aunt Hester's tea-table.

Solomon did ample justice to the snowy bread, golden butter, and luscious strawberries, and later, as that worthy was indulged in a stroll across the fields, he lifted up his eyes and beheld the little seamstress, whose existence he had quite forgotten, under a venerable cherry tree, making desperate efforts to seize a tempting branch on its lowest boughs—revealing in her gyrations a very neat foot and ankle, and looking almost pretty with her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

Now Sol. was a gallant man—decidedly the preux-chevalier of the firm of Griggs, Makem & Co., so that whenever, as had once or twice happened, a petticoat ventured into the moldy shades of that establishment, Sol. was the man whom destiny and the other partners selected to parley with the enemy.

Advancing, therefore, with a happy mixture of confidence and condescension, Sol. plucked the cherries and was about to present them when independence in a calico frock stepped back and with a cool:

"Keep them yourself, sir; I don't care for them."

"I thought you wanted them!"

"I did, because they were difficult to obtain. Had they been on your aunt's table I would not have touched them. It is the glow of triumph that gives a pleasure to its zest. Eat the cherries yourself, and good evening, sir!"

"Stop a moment!" said Sol., not a little astonished; "that is—I mean—permit me to accompany you!"

"No, you would expect me to entertain you, and that would be too much trouble."

"But, if instead, I should entertain you?"

"You can not."

"Why?"

"You could tell me nothing new. You are only a crucible for converting bales of cloth into the precious ore that all the world goes mad after. No doubt you are all very well in your way, but there are alchemists who could transmute our humdrum daily life into golden verse or heaven-

ly thought. To such a one I might listen, but you and I have nothing in common."

"Not even our humanity?" asked Solomon.

The stern face of the young girl softened a little, but only for a moment.

"No!" she answered, angrily, "not even that. I, you know, am made of the inferior clay—you of the pure porcelain. Do you not remember how even good, kind Aunt Hester told you there were no young ladies with her, only the seamstress. You are slightly bored already, and think me old enough to amuse you for a while; but if some of these gay ladies—among whom I hear you are such a favorite—were to come here you would not even know me. Good evening, sir!"

"What a furious little radical," thought Sol; with an uneasy laugh, as he watched her retreating figure. After all, he was not quite sure that she had not spoken the truth.

If the calico frock had been a flounced silk, for instance, how many degrees more deferential would have been his manner in presenting the cherries!"

Sol. couldn't answer the question satisfactorily, but he went to bed and dreamed all night of the little Diogenes in her calico frock.

That week and the next he waited patiently for the first glimpse of that remarkable garment coming around the corner, but in vain. And when, in such a very careless manner that it was quite remarkable, he wondered audibly "where that odd little girl lived whom he saw on the eve of his arrival," Aunt Hester answered dryly: "Always up—thereabouts" pointing with her hand. She boarded, she believed, with some queer sort of folk there, though, for that matter, she was queer enough herself. And this was absolutely all she would say on the subject.

The next day Sol. took it upon himself to wander up that way, "thereabouts," and was rewarded with a glimpse of the calico frock going through a broken gate, and following it closely, came up with the wearer as she was about to enter the dilapidated front door, at which piece of impertinence she was so much incensed as to turn very red, while tears actually started to her eyes.

"What do you want?" she asked, sharply enough.

"To see you!" replied Sol., who, taken by surprise, could not think of nothing but the truth.

"Well, you have seen me—now go!"

"But it's a warm day, and I am very tired!"

"I can't help that. It's not my fault—is it?"

"You might ask me to walk in and sit down if you were not as hard hearted as a Huron!"

"This is not my house."

"You would then if it were?"

"I don't say that."

"Well, then, I am thirsty; give me a glass of water."

"There is the well, and an iron cup fastened to it by a chain; help yourself."

"You inhospitable little misanthrope!"

But she was gone, and the next time he inquired for her Aunt Hester told him, with a malicious twinkle of the eye, that she was gone to the city.

Perhaps the good soul had been troubled with visions of a future Mrs. Griggs, and was not altogether displeased that an insurmountable barrier was placed between "that old Rachel Hart and her nephew Sol., who was a good boy, but didn't know the ways of women."

But that as it may, her joy was shortly turned into mourning, for Solomon received dispatches requiring his immediate presence in the city. At least so he said, for Aunt Hester was immovable in her conviction that "that Rachel was somewhat at the bottom of it." She even hinted as much to Solomon when he bade her good-by; but he only laughed, and told her to take care of herself.

After all, business could not have been so very pressing, as he spent the greater portion of his time wandering through lanes and back streets, not unfrequently dashing down alleys with the inexplicable exclamation of "That's her!" whence he always returned very red in the face and sheepish in expression.

Three months had passed away, when he nearly ran against a little woman, who looked up in his face with a sardonic smile.

"Your eyesight is not so good in the city, Mr. Griggs. You don't know me here."

"Rachel—Miss Hart—I have been looking for you everywhere. I—I—where do you live?"

She hesitated a moment, then said, shortly: "Come and see." And turning, led the way through narrow streets, reeking with filth and teeming with a wretched population, up a flight of broken stairs, into a dingy little room, whose only redeeming feature was its perfect cleanliness.

"Will you be seated, Mr. Griggs?" she asked, with a scornful smile. "Now that you know my residence I trust to have the pleasure of seeing you frequently."

"And you live in this den?" asked Solomon, heedless of her sarcasm.

"How do you support yourself?"

"By my needle."

"And how much does it take to keep up this magnificent style of living?"

"By unremitting exertion I can earn \$2 a week."

"Great heavens! why didn't you come to me?"

"For two excellent reasons: First, I should have known where to have found you; second, I should not have come if I had."

"Of course not. Your pride is to you meat and drink. Still you might have come. We are in want of hands."

"I do not believe it. You wish to cheat me into accepting alms."

"There is our advertisement: read for yourself," pulling a paper from his pocket.

"The sunken eyes gleamed eagerly: she was human after all, and was even then suffering from the pangs of hunger."

"Mr. Griggs, I believe you are a good man," she said, bursting into tears: "I will work for you gladly; I am starving."

And she did work, early and late, spite of Solomon's entreaties, refusing to accept anything but her wages, declining to receive his visits, sending back his gifts, steadily refusing, above all, to become his wife, though she had softened wonderfully toward him.

"You are rich—I am poor," she said in reply to his passionate arguments. "You are handsome—I am ugly; the world would laugh, and your family would justly offend."

"I have no family, and, as to the world, let it laugh; I'd be happy in spite of it."

"I will not have you."

"Do you not love me?"

"I will not have you," and with that answer Solomon was obliged to rest contented.

Time passed on—a financial crisis came, and with hundreds of others, down went the house of Griggs, Makem & Co.

Solomon sat in his office gloomily thinking of the woman whose love he had so long and fruitlessly striven to win, darkly wondering if it were not better to cut short an aimless hopeless blighted life.

"Lady wants to see you, sir."

"Can't see her, sir. What the devil can a woman want here? Shut the door—if any one calls, say I'm out."

Suddenly a pair of arms were around his neck and two clear gray eyes looking lovingly in his, while the voice that was sweetest to him whispered softly:

"When you were rich I rejected you. Now that you are poor I came to ask if you will take me?"

And Solomon, like a sensible man, took the "calico frock."

Took a Mean Advantage of Us.

Last Saturday, while laboriously engaged in writing a leading editorial with a dull pair of shears, the door opened and in stepped a sinfully-looking man, who introduced himself as the traveling agent for Blank & Co.'s Circus and Aggregation of Living Wonders. He wanted posters printed, and the way we scattered paper around and quoted prices was extraordinary considering the state of the thermometer.

He then mildly hinted that he would like to have a local notice inserted in this week's edition of the *Bladder*, and casually inquired as to the circulation of said sheet. Now if there is anything upon earth that will get a newspaper man down to hard, earnest, unmitigated lying, it is that little question in regard to circulation.

The whole Christ an world boiled down and rolled into one pill might be given to an editor to swallow and he would rise superior to its influence and lie like a trooper when asked how many papers he circulated. So far in life we have taken a low grade with the fraternity of liars, but on this occasion, with business as dull and pulseless as an ordinary town-council-man, we even outstepped the bounds of prudence, and gathering strength as we went we swelled our circulation until it rivaled even that of the New York *Sun*. And then the bogus agent went into convulsions of laughter and clapping us on the shoulder yelled, "Let up, or you'll kill me! Don't you know me?" I just wanted to hear you lie once more! I don't want any printing. I'm Sam Miller, late of Hot Springs, *News* and your old partner of other days."

Know him—O Memory, thou art not yet dead! Know him—what emotions that question arouses? When we shook hands and "bunked" with him one night on a through freight and introduced to his brotherly notice the superiority of the Texas house over the Arkansas flea, did he not reciprocate by giving us the benefit of the seven-year itch? When we worked together in New Mexico and wore the same shirt alternately, did he not decamp with the said piece of apparel one night and leave the writer to rustle around next day, wrapped in a sheet? When we met him some years ago, among the Choctaw Indians, elegantly attired in a gunny-sack, cut a la chemise, doctoring Chief Young-Man-Caught-in-a-Trap for ringbone and spavin, did we not unite forces with him and assist in planting our common patient 'neath the whispering sage-brush? And when the bereaved and weeping widow grasped the writhing Samivel by his loose, flowing robe and swore that she would make him her chief if it took all summer, didn't we fly with him and assist in leading the extra ponies? Didn't we steal our editorials from the same paper and then accuse one another of newspaper piracy? And yet, in spite of all these old associations, has he the means to dislodge himself in a belted shirt and store clothes and come around and start us a lying about the circulation of our paper. Know him? If he had worn the ringless stove-pipe hat he wore when we saw him last we would have known him anywhere.—Sam Miller, in *Wingfield Evening Bulletin*.

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"For American Accomplishment.

It is quite a trick to jump off a train going say at thirty miles an hour, and the Americans take a pride in cultivating dexterity in this trick. It takes considerable practice before it can be done successfully. The way to jump is always with the train and always on the left-hand side of the latter, letting the right foot rest on the step, and the left foot swung from the step. Then jump so that the left foot will touch the ground first, and the right foot to immediately follow it, so as to be able to run. Some of the men jump from the middle of the train or the front, but most of them go to the rear car and jump, so that if they fall they will not roll under the cars. A correspondent says: "The best man I ever saw, and he only man who could hold his feet and stop himself without running at all, was Charlie Phillips. He could jump from a train running thirty-five miles an hour, and stop without running a foot."—Court Journal.

Skin Diseases, in their myriad forms are very troublesome—more particularly so when the shape of Boils or Ulcers is such as to suggest a cancer. According to direction a cure will certainly follow. It is not what is usually called a Fomenter