What She Could Do.

"Do you never get out at all?" The crippled girl shook her head. "And are you not able to read or write?"

"No."

"Not even sew a little?" I persisted.

"Oh, no, ma'am, not even that."

I glanced around the small chamber. The ceiling was low, the furniture was scanty. A single narrow casement admitted a feeble light and afforded a vista of a dingy, deserted street. Groping in my mind for some vantage ground on which to place her, and failing, I only ventured helplessly:

"I am sorry to find you so hedged in."

"Oh, you forget that I can always look out of the window," the girl made answer, with a smile of serene content. What a world of philosophy was in her reply. Coupled with her unconscious rebuke it sank deep into my heart. There will be many in the sweet summer time whose casements give no view of sea or sky or mountain.

To such would I in infinite tenderness bring a little message, beginning with the reflection that ever so small a window is better than the darkness of a dungeon—which does not sound very wise or original, but which would be well to remember. Even if there be nothing pleasant to see, some rays of sunshine are likely to be reflected by the blank wall opposite.—Chicago Herald.

The Man at the Theater.

The moment the chief buffoon of the piece appeared on the stage my neighbor clapped his hands until I thought he would split his gloves—for he wore gloves—and he chuckled, and I heard him whisper to his companion: "There he is. He's immense." And I saw that he was the owner of a finely adjusted hair trigger laugh. For the moment the comedian approached a jest, the very approach fired my neighbor's gun of cachinnation. The completion of the jest, with its accompaniment of facial and bodily contortions, incited loud squeals of joy and other manifestations of delirious delight. But when, by accident, a witty line occurred, the person seemed bored and glum.

On examining the audience I found that he was only one of many, although he was a most remarkable specimen of his kind. But what one word in our noble language describes the kind? I cudgeled my brains in vain; but after I had sent my boy to bed I dropped into the club, and my accomplished young friend, the publisher, came to my aid. "You must coin a word," he said, "after the manner of Louis Carroll. Nothing is simpler. A man guffaws when he sees the buffoon. Therefore the man himself is a guffoon." I think this word "guffoon" is worthy of adoption.—Taverner in Boston Post.

Twenty Millions for Parks and Boulevards.

Chicago's system of public recreation grounds consists of six spacious parks strung upon a thirty mile chain of parkways, called boulevards, which, except for two short gaps, completely encircles the city. These parks and driveways are in general well advanced toward completion, and as their construction has progressed they have satisfactorily fulfilled the purposes for which they were created. Jackson, the largest of the parks, which has been chosen as the site of the World's fair, is as yet mainly unimproved, but is destined to be one day the foremost recreation ground of Chicago.

The parks proper, with several small urban grounds under the control of the West Side park commission, comprise 1,841 45-100 acres of ground, and fifty-nine miles of boulevards have been built or laid out in connection with them. In the twenty-two years since the beginning of park construction in Chicago over $20,000,000 have been expended upon the purchase, building and maintenance of these parks and boulevards.—Harper's Weekly.

He Took a Middle Course.

In traveling over the battlefield of Antietam I met an aged negro who seemed to know the lay of the ground perfectly well, and after a time I inquired, "Were you here when the fight took place?"

"Right yere, sah," he replied.

"Saw it all then?"

"Well, sah, not 'zactly, but I saw de dead folks arter de battle."

"Why didn't you witness the movements of the troops?"

"Well, sah, I was dun embarrassed o' keep dat day. I knowed Gineral Lee was dependin' on me not to whoop fur de Yankees, an' dat Gineral McClellan was dependin' on me not to whoop agin 'em, an' so I dun went down cellar an' sat on de head of a cidah bar'l an' let 'em fite it out de best way dey could."—Cor. New York World.

HE WAS A PROMOTER.

Trade Talk of a Curious Character Common Enough in New York.

Some hundreds of keen and not overscrupulous New Yorkers are perpetually haunted by visions of wealth to be made through petty inventions. The success of "pigs in clover" concentrated for a time the whole energy and cleverness of these men upon puzzles. A dozen new puzzles were promptly invented, and as many old ones were revived. There was an unconscionable amount of lying done about the prospects of each invention. Half a dozen of the speculators were tortured by prospective success that stopped short in the first week, and twice as many more persevered for months, led on by a hope plainly enough vain to all save the unhappy victims.

A typical man of this class perched himself on a stool in a dingy second hand book store the other day and talked of his trade. He was not twenty-five years old, tall, slender, agile, red haired, sanguine and apparently void of conscience. His speech was a curious mixture of slang from the slums, figures from the counting house and technical terms caught from the mechanical trades with which his precarious business brought him in contact. He was glib of tongue, quick at repartee and at times peculiarly happy in rude figures of speech.

All his talk was spiced with a cynical wisdom of the world, and beneath the surface lurked, half hidden, an intense desire to get money easily and quickly. He had sold everything, from a knitting needle to a rag baby. At that moment he was canvassing for a new puzzle, but the owner of the invention expected too much, in fact hoped to sit still and see dollars roll right in at his doorway. "But that ain't my funeral; it's his cemetery, see? So long as he pays me five dollars a day for canvassing I'll work for him."

There was always some jay around town with $500 looking for a cold cinch. Such persons expected to get the earth and put a fence round it, and all for $500. He himself had a little thing of his own invention. There was a comfortable living in it for the next twenty years, and he had it tight with a copper fastened patent. He had advertised in a Sunday paper for a partner with $300, and had received three or four answers, but they all wanted the whole thing. He didn't intend to sell a good living for twenty years at any such price. His invention had to do with sinks.

Now, there were 25,000,000 sinks in the United States, and every one of them was bound to have that article. It could be sold cheap and made for little or nothing. A profit of less than a cent on each meant wealth. He need not keep an office, but could have his article manufactured in Brooklyn and receive orders direct at the factory. There was nothing like a household utensil for selling. Puzzles didn't last. They played out in a few months and something else had to be done, but the world would go right on using his article till sinks were no more.—New York Recorder.

What We Like.

Among the many things that are hard to understand is the fancy entertained by so many people that other people will be interested to hear at considerable length what they like to eat and what they do not like to eat. There seems to be nothing of very great interest to one's friends in the fact that one is passionately fond of cabbage and onions; and yet, next to the weather, the most frequent subjet of conversation is probably the subject of eatables.

"If there's anything I dote on," says Mrs. Chubb, "it's a nice leg of mutton, with a butter gravy and capers. And I like"——

"But," says Mrs. Scragg, breaking in, "is there anything more horrid than pickled tripe? I can't bear it."

"My favorite sauce," Mrs. Chubb continues, "is fried apple sauce; and scalloped apples I can't get enough of."

"Laws!" exclaims Mrs. Scragg, "you don't say so! No kind of fruit agrees with me. And I don't see how anybody can eat those miserable things they call olives."

So they go on for an hour. "Well, I must be going," says Mrs. Scragg, rising at last. "We've had a real pleasant time!"

Throughout the whole interview Mrs. Chubb has been talking about the things she likes, and Mrs. Scragg has been talking about the things she does not like. Each one has been following her own temperament; and while she has not been at all interested in what the other has said she has been greatly interested in what she herself has said.

This principle of compromise is generally the basis of these little conversations about food.—Youth's Companion.

DER FLIEGENDE HOLLANDER.

Music, that breathes across the soul
As a dim sea wind spreads along,
Where the drenched moonlight is not strong;
Where leaden clouds and surges roll;
A heart whose yearnings strive and toll
Till the dank darkness is one song
Where helpless hopes make moan, and throng,
Winged for a vain and shifting goal.

A ship, whose wailing cordage sways
In tune with straining, restless spars,
As through the nights, between the days,
She reels, grown hoar with weathered scars,
In leagues on leagues of spray and haze
Past headlands vague beneath the stars.
—Edward Lucas White in New York Sun.

THE DOCTOR'S YARN.

I don't suppose that there is in the wide world a happier wife and mother than Lady Dartmoor. I don't suppose that between the four seas there exists a woman who is prouder and fonder of her husband and her children, and she has very sufficient excuse for her pride and her fondness. Dartmoor is a distinctly handsome man—he is also a distinctly clever man—and when the Duke of Westcountry said that Dartmoor, who was his son and heir, should marry and settle he was of course the great prize, the "catch," of the season, and he fell to fortunate Linda Verner.

The most striking peculiarity about Lord Dartmoor is his thoroughness. When he goes in for a thing he does go in for it; he is the sort of man who feels, as the vulgar old song said, that "he is bound to go the whole hog or none." Of course he is a genius, because he has the capacity for taking an infinite amount of trouble. He distinguished himself at the university not merely in the schools, but also on the river and in the cricket fields. Then he traveled through Central Asia with that very eccentric personage, Captain Brittles, generally known as Hadji Brittles, the great orientalist. And then he became private secretary to Lord Grindstone. Lord Grindstone was reported to have killed several private secretaries; but no amount of work was too severe for young Dartmoor. He knew perfectly well that his career as the future head of the great house of Westcountry was necessarily politics.

Lord Dartmoor was a fluent speaker and a hard worker, and he quite understood that as Lord Grindstone's private secretary he would be initiated into the business of a practical politician, and learn all the tricks of the trade. He had two years with Lord Grindstone. Then he entered the house as member for Clodworthy. He had attended far too often, both in the house of commons and in another place, as Lord Grindstone's private secretary, not to understand all about the forms of the house; and he was a glutton for work, and members were continually proposing to "add the name" of the member for Clodworthy to this committee and that committee.

Linda Verner was one of the belles of the London season when she became engaged to Lord Dartmoor. That was nothing more than her right, because Miss Verner was really very beautiful. She was only eighteen, but she was straight as a dart, her figure well developed, and her complexion clear; her hair, which was the color of the ripened wheat, was genuine and plentiful; and as for those tender blue eyes of hers, as we say in my profession, "they accelerated the cardiac action." I am not going to describe her in detail; it is perfectly unnecessary, because you always see Lady Dartmoor's photographs in the shop windows, and her portrait by Paris, R. A., was the picture at the academy seven years ago. I was her family doctor.

When she married Lord Dartmoor I think that the poor child was a little disappointed, because, though it was an absolute love marriage on both sides, yet Dartmoor had so many irons in the political fire that he could not give a proper amount of attention to his beautiful wife. You see he was a member for Clodworthy; he had just been made an under secretary of state; and what with the affairs of his constituents, and the affairs of the nation, and his determination to be a great political success, the man, though he loved and honored his young and beautiful wife, really had not time to cherish her or make a fuss, his business engagements were so very numerous. Of course, the beautiful Lady Dartmoor went a great deal into society, and she was even more admired as Lady Dartmoor than she had been as Linda Verner.

Captain the Honorable Reginald Blackadder, generally known as Adonis Blackadder, was a professional ladykiller. Young Blackadder had lots of money, and when I say that he was a sort of Lovelace, with a dash of Casanova, you can understand the sort of man he was. He was received everywhere because he was exceedingly well connected, but he was a distinctly dangerous man and a libertine by choice. His complexion was of an ivory like pallor. Women always admire that; they forget that it is usually produced, as in Captain Blackadder's case, by dissipation and late hours. Women said that "he waltzed like an angel;" men looked upon him as a conceited numskull. He did waltz like an angel, and he was a conceited numskull, and a thorough good kicking would have done Captain the Honorable Reginald Blackadder a world of good. But it is difficult for an injured father, or even an injured husband, to administer a thorough good kicking to an officer in the Guards who stands six foot one in his socks.

For a year before her marriage Captain Blackadder had paid Linda Verner marked attention, but Miss Verner gave him no encouragement; after her marriage the captain's attentions became still more strongly marked. He danced with her as often as possible, and women liked to dance with Reggie Blackadder. He would talk to her in whispers about nothing, and most women felt a profound satisfaction in monopolizing the attentions of so handsome a man as Captain Blackadder. He played the very strongest card that can be played in the game of fascination, and posed as Lady Dartmoor's friend.

Lord Dartmoor did not trouble himself one jot about the fascinations of Captain Blackadder; he merely looked upon him as an ass—an ass who talked well, who danced well. If he could only have pretended to have been a little bit jealous all might have been well; but Dartmoor had not time for jealousy, much less for shamming it. When he could escape from the house, if he had time, which he very seldom had, he would drop in at the ball or carpet dance, at which his wife might be engaged, and dutifully drive home with her, as a husband should; but he was generally so tired, poor fellow, that he dropped off to sleep before they got to the house.

It was at this time that I was called in professionally to see Lady Dartmoor. I had known her all her life, you see, and I was supposed to understand her constitution. She complained of loss of appetite; there was considerable mental depression. I prescribed tonics and change of air. She took the tonics, but Lady Dartmoor declined to leave London till the season was over. At his lordship's desire I saw Lady Dartmoor every day. At first she was not inclined to be confidential. I suspected that there was something on her mind, and I implored her to give me her confidence. After a while she did so. Her grievance was that she fancied her husband neglected her. In vain I pointed out that a man in Lord Dartmoor's position, as the heir to the dukedom of Westcountry, as the member for Clodworthy, as an under secretary of state, naturally had his hands pretty full.

"Dr. Swansdown, he has ceased to love me," said Lady Dartmoor. Lady Dartmoor was getting morbid.

"Lady Dartmoor, you should make allowances," I said. Lady Dartmoor declined to make allowances and the matter dropped.

One night I was sent for suddenly to see Lady Dartmoor. She was suffering from a sudden attack of brain fever, evidently brought on by intense excitement. There was a good deal of wild delirium, and Lady Dartmoor had clearly something on her mind. She had had a violent fit of hysterics at Lady Doublechin's ball. I sent for her mother, Mrs. Verner; I warned her not to leave her daughter's bedside for an instant. "In your daughter's state, my dear madam," I said, "you must take no notice whatever of any absurdities she may utter in her ravings." I directed that no one but the nurse and Mrs. Verner was to enter Lady Dartmoor's room.

I live in Harley street. There is no garden to my house in Harley street. The fact of there being no garden to my house in Harley street is a great trial to Maria, who is very fond of flowers, but, like John Gilpin's wife, she has a frugal mind. She does not buy her flowers at the florist's; she deals with the barrowmen in the street. She does not pay in cash; she "swaps" my old clothes for floral treasures. It is no use my remonstrating with Maria—she will do it.

Two days after the commencement of Lady Dartmoor's illness my wife rushed into my consulting room. "Oh, Ananias!" she cried (Maria is very fond of me, and she will call me by my Christian name), "look what I have found." Then she held out a magnificent three stone ruby ring. I recognized the ring at once; it was Lady Dartmoor's.

"Ananias!" cried my wife, "I got rid of your old shawl dressing gown today; I bartered it for ferns. One of them actually came out of the pot, it was so dry, poor thing; and between the pot and the earth was this beautiful ring."

I congratulated Maria, and I took charge of the ring. When I called professionally upon Lady Dartmoor that day her mother, Mrs. Verner, was very much depressed.

"She has been raving all night about Captain Blackadder and her ruby ring, doctor. She seems perfectly conscious now, but she does nothing but shed tears, doctor, and stare at her left hand. And," added Mrs. Verner dismally, "her ruby ring is missing, Dr. Swansdown."

Then I went up to see my patient. She was perfectly sensible, but her mental depression was intense and tears were flowing freely from her lovely eyes. I got rid of Mrs. Verner on some pretext or other. Then I stooped, and, pretending to pick it up from the floor, I handed her the ruby ring.

"Oh, Dr. Swansdown," she cried, in a voice of genuine gratitude, "then it was all a dream—a dreadful, dreadful dream. I must tell you, doctor," she cried in her excitement; "I must tell you. Somebody," she said—"somebody who shall be nameless—has been persuading me for ever so long that Dartmoor neglects me, and I dreamt a dreadfully vivid dream, Dr. Swansdown, and I thought I was sure that my dream was a reality, for I had lost my ring; and I dreamt that when I was sitting out with him in the conservatory at Lady Doublechin's ball the other night he asked me to elope with him that night. At first I indignantly refused. Then I dreamt that I hesitated; I told him to leave me; that if I consented I would put the ring in a flower pot that held a fern which was standing behind us; and then I dreamt—and my dream seemed real, doctor—that I made up my mind that Dartmoor no longer loved me, and that I placed my ring in the flower pot, close to the edge; and that just then Dartmoor appeared to take me home. And then I remember nothing more until late last night. And then I found the ring was gone; and, oh! Dr. Swansdown, I loathed myself."

"Calm yourself, calm yourself, my dear young lady," I began, with a genial, professional smile. "Late hours, my dear Lady Darthoor, late hours and London air have much to answer for. It was a lucky thing, though, that you found your ring; and now your mind is thoroughly disabused of the—um—monstrous hallucination. You must try to dismiss these ridiculous ideas from your mind. Ah! we are much better this morning, much better. Are we not, Lady Dartmoor?" I said, with a smile that was childlike and bland, to Mrs. Werner, who just then entered the room.

I did not tell Lord Dartmoor how very nearly the happiness of his young wife's life had been wrecked; but I ordered the Dartmoors off on a voyage round the world; and they started within the fortnight in Sir John Binnacle's big steam yacht, which Dartmoor purchased.

When I got home I told Maria that I had lost the ruby ring, and I added that I did not believe that they were rubies.

"Oh, Ananias!" cried Mrs. Swansdown in her just indignation, "you are a perfect fool!"

What became of Captain the Honorable Reginald Blackadder? Why, Jarnac, the French deputy, spitted him upon the sands of Blackenberghe because he was a great deal too attentive to Mme. Jarnac, and he died upon the field of honor. Serve him right, the beast! They manage this sort of thing so much better in France.—St. James Budget.

A Black Silk Petticoat for Two Dollars.

A black silk petticoat, trimmed handsomely with black lace, is a luxury that not every woman can afford when the prices of them range from twenty to thirty dollars, and even more. This is how one was made, and a beauty it was at that, for two dollars.

A young woman started out with ten dollars to get the long envied article. She went from shop to shop; nothing quite suited her, and it seemed such an awful lot to give for the flimsy things, with their poor lace and pinked ruffles, that were set before her.

So, giving up in despair, she took the elevated home, and gliding over the Brooklyn bridge a waft of fresh air blew an idea into her wearied brain. On getting home she found an old red silk underskirt which she had intended to be knit up into a woven portiere. On another dress was an old black lace flounce, which, with sponging, pressing and darning, was made nearly as good as new, while the red silk skirt was going through the dyeing process. The two were put together, and for two dollars, the sum for dying, she had a much prettier petticoat than any she had seen for ten dollars.—New York Evening Sun.

ALONE.

My life puts forth to sea alone;
The skies are dark above;
All round I hear gray waters moan—
Alas for vanished love!

"O lonely life that presseth on
Across these wastes of years,
Where are the guiding pilots gone—
Whose is the hand that steers?"

The pilots they are left behind
Upon yon golden strand;
We drift before the driving wind;
We cannot miss the land—

That land to which we hurry on,
Across the angry years;
Hope being dead, and sweet Love gone,
There is no hand that steers.
—Philip Bourke Marston in New York Truth.

Optical Lanterns.

For exclusively parlor use a good lantern may be obtained for $15, which will give a picture 6 or 8 feet in diameter. For $25 one may purchase a sciopticon suitable for use in small halls and capable of producing a picture 10 or 12 feet across. A sciopticon of the highest class, with an oil lamp or lime jet, would cost $100 or more, and would give a picture 20 feet in diameter at a distance of 125 feet. A pair of sciopticons used together for dissolving views form a piece of apparatus known as a stereopticon. Prices of stereopticons range from $50 to $500, and a triple lantern, used for fancy effects, will cost you from $150 to $1,000, according to the needs of your business. For hall exhibitions, however, the low priced lantern does all the work of a high class one, and a pair of good $25 sciopticons may be used very effectively in dissolving.

About lantern screens. A clean white wall is an ideal surface upon which to project a lantern image. Next to this a tightly drawn muslin sheet without wrinkles. Paper with a dead finish makes a good screen, but it is apt to be lacking in durability. If it is desired to place the lantern behind the screen, as in the case of the screen being in a large doorway, with the lantern in one room and the spectators in the other, it should be stretched very tight and thoroughly wet to make it translucent. This plan, however, I do not recommend, as the cloth will not permit all the light to pass through.—Entertainment.

Some Old Georgia Superstitions.

Here is a contribution in the shape of folk lore gossip as heard among the Georgia crackers. It is a survival of the old English superstitions.

When it is ebb tide the slits in a cat's eyes are horizontal; when it is flood tide they are vertical. Kill a frog and it will rain hard for three days. If a cock walks in at the door, turns around and crows, he announces a death in the family. Potatoes will not thrive unless they are planted in the dark of the moon, and a child born at the full of the moon will be a boy.

If you open an umbrella in a house the only person present will die, and the same thing will happen if you hang a coat or hat on a door knob or a door bell. It is not wise to set a hen during a certain part of August, because the life of the world is at its lowest then. If two persons going hand in hand meet an obstacle which divides them the one on the left will go to hell and the one on the right to heaven.

If you drop a pair of scissors and one point sticks in the floor a visitor will come from the direction toward which the other leg is extended. A child that has never seen its father can cure whooping cough by blowing down the patient's throat. To get rid of freckles count them and put an equal number of pebbles into a paper. Whoever steps on the paper will get the freckles.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Spectral Light.

"One stormy night in October," said a well known railroad conductor recently, "I was in mortal fear that the bridges, of which there are a good many on the line, would be washed away by the swollen rivers. Fortunately we passed nearly all of them safely, but just as we drew near the last bridge I happened to be crossing from one car to another and noticed a strange, weird looking blue light dancing up and down in front of the train. I don't know what possessed me to do it, but I rang the bell and brought the train to a stop. The engineer, brakeman and I then set out to discover the cause of the light, but it had entirely disappeared and not a trace of it was left. We went down the track as far as the bridge, and found that it had been completely washed away by the stream, which was swollen, only a few timbers remaining to bear evidence that a bridge had once spanned the stream. We were kept there for over two days, until another bridge could be built, and, although the other trainmen laugh at me for it, I earnestly believe that that spectral blue light was placed by a divine Providence to save us from an awful fate."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Village Lamplighter.

In some surburban villages the lamplighter makes his rounds in a sulky. He may not have a greater number of lamps to light than his city brother, but it may be that they are further apart, and to get over the ground in time he must drive. He does not carry the inclosed torch that is commonly used in the city, for he doesn't need it; driving up under the lamp, he is, when standing in the sulky, high enough above the ground to reach the burner, and he lights the gas with a match.—New York Sun.

The ray, or skate fish, has a mouth set transversely across its head, the jaws working with a rolling motion like two hands set back to back. In the jaws are three rows of flat teeth, set like a mosaic pavement, and between these rolling jaws the fish crushes oysters and other mollusks like so many nuts.

Probably the liveliest railway junction in the world is at Clapham, in England, where the London, Brighton and South Coast and the London and Southwestern railways cross. Between 7 o'clock in the morning and 10 at night, 1,000 trains pass this junction—an average of one every fifty-four seconds.

The celebrated Erasmus, although a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish that the smell of it threw him into a fever. Ambrose Pare had a patient who could never see an eel without fainting, and another who would fall into convulsions at the sight of a carp.

Clouds consist simply of water divided into minute globules or drops. They differ in no essential respect from the steam emitted by a tea kettle, or the mists and fogs that fill river valleys at sunrise. These forms of water are all produced in the same way.

Sir William Siemen's method of applying electric light to grow flowers and fruit by night or on cloudy days has been employed with good success on board a West Indian steamer to keep alive exotic vines and other plants.

Woes of a Married Man.

Two old fellows were in the seat behind me in the car. They had just met by accident, after a long separation, and having discussed the weather, the crops and the Farmers' Alliance, they fell upon domestic matters.

"You married a Grayling, didn't you?" asked one.

"Yes, my first woman was a Grayling. Good woman too."

"Yes, I bet she was good if she was one of old Hiram Grayling's girls."

"Well, she wasn't as good to work as some of the other girls. Now when it come to pickin' bresh and helpin' with the clearin' she wasn't much good; said her back give out, and all that."

"Naw," said the other sympathetically.

"Yes, but then she was better than most women. I didn't do as well the last time."

"Is that so? Le's see—who did you marry last time?"

"I married that girl of Ben Evans', you know—the one who used to look so healthy. She got sick with typhoid fever right after harvest, two years ago, and lost all her hair. When she got well she was always dingin' at me for money to buy a switch. Now, my wife had on a good switch when she died, and we didn't even put it in the coffin with her. But do you think that Evans woman would put the thing on her head? No, sir. She said if I couldn't afford as many hair switches as I could wives I might go to grass. Just goes on talkin' that way, you know."

"Too bad," said the other man. "She'll be wanting a new coffin all to herself, the next thing you know."—Chicago Herald.

Charity Misapplied.

The superintendent of a children's charity institution remarked: "Ah, there is one lady of fashion in this city whose goodness of heart is certainly without a parallel among her set. I can't tell you her name, because she objects strongly to having her kind deeds known. She is a true Christian at work, even if she does dance a great many nights away and own a fortune's worth of diamonds."

"Does the lady give a lot of money to the institution?" the superintendent was asked.

"Oh, no," he replied, "she doesn't give money to us, but she labors for us. She does indeed. She cooks for us continually. Every day there are pies and cakes and puddings sent in to the children from her, and I have proof that they are all made by the lady herself. How she ever finds time for it all is more than I can explain. Only a few moments ago I received here two dozen custard pies, four suet puddings and six sheets of sponge cake, with this note saying that she had just baked them all and hoped the children would enjoy them."

"And they just will enjoy them, won't they?" said the listener.

"Well, no," replied the superintendent. "You see, they won't eat them."

"Won't eat them?"

"No. That's the only trouble with this good, charitable lady. No one can eat anything she cooks."—New York Sun.

Might Have Been a G. C. B.

No incident in Disraeli's career is more pleasant than his offer of a pension and a G. C. B. to Carlyle. A friend of Sir William Fraser walked with Carlyle for two hours on the day on which Disraeli's letter arrived. Carlyle described the letter being brought to him by a treasury messenger, the large black seal, his wonder as to what the official envelope could contain, and his great surprise on reading the offer, conveyed in language of consumate tact and delicacy. Carlyle said: "The letter of Disraeli was flattering, generous and magnanimous; his overlooking all that I have said and done against him was great."

He added: "The accurate perception of merit in others is one of the highest characteristics of a fine intellect. I should not have given Disraeli credit for possessing it had it not been brought home so directly to me." He repeated the words "generous" and "magnanimous" several times. Disraeli's letter, by the way, though it entirely deserves the praises above quoted for its tact and delicacy, is by no means impeachable in grammar, for it contains within a dozen lines two instances of the hanging "and which."—Pall Mall Budget.

Outside and Inside.

The ingenuity of people who think they are ill when they are not quite triumphs over any external evidence of health.

A very stout German workman went to a physician in the west and complained of being very unwell.

"But," said the doctor, "if you are sick it has not prevented you from getting pretty comfortably fat."

"Oh, dot fat!" said the German. "Yes, I am fat on de outside, but on de eenside, ach! I am so poor!"—Youth's Companion.

A Brave and Simple "No."

The American captain was asked why, with his ship in extremity and the waves washing men overboard, he had suddenly hauled down his flag of distress. He and his crew had seen that the British steamer was lowering one of her boats (it rescued them) and had doubted whether a boat could live in that sea. "I said then to my men, 'Shall we let those brave fellows risk their lives to save ours?' and they said 'No!' Then I hauled down the flag."—Academy.