SISSY JANE.

Allays—mornin', noon an' night,
Rose o' dawn er candlelight,
She was tollin' in the house,
Creepin' roun', jes like a mouse;
Washin' kittles, pots an' pans,
Runnin' erran's in the rain,
Lots o' work fer her small han's—
Sissy Jane.

Had to work er' she'd get spiled,
Bein' jes a char'ty child;
Them's the kind that folks despise—
Kind o' scary like brown eyes,
Hair that fell without a comb,
Like a yearlin' colt's rough mane,
'Cause she hadn't any home—
Sissy Jane.

Finerly she sort o' failed,
Cheeks got sunken like an' paled,
Eyes kep gettin' bigger, too,
Elbow jints come crowdin' through.
So she up and died about
Time the men was cuttin' grain.
Reckon she got tired out—
Sissy Jane. —Chicago Herald.

A RULE FOR BOTH.

"And is this the girl my nephew Paul has married?" said old Maj. L'Estrange to himself. "Why, she is nothing but a child, and a lovely child, too."

The soft, yellow twilight was enfolding the drawing room in its enchanted glamor, and Dolores, rising from her piano, stood with large eyes and heightened color to receive her new uncle.

She was only 16, but she belonged to the beautiful creole race, who blossom so early into womanhood, and she had the dignity of a young princess as she stood there all in white, with her jet black hair gathered into a net of gleaming gold.

Young L'Estrange looked first at his wife and then at his uncle with natural pride.

"Here she is, sir!" said he. "My little Dolores!"

And then the old gentleman courteously advanced, holding out one slender, aristocratic hand, on which gleamed a diamond of rare size and water.

"I am very glad to see you, my dear," said he, courteously, and not without a tender accent of affection.

And from that moment all Dolores' secret fear and dread of her husband's uncle vanished.

"I am so glad you are not a cross old crab," she said, impulsively.

"Has Paul given me such a bad character as that?" said the old gentleman, smiling.

"Oh, no, no!" cried Dolores. "But he always says 'My uncle will like this—my uncle will disapprove of that,' until, don't you see, I have learned to be afraid of this unseen potentate. But," with a shake of the blue black curls, "I am not afraid now. Oh, I am sure I shall love you very, very much! Might I kiss you, please?"

"You might try," said the major, looking very much pleased; and from that moment Maj. L'Estrange and his niece-in-law were sworn allies and firm friends.

"And you love him very much?" said the major, speaking, of course, of the one Prince Charming who had ensnared the creole's heart.

"Oh, yes!" cried Dolores. "I am sure, Uncle Gerald, that there is no one like him in the world. No one!"

"And he is good to you?"

"Yes, always."

"And are you happy?"

"Yes, and—except"——

"Hallo!" said Uncle Gerald. "Here's a flaw in the diamond—a crumple in the rose leaves! There ought to be no such thing as an except!"

"There isn't," stoutly maintained Dolores. "Only"——

"It's the same thing," said Uncle Gerald, shaking his head. "An 'only!' Come, Dolores, what is it? Open confession, remember, is good for the soul. What is the meaning of this mysterious 'only?'"

Dolores hung down her head, the ink-black lashes drooped over her peach blossom cheek.

"It isn't anything at all, Uncle Gerald," said she. "Only—I should like a little money to spend sometimes."

"Eh!" said the major. "Why, how is this? Paul isn't a miser, I hope."

"Not in the least," cried Dolores. "But—but—I hardly know how to explain myself—he thinks I ought to come to him for every penny I spend. He thinks I should keep within a certain limit. Of course he's right, but it's a little hard sometimes. There's no need for a woman's spending money, he says."

"Ah!" commented the major.

"And I wanted some bonbons dreadfully yesterday," said Dolores, laughing and blushing. "Of course it's ridiculous—a grown woman like me wanting bonbons like a child; but, indeed, Uncle Gerald, I couldn't help it, and I was ashamed to ask Paul for $1 to buy French candies with; and if there's an organ grinder, or a beggar, or a poor woman selling buttons and shoestrings, why, I have my rings and my ribbons and my bracelets, but nothing else."

The major smiled and stroked his white silk beard as he sat there in the bamboo chair in the shadow of the sweet southern passion vines.

"It is a hard case," said he.

"Yes, isn't it?" cried Dolores earnestly. "I told Paul he ought to give me a regular sum for pin money, but he only laughs at me and says I am a little goose. How would he like it himself, I wonder?"

"Ah!" said the major; "how, indeed?"

"And flowers!" cried Dolores, clasping her hands. "There was a flower girl along yesterday with the sweetest Japan lilies and tuberoses, and I could not buy one. And tuberoses always make me think of beautiful New Orleans. Oh, Uncle Gerald, I did so want those waxen darlings! But Paul says it makes a woman extravagant to have all the money she wants. Would the tuberoses have been extravagant, Uncle Gerald?"

"No," said the old gentleman, looking at the beautiful speaking face, "I don't think they would. But now, little Dolores, there comes your pony up the drive. Go for your airing and leave me to sleep."

But the major did not sleep at all. He meditated. He faced the financial problem of the L'Estrange household and resolved to conquer it.

Paul L'Estrange came up from the city that evening in excellent spirits.

"My dear uncle," he said, "I shall have to call on your generosity once again. Only fancy my meeting Hall and Ovington on the parade this afternoon! And they tell me that Col. Praed and young Jennings are in town also. So I have just ordered a little bachelor supper at Auranio's for to-morrow evening."

"Ah!" said Maj. L'Estrange.

"I looked at that chestnut mare, sir," added Paul. "She is simply perfect, so I told the man to bring her up here. I am to have her for $375. It's a bargain."

"Indeed?"

Paul L'Estrange turned quickly around and looked at his uncle.

"Is anything the matter, sir?" said he.

"The matter? No. Why should there be?"

"Only your tone was so peculiar—that is all."

"Well, to tell the truth, I was thinking," said Maj. L'Estrange.

"Of what, sir?" questioned Paul.

"Of where you meant to get the money to pay for all these things," dryly answered the old man.

"Why, from you, of course," said Paul, half puzzled, half amused. "You have always given me all the money I wanted."

"But that is no sign that I shall always continue to do so," deliberately remarked the old gentleman. "Look here, Paul, I am thinking of turning over a new leaf."

"I don't understand you, sir."

"Don't you? Then I must endeavor to elucidate my meaning a little. The money is mine, isn't it?"

"Most assuredly it is," Paul answered, with knitted brows.

"Well, then, I have a right to deal it out as I please. And I am seriously thinking of stopping your allowance."

"Of—stopping my allowance, Uncle Gerald?"

"Yes. If you want anything you can come to me for it, you know."

"Like a school boy, Uncle Gerald!" cried the young man, with crimsoning temples.

"Why not?" serenely questioned the old gentleman. "Do you know, I have an idea that it makes a man extravagant to have the handling of too much money. That, I believe, is your opinion also."

"Mine, eh?" echoed Paul.

"It is what you tell your wife," said Uncle L'Estrange, with a twitch of the corners of his mouth.

Paul looked puzzled.

"But she is a woman, sir."

"And ergo, she has no wants! Is that logic, my boy?"

"I am always ready to give her anything she wants!" exclaimed the young man.

"Exactly the platform which I occupy in respect to you," said Gerald. "And yet you don't seem satisfied with the arrangement I propose. Come! Let's be judicial, my boy. Let us be perfectly impartial. Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum, you know. If my niece's money is to be dealt out to her a penny at a time, so must my nephew's."

"My dear uncle," cried Paul, jumping up, "I never looked at the thing in that light before. My poor, little Dolores. What a sordid old miser I must have appeared to her. Why didn't some one do me the favor to tell me what an egregious idiot I was making of myself? What shall I do, Uncle Gerald? Shall I make her a regular allowance—so much a week?"

"I dare say we shall find some satisfactory method of adjusting the balance," said Maj. L'Estrange, with a smile. "It's a sort of ad hominem argument, this of mine, I must confess; but it was a real trouble to little Dolores, and so I thought I would just hold up a looking glass to you, Nephew Paul. But don't look so grave; you shall have your supper at Auranio's and your chestnut mare, and all those other little luxuries of life which have grown to be necessities to you. But Dolores must have her bon bons and flowers and little charity coins also. As I said before, fiat justitia."

"With all my heart, uncle,' said Paul, laughing.

And so little Dolores won her cause after all. She came to her uncle the next day.

"Oh, uncle," she said, "I am so sorry I told you that about Paul."

"Why, my dear?" asked the major.

"Because we have talked the matter all over," said Dolores, "and he is so good. I am to have a separate allowance all of my own. Isn't he splendid! And I wouldn't have him think I complained of him for all the world!"

"Don't be afraid, my dear," said the major. "It shall be a state secret between us two forever and a day. And you are sure you're quite happy now?"

"Oh, yes, quite," declared Dolores with emphasis.

But she did not know that Uncle Gerald was the magician who had wrought this wonderful change.—New York Ledger.

A Pretty Western Preacher.

The Rev. Carrie Bartlett, who is becoming widely known as a successful preacher in the Unitarian ministry at Kalamazoo, has been speaking for a Sunday or two in Brooklyn, and has been a guest at several club receptions. She is young and more than commonly attractive, with an oval face, regular features and large soft eyes. Her hair is brown and curls about her face. It is gathered in a soft knot at the nape of the neck behind. Her voice is pleasantly modulated, but the great charm of her presence lies in the expressive face, which is at once sensitive and reposeful. She does not affect either the masculine or clerical in her dress, wearing a simple black gown with white collar and a wide, rather picturesque black hat with drooping ostrich plumes.—Pittsburg Leader's New York Letter.

An Interesting Wedding.

At McCalla, Ala., last week, Rueben Burnett, aged 16, was married to Miss Mollie Pear, aged 15. The groom weighs 90 pounds and the bride 80. They were married with the full consent of their parents.

During the ceremony a thief stole the bridegroom's horse and buggy. All the guests joined in the chase. The thief was captured and the stolen property recovered.—Birmingham Telegram.

Coincidental.

There is a similarity between the accident on the Lake Shore near Hamburg and that on the Central near Yost's. In both disasters a minister of the gospel met death on his journey, a colored porter was killed in the crash at the end of a sleeper, and, while in the Yost's disaster a bridegroom met his death and the bride escaped, in the Hamburg disaster the case was reversed.—Albany Journal.

The latest attraction of the London Zoo is a collection of monster lizards, the largest animals of their class. They are so large and strong that it is said in India burglars sometimes make use of them, seizing hold of the lizard's tail and being drawn by it to the upper window of a house.

A little girl five years old has arrived in Paterson, N. J., having traveled by rail alone from Saginaw, Mich. The child, at the request of her father, was shipped as express matter, with a tag about her neck giving her name and destination and also the key of her trunk.

He Brushed a Live Dummy.

One evening I was out with a party of young friends. It had been trying to snow all afternoon and had cleared off cold. As we passed a ready made clothing store we noticed a couple of dummies out in front covered with snow. One of these two particular dummies was looking in the window, probably watching the cashier inside, while the other was faced toward the street, possibly to draw trade. On the breast of his long, snow laden ulster he wore a banner with the strange device, "Buy me, only $7.33." Just as we were passing we saw a young clerk approaching the door, whisk broom in hand, to brush the snow from the dummies. One of my friends, who knew the clerk, said, "Imitation of a dummy," and he jumped into a rigid position between the papier mache men. We ran across the street to watch things. Out came the clerk and brushed the snow from the nearest figure, turning it around on its well greased standard as he did so. Then he reached for our friend, who stood stiff and still. He carefully brushed the snow from the back of his long ulster, and then took hold of his arm to turn him around. As he felt flesh and blood he dropped his whisk, uttered a horrible yell and disappeared behind a pile of coats in the store.—Chicago Herald.

Horace Greeley's Favorite Cut.

Hall, the chief messenger at the custom house, cultivated his suave manner when he was the head waiter at the Astor house. Nothing pleases him more than to recall the days when he served Horace Greeley, who dined for years at the Astor house. Dinner there at that time was served on the American plan and was from 12 m. until 3 p. m. "I used to carve," said Hall, "and when I had reached the twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth cut in a rib of roast beef I knew that it was time for Mr. Greeley to come in. He liked the twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth cut because, I suppose, the meat in that part of the roast was done exactly to suit his taste. When I had got to Mr. Greeley's cut I used to run my knife around the rim of it and remove all the overdone edge or fat, which he did not like. We heaped up the plate with potatoes, green peas and beans—Mr. Greeley was a great hand for green peas—and sent it in to him."—New York Tribune

Buttered Toast for Potatoes.

M. Taine, the eminent French literateur, was recently at Oxford and he ordered plain roast beef and potatoes for dinner. The waiter brought M. Taine roast beef and buttered toast. M. Taine exclaims, "Waiter, some potatoes." The waiter brought more buttered toast. M. Taine, in pronouncing "potatoes," laid stress on the last syllable of potatoes and gave the "s" more sibilation than was necessary, so to the waiter's English ear he was asking with tolerable clearness for buttered toast. When fresh lots of buttered toast began to appear, M. Taine blandly demanded "some potatoes," with the result that his table was literally covered with plates of buttered toast; however, a well known Oxford professor happened to enter the room at this juncture and succeeded in clearing up matters.—London Cor. of New Orleans Picayune.

Hospitable.

"Good morning. I should like to ask for a little information, if you please." The speaker was a northern tourist in the Ozark mountains of southwestern Missouri. He had halted near a small, windowless cabin, in front of which a sallow, shrewd native sat smoking a cob pipe.

"Wull?" came the slow reply. The man did not move nor did he take his pipe from his mouth or his hands from his pockets as he surveyed the elegant young man in corduroys.

"I should like to inqnire," said the tourist, "if this isn't the region where the clay eaters live? I was told I should reach it about noon."

The Missourian rose slowly, and, advancing his lank figure, a gleam of fun in his eye, asked in his turn:

"Clay? Be you hungry for some, young feller?"—Youth's Companion.

Wind Motors for Electrical Purposes.

The use of wind power for producing the electric light possesses the recommendation that it is cheap. A wind motor has been in successful operation for some time at the northernmost lighthouse at Cape de la Hague, where it drives two dynamos supplying accumulators. The windmill rests upon a timber framing, and transmits motion by means of a vertical shaft and two pairs of conical cog wheels to a horizontal shaft. Pulleys are fixed to the latter, which drive the dynamos by means of belting. The windmill works automatically, both during light winds and gales.—Electrician.

Thousands of English Bridegrooms.

In England last year there were no less than 369 bridegrooms above 70 years of age, and of these one took a girl of 17, another one of 19 and four others kept under 21. Between 60 and 70 years of age 2,084 men married. Three of them took girls under 18 and twenty-seven others were content with partners who had not reached their majority. As many as 4,576 males whose ages ranged between 50 and 60 were also brought to the altar, and here again a score of the wives were in their teens. A hundred were not more than 21 and 248 were under 25.—Manchester Courier.

Death Rate Among Old Soldiers.

How rapidly the death rate among the old soldiers is increasing is shown by the reports now being received at the office of Col. Gray, adjutant of the department of Wisconsin, G. A. R. Thus far 160 out of 263 posts have reported, and the death list numbers 134, whereas the total number of deaths reported by Wisconsin posts last year was 129. This made a death rate of 11 per 1,000, but if the 100 posts yet to be heard from show the same proportionate mortality as those that have already reported the rate for 1889 will not be far from 20 per 1,000.—Chicago Ledger.

An Elephant's Venerable Age.

The journals of Ceylon have recently mentioned the death of an elephant that was well known on the island, and had been seen by several generations of Englishmen. He was called Sello, and had belonged to the last of the kings of Kandy. He was one of the hundred elephants that was taken by the English government in 1815, when the Kandyan dynasty was overthrown. At this epoch the elephant was said to be 15 years old. If this is correct, he died a natural death at the age of 89 years.—Boston Budget.

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MARCH 25, 1890.

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A young man who recently committed suicide in New Orleans left a letter stating that he lost all his money buying Louisiana lottery tickets. He appears to have been a "blank" fool.

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Particularly on a long journey. Be fully prepared. You cannot be, permit us to say, unless you are accompanied with the traveler's and tourist's *vade mecum*, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, most genial of appetizers, acclimatizers and promoters of digestion. Against sea sickness, malaria, cramps and colics begotten of badly cooked or unwholesome food and brackish water, nervousness, increased by travel, chronic biliousness and constipation, the Bitters is a sovereign preventive. It imparts a relish for food not altogether to your taste, and prevents it from disagreeing with you. Never was there such a capital thing for the unfortunate dyspeptic who stands in dread of the best cooked meal. Stomachic trouble caused by ill-prepared viands aboard ship, on steamboats, and rations hastily bolted at railway restaurants, is soon remedied by the Bitters, which gives a quietus also to rheumatism, kidney troubles and insomnia.

Ten her (to class)—In this stanza what is meant by the line, "The shades of night were falling fast?" Bright Scholar—The people were pulling down the blinds.

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