

## DESOLATION

A little grave, secluded and apart,  
Lies where the sunlight quivers, full  
and warm,  
Beneath a grassy fabric Time has  
wrought  
And gently spread above the small,  
still form,  
The name and date upon the crumbling  
cross,  
Too long the dreary rattle have washed  
away,  
But, ah, the tiny mound bespeaks a loss  
It needs no stolid wooden cross to say!  
Some mother once caressed a dimpled  
head,  
And kissed the wayward locks that fell  
above  
Her throbbing breast, the while she  
gently planned  
Her baby's future crowned with joy  
and love,  
Oh, stars that gleam above the quiet  
dead,  
Shine softly on this mound alone and  
dear;  
Oh, winds across Dora's silent numbers  
sped,  
Pause gently at the little sleeper here,  
For all the hopes a mother cherished  
most,  
The dreams that in a mother's heart  
abound,  
Are buried here among this sleeping host  
Beneath the cold, bleak shelter of a  
mound,  
Oh, pitying flowers, let your fragrant  
tears  
Fall for the tender joys and silent  
mirth,  
The boundless love, the thousand hopes  
and fears,  
Encompassed in this narrow space of  
earth!  
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## MISS DORA SEATON.

LAST autumn Hargreaves and I went down in Lynceaster-on-Sea to do some reading. The season was over and we found ourselves almost the only visitors in the place—quite the only ones, in fact, at the Park Hotel.

Consequently we had a choice of rooms, and it was purely accidental that we chose the corner sitting-room on the "second floor front," overlooking the grounds of the hotel and also the People's park.

The western wall of the hotel gardens formed the eastern boundary of the park, and our room was at right angles to the wall. Immediately beneath it, on the park side, was a row of garden seats.

One night Hargreaves and I were luxuriating in a lounge after dinner. The room was in darkness, and we were quiet for once—enjoying a smoke and half-doing.

Presently I was roused by the sound of voices talking outside. The window was open, and I drew aside the curtain and looked out.

Two men occupied the seat just below me, on the park side of the wall—decent-looking fellows, as far as I could tell in the dusk. I looked curiously at them for a moment, and was about to return to my pipe, when a word or two caught my ear.

"Then it's all settled. We sneak up the drive, steal a ladder and you climb in at the landing window. We shan't be disturbed; old Seaton sleeps at the back of the house, so do the servants."

"Go on."

"Her room is in the front—the first on the left from the landing window. I spotted it the other night when I was strolling up and down—"

"O, never mind that. Hurry up."

"Well, you know what to do next. Seize the little darling, gag her, lower her down to me—she's a mere feather-weight—follow, and I'll manage the rest."

"Will I don't care about the business. 'Tis infernally risky, and—"

"O, come. You can't back out of it now. Meet me at 11:30 at the crossroads half a mile from Seaton Hall. Then a tramp, a few minutes' wild excitement, then—Dora and bliss."

The two men moved away, and I sank back in my chair and gasped.

Did these cold-blooded ruffians really contemplate breaking into a man's house and stealing his daughter under his very nose? It was incredible, impossible; it was—

I roused Hargreaves with a vigorous shake. "Wake up!" I shouted; "wake up. Thieves! Burglars! Kidnappers! Miss Seaton of Seaton Hall!"

Hargreaves listened—and scoffed. Carry off a girl in that desperate fashion in these days! Absurd! "Go to sleep again, my dear fellow, and dream some sense!"

This was irritating. If there had been time I should have been annoyed with Hargreaves, but there was not. I assumed a lofty indifference.

"Believe it or not, as you like," I said, "it's true enough. I shall be at Seaton Hall at midnight to stop this desperate deed; and if I lose my life in the interests of my fellow-creatures my blood be on your head."

This rhetorical display impressed Hargreaves.

A couple of hours later two villains, armed with blackthorn cudgels, strode along the road from Lancaster to Seaton—myself and Hargreaves on the warpath.

Visions floated before me in frightful procession. I saw myself and Hargreaves a pair of mangled corpses, weltering in our gore.

"Hargreaves," I began. He started as though he had been shot. This was encouraging.

"Hargreaves," I said, trying to get the nervous quiver out of my voice; "Hargreaves, do you think they have accomplices? Perhaps there is a gang of them."

"Rubbish!" from Hargreaves, savagely. "Bosh!"

We reached the crossroads by 11 o'clock, after which ten minutes' sharp walking brought us to Seaton Hall.

The house was approached by a drive about a quarter of a mile in length. We crouched side by side and waited. It was heavily—branches of trees stuck into us, prickly shrubs lacerated our faces.

We seemed to have been there for hours (during which my only comfort lay in clutching the blackthorn cudgel and a pocket pistol), when suddenly Hargreaves ripped my arm.

Footsteps were coming stealthily toward us. Nearer and nearer they drew—nearer and nearer they drew—the shrubs and peered out.

Ah-ha! There they were—the ruffians! Thank goodness, only two of them. A few minutes elapsed. Then a lantern's red bull's-eye gleamed out close to the ground. Two figures reared a ladder against the house wall.

One of the men mounted and disappeared. Now the fellow was at the window again. He clutched something in his arms. Miss Dora Seaton? No—not Miss Dora Seaton—a big bundle—a kicking, struggling bundle!

Silently, swiftly, he descended. We felt the two coming toward us in the darkness.

"Now!" cried Hargreaves.

We sprang out. Each hurled himself on his man, seized him by the throat, and hung on.

I gagged my man, bound his unresisting hands, turned on the lantern, and staggered back in utter amazement.

"Graham!" I cried. "Graham!"

"Dagnore!" ejaculated Hargreaves. "Tom Dagnore! by the powers!"

Hargreaves and I stared at one another. The burglars lay and glared at us, gagged and helpless. The mysterious bundle struggled and plunged about our feet.

Then Hargreaves began to laugh. I subsided on the ground in silent convulsions.

No wonder. Graham and Dagnore, undergraduates of All Souls, Uxbridge, breaking into the house of a highly respectable country squire to steal—ah, yes, to steal what?

I jumped up, seized the bundle and released—a small toy terrier, with a blue ribbon round its neck and a gag stuffed into its mouth.

With a simultaneous impulse we unbound the ruffians. They gazed at each other ruefully, then at us, and once more laughter rendered us all speechless. We crept down the drive. I hardly dared breathe till we were outside the gates.

"Now, then," I said to Graham, "explain."

"O, after you, sir," said Graham, "after you!"

"Yes," echoed Dagnore; "what the dickens are you doing in this affair?"

I told them. Having stood what we considered a legitimate amount of chaff, we put a stop and made them "fire away."

"The fact is," said Graham, "Dagnore is in love; it's Miss Dora Seaton."

"Very interesting," I remarked, "but it hardly seemed to account for his stealing her dog."

"O!" said Graham. "I'm coming to that. Dora walks on Lynceaster pier daily after tea. So does the dog, Dagnore was smitten with Dora at once, and we have tried every dodge we know to get an introduction. No go. Fair means failing, we tried foul."

"We are due at Oxbridge next week, you know. Dagnore is getting frantic."

"At last he hit on a brilliant idea. Dora is devoted to the dog. It occurred to him how convenient it would be if the little beast would get itself lost or stolen, and we could find and restore it to her. To-morrow there will be a hue and cry all over Lynceaster—posters up, rewards offered, Dora in despair, Dagnore scouring the country for the dog—restoration—introduction—gratitude—bliss!"

"But," broke in Hargreaves, "how did you know where the dog was kept at night? And how dare you risk its barking and awaking the household?"

"Dagnore's landlady and the cook at Seaton Hall exchange weekly tea and muffins. Which answers your first question."

"And the second?"

Graham produced a small phial.

"Chemistry," he said pompously; "chemistry is a most useful study. A few drops of this liquid on a lump of sugar sends a small dog to sleep for six hours on end. The dose takes effect half an hour after administration. This afternoon Dora and the dog walked on the pier as usual. Dora engaged in amiable conversation with an old fisherman, while the little dog ate a lump of sugar lying temptingly under one of the seats. On the road home he probably lay down and slumbered, and has slumbered ever since on the mat at his mistress' door—in my arms on the landing—and awoke to find himself descending a ladder tied up in a blanket with a cloth stuffed into his mouth."

Hargreaves and I do not think much of this tale. Mrs. Dora Dagnore says it is the best she knows.—London Answers.

**Judged by Her Walk.**

An observing man insists that he can tell a woman's character by her manner of walking and the kind of shoes she wears. He says that the listless way of lifting one's feet indicates laziness or ill-health. A heavy, flat-footed step means a good housekeeper, but an aggressive nature. A dragging, shuffling step denotes indolence of mind and body. He observes, further, that the woman who likes mannish shoes is not dainty or feminine, and that the ideal woman wears well-fitting shoes in the street and dainty slippers in the house.—Philadelphia Times.

The manager of an opera company should not be blamed for putting on airs.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

### THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

"I am a soldier," said Walter, and he merched up and down in the playroom with his gun over his shoulder.

"And I," said Alice, "am a sailor and live in a ship!" Then Alice climbed up in the big tall basket and made it rock so that it went toward the stool, where her big doll, Julia, was sitting.

"Watch out!" she said to Julia. "You are the Spazards, and I am going to shoot big cannons at you!" Then Alice began to growl deep down in her throat, to sound like the noise of a cannon, but Julia never blinked her eyes nor looked scared a bit.

"Watch out!" said Walter, "I'm going to cut your head off with my sword!"

Then the fighting became louder and louder and Walter and Alice came closer and closer to poor Julia, till at last Walter got too close and did an awful thing. He never meant to do it,



but he gave one great cut with his little wooden sword and off came poor Julia's pretty head, flying right into Alice's lap.

"Oh, my poor dolly!" cried Alice. "We didn't go to hurt you," and she kissed the broken head, while Harry stood, red and sorry, beside her.

Then mamma came up to see what was the matter, and she took the poor dolly's head and looked at it. "There, there," said mamma, "I wouldn't cry any more. I can mend Julia so she will never know she was hurt."

And, of course, if mamma said she could do it, they knew it was all right, and went down to supper. And, sure enough, the next day they had Julia back with her head on her shoulders and smiling away as if nothing had ever been the matter.

**Author of "Tom Brown."**

Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," a statue of whom was this year placed in front of the Art Museum at Rugby, overlooking the School Close, has been styled the most distinguished schoolboy that ever lived. The statue (which was a work of Thomas Brock, R. A.) was erected by old Rugbians to perpetuate the memory of Tom Hughes, one of Rugby's old scholars. The statue was unveiled by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, M. P., in speaking on that occasion, styled Hughes the most distinguished schoolboy that ever lived. They had had great orators, great statesmen, great authors and literary men, but Tom Hughes, more than any other Englishman, was the incarnation of the highest type of British schoolboy. Truly British, in every sense of the word, he had contributed something to the world that no schoolmaster, no great man, could give, namely, that which was the outcome of the high principles he had imbibed. Simplicity was one of his chief characteristics, he hated sham, and had a horror of anything that was untrue, that was dishonorable, that was unworthy of his idol of school life. All through his life the same spirit animated him, and the life lived by Hughes was one which every Rugbeman might be proud.

**Big Cakes and Pies.**

Last Christmas, in North End road, Fulham, there was on view an enormous cake that towered almost to the ceiling of the confectioner's shop. It was made to represent a fortress, and weighed more than 4,000 pounds. In its composition had been used 600 pounds of flour, 400 pounds of butter, 400 pounds of sugar, 600 pounds of icing sugar, 900 pounds of currants, 450 pounds of sultanas, 300 pounds of candied peel, 200 pounds of almonds, and 5,000 eggs.

Gigantic, however, as was this cake, it cannot be compared with that which in June, 1730, Frederick William I. regaled his army. After a huge roast of beef, wine and beer had been partaken of, the guests, to the number of 30,000, saw approaching an immense car drawn by eight horses, on which reposed a monster cake eighteen yards long, eight yards broad and one-half yard thick. It contained, among other ingredients, thirty-six bushels of flour, 200 gallons of milk, one ton of butter, one ton of yeast and 5,000 eggs.

The soldiers, who had already eaten a hearty meal, were able to devour only a portion of this extraordinary cake, so to their aid were summoned the people from the towns and villages in the neighborhood, among whom it was distributed till not a morsel remained.

Last August the town of Paignton revived an old custom of making a plum pudding for the benefit of the local poor. After being drawn in procession round the town, it was cut up and sold. Its weight—250 pounds—compares, however, but poorly with Paignton's former efforts. In 1819 a pudding

weighing 900 pounds was made, with unfortunately but indifferent success. For after boiling three days and nights in a brewer's copper, it was pronounced too "doughy" to be eaten. However, in 1858 the inhabitants recovered their prestige and beat the record with a pudding a ton and a half in weight, and costing \$225. In its composition were employed 573 pounds of flour, 191 of bread, 382 pounds of raisins, 191 pounds of currants, 382 pounds of suet, 320 lemons, 300 quarts of milk, 144 nutmegs, 95 pounds of sugar, besides a quantity of eggs. It was cooked in sections, which were afterwards built together.

In 1896 Denby Dale, near Huddersfield, celebrated the jubilee of the Repeal of the Corn Laws by making a Broddingnagian pie, which was served out to the thousands that flocked into the village from the country round. The dish employed in baking was 10 feet long, 6 feet 6 inches wide and 1 foot deep, weighing, with its contents, 35 hundredweight. The pie itself contained 1,120 pounds of beef, 180 pounds of veal, 112 pounds of mutton and 60 pounds of lamb. In the composition of the crust 1,120 pounds of flour and 160 pounds of lard was used. This is the sixth huge pie that has been made at Denby Dale, the first having been manufactured so long ago as 1788, to commemorate the recovery of George III.—London Tit-Bits.

**Their Winter Beds.**

Curly headed Baby Tom  
Sleeps in cozy blankets warm,  
In his crib.

Rob-o'-Lincoln—oh, so wise!  
Goes to sleep 'neath sunny skies,  
'Mid the leaves.

Mr. Bruin, night and day,  
Snoots all his time away,  
In his cave!

Squirrel-Red with nuts—a store!  
In hollow tree-trunk loves to snore,  
In the wood.

Mrs. Woodchuck 'neath some knoll,  
Drowns in her bed—a hole!  
Deep in earth.

Floweret bulbs nestled together,  
Doze all through the wintry weath'  
'Neath the snow.

In the chrysalis hard by,  
Dreams the sometime butterfly,  
In corner hid.

Oh, what beds! So very queer!  
Yet to each one just as dear  
As yours to you!  
—Youth's Companion.

### IN DEFENSE OF STEPMOTHERS.

**Where the Cinderella Story Has a Pernicious Influence on Society.**

"Most of us have been brought up on the good old orthodox fairy tales," is the position taken by M. E. J. Kelley when making "A Plea for the Stepmother" in the Woman's Home Companion. "We have imbibed with our earliest draughts of literature the notion that stepmothers are all wicked and cruel fiends. The novelists of later date, taking their cue from the fairy stories, have elaborated on this assumption until the very name of 'stepmother' carries with it a suggestion of cruelty and oppression. We find it quite credible that when the sweetest girl of our acquaintance becomes a stepmother she will feed her own babies on angel-cake and make the dead wife's children get on with plain brown bread. We are shocked, of course, but we expect all manner of atrocious things from stepmothers.

"The stepmother's side of the case is never heard. It seems to be the first wife's friends who rush into print always. As a rule, too, they are the ones who stir up trouble in the first place between the children and their stepmother. Once in awhile, no doubt, there is a wicked, cruel stepmother of the story-book type, because there are still some wicked, cruel women in the world, in spite of all the evidences of women's advancement. When talking about stepmothers, however, we rarely recall the fine types of stepmothers who stand out so bravely in the pages of more than one biography. There was that remarkable family to which Mrs. Edgeworth belonged, with its more than twenty children and two stepmothers. Their father had been married three times, and each stepmother was mourned as heartily by her stepchildren as by her own. And there was Mrs. Johnson, Lincoln's stepmother, whom he always loved and provided for, and she most certainly have loved him in quite motherly fashion. Other wise she could hardly have paid him that charming tribute: 'He was the best boy she ever knew or ever expected to know.' She never knew him once to refuse to do anything she wanted him to do or to seem not to want to do it."

### When Signs Fail.

Scientific inquiry is sometimes curiously balked. A professor of one of our colleges who is a summer resident of a little New England village, on his first rounds this year met a native townsman who told him, among other items of local interest, of the illness of his wife.

"I am sorry to hear it," said the professor, all sympathy at once. "What is the cause of her illness?"

This her husband was not prepared to say, but at length admitted that some called it one thing and some another. By judicious questions, however, the professor learned enough to satisfy himself that the sick woman was suffering from epilepsy, and began to inquire for familiar symptoms. The answers he received were, in general, convincing. Finally, he asked:

"Does your wife grind her teeth while asleep?"

"Well, no, I've never noticed that she did," was the reply; "but I don't know as I ever remember of her wearing her teeth to bed."—Youth's Companion.

## ON A WINDMILL FAN.

### WILD RIDE OF A CALIFORNIA FARMER.

Alsius Gustavus Leeper Has Amused His Neighbors Before, but His Latest Adventure Caps the Climax—He Will Not Repeat the Performance.

After a few more misadventures in his own inimitable style, as the programs say, the people of Fruitvale may ask Alsius Gustavus Leeper to give regular performances. He is so original in his method of mixing up with trouble.

Not long ago Mr. Leeper, alias "Boots," built himself a tall barn that was the pride of Fruitvale. The builder also shingled the structure at odd times, climbing to work by means of a ladder inside the walls. On the day he completed the job Mr. Leeper thoughtlessly nailed shingles over the opening above the ladder, thus shutting off all means of escape. Mr. Leeper yelled for help, but his folks were away from home and the neighbors thought he was celebrating the completion of the barn. The Fruitvale look and ladder company finally turned out and rescued Mr. Leeper.

While this incident boomed the industrious citizen as a public entertainer, it was but a feeble show compared with his windmill adventure yesterday afternoon. The mill buzzes above a tank at the top of a forty-foot skeleton tower in the back yard, pumping water for Mr. Leeper's pigeons and other live stock.

"I think the bearings need oil," said Boots. "With the wind in this direction the fan is right over the tank where I can climb up and oil the places."

Crawling up the tower frame with his oil can, Mr. Leeper got astride of the fan, or tail, of the windmill. He was busy oiling when the breeze shifted six points and swung him clear of the tank roof. The wind also freshened and the lubricant in the journals induced the mill to brace up and spin at the rate of thirty knots an hour.

"Help!" shrieked Mr. Leeper, but the rattling machinery drowned his voice.

The wind shifted again until the direction of the fan from the time the oiler mounted it was entirely reversed. Instead of riding above the tank Mr. Leeper bucked and wriggled and swayed in midair on the razor-backed fan, forty feet from the ground. This was a condition of deadly peril, even for a man who had marooned himself on a barn. Mr. Leeper's hair and whiskers curled with terror. There was nothing to do but cling to the upper edge of the fan, and this he did so fondly that his finger nails made scars in the paint. The mill grew fractions and bucked like a wild west broncho.

"If I only had my spurs on," wailed the dizzy man, "or even a gunny sack for a saddle, I might hold out till the breeze shifts again."

Meanwhile his cries had attracted the family and a crowd of neighbors, some of whom wanted to bet on the finish.

"Throw her out of gear and stop the mill," the daring rider belloved from his bounding perch.

They tried it, but his weight on the fan prevented the gear from working.

"Get a ladder, then," howled Mr. Leeper.

The ladder was useless, for the fan swayed too much to offer a resting place for the upper end. Two hours or more did Mr. Leeper ride his wild race against time, waiting for the breeze to subside or haul to another quarter. He made a verbal will, dropping the words down between jolts, praying alternately and saying things in a whisper to the fiery, untamed windmill.

At last the wind died away and with the aid of ropes the men hauled the fan around to where the exhausted performer could tumble off to the tank, whence they lowered him gently down and rubbed his joints with witch hazel.

Alsius Gustavus Leeper was somewhat lame and tired last night, but he is soothed by the reflection that he is the greatest lareback rider Fruitvale has ever produced.

"This was a worse job than riding the barn," said Boots. "You see, I had a better seat there and the wind didn't bother me. Two or three times I came near being blown off the fan and the way it bucked loosened some of my teeth. Talk about riding a man on a rail! I'll bet the sharpest rail ever split feels like upholstered plush compared to the edge of my windmill fan."—San Francisco Examiner.

### HOW MUMMIES WERE MADE.

**Three Different Methods Practiced by the Egyptians.**

There were three different ways of mummifying the body practiced by the ancient Egyptians, the price being the chief mark of distinction and cause for the differences. In the first and most expensive method the brain was extracted through the nose by means of an iron probe and the intestines were removed entirely from the body through an incision made in the side with a sharp Ethiopian stone. The intestines were cleansed and washed in palm wine, and after being covered with powdered aromatic gums were placed in Canopic jars. The body was then filled up with myrrh and cassia, and other fragrant and astringent substances, and was laid in natron for seventy days. It was then carefully washed and wrapped up in strips of fine linen smeared with gum. The cost of mummifying a body in this fashion was a talent of silver, about \$1,200.

In the second method the brain was not removed at all and the intestines were simply dissolved and removed in a fluid state. The body was also laid in salt and natron, which it is said dissolved everything except the skin and

bones. The cost of mummifying in this manner was 22 minae, or \$450. The third method was employed for the poor only. It consisted simply of cleansing the body by injecting some strong astringent and then salting it for seventy days. The cost was very small.

If the friends of the dead were too poor to go to the expense of even the cheapest of these methods, the body was soaked in salt and bitumen, salt only. In the salt and bitumen process every cavity of the body was filled with bitumen, and the hair disappeared. Clearly it is to the bodies which were preserved in this way that the name "mummy" (derived from the Arabic mummia or bitumen) was first applied. The salted and dried body is easily distinguishable. The skin is like paper, the features and hair have disappeared, and the bones are very brittle and white. It may be noted that the eyes were sometimes removed and their places supplied by others of ivory or obsidian. The hair was also removed and made into a packet covered with linen and bitumen. At a late period the flank incision was covered with a metal plate on which a symbolic eye was engraved. The linen bandages employed to swathe the body were three or four inches wide; the length was something as great as 400 yards.—Chattanooga Times.

### THE VICTORIA CROSS.

**A Badge of Honor that Every British Soldier Seeks to Win.**

It is probable that of the 70,000 men who have sailed from England for South Africa there is hardly a single officer or soldier who does not look forward to returning home with that little bronze badge known as the Victoria cross pinned upon his breast. It is a distinct one that is within the reach of every member of the entire force, from the divisional generals down to the smallest bugler or drummer boy, and there is not one of them who would not infinitely prefer it to any form of promotion. For its possession indicates that its owner is in every sense of the word a hero, the cross being conferred only for some signal act of exceptional bravery, partaking of the character of heroism. It was founded at the time of the Crimean war, and among those whose breasts it adorns are generals such as Sir Redvers Buller, now in South Africa; Field Marshal Lord Roberts and plain, ordinary privates in the army. In fact, at least 50 per cent. of the 20 Victoria cross men won the distinction as privates or non-commissioned officers of the army and as common sailors in the navy.

Sir Redvers Buller, for instance, received his Victoria cross for riding back three times in one day in the face of a hotly pursuing foe to rescue wounded comrades and soldiers. Lord William Berosford, who is married to an American woman, received it for feats of a similar character. Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood got it in India for advancing under a heavy fire along a narrow causeway to place a bag of gunpowder against the gate of a city which the English were to storm during the mutiny, while at least two midshipmen received the cross for picking up bombs from the decks of their vessels during the Crimean war and throwing them overboard before the sizzling fuse had time to explode the shell and carry death and destruction to all around it.

In the case of military men the ribbon is of red, while in the navy the ribbon is blue. The metal of which the cross is made is of that same kind of bronze that 50 years ago was used for field guns. The cross is of the style known as Maltese; has the royal crown, surmounted by the lion, in the center, and underneath a scroll bearing the inscription, "For valor." It is hung suspended by a "V" ring to a bar, on the reverse side of which the rank and name of the recipient is engraved, while on the cross itself are inscribed the name and date of the action in which the honor was won.

Any additional act of bravery which would have won the cross for its holder had he not already possessed it is signaled by a bar or clasp being added to the ribbon just above the bar from which the cross is suspended. The cross carries with it a pension of \$50 a year, and an additional \$25 is given for each bar.

**Living Up to Advice.**

A small son, aged 3, turned up the other afternoon with a black eye and crying piteously.

"What's the matter?" asked papa.

"Somebody hit me," answered Johnny.

"Did you hit him back?" asked the stern parent.

"No," sobbed Johnny.

Then followed advice, which ended impressively with the words: "Remember, Johnny, you are a big boy, and when anyone hits you, hit back, and as hard as you can."

Two days later in came sunny, with his head high in the air and a blatant swagger.

"Well, how goes it?"

"Some one hit me," said the proud boy, "but I hit back harder, anyway."

"Good!" said papa; "was the little boy bigger than you were?"

"It wasn't a boy," calmly answered John; "it was a girl."—New York Life.

**For Lack of Attire.**

Watts—I see that Markham, the hoe man, says the time is coming when men's souls will be expressed by their clothes.

Potts—If that ever comes about there will be several prominent citizens frozen to death.—Indianapolis Journal.

In Kansas, the idea of a brave man is one who goes to big New York City, and actually goes into business there.

Some men try so hard to be witty that every one pities their wives.