

MISTIC ESCAPEE.

W. Longfellow Shocked Intellectual Boston. Original Impression of Longfellow of "Hiawatha" there. In the seventh book the following:

Into the river Kwaiand as if he were an otter, if he were a bear."

offending preterit passed er without protest is one steries which have never d. But the form certainly pearance and can still be pies of the poem which rly published and sold. r received such a shock er when Fenimore Cooper t was only in the middle the English language was purity. But that attack n outsider. Here the of her own household, was favorite son. What means n were resorted to will be disclosed. A myste has always been preard to this linguistic escapographers of Longfellow silent upon the subject, some sort must, however, ken at once. "Dove" was ad the decorous "dived" lace, and the whole transo completely hushed up the scandal was created. possesses a copy of that n continue to cherish it may be its worth now, the e when it will reach the virtuous woman of Scrip price will be far above ssor Thomas R. LounsbHarper's Magazine.

THE PALACE WAITED.

That Changed the Plans of a Pope. When there was great suf- the people from lack of en famine in its worst eated Pope Alexander e arrangements for the magnificent palace. The had been employed, and been submitted and ac- an accomplished builder for to come from Venice, work had won for him who was known to be a ht man. had arrived, and at an e he waited upon his eive the plans and make "There is one thing yet said the pope. "There proper inscription or leg- of to be placed over the of the palace. It should the great gate. You have Do you think of an in- would be appropriate?" iveness would pardon me e. I might suggest one at at this time." edoned in advance," said ng. "Now, what shall ountiff, let it be thus: t these stones be made is visibly and deeply af- add the bulider munifi- expenses of coming and ead of building his pal- e hungry ones of his

Its Advantages.

the wane of life observes as advantages and ad- . If you are poor you your old clothes. You n calls. You are not many visitors. Bored o Spongers do not haunt rass bands do not sero- one thinks of present- testimonial. No store- e you by asking you, ng I can do for you?" r writers do not bother e do not flatter you. many debts and many nd, lastly, if you have the world you are sure short space of time by rting you.—Huntsville

A Miserable Joke.

Just met William Penn ntra's 5 o'clock teas. "William o me I have heard of Penn, with a pleased e man who was might- ed Confucius. "You are ho invented sleep, are n; "I founded Phila- d Confucius. "I knew g of that kind."—Sue-

Important Item.

A thrilling account of sh that daring woman top of a mountain ies high. Wonderful. Yes. What did she Plain Dealer.

All Bred.

"The truth?" "ays?" "Impolite."—Nashville

Superous.

is the most unselfish med Mrs. Youngwife. whole box of cigars, aded one and gave all r those who control an.

A Sailors' Christening.

"The late Bishop Potter once in his early days had occasion to officiate at a christening in a small fishing village on the Massachusetts coast," says a writer in Harper's Weekly. "The proud father, a young fisherman, awkwardly holding his firstborn daughter, was visibly embarrassed under the scrutiny of the many eyes in the congregation, and his nervousness was not decreased by the sudden wailing of the infant as they stood at the front. "When the time for the baptism of the babe arrived the bishop noticed that the father was holding the child so that its fat little legs pointed toward the font. "Turn her this way," he whispered, but the father was too disconcerted to hear or understand. "Turn her feet around," the bishop whispered again, but still there was no response. The situation was fast becoming critical, when an ancient mariner in the back of the church came to the rescue. Putting his weather beaten hand to his mouth, he roared across the room, "Head her up to the wind, Jack!"

Throw 'Em Down Babies.

"I wonder," mused the young father, "what there is in a baby's makeup that prompts him to drop things. It can't really dropping, though—it's throwing. My baby is good about sleeping and behaving when there is company, but everything he can snatch he immediately flings to the floor. I've noticed and known a lot of others, too, who do the same thing. It's not only the joy of throwing, but the delight in seeing somebody pick the stuff up. Babies certainly seem to take a fendish delight in watching their fathers and mothers or nurses pick up the toys and other things which they throw out of their beds, carriages and chairs. My boy used to be quite pleased with a rubber toy attached by a string to his carriage so that it just scamped the ground. He would grin and dangle it for hours. Now he yells as soon as he discovers it is fastened, and the minute we give it to him loose, bang, it goes on to the ground, while he laughs aloud in his joy. There's probably a reason, and the psychologists will discover it some day."—Exchange.

The Holy Grail.

From a book reviewed a passage is quoted in which mention is made of "the holy grail, the sang-real or true blood of God." This used to be a common mistake, and so learned a man as Thomas Warton in his "Remarks on Spenser's Imitations From Old Romances" writes, "The holy grail, that is the real blood of our Blessed Saviour." But this is wrong. It is the holy grail, or vessel, and does not mean real blood, though it contained the real blood, collected by Joseph of Arimathea. It was made from a diamond and emerald which fell from the crown of Satan when he fought with Michael. M. de Villemarque, who has written about Armoric legends, says that this jewel was a diamond. The word grail is old French, as I understand, for I have no knowledge myself that it is so. In the legend of Percival it is shown that the grail is a vessel. "The holy grail! Percival heard whispered by one voice after another. Then from the shining vessel streamed an endless supply of the costliest dishes and wines."—London Notes and Queries.

A Poor Defense.

"Speaking of a poor defense," said a lawyer, "reminds me of the valet who was accused of drinking his master's wine. To this valet the master said: "Look here, you! I believe that you have been at this decanter of claret and then filled it up with water." "Oh, no, sir," said the valet in an aggrieved tone. "Well, it tastes like it," said the master, and he set down his glass with a wry face. "Oh, no, sir," said the valet excitedly. "In the first place, sir, I never drink wine; in the second place, when I do drink it I never think of filling the bottle up with water, and, in the third place, when I do put water in I always am very careful to add a little brandy so that the wine may not lose its strength."

Two Great Orators.

As an orator Demosthenes was head and shoulders above Cicero the Roman. The great Athenian stands in a class all by himself, if we are to believe the consensus of learned opinion. Cicero, it is said, prided himself on his faculty of extemporizing at need, but probably trusted little to it on great occasions, while with Demosthenes it was the rule never to speak without the most careful preparation. The speeches of both were spoken without manuscript. They would never have made the reputation they did if they had been tied down to their notes.—New York American.

Their Only Job.

"Why, Mrs. White," began the summer visitor newly returned to Sumnermouth, "how those maples of yours have grown since last year! It's perfectly amazing!" "Oh, I don't know it's anything to wonder at," said Mrs. White easily. "They ain't got anything else to do."—Youth's Companion.

Erudite.

"Oh, baby," exclaimed the Boston mother, "what does make you cry so?" "I really cannot say," was the unexpected answer. "I have never indulged in introspection."

The costliness of keeping friends does not lie in what one does for them, but in what one out of consideration for them refrains from doing.—Henrik Ibsen.

Gave Him All the Lot.

"So that is your final word?" she rejected one. "Very well, then, Arabella. In your presence I will end the life you have blighted." He drew forth a small bottle labeled "Poison," drank off the contents and fell senseless at her feet. Did she sink beside him sobbing with remorse? No. She hastily left the room and in two minutes had returned and was kneeling beside him. Then she forced between his lips the following: Half a cup of turpentine, one pint of milk, a cup of warm soapuds, a tablespoonful of aromatic ammonia, a cup of black coffee, a glass of mustard and water, a gill of vinegar, the juice of a lemon, the beaten whites of six eggs and one cup of flour and water.

"Algeron," she observed coldly as he slowly opened his eyes, "it is evident you had forgotten that I am a graduate of a correspondence course in first aid. My one regret is that, as I could not on the instant ascertain whether you had taken an acid or an alkali, I was compelled to administer all the antidotes I had learned."—London Scraps.

A Picture Romance.

It is said that one of the most beautiful ladies in French society today was first revealed to her husband on the walls of the salon. It was while visiting the salon in 1878 that the youthful Marquis de C. was struck by the childish beauty of a young girl, one of the prominent figures in a picture of a village fete. Her tumbled golden locks, her dancing blue eyes and the freshness and graceful abandon of her figure so fascinated him that he sought out the artist and learned from him that the "little witch" was the daughter of a poor peasant near Avanches, where the picture was painted. To seek out the peasant and to make the acquaintance of his fascinating daughter, child of nine summers, was soon accomplished, and the marquis lost his heart even more completely to the real than to the pictured maid. With the father's approval he had the girl educated at one of the best schools in Paris, and nine years later, on her eighteenth birthday, the maid of the village fete blossomed into the still more lovely Marquise de C.

Ivory Jelly.

The jelly was singularly pale. It almost resembled junket. "It is ivory jelly," said the invalid. "My English cousins sent me a case of it from Sheffield." "But why is it called Ivory Jelly?" they inquired. "Precisely because it is made of Ivory. A third of England's Ivory goes to Sheffield, and in the process of grinding and cutting it for knife handles, and so forth, a lot of Ivory dust remains, a fine dust, similar to the best flour. Of this the Sheffield folk have made jelly for many years. "The jelly for some reason is nourishing, extremely so. The doctors prescribe it for the anaemic. And of late a Sheffield firm has taken to manufacturing it on a large scale. Sheffield Ivory Jelly is now on the market. "Out of courtesy to my cousins I tried it. To my surprise I found it good. My doctor, sampling it, found it good too. He told me to take the whole case."—Buffalo Express.

An Interesting Book.

A French marquise whose country house is crowded with guests during the hunting season hit upon the original idea of placing a register at the disposal of her visitors in which to record their desires and criticisms. The pages of the richly bound book soon began to be covered with notes such as: "Count de R. still owes 25 louis. He knows to whom." "The green peas yesterday were burned." "Baroness M. flirts—unfortunately not with me." The marquise has withdrawn the register.

Parents' Hairs and Hairs.

It is possible to predict from the hair of parents the form of their children's hair. Two blue eyed, straight haired parents will have only blue eyed, straight haired children. Two wavy haired parents may have straight, wavy or curly haired children, but the chances of curly hair are slight. Two curly haired parents may have children with either straight, wavy or curly hair, but the proportion of curly haired offspring will probably be large.—American Naturalist.

The Bolster.

The crusaders are said to have brought home with them the bolster, and, according to Dr. Cantlie, their wives, in ignorance of the only rational way of using the article (i. e., lengthwise as a support for the back of a person when lying on his side) and not knowing what else to do with it, put the bolster where it is still found on the beds of those who have not learned the wisdom of discarding it altogether—under the pillow.—London Chronicle.

Truth in a Turkish Bath.

"Judge," said the colored witness, "I'm hongry now. I been tellin' de truth fer two hours!" "Is that the longest time you ever told it?" "Yes, sah, an' it's had me sweatin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Always Counting.

"Your husband says that when he is angry he always counts ten before he speaks," said one woman. "Yes," answered the other, "I wish he'd stop it. Since he got dyspepsia home seems nothing but a class in arithmetic."

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