THE NIGHT WIND.

Have you ever heard the wind go "Yoooooo?"
 It's a pitiful sound to hear!
It seems to chill you through and through
 With a strange and speechless fear.
 'Tis the voice of the night that broods outside
 When folks should be asleep,
And many and many's the time I've cried
 To the darkness that brooded far and wide
 Over the land and deep,
 Whom do you want, O lonely night,
 That you wail the long hours through?"
And the night would say in its ghostly way,
 "Yoooooooo!
 Yoooooooo!
 Yoooooooo!"

My mother told me long ago,
 When I was a little lad,
 That when the night went wailing so,
 Somebody had been bad,
And then when I was snug in bed,
 Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets drawn up round my head,
 I'd think of what my mother'd said
 And wonder what boy she meant!
And "Who's been bad today?" I'd ask
 Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And that voice would say in its awful way,
 "Yoooooooo!
 Yoooooooo!
 Yoooooooo!"

That this was true I must allow—
 You'll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
 I was not always so.
And if you doubt what things I say,
 Suppose you make the test.
Suppose, when you've been bad some day
And up to bed are sent away
 From mother and the rest—
Suppose you ask "Who has been bad?"
 And then you'll hear what's true,
For the wind will moan in its ruefulest tone,
 "Yoooooooo!
 Yoooooooo!
 Yoooooooo!"
 —Chicago Record.

The Original Jim Crow.

Talking of "Jim Crow," how many people in Louisville know that the original was a Louisville darky? It was some time before the war when a famous song and dance comedian, playing an engagement at Louisville, saw from the window of his room a certain darky who was a character of his day, cutting up the most extraordinary capers to the tune of "Turn About and Wheel About and Jump, Jim Crow."

The comedian, struck by the possibilities of a performance founded upon this original, made or caused to be made a number of verses to fit this refrain, and thereafter reproduced upon the stage the untutored performance of the original James, to the delight and admiration of thousands. Who the actor was I have forgotten. The darky's name really was James Crow, and he belonged to a livery stable keeper, in whose yard, near the hotel where the comedian was staying, the original Jim Crow dance was performed for the amusement of such as loafed there. I think the hotel was the old Galt House.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE AFTERNOON NAP.

Its Necessity an Indication That the System Is Demoralized.

For the healthy the nap in the afternoon is not necessary, and the brain will not demand it. If a man finds himself napping at that time, either he has eaten too much at his midday meal or his cerebral circulation is feeble.

It is the universal habit of the pig that is being fattened to sleep in his sty after his midday meal. The working horse, on the other hand, which gets nothing at midday but a feed of corn—a small but highly nutritious meal—does not sleep at all after it, but is fresh and ready for work in half an hour.

One would like to persuade all literary workers to work in the day and sleep at night. They should never go for more than eight hours a day. Early rising would be good for most of them. A cup of coffee and a piece of toast at 6:30 o'clock might be followed by an hour's work from 7 to 8 o'clock. The whole hour between 8 and 9 should be devoted to a thoroughly good breakfast and a short walk. Work from 9 to 12.

Half an hour should then be spent in gentle sauntering in the fresh air, and a light lunch should follow—say a chop and bread, with a modicum of light pudding. From 1 to 2 a pipe and a saunter, and at 2 a cup of black coffee. From 2 to 4, work; at 4 a cup of afternoon tea and a rest until 5. From 5 to 6 or half past, work, and at 6:30 the real labor of the day should be over and completed.

At 7 a good, well cooked, appetizing, slowly eaten dinner, followed by one cup of black coffee, but no tea. At 10:45 a small cup of cocoa and one or two pieces of toast. At 11, bed, and sleep until 6 or 6:30. The brain worker should not work more than five days a week in this fashion. He should have two days of leisure in the week.

The first of these should be devoted to brisk and thoroughly fatiguing exercise in the open air, and the second to lolling, lounging, a little light reading and the like. This is the kind of life which physiology would suggest for the brain worker, and in this "scheme of life" there is neither place nor necessity for the afternoon nap.—Hospital.

A Singular Lease.

A Biddeford attorney had in his possession a lease the like of which local lawyers do not believe can be found in existence. The names of the parties to the lease are given, but its provisions are none the less strange. The lease is of a lot of land at an annual rental of $440 for 25 years, with the provision that the lessee should within one year build and maintain a substantial three story building of brick, iron and stone. When the lease expired, the lessee was to have his choice between buying the building he had himself erected or of taking a perpetual lease of the lot at $880 a year, just double the original rent. The lease expired a year or so ago, and the lessee, to whom it was a case of "Hobson's choice," elected to take the perpetual lease of the lot. What puzzles the attorneys who have seen the lease is why a man of the property which the lessee must have been possessed should bind himself to such a one sided condition. The gentleman who has the lease intends to present it to the Bar Library association.—Kennebec Journal.

Her Dream Came True.

A bashful youth of some 20 summers was paying his addresses to a young lady who had long since despaired of bringing things to a crisis. One night he called, and they sat in the gloaming, their hearts pulsating with the tender passion. After settling the merits of the weather the girl looked shyly into the face of her timid lover and exclaimed:

"I dreamed of you last night, John."

"Did you? Why, now!"

"Yes, I dreamed that you kissed me."

"Why, now, what did you dream your mother said?"

"Oh, I dreamed that she was away from home."

A light dawned upon the young man's intellect. A singular sound broke the surrounding stillness, and in less than a month they will be married.—Memphis Commercial.

Claiming His Acquaintance.

The following story was told by the earl of Kintore at a recent Masonic banquet in Sydney: "One day shortly after my arrival in South Australia a gentleman came across the road and said, 'I am real pleased to see you.' On my appearing not to recognize him he exclaimed, 'Why, don't you know me?' To which I said, 'No; when did we last meet?' Scratching his head, my friend continued, 'I suppose it's a long time ago, but I well remember meeting your father and mother on the day they came from church after getting married.'"

A Useful Legislator.

"Your husband must be a very silent man, madame. Though he has been a member of parliament for some years, he has never yet opened his mouth in the chamber."

"Oh, he's not as silent as you think. It is he who makes all those 'asides' which you read about in the parliamentary reports in the newspapers."—Paris Gaulois.

A TWICE MARRIED COUPLE.

After Divorce, Love Asserted Itself and Crushed Out Pride.

A secret wedding occurred recently under most unusual circumstances. The most peculiar feature of the strange matrimonial event is that the contracting parties had been married to each other nearly 20 years ago and quite recently separated by divorce. The groom was John Walsh, one of the best known and most respected citizens of Columbus. The bride was his former wife, Josephine, whose friends are among the oldest and best families of the city. Mr. Walsh is an extensive real estate dealer, and has long been one of the wealthiest men of the north side. Mr. and Mrs. Walsh occupied an elegant home, and their married life until of recent date seemed to be all sunshine.

The public was profoundly surprised last June to hear that Mrs. Walsh had sued for divorce on the grounds of incompatibility of temper and harsh treatment. Every one who knew John Walsh personally was satisfied that he was guilty of no grievous wrong. The same people, or those of them who also knew Mrs. Walsh, were sure that she had been a good and faithful wife. Therefore, it soon came to be understood that Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, because of a combination of trivial controversies and a mutual desire to avoid further disputes, had agreed to permanently disagree by separating forever. It was a very solemn step, and it was not taken hastily. They considered it several weeks while living together beneath the same roof and in the house both had called home for so many years. Finally, however, Mrs. Walsh took the decisive action, and her suit being uncontested the courts soon did the rest. She was granted an unconditional decree of divorce and Mr. Walsh generously settled upon her a goodly share of his estate. Mrs. Walsh removed to 1,411 Summit street, while her divorced husband took up his residence at the Park hotel.

It was not long until both began to long for the old home, with its cherished memories and its many comforts, but pride stepped in when harsh feeling left, and they remained apart. Mrs. Walsh was perhaps not the greater sufferer of the two, but she was the first to succumb to the pains of separation. Putting back pride, chagrin—everything but the old devotion for her husband—she made the first overture. Mr. Walsh was more slow to forget what he regarded as the great injury he had suffered. He hesitated, and for a time it seemed the divorce suit would outlive the rekindled fires of affection. One day Mrs. Walsh carried to her former husband's office deeds for all the property he had conveyed to her when the separation occurred. With these deeds she took to him others for all the property she had possessed before their marriage, which was of considerable value. She gave them to him, and then, standing there practically penniless and alone in the world, asked him to take her back to his heart and home.

"I have made over all my property to you, as you will observe by these deeds," said Mrs. Walsh, "and now I want to again be your loving wife, as of old. If you will not consent to a reunion, then I want to die, and I shall take my own life, leaving what I had and what you gave me to you."

Mr. Walsh thrust back the deeds to the property, and in their stead took to his arms the woman whose undying devotion had replaced her upon that pedestal in man's heart which can be occupied only by his wife. A marriage license was secured for the second time, and a ceremony duly performed. The affair had been kept very quiet, and this is the first announcement of the happy finale in the troubles of John and Josephine Walsh.—Columbus Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

Value of a Mother-in-law.

The first case on record in which a man has sued for damages sustained by the death of his mother-in-law came up in the superior court of California. One Webb, whose mother-in-law met her death through the defective methods of street construction employed in the city of Marysville, brought suit against the municipal corporation for damages in the sum of $5,000. The case was an unusual one, and the trial was looked forward to with lively interest by lawyers and others eager to learn what assessable value a man might claim to possess in the person, service and companionship of his mother-in-law. Unfortunately for those who had awaited the trial of the issue, the action was brief and terminated abruptly. The superior court, on a demurrer from the defendant, threw the case out of court, simply ruling that there was no cause of action. The monetary value of a mother-in-law is therefore still an unknown quantity in California.—New York Herald.

Cerium Salts In Photography.

The photographic properties of cerium salts are beginning to be appreciated and practically applied—that is, it is found that light, under certain circumstances, rapidly reduces the persalts of cerium to the serous condition, and the reaction may form the basis of interesting photographic processes, it is thought. Gelatinized or highly sized paper is sensitized by a solution of ceric sulphate or nitrate, which colors the paper strongly yellow, and the paper being then exposed under a transparent pos tive the exposed parts become bleached by reduction to the serous condition. On now being treated with organic matters which the ceric compounds can oxidize into coloring compounds a positive image is developed on the paper. Thus an acid solution of phenol gives a gray print, aniline salts give green, alpha naphthylamine blue, amido benzoic acid brown. Cerium papers are more sensitive than iron or manganese papers.—New York Sun.

Beyond Her.

Dorothy, 6 years old, like all other children, is a born egotist. She went out for a horse car ride with her aunt.

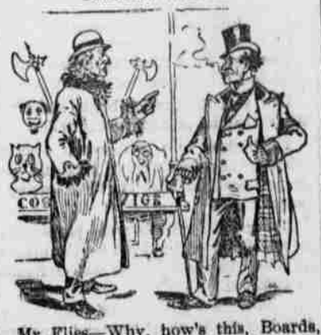
She had her new purse with her and was very desirous to pay her own fare, but her aunt said no.

"You are my guest," she explained to Dorothy, "and so I must pay your fare, but you may take the 10 cents and hand it to the conductor, if you like."

So Dorothy took the dime, and when the conductor came along she handed it to him in the most dignified manner. He gave her a quick look, and estimating that she was under the 5 year limit he rang in only one fare, and handed back a 5 cent piece, which Dorothy took without a word.

"Wasn't it strange?" she asked, after she got home. "The conductor took my fare, but he didn't charge Aunt Alice any fare at all."—Somerville Journal.

Too Much Realism.



Mr. Flies—Why, how's this, Boards, my boy—you've left that new company? What's the trouble?

Mr. Boards—Well, I didn't mind falling 40 feet in a real elevator in the warehouse scene, nor being run over by a real mowing machine in the farm scene, but when the manager wanted them to put real tar and feathers on me in the white cap scene I sent in my resignation.—Puck.

Relatively Speaking.

"Why do you speak so cross to that servant girl? She seems to be a nice girl," said a visiting friend to Mrs. Portly Pompous of Fifth avenue.

"I have to be severe with her in order to keep her in her place. She is a relative of mine," replied Mrs. Pompous with dignity.—Texas Siftings.

Changes of temperature are now recorded by an electrical apparatus produced by a Frenchman. It is a metal ampulla half full of ether hermetically sealed, and when the temperature arises the ether expands and slightly raises the cover, which completes an electric circuit and rings a bell.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS CARDS.