The Goldsboro Headlight.

A. ROSCOWER, Editor, "HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN." W. P. DAVIS, Publisher.

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MY BOY STILL.

Do you think I've forgotten the day
I carried him at my breast?
Many fair children I've loved since then,
But I think that I loved him best.
For he was my first-born child, John,
And I have not the heart or will
To love him less; whatever may come
He's my boy still.

I remember when he was a little lad,
How he used to climb on my knee;
How proud we were of his beauty,
Of his wit and his mimicry.
And I know quite well he's a man now,
With a will and stubborn will;
But whatever he is to you, John,
He's my boy still!

He was just like sunshine about the house,
In the days of his happy youth;
You know we said that with all his faults
He had courage and love and truth.
And though he has wandered far away,
I'd rather you'd say no ill;
He is sure to come back to his mother;
He's my boy still!

I know there was never a kinder heart,
And I can remember to-day
How often he went with me apart
That knelt at my knee to pray.
And the seed will do as the boy did,
Sooner or later he will;
The Bible is warrant for that; so
He's my boy still!

A mother can feel where she can't see,
She is wiser than any sage;
My boy was trained in the good old way,
I shall certainly get my wage.
And though he has wandered far away,
And followed his wayward will,
I know whatever, wherever he is,
He's my boy still!

—*Indianapolis News.*

OLD DRESDEN.

I.

OLD DRESDEN paused for a moment in his task of breaking up the gnarled mesquite roots, and with a long breath of satisfaction and the air of a connoisseur viewed the pink-tinted heap before him. Pulling off his dilapidated hat, he allowed the cool morning breeze to play among the somewhat ragged locks which hung over his forehead. The sun, like a great crimson ball, hung glowing above the Eastern horizon, casting its first glow upon the turretted face of the Floridas, and gilding the distant peaks of the Tres Hermanas, standing in close-linked embrace, like allied sentinels guarding the Mexican frontier. In the long, level space which stretched between the mountains, born aloft on the quivering fingers of the morning mist, appeared a phantom city, its castellated heights and stately domes rearing themselves as if in prophecy of the years to come, when a noble civilization shall redeem the barren mesas of the Southern territories, and raise the monuments of art and architecture amid the arid plains.

The echo of human voices fell upon Dresden's ear.

"Oh, John, why must you go?" A woman's voice, low and sweet, with a tremor of pain.

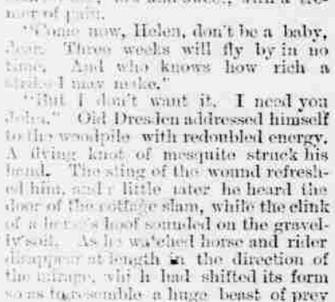
"Come now, Helen, don't be a baby, dear. Three weeks will fly by in no time. And who knows how rich a strike I may make."

"But I don't want it. I need you here." Old Dresden addressed himself to the woodpile with redoubled energy. A flying knot of mesquite struck his head. The sting of the wound refreshed him, and a little later he heard the door of the cottage slam, while the clink of a horse's hoof sounded on the gravelly soil. As he watched horse and rider disappear at length in the direction of the mirage, which had shifted its form so as to resemble a huge beast of prey crouched for a spring upon its prey, something like a very hot German oath rolled like stifled thunder from his lips.

"A teufel of a fellow," he murmured more calmly under breath an instant later, accenting the qualification with stout blows of the axe on an obstinate root, which had as many contortions as a dying serpent. "A teufel of a fellow. I tell a little frau like dat alone to go to Mexico to tie gelt in mittel de window. It might be ferry goot for him," he added meditatively, leaning upon the axe-helve, his face screwed into into a quaint grimace, "as old Ju should take off his scalp for him—but de little frau."

With a sudden indrawing of his shoulders and an accompanying droop of the corners of his mouth, he seemed to protest against his own harsh judgment as he renewed the combat with the obstinate foe.

Old Dresden was not the only one who disapproved of John Meredith's journey through the wild Sierra Madre at that season of the year, when storms were frequent in the mountains and Apaches skulking in the valleys and passes. His partner, David Rowell, had entered a vigorous protest, but to no avail. John Meredith had the pugnacity of determination peculiar to men of action. From early boyhood his career had been signalized by a series of daring and headstrong exploits, and when, as a crowning feat, he had captured pretty Helen Gresham by an audacious move, David Rowell felt any soreness of heart over her capitulation he choked it bravely down and harbored no bitterness in his honest heart.



Back at the wood-pile.

A week after her husband's departure Mrs. Meredith received a scrawl from Mesilla, where he had expected to meet a friend, written just as they were taking the train. "And don't be worried, my dear," he wrote in conclusion; "the days will pass quickly, and three weeks will soon be up. But you must count from the date of our departure." She dried her eyes and counted the days from the 10th of February.

On the 1st of March a warm wind swept over the southern table lands. Under its breath the snow upon the mountain peaks vanished as if by magic and the dry bed of the Miembres became the course of a surging torrent, sweeping onward for a final plunge into the waters of the gulf. The fern-like foliage of the mesquite commenced to cautiously unfold, and the wild verbena and lupine made tiny patches of purple and magenta over the sterile wastes.

On the 2d of March Helen Meredith rose with tremulous eagerness at dawn. The morning was calm and still, but a peculiar obscurity about the horizon presaged the approach of the New-Mexican sirocco. Stationed at a bull's-eye window in the attic, with a field-glass in her hand, the young wife kept her eyes steadily fixed on the winding, silvery ribbon attenuated to a thread in the distance, which marked the line of travel pursued by passers to and fro over the Mexican line. For upward of an hour nothing rewarded her vigilance; then a long and blurred mass developed into a train of hay wagons, each drawn by a score of stout limbed oxen and attended by a deputation of half-clothed swarthy Mexicans. Another hour passed, and the rough wagon of a Texan rancher appeared, the horses strolling leisurely along, while man and wife, perched on the high driver's seat, smoked their clay pipes in placid content.

Absorbed in her anxious watch, little Mrs. Meredith had not observed that the wind had risen, and for a moment was almost appalled to see road and landscape disappear from view beneath a dun colored cloud, which, as it drew near, effectually concealed every trace of the cottages across the street, and swallowed up the form of a passer-by on her own sidewalk. Shreds of cloth, bits of pasteboard, and great sheets of paper were caught up by the wind, along with the clouds of dust and gravel, and borne onward in its mad flight. In a lower latitude the great velocity of the wind, coupled with the force of a far weightier atmosphere, would have given the storm the force of a cyclone. As it was, it would do little mischief beyond arousing the tempers of mankind and uprooting sundry outhouses built upon unsecure foundations. Mrs. Meredith, with a coolness and patience born of experience, bore this assault upon her domicile with charming equanimity. Moving about the house she proceeded to collect a number of long and slender sand bags, indispensable adjuncts to the tidy New Mexican housewife, and to arrange them in their accustomed places over door and window sills, thus fighting the intrusive element on the homeopathic principle.

All that day, and the next, she waited in melancholy expectancy, not knowing what minute the familiar step might be heard on her little porch. On the third day the storm subsided, and the tearless eyes of the despairing woman beheld only a desolate plain, flanked by pitiless hills, and intersected by the white road, along which no sign of life could be detected. The mountains in all directions had renewed their crests of snow.

Succeeding days moved by in torturing suspense. As time progressed, the sun's rays beat ever more warmly upon the earth, and by the middle of March the heat at noon day was like a foretaste of summer. Passers-by, as they neared the small cottage, learned to expect to see a vision of a pair of imploring eyes at door or window, or at nightfall a woman form, enveloped in a worsted shawl pacing up and down behind the double earth and trio of sickly cherry trees which constituted the sole verdure in the garden. "Mariana in the moated grange," quoted a few of the more mischievous, in wilful travesty of the situation, for his wife's anxiety over Meredith's prolonged absence was the subject of general comment, meeting with little sympathy among those accustomed to the uncertainties of frontier life.

Two men failed to share in the prevailing apathy, David Rowell, on his regular horseback ride before breakfast each morning, never failed to circle about his partner's house, and as the sad, questioning face presented itself to him a jocular inquiry left his lips.

"Well, Mrs. Meredith, has that missing lord and master of yours turned up yet?"

A faltering negative would greet him.

"Exactly as I prophesied. You might as well make up your mind you'll never see him again. Some of those pretty Mexicans down there have led him captive." At which the lady he addressed, moved by her wifely fealty and love, would break out in passionate protest, and lose her anxiety in wrathful indignation, while the horseman, as he turned toward the country, change his gay look of banter for an expression of savage ferocity, and charged his steed upon the prickly yuccas, and mildly anathematized the recreant spouse.

At twilight an insignificant figure with bowed shoulders and a shock of bushy hair, going silently about his chores in the back yard, stole furtive glances at the red-eyed young matron and returned to his lonely shanty to sit and brood over a weighty project incubating in his troubled brain. It was generally understood throughout the community that some dark mystery attached to old Dresden, the concealment of his proper appellation and adoption of the name of his native city being regarded as most criminating evidence. But the old fellow kept on the even tenor of his way, attending to his small stock of poultry and selling his eggs and chickens at an advance of twenty-five per cent on the market price, wholly indifferent to the praise or blame of the rest of humanity.

Early in the third week after the young prospector's promised return there began to be a little stir in down-town circles. News of a fresh Apache outbreak had been received, which argued ill for any unprotected prospectors in their vicinity. From laughing indifference the business men began to discuss the chances of Meredith's safety.

"He was a gallant fellow," remarked one. It was noticeable that he employed the past tense.

"It seems a pity to be inactive," observed another. "If any of the men want to go out and look for him, I'll be one of them." But it was generally conceded that the time for help was past.

David Rowell, who was a silent author on these occasions, persevered in his daily rides and never flinched in his established programme; but the face he turned to the plains after these rencontres had lost its savage expression and was fixed and stern in its pity for the young wife, over whose head was suspended a Damoclean sword, liable at any moment to fall.

II.

One evening, at sundown, the doctor was summoned in hot haste to the Meredith household. At midnight David Rowell, retreating with cautious footsteps from the door, whither he had

An unexpected meeting.

gone to hold a whispered colloquy, was startled by seeing one of the row of twisted cacti in the yard apparently moving toward him. Drawing nearer, he recognized the stunted form of the German.

"Will she be bedder?"

"No change, Dresden." It would have been rank injustice to hold the clear night air accountable for the huskiness in his throat. "Only one thing can save her. God pity him if he's dead, and curse him if he's alive," he piously added.

Simultaneously with the intelligence of Mrs. Meredith's serious illness it was bruited about that old Dresden had disposed of his chicken ranch and, buying a scraggy burro, set off with a pack of notions to visit some of the Mexican villages lying contigious to the border. His departure aroused little comment, although some of the more enterprising of the masculine gossips hinted at dark and mysterious reasons which ruled his movements.

A few days later a curious meeting occurred in the pass of the Sierra Madre. A stubby little man, hobbling along beside a diminutive burro, with a towering pack, at a point where the narrow road wound about the side of a precipitous gorge, heard the well-known whistle in the distance, the usual signal warning travelers of approach from an opposite direction. From a note of warning the whistle glided gayly into the strains of a popular operatic air. The small man with the burro gave a sharp shout and pushed on to meet John Meredith awaiting his approach at a place where a crescent had been hollowed into the rocky wall.

"Vell, Mr. Meredit?"

The little man sat down on a rock and eyed the careless young horseman with the eye of a Nemesis.

"Hellos, Dresden. What are you up to now? Going to turn the heads of those Mexican women with a lot of nery, eh?"

Dresden stifled a savage imprecation. By a great effort he composed himself.

"I vas thinking you been hafing a fery fine time in the moundains, Mr. Meredit."

"Oh, so-so. A bit too much rain and snow. But I have some fine specimens here. People will open their eyes when they see them. Copper and native silver till you can't rest—but, of course, you don't know anything about such things——" He broke off with a compassionate laugh.

"You vas not afraid the little frau would drubble herself? and, indeed, dat is fery goot, as a voman should not make herself drubble ven der is notting wort."

The man's voice was dry and measured, but the swelling veins on his forehead betrayed a severe inward strain. The young man observed nothing of this.

"Not a bit, Dresden. To tell the truth," he said, in a burst of confidence, and with a mild air of triumph at the recollection of his brilliant artifice, "I flatter myself that I managed that pretty well. I told her to look for me in three weeks. I know a woman. They are all right as long as they have something to take up their minds. I know looking for me would sort of break up the time and give her something to think of."

"And what tink you dat occupation will be already, Mr. Meredit? And indeet it is fery nice for voman to be tinking how the wild Apaches haf maybe got her man's scalp, or he is fery likely to fall in under some big rock, or blowed in pieces by a plast." The speaker had risen to his feet, and his bowed form straightened as he confronted Meredith in his wrath. "Mr. Meredit, when you wife lifs and your child is of right mint, you need not tank yourself."

The man he addressed stared straight before him, as if he saw a phantom. His easy confidence had deserted him, and he trembled from head to foot. The possible results of his adroit strategy marched in spectral procession before him.

"Good Lord, Dresden!" he faltered. "If anything has happened to her, I had better go over the precipice now."

"I know not dat de loss vood be fery great," answered the other coolly. He could not forgive the fellow in a moment. Only dat she is a fool—all vimmen are fools," he remarked, sententiously, "and if she lifs——"

Striking his spurs deep into the flanks of his horse, Meredith dashed around the bend in the road; and in a few seconds the clatter of hoofs had died away in the distance. Old Dresden, with a queer smile on his plain face, touched up his lazy animal and continued his journey southward.

At daybreak the next morning David Rowell, prowling about like a wraith in the dim light, heard a horse coming up the southern road. Meredith checked his gait as he saw the tall figure approaching.

"Don't say it, Rowell," he protested. "There is just one thing left to do." He drew a revolver from his case in his belt, and deliberately cocked it. David Rowell knocked it from his hand and it exploded harmlessly in a clump of sagebrush a couple of rods away. As he viewed the pale face and staring eyes and the gaunt figure, stiff and erect in the saddle, the words of reproach, if he had any ready, died upon his lips.

"Courage, John," he said. "She's alive. I wouldn't have answered for another day."

"Dresden," said John Meredith, one morning a few months later, as he strolled into the back yard, bearing in his arms a small bundle, which he handled with awkard tenderness, "you haven't done anything in the chicken line this summer, I hear."

The little man was wrestling with a root shaped like a two-headed dog.

"Nod much," he replied shortly, and brought down the axe with a force that cleft the heads in twain.

"Sorry. We miss the fresh eggs and spring chickens. I say, Dresden," he went on musingly, "you didn't make so much out of those gimcracks as you thought you would, now, did you? I've always wondered what in the deuce sent you down into that forsaken country anyhow."

From beneath his bushy eyebrows Dresden stole a queer glance at his careless questioner. Meredith sprang up as if he had been shot.

"What? Confound you."

Dresden nodded. Meredith stretched out his hand to him. Two palms, one grimy and hardened with toil, met in a clasp over the sleeping babe.—*The Ingleside.*

HOW FRENCH BREAD IS MADE.

What a Traveler Saw in a French Town.

One summer's day we stopped to call at the stone farm house of Monsieur Duval. Ernestine, the eldest daughter, was housekeeper in her dead mother's place, and she it was who brought out the amber-colored cider, the goat's cheese, and the heavy, hard, country bread. It is an essential of French hospitality to offer these things to visitors.

The loaf she took from the shelf was one of half a dozen leaning against the black wall. These loaves resembled cart wheels, and had been baked in six-quart milk pans. Ernestine cut the loaf with a small saw made for the purpose.

These loaves, we knew, were baked only once a month. Bread day in a Norman peasant family is like washing day on an American farm, in the respect that it comes at regular periods. We judged that bread day in this cottage was approaching, from the fact that only six loaves remained of the original thirty or thereabout.

After our lunch Ernestine took us through the orchard to a picturesque stone building, where the bread was wont to be made. The building had once been part of an ancient abby. We saw several pairs of *sabots* or wooden shoes hanging from the wall and looking as though they had been whitewashed.

In one corner of the place was a large space inclosed with boards. This was empty, but, like the *sabots*, it suggested whitewash or mortar making.

Ernestine told us that this was the family dough trough. Hither, once a month, came her father and the hired man to "set" the yeast a-rising. Flour and water were stirred together with the huge wooden spades shaped like our snow shovels which hang with the *sabots* upon the wall. When the mass, thoroughly beaten together, had risen and assumed a dark color and leathery consistency, then came the tug of war. The two men put on the *sabots* over their ordinary shoes, jumped in upon the dough, and began the kneeding. Their way was to hop and prance and flourish like opera dancers, to stamp and kick like horses, exerting themselves till the perspiration streamed off them and they had no strength left. After this process the dough was put into the pans, and then baked in the huge oven at the rear of the abbatial hen house.

In all the Norman towns half-clad men may often be seen lounging about bake house doors. Their legs and feet are bare and floury, and as they tread the streets we know that they have just come from or are returning to their usual occupation of kneading bread.

GOT EVEN WITH THE MATE.

A Reminiscence of Bob Stewart, a Famous Governor of Missouri.

An old citizen, a gentleman of high social and official standing in St. Joseph, told the *Gazette* a story of the famous Missouri Governor, Bob Stewart, which, true to the letter, proves that fact is stranger than fiction:

"I was coming up the Missouri River when I was a boy," said the ex-Governor, "and I was working my way on a steamboat, sah. At a point where we had to wood up I didn't carry as big a load as some of the roustabouts, nor move with that agility, sah, that the others did, for I was not strong, sah, and had been tenderly raised. The mate became enraged at my slow movements on the gang-plank, and he gave me a kick and sent me ashore, sah, and confiscated my buffalo robe as payment for my passage to that point. I never saw that mate again until after I had been inaugurated as Governor of this great commonwealth of Missouri, sah.

"One day wandering through the wards and districts of the penitentiary I saw that mate working at a forge. He had been sent there, sah, for killing in a passion a man under his command. I knew him instantly, sah, and I directed the warden to send the man to the Gubernatorial mansion in the garb of a gentleman. When the man arrived I took him into my private office and asked him if he recognized me, sah. He replied that he didn't. Said I, 'Sah, do you remember, one time at such and such a place, sah, of kicking a boy and sending him ashore, who had been working in your gang?'

"The man said, 'No, sah. I don't remember it, but it is very likely that I did it, sah.'

"'Well, sah,' says I, 'I am that boy, sah, and here is your pardon, sah. I always thought I would get even with you, sah.'

"The tears came to the old man's eyes, and he said, 'Well, Governor, to be a mate in those days a man had to be a dog, sah!'

"'You played well your part, sah,' I said, 'Now leave here, sah, and don't let me see you again, sah.'

"As he made his exit I gave him an able-bodied kick, sah, and little Bob Stewart had got even with that big steamboat mate, sah.

"Sounds like a romance, don't it, sah? Yes, sah. But every word is true, I need barely say, sah,"

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

WHAT THE FUNNY MEN ARE SAYING.

A Man's Brains—She Could Not Stop Him—A Hard Crowd—Old Associations—A Hasty Revenge—She Came Back, Etc., Etc.

AVOID A HASTY REVENGE.

Don't wreak your spite until after you've slept;
The wrong may look changed in the morning;
The repose of the night may its influence shed
On the cause of your anger and scorning.
Last evening I slept o'er a slight I endured;
I was ruffled, but shrouded all traces;
My spirit was changed in the morn, and I went—
And I licked my aggressor like blazes!
—*Tid Bits.*

SHE DON'T REMEMBER.

Fashionable Young Woman (to dry goods clerk)—I should like to look at some lace, please.

Dry Goods Clerk—Why, Clara, how do you do? I haven't seen you since we parted in the Adirondacks.

Fashionable Young Woman—Sir!

Dry Goods Clerk—What kind of lace would you be pleased to look at.—*Tid Bits.*

MRS. MURPHY'S SARCASM.

Mrs. Moorphy, ye certainly are no lady. The way yez jumped into my b'y Dinny an' all fur just hollerin' 'rats!' showest to me moind that yez are a dangerous character."

"Be aisy wid yer tongue, there, Mrs. Riordan. Oi'm nathirally as pacefail as a goat, but don't you say another wurrud av an uncomplimentery nature. It's bad enough to have to own yez for a neighbor, so it is, widout havin' to sthand an' be talked to by yez."

"Niver you moind that, it's an honor ye don't deserve. An' oi'm thinkin' very seriously of puttin' the police onto your thrack."

"Well, as for that, Mrs. Riordan, I niver had any dalins wid the police; but av I wanted an introduction to 'em I don't know av any wan that would be better qualified by long acquaintance to give it than your own self. Mrs. Riordan. Good day to yez."—*Merchant Traveller.*

RICH MEN'S BRAINS.

Omaha Lawyer.—I have just heard of the death of your uncle, whom you know was an old client of mine.

Nephew—Uncle's dead, eh. Smart man that uncle of mine. Started on nothing and made million after million without half trying.

"Yes, he was a smart man, there is no doubt of that."

"Smartest man I ever knew. Saw him only a few months ago and his brain was as quick as a steel trap, old as he was. You have charge of his will, I believe."

"Yes; he left all his money to orphan asylums."

"He did? That will wont stand. He's been a half idiot these twenty years."—*Omaha World.*

SHE KNEW HE WAS FAILING.

"You are not as strong as you used to be, John," said a fond wife to her husband. "I think it is about time that you were getting some insurance on your life."

"Insurance on my life! What are you talking about? I am as healthy as I ever was. Insurance indeed."

"Well, my dear, I only mentioned it out of respect for yourself. I thought you were failing."

"And what in the world put it into your head that I was failing."

"When you were courting me you could hold me on your lap three hours; now you cannot hold the baby on your lap three minutes."—*Our Society Journal.*

THE GOVERNOR BLUSHED.

A good joke is told at the expense of Gov. Hill. In making his speech at one of the county fairs this fall he told a story concerning his neighbor, Mark Twain, of Elmira. It appears that Twain, whenever he is honored by the birth of a child, erects a water trough in the city upon which the name of the child is chiselled. The Governor was commenting upon this fact and urging his hearers to follow the good example of Twain, when some one in the audience exclaimed:

"Well, Governor, what are you doing for the watering trough business?"

Our bachelor Governor could do nothing but blush.—*Albany Journal.*

ANSWERED HIS PURPOSE.

One of our attorneys tells a story of a money lender he once knew living in Denmark. Being approached on a certain occasion for money he told the borrower to step into his room and he would get it out of his safe and let him have the sum wanted. As the borrower went in and took a seat he saw no safe there, but the money lender went to an old bible and, after turning over the leaves awhile, he found the amount needed.

"What, sir! do you call that a safe?" asked the borrower.

"Well, it ain't exactly safe against fire, but it's safe against the family," said the money lender.

OLD ASSOCIATIONS.

"Want to sell that mule?" asked a quiet looking man on the sidewalk.

"Yes, but I'll be honest with you, mister. I don't think you'll want him. He's an awful kicker."

"Is he a full jewelled, thoroughgoing, first-class kicker?"

"That's what."

"Well, name your figures and I'll take him."

"Great Scott, mister! What do you want of him?"

"Company. I'm a baseball umpire and I don't want to feel lonesome this winter."—*Washington Critic.*

LOCATION IS EVERYTHING.

House Owner—How many children have you, madam?

House Hunter—Five.

House Owner—That alters the case. I can't let you have the house.

House Hunter—You are more particular and exclusive than the kingdom of Heaven.

House Owner—Possibly, madam, possibly. This house fronts on Prairie avenue. Good morning.—*Chicago Tribune.*

SELF-INSURANCE.

"Bridget, did yez iver sthop to think that after yer dead yer niver safe from these middical students?"

"That's so, Dinny. It's wan of the things that's prejudiced me very much 'aginst dyin'."

"I've thought of a way to get ahead av 'em."

"How's that?"

"O'im' goen' to worruk in a powder mill."—*Washington Critic.*

SHE CAME BACK WITH TWO DRESSES.

De Haven—I tell you what, DeYoung, I have the sharpest wife you ever saw in your life. Why, the other day I gave her just barely money enough to buy one dress, and if you'll believe it she came home with two.

DeYoung—That is sharp. How did she manage it?

DeHaven—Why, she bought one and the other she had on when she went out.—*Judge.*

SENSITIVE TO DRAUGHT.

Jack—You are not looking well, Brownley.

Young Brownley (a sensitive plant)—No, my dear boy. I caught cold while eating some Schweitzerkase last night.

Jack—How could a piece of Schweitzerkase give you a cold?

Young Brownley—Why stwong dwaught came thwough the holes, don't sher know.—*Harper's Bazar.*

LIABILITIES SMALL.

Gentleman—You say you have failed in the whitewash business, Uncle Rastus.

Uncle Rastus—Yes, rah. Done clean busted.

Gentleman—What did you pay on the dollar?

Uncle Rastus—Didn't pay nuffin on de dollah, sah. De li'bil'ties wah only seventy five cents.

SHE HAD HIM THERE.

Young husband—Maria, what kind of a leathery mess do you call this?

Young wife—This, George, is a French pudding made from that receipt of your mother's. You know you've always wanted me to——

Young husband—Why, so it is. It's superb, Maria, superb. (Eats pudding and silently commends his soul to heaven.

SOME GIRLS ARE AWFUL.

"Some girls are just too awful for anything," said Miss Stormy Weather on her way home from church yesterday. "There's Ethel Marshall, she wears a set of false teeth."

"I can hardly believe it," said Mr. Swansdown, "I never noticed it."

"Of course you didn't. Why, she is so deceitful that she only wears them at night."

ONE MAY KNOW TOO MUCH.

Gentleman at Club—Would you believe it, my dear fellow, notwithstanding all my protests, my wife insists on covering her face with powder even when she goes to bed?

My Dear Fellow (absent-mindedly)—I know, my dear chap. Don't talk to me about it. It's simply disgusting. When one kisses her it tastes just like sugar.

WHY HE TRIED SUICIDE.

Magistrate (to prisoner)—What impelled you to attempt suicide?

Prisoner—It was a conversation I overheard, sir, on the boat coming down from Troy. One of 'em said: "Who's oo ducky?" The other said: "Is oor duck, whose ducky is oo?" I happened to have some deadly poison in my pocket and I swallowed it.

A MILD HINT.

They had been sitting in contemplative silence for a long time. When William musingly said: "I think Naomi, that there is a great deal of wisdom in that old saying: 'Silence is golden.'"

"There may be, but gold is unhandy. I would rather have a Bill."

It took him an hour to "catch on," but he finally offered himself.

THE FOOLKILLER.

"What is a foolkiller, ma?" asked little Johnny.

"Go ask your father, my dear," she replied with a sneering intonation; "he knows everything."

"A foolkiller, my boy," returned old Brown, glancing slyly under his paper at his wife, "is a little thing called a cigarette."—*Judge.*

HOME TO ROOST.

Mr. Winks (with affected disgust)—Whew! This mince pie is terribly strong.

Mrs. Winks—Yes, Bridget got too much brandy in the mincemeat this time.

Little Nell—Aren't it funny. Smelt jist like pa's mustache did when you was away.—*Omaha World.*

HE EARNED HIS HARP.

St. Peter (to applicant)—What was your business when on earth?

Applicant—Editor of a newspaper.

St. Peter—Big circulation, of course?

Applicant—No, small; smallest in the country.

St. Peter—Pick out your harp.

A HARD CROWD.

"Farmers must be a dreadfully improper set of men," remarked Mrs. McSwilligen.

"How do you make that out?" asked her husband.

"Why they shock even wheat and corn."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

A Great Composer Whose Favorite Occupation is Farming.

Giuseppi Verdi, the Italian composer, is the son of an innkeeper, and was born at Rancola, in the Duchy of Parma, October 9, 1814, receiving his first lessons in music from an organist in Milan, where he lived from 1833 to 1836. He afterward studied diligently under Lavinga, and in 1839 published his earliest work, a musical drama entitled "Oberto di San Bantfacio." Verdi's principal compositions are serious operas and the "Lombardi," one of his first productions, made a strong impression throughout Italy, and laid the foundation of his fame. His best and widest known operas are "Nabucco," "Ernani," founded on Victor Hugo's tragedy the "Duo Foscari," "Attila," "Macbeth,"

"Masnadieri," founded on the "Robbers" of Schiller. "Louisa Miller," "Rigoletto," the "Trovatore," "La Traviata," "Un Ballo in Maschero," and "Don Carlos." The "Trovatore" and "La Traviata" have had great success not only in Italy, but in Germany, France, and England. Signor Verdi's more recent operas are "Giovanna d'Arco" in 1868, "La Forza del Destino" in 1869, and "Aida," performed at the Scala, Milan, May 23, 1874. Verdi was elected a member of the Italian Parliament in 1861, and in 1871 he went to Florence in order to assume the post offered him by the Italian Minister of Public Instruction, for the improvement and reorganization of the Italian Musical Institute. King Victor Emmanuel, by a decree dated November 22, 1874, created Signor Verdi an Italian Senator. In May, 1875, he was nominated a Commander of the Legion of Honor, and the Italian Minister at Paris was charged to present him with the insignia of the Order, accompanied by a flattering letter from the Duc Decazes. In the same year he was decorated with the cross of Commander and Star of the Austrian Order of Franz Joseph. Signor Verdi completed in 1878 a new opera in five acts entitled "Montezuma," which was performed for the first time at La Scala, Milan. On his return from Paris to his native country in April, 1880, he received the Order of the Crown of Italy. To speak of Verdi personally, it is said his favorite occupation is farming when he has any time to spare for it. He is as much at home in crops and cattle and agricultural operations of all sorts as he is in counterpoint and thorough base. The farmers in the vicinity of his villa at La Agata look up to him as an authority on all questions connected with the cultivation of the soil, and he is daily to be seen on the grounds of one or another of his neighbors giving advice or directing the laborers in their tasks, in which he is not above lending a hand himself when occasion requires.

HEALTH HINTS.

A good way to disguise the nauseous taste of Epsom salts is to dissolve a tablespoonful of the salts in hot water, add two tablespoonfuls of citrate of magnesia, and drink during effervescence.

"Hager" removes freckles with an ointment composed of white precipitate and subnitrate of bismuth, of each one drachm; glycerine ointment, half an ounce. Each freckle is touched with the ointment every other day.

A writer declares that the raising of the head of the bed by placing under each leg a block of the thickness of two bricks is an effective remedy for cramps. Patients who have suffered at night, crying aloud with pain, have found this plan to afford immediate, certain and permanent relief.

In toothache if the cavity is so great as to allow the air to reach the nerve, get some spirits of nitre and mix with alum; saturate a little cotton with it and apply it to the cavity. If the pain extends upward to the eye or takes the form of neuralgia, produce some horseradish leaves, take out the stems, wet them and apply on the face over the pain. This will generally bring relief.

The medical virtues of lemons were slow in being developed, but once known they promise to be efficacious as they are simple. A physician in Rome, where malaria lies in wait for every tourist, thus describes their use: Cut a good sized lemon into small pieces, rind and pulp; add one pint of water; boil down to half a pint; strain and cool; take a teaspoonful or more, as the stomach will bear it, an hour before meals. It is said to do all that has been attributed to quinine, without affecting the nerves or head, as quinine does, and some physicians use it exclusively in place of that drug.

The Whistler.

Oh for a gun
That would carry a ton,
Or a sabre keen
That would cut shingles clean.

To smite for once and forever more that terrible, conscienceless, midnight bore, who ruthlessly breaks on a placid snore with airs that were popular years before—the man who is always whistling.

He starts at morn
With his tune forlorn,
And he'll never stop
Though the bearers drop.

His neighbors for mercy vainly sue; he'll merrily whistle "Mikado" clear through, will turn back to "Patience" and "Pinafore," too, avoiding with care all the music sheets new—the man who is always whistling.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Frugal and industrious men are friendly to the established government, as the idle and expensive are dangerous.