

Goodbye!

There's a kind of chilly feelin' in the blowin'
of the breeze.
And a sense of sadness stealin' through the
tresses of the trees.

"Goodbye," the winds are sayin'; "good-
bye," the trees complain.
As they bend low down an' whisper with
their green leaves wet with rain;

"Goodbye," the roses murmur an' the
hemlock lilies sigh.
As if they all felt sorry I have come—come
to say goodbye.

I reckon all have said it some time or other
soft.
And easy like, with eyes cast down, that
dared not look aloft.

For the tears that're rubbled in them—for the
lips that choked the sigh.
When it came a swellin' from the heart an'
made it beat goodbye!

I didn't think 'twas hard to say; but
stand'n here alone,
With the pleasant past behind me and the
future dim, unknown,

A gloomin' yonder in the dark—the tears
come to my eye.
And I'm weepin' like a woman as I bid you
all goodbye.

The work I've done is with you; maybe
some things went wrong.
Like a note that waxes the music in the sweet
flow of a song.

But brethren—when you think of me, I only
ask you would
Say as the Master said of one: "He hath
done what he could."

And when you sit together in the time as
yet to be,
By your love-encircled fireplaces in the
valleys fair and free,

Let the sweet past come before you, and
with something like a sigh,
Just say: "We ain't forgot him since the
day he said 'goodbye!'"

—F. L. Stanton in Rover (Chas.) Tribune.

THE TIN BOX.

"It is a very mysterious business,"
said Lawyer Simpkins, rubbing his
nose, and adjusting his spectacles.
"Hiram Green sent for me, ten days
before he died, and gave me his bonds
and securities to draw the day's interest
for him. I put them all back in the
tin box myself, and he counted and
examined them. The day he died he
tried to tell me something about Jerry
and that box. Jerry—in box—all in the
box—Jerry," was about all I could
make out."

"And the tin box was stolen," said
Tom, the lawyer's son and partner.
"Well, it has disappeared. If it
was stolen, it is of precious little use to
the thief. Every paper in it could be
traced. Trust old Hiram Green to look
out for that."

"What was it worth?"
"To a lawful owner, about twenty
thousand dollars."

"Then Jacob Green is so much
poorer! I am glad of it!"
"Tom! Tom! Jacob Green is our
eldest!"

"All right! I shall not prate in my
opinion on the house-top; but, between
ourselves, I think he is the meanest man
I ever met. Why, he must be a rich
man, and he grudges his family the
necessaries of life. Look at Alice!
There is not a servant at Rye Hill who
has not a better wardrobe than Alice
Green!"

"Just so!" said Lawyer Simpkins, with
a twinkle in his eyes. Her husband
can make that all right though. Eh,
Tom?"

Tueco Tom, blushing crimson, began
to talk again about the tin box and old
Hiram Green's will.

"Left everything to Jacob," said
the lawyer; "the house, real estate, and
personal effects."

"And Jerry?"
"Was not even mentioned in the will.
Hiram Green never forgave Jerry for
failing in business, declared he had no
head, and wasn't fit to be intrusted with
money."

"He was his nephew, though, just
as much as Jacob, and he nursed him
faithfully to the last."

"But Jerry is a dreamer. Jacob will
double every dollar the old man left,
while Jerry will probably spend a
legacy in a year or two."

It was not alone in the lawyer's office
that the subject of Hiram Green's will
and the disappearance of the tin box
were topics of conversation. Every-
body at Rye Hill had an opinion to
express, a theory to advance. Max Jacob
Green and Mrs. Jerry Green were talking
the whole matter over on the porch
of the old house where Hiram Green
had died, while Jerry sat on the steps,
looking moodily down the garden path.
"Jacob says," said that worthy's
wife, "that he will find that box, if it's
above ground."

me a hammer and some nails, I'll save
Jacob twenty-five cents by fastening
these steps. See here!" and he rattled
the steps on which he was sitting, and
which were wholly detached from the
porch.

"I wish you would," said his sister-
-in-law, "I'm in a panic every time I
go in or out, especially if I have this
baby in my arms. I'll get the ham-
mer."

"Dear me, Jerry," whispered his
wife, a little later, "you go at them
steps as if you were trying to hammer
the house down. Anybody would fan-
cy you had a spite against the nails,
you give them such vicious blows."

"Hold your tongue," growled her
husband. "I am only making them
safe."

He rose as he spoke, and straightened
himself, muttering:
"That's a good job done!"

"Come, Sally," he said, presently,
"we'll be getting home! I only came
over to see if there was any news of
the tin box."

"Not a sign to be found," said Mrs.
Jacob, "and I do believe Jacob will
be in a lunatic asylum if it don't turn up
soon."

Jerry tucked his wife's hand under
his arm, and walked down the road to
his own cottage, a small, shabby house
where Sarah Green vainly strove to
make old things look new, and stretch
a dollar to the needs of two.

Since his wife's death Jerry had
been more moody and shiftless than
ever. Brooding over his injuries was
not the way to improve his fortunes,
and Sally had hard work to make her
needle supply the daily wants.

It was just three days before his
uncle died that Jerry learned that Hiram
Green had left his entire property to
Jacob, already the richest man at Rye
Hill. Then the bitterness of his disap-
pointment seemed to literally turn his
brain, and Sally trembled for his reason.

With all his faults, if faults they
were, his disregard of money and want
of business capacity, Jerry Green was a
man to win strong affections. And it
was the fact that even Hiram Green
kept up a sort of grudging affection for
him that made Jerry hope he would not
entirely forget him in his will.

When his last illness attacked the old
man, it was to Jerry he turned for the
affection Jacob's harder nature could
not make accessible. It was Jerry and
Sally who nursed the invalid day and
night with faithful, unswerving care, and
it was with a bitter regret that Jerry
knew himself to be disinherited.

All the man's gentle nature overruled
his anger, and the last three days of
Hiram Green's life were as tenderly
nursed as if Jerry knew himself to be
sole heir.

But afterward the whole nature of the
man seemed changed. Knowing the
sympathy of the people about him was
with him, he was never weary of telling
of his wrongs; and he made no secret
of his delight at the disappearance of the
tin box, and the large slice of property
it contained.

A year passed away, and then all Rye
Hill knew that Jerry Green lay ill with
a fever, and the doctor had given him
up. Very sick indeed he was, and
Sally was heart-broken, when one day
he whispered a request to see Lawyer
Simpkins alone. Seeing a lawyer
seemed to poor Sally a death-warrant,
though Jerry had no fortune to will
away.

Wondering, but ready to humor the
whim of a dying man, the lawyer
answered the summons at once.

"Mr. Simpkins, will you promise to
keep secret what I tell you now?"
Jerry asked in a hoarse whisper.

"Certainly I will; lawyers have to do
that every day."

"Then I will tell you where Uncle
Hiram's tin box is. You have the key?"

"Yes, but—Jerry Green, don't tell
me you are the thief!"
"I did not take it away, but I was
half mad, I do believe, and I wanted
to spite Jacob. So I buried it under
the porch steps. I never opened it.
Everything is there, and I suppose
Jacob might as well have it now."

back. On the top was an open paper,
and Lawyer Simpkins read aloud:—
"Here is my last will and testament. I,
Hiram Green, do give and bequeath
this box and all it contains to Sarah, wife
of my nephew, Jeremiah Green. I leave
it to her as a token of my love for both,
and because I think she will be more care-
ful of it than my nephew. And I do ask
of my lawyer, Robert Simpkins, that he do
see my wish carried out, and give to Sarah
his advice about investing the money."

"Hiram Green."
There was one moment of intense
silence and then a cheer rent the air.
Every man there was glad that the
miserly, grasping Jacob Green was dis-
appointed, and every man rejoiced for
Jerry and Sally.

But the sick man was humble as a
child when the lawyer told him the
news. He did not die, nor did anyone
but Lawyer Simpkins ever guess his
secret, but he was a broken, premature-
ly aged man, creeping humbly about
and living on the income his wife drew
from the contents of the tin box, which
he had hidden from spite, and by so
doing, overreached himself.

"If I had died without telling," he
thought often, "Sally would never
have had the money, and Jacob might
have found the box, after all."

The Sound of Light.

One of the most wonderful discov-
eries in science that have been made
within the last year or two is the fact
that a beam of light produces sound.
A beam of sunlight is thrown through
a lens on a glass vessel that contains
lampblack, colored silk or worsted, or
other substances. A disk having slits
or openings cut in it is made to revolve
swiftly in this beam of light, so as to
cut it up, thus making alternate flashes
of light and shadow. As putting the
ear to the glass vessel, strange sounds
are heard so long as the flashing beam
is falling on the vessel.

Recently a more wonderful discovery
has been made. A beam of sunlight
is made to pass through a prism, so as
to produce what is called the solar spec-
trum, or rainbow. The disc is turned,
and the colored light of the rainbow is
made to break through it. Next, place
the ear to the vessel containing the silk,
wool or other material. As the colored
lights of the spectrum fall upon it
sounds will be given by different parts
of the spectrum, and there will be sil-
ence in other parts.

For instance, if the vessel contains
red worsted, and the green light flashes
upon it, loud sounds will be given.
Only feeble sounds will be heard when
the red and blue parts of the rainbow
fall upon the vessel, and other colors
make no sound at all. Green silk gives
sound best in red light. Every kind of
material gives more or less sound in
different colors, and utters no sound
in others. The discovery is a strange
one, and it is thought more wonderful
things will come from it.—American
Act Journal.

The Child of the Future.

It is a dreadful point about those
microbes that the only way to avoid
having them in a virulent form is to
have them in an artificial or attenuated
form. The children of the future will
not run through the present gamut of
infantile disease, but they will probab-
ly be subjected to inoculation with
various microbes every few months.
First, they will be vaccinated for small-
pox; when they have recovered from
that they will be taken to a Pasteur in-
stitute to have a mill form of rabies.
Next, they will be given a dose of the
comma bacilli to prevent cholera, and
so on through all the ever-growing series
of disease microbes. O! luckless child
of the future! you will never be ill and
never be well; your health will never
be awfully marvellous; you will never
know the weakness of the first night of
measles, when it was so nice to lie in
mother's lap and feel her cool hand on
your forehead; you will never know the
joys of convalescence, when oranges
were numerous and every one was
kind to you because you were not well;
and your end will be to die of debility.
How glad we are that we live in the
present, with all its ups and downs of
health to lend variety to life and death.
—Hospital.

Iron Manuscript.

Foreman John Farrer of the Smith
iron company of Boston has discovered
a new method of casting iron, which
opens up a wide field. He has found
that pen and ink sketches on common
writing paper can be transferred to iron
as distinctly as if the mould was of
greater size. Three plates, one 3 1/2
by 5 inches and the others 5 by 6 inches,
are proof of his ingenuity. Upon the
smallest one is written the Lord's prayer,
the letters being quite distinct. The
others contain outline drawing. Mr.
Farrer explains his work in this way:
"Whatever you see on them is done with
a common steel pen on a piece of this
paper. The paper when prepared is
plunged into a sand mould, iron is poured
into the mould and the writing is trans-
ferred to the casting."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE "GONDEST" MOTHER.
Evening was falling cold and dark,
And the people hurried along the way,
As if they were hurrying to mark
Their own home candles cheering ray.

A dear little roly-poly boy,
With rosy cheeks and a jacket blue,
laughing and chattering, full of joy,
And here's what he said:— "Tell you true—
'You're the gondest mother that ever was.'
A voice as clear as the forest bird's
And I'm sure the glad young heart had cause
To utter the sweetest of the lovely words."

Perhaps the woman had worked all day,
Wasting or scrubbing; perhaps she sewed,
I know by her weary, foolish way
That life for her was an uphill road.

There is an old poem which tells a
pretty and true story about a rat, and
shows that kindness can work wonders
even with creatures which we are accus-
tomed to look down upon. There was
once a gentleman who was noted for
his kindness to everyone. It did not
matter to him whether a person were
rich or poor, old or young, beautiful or
ugly, he had his best to make everyone
so come across happier. But beside
being kind to human creatures, he also
loved all animals.

Perhaps this kind-hearted man was
disappointed by some one to whom he
had been good; at all events, he was
rather sad one evening. Thinking
rather about the ingratitude which ani-
mals as well as men sometimes show, he
fell fast asleep.

He was wakened suddenly by the tame
cat. It was nibbling gently at his
cheeks and nose, determined to wake
him, yet not wishing to hurt him.

Starting up, he found that he had
awakened the lamp with his arm as he
slept, and but for the kind rat he must
have lost much of his property, if not his
life.—New York Journal.

A LESSON FOR LOUIE.

Uncle Jack came one one odd morn-
ing looking for all the world like a
bear. Louie thought, in his big, shaggy
overcoat. He caught Louie up and
gave her a good big hug, too.

"Hello, Mopsy! what's Popsy?"
he asked.
Popsy was Louie's baby-sister, two
years old, and her name wasn't Popsy
any more than Louie's was Mopsy,
but Uncle Jack was all the time calling
them by their own names. Louie thought,
"Here's gone to sleep," said she.

Then Uncle Jack put his hand in his
pocket and made a great rattling with
paper for a minute, before he pulled out
two sticks of red-and-white candy and
gave them to Louie.

"Too bad Popsy's asleep," said he.
"Put 'em in your pockets and eat 'em
when you can. She's sure to be awake
in a minute, before her little ring-chain
and sat down by the window to eat her
candy."

"Aren't you going to save one stick
for Grace?" ask-a mamma. Popsy's
real name was Grace.

"I guess I won't," Louie said, speak-
ing low. "I don't believe candy's good
for little mites o' bits o' girls. 'Sides
I want it myself."

"I guess she swallowed the last bit
there was a little call from the bed-
room!" "Mamma!"

"Hello," said Uncle Jack, "Poppy's
awake!" And in a minute out
she came in mamma's arms, rosy and
milk and giggled.

Then there was another great rustling
in Uncle Jack's pocket, and he pretty
soon—
"Here's for Popsy!" said Uncle
Jack.

She took the two sticks of candy in
her dimpled hands and looked at them
a second—dear little Popsy! and then
she held out the one that was a little
longer than the other to Louie.

"Dis for 'ou," she cooed; "and dis
for me."

EAT BEFORE SLEEP.

It is the True Way to Obtain
Refreshing Slumber.

To Sleep on an Empty Stomach
is to Awake Exhausted.

Going to bed with a well-filled
stomach is the essential prerequisite of
refreshing slumber. The cautions so
often reiterated in all medical journals
against late suppers were directed chief-
ly to the habitual habits of those early
times. When at every late feast the
guests not seldom drank themselves
under the table, or needed strong as-
sistances to reach their couch, the canon
against such indulgence was not un-
timely. Nature and common sense
teach us that a full stomach is essential
to quiet repose. Every man who has
found it difficult to keep awake after a
hearty dinner has answered the problem
for himself. There are few animals
that can be trained to rest until after
they are fed.

Man, as he comes into the world, pre-
sents a condition it would be well for
him to follow in all his after-life. The
sweetest ministrer ever sent out of para-
dise cannot sing an infant to sleep on
an empty stomach. We have known
reckless nurses to give the little ones a
dose of purgative or soothing syrup in
place of its cup of milk, when it was
too much trouble to get the latter, but
this is the one alternative. The little
stomach of the sleeping child, as it be-
comes gradually emptier, folds on itself
in plaits; two of these make it restless;
three will open its eyes, but by careful
soothing these may be closed again;
four plaits and the charm is broken;
there is no more sleep in that house-
hold until that child has been fed. It
seems to us so strange that with this
example before their eyes full-grown
men are so slow to learn the lesson.

The farmer does it for his pig, who
would squeal all night if it were not
fed at the last moment, and the groom
knew that his horse will paw in his
stall until he has had his meal. But
when he wishes to sleep himself he
never seems to think of it. To sleep,
the fulness of the blood must leave the
head; to digest the eaten food the
blood must come to the stomach. Thus,
sleep and digestion are natural allies;
one helps the other.

Man, by long practice, will train
himself to sleep on an empty stomach,
but it is more the sleep of exhaustion
than the sleep of refreshment. He wakes
up after such a troubled sleep feeling
utterly miserable until he has had a cup
of tea or some other stimulant, and
he has so injured the tone of his stom-
ach that he has little appetite for break-
fast. Whereas, one who allows himself
to sleep after a comfortable meal awakes
strengthened, and his appetite has been
quiescent by that preceding indulgence.

The difficulty in recovery comes
from the fact that we are such creatures
of our habits it is impossible to break
away from them without persistent
effort. In this case the man who has
eaten nothing after 6 o'clock and re-
tires at 10 or 11 takes to bed an empty
stomach upon which the action of the
gastric juices makes him uncomfort-
able all the night. If he proposes to
try our experiment he will sit down
and eat a tolerably hearty meal. He is
unaccustomed to this at that hour and
has a sense of discomfort with it. He
may try it once or twice, or even four-
times, and then he gives it up, satisfied
that for him it is a failure.

The true course is to begin with just
one or two mouthfuls the last thing
before going to bed. And this should be
light food, easily digested. No cake
or pastry should be tolerated. One
mouthful of cold roast beef, cold ham,
cold chicken, and a little crust of bread
will do to begin with, or, what is bet-
ter yet, a spoonful or two of condensed
milk (not the sweetened that comes in
cans) in three times as much warm
water. Into this cut half a pared peach
and two or three little squares of bread,
the whole to be one-fourth or one-sixth
of what would be a light lunch.

Increase this very gradually, until at
the end of a month or six weeks the
patient may indulge in a bowl of milk,
two peaches, with a half hard roll or a
crust of home-made bread. When
peaches are gone take baked apples
with the milk till strawberries come,
and eat the latter till peaches return
again. This is the secret of our health
and vitality. We often work until
after midnight, but eating the comfort-
able meal is the last thing we do every
night of the year. This is not an un-
tried experiment or one depending on
the testimony of a single witness.—
American Advertiser.

Mrs. Harthead—That's our milk-
maid's wife. Mr. Harthead—She's very
becomingly attired. Mr. Harthead—
How sad Mr. Harthead—She wears a
watered silk.

They Spilt the Difference.

Adjutant-General Mullen was in a
remissive mood. "I will tell you a
little experience I had down in Louisi-
ana in 1862," he said. "I was a mem-
ber of the Connecticut V. Lighters. The
opposing army had come into pretty
close quarters, and Confederate out-
posts, stragglers and skirmishers
were around us and doing considerable
mischief. Three companies of our reg-
iment were ordered out on skirmish
duty. We marched down, five paces
apart, according to regulation, into a
perfect morass. The water was waist-
deep everywhere.

"I am not very tall, and found it
necessary to hold up my cartridge belt
to keep it from getting saturated. The
Confederates were scattered through
this swamp, and we took a number of
prisoners without opening fire. I met
with a misfortune. My foot caught be-
neath a couple of parallel branches be-
neath the water, and I was severely
pinioned. My companions continued on
to their duty while I struggled hard to
extricate myself from my unpleasant
predicament. I finally pulled my foot
out with a desperate effort, but my shoe
was left behind. I could only secure
it by plunging my head beneath the
surface of slily, axious, muddy
water, but it led to be lost. I had
no sooner got the shoe tied on again
than a Confederate came in sight from
behind some bushes. Instinctively our
muskets were simultaneously raised.

"Surrender!" thundered the Confed-
erate.

"Surrender yourself!" I returned at
the top of my lungs.

"Then we stood and eyed each other.
Each had his gun cocked and leveled
at the other, but neither pulled the trig-
ger. Why we hesitated more than I
can explain. By delaying, you see,
each was practically placing himself at
the mercy of the other, or so it would
seem. Suddenly the Confederate's gun
dropped and I brought mine down
also.

"See here, Yank," he began, in a
much milder tone, "if I should shoot
you my side would gain much, and
again, if you should shoot me my side
wouldn't gain much. Now, I've got a
wife and two babies over yonder, and
if you dropped me they wouldn't have
nobody to take care of them. Now,
it's a damned mean man what won't
split the difference. I'll let you go if
you'll let me go, and we'll ex'change the
square. What do you say?"

"Well, what should I say? I walked
over half way, and I met and shook
hands and parted. About a year after
a letter came to our camp addressed to
'Little Yankee that split the differ-
ence.' I had told him my regiment,
you see, but not my name. The letter
was a cordial invitation to visit the man
at his home in Louisiana. He wanted
me to see the wife and babies, who's
members had promised him to propose
to split the difference, and I have al-
ways regretted that I was unable to ac-
cept the invitation."—St. Paul Pioneer-
Press.

Worship of Flowers by Persians.

A recent traveler in India gives the
following description of flower worship
as practiced by the Persians in Bon-
bar. A true Persian, in flowing robe
of blue, and on his head a sheepskin
hat—black, glossy, curly, the fleece of
Kor Kal—would saunter in and stand
and meditate over every flower he saw,
and always as if half in vision. And
when the vision was fulfilled, and the
idea of the flower he was seeking found, he
would spread his mat and sit before it
until the setting of the sun and then
fold up his mat again and go home.

And the next night, and night after
night until that particular flower had
faded away, he would return to it and
bring his friends in ever-increasing
troops to it and sit and play the guitar
or lute before it, and they would sit
together pray these, and after prayer still
sit before it, sipping sherbet and talking
the most hilarious and shocking scandal
late into the moonlight, and so again
every evening until the flower died.

Sometimes, by way of a grand finale,
the whole company would suddenly
arise before the flower, and serenade it
together with an ode from Hafiz and
depart.—Osmic's Journal.

Homely Women of Portugal.

The Portuguese women are rather be-
low the medium height, of olive com-
plexion and have brilliant black eyes.
For the most part they are very hand-
some. The women, on the contrary,
are excessively homely, but dress in
very good taste. Both gentlemen and
ladies copy the Parisian fashions. The
prettiest women are the fisher maids,
who go about the streets barefooted
with their baskets of fish on their heads,
after the fashion of the Egyptian women
with their pitchers of water. Some of
these girls are remarkably pretty, and,
strange to say, their feet are small and
delicate looking and their forms grace-
ful.

The Voice of the Void.

I warn, like the one drop of rain
On your face, ere the storm;
Or tremble in whispered refrain
With your blood, beating warm.
I am the presence that ever haunts
Baffle your touch's endeavor—
Gone like the glimmer of dust
Dispersed by a gust.

I am the absence that taunts you,
The fancy that haunts you;
The ever unattended guest
That, questioning emptiness,
Winks a sigh for reply.
Nay, nothing am I.

But the flight of a breath—
For I am Death!
—George Lathrop in the Galaxy.

HUMOROUS.

Flower girls.—The miller's daughters.
Hillstons intended for publication
are usually as big as hen's eggs.

When a man knows that he cannot
get out of the mud his next impulse is
to go in deeper.

Landlady—Will you pass the butter,
Mr. Johnson? Mr. Johnson—That
butter will not pass, ma'am!

A sailor is considered a good skipper
when he understands the ropes. The
same may be said of a little girl.

Writing poetry is recommended as a
mental exercise. You can get physical
exercise by attempting to read it to the
editor.

Photographers are the most charita-
ble of men, for they are always anxious
to take the best view of their fellow-
creatures.

Mrs. Galbraith—I have had that parrot
for three months now, and it has never
spoken a word. Galbraith—Perhaps you
have never given it a chance.

"No," remarked Sweeney, enthusi-
astically, "there's nothing like the hot
water cure! It will brace a man up
when all other remedies fail.—Mrs.
Stimblet, just let me have a cup of tea,
is you please?"

Student (writing to his father): I
beg you, my dear father, not for a
minute to think that I need this money
to pay debts with. I give you my
word of honor that I want it only for
myself, and that there is no question of
debts.

Cats and the Moon.
Every body knows the superstitions of
sailors, particularly of course, in re-
gard to their sailing on Friday; but
they are also superstitious on other
points, and from this fact we get the
saying, "It's about a sinking ship."

Again, they count the presence of a cat
on board, and usually that of a corpse,
although as regards both of these in-
stances the superstition is not suffi-
ciently widespread to altogether pre-
vent the occurrence. Speaking of cats,
it is well known that they were held in
such high respect by the ancient Egyp-
tians that their mummies are met with
about as frequently as human beings,
and this was from a superstitious belief
in their intervention in the affairs of
man. A special goddess among the Egyp-
tians was re-
spected with the level of a cat, and a
temple was erected in her at a town of
the name she bore—Babastis. In the
Egyptian mythology Bubastis was the
child Isis and Isis and the sister of
Horus. What is not so generally
known is the fact that the cat among
the Egyptians symbolized the moon.
As to the moon there was in ancient
times many superstitions. Our word
"lunacy" is derived from the Latin
name of that planet, and the disorder
is still believed by many to be caused
by it at its full. Sailors in the tropics
have been known to become temporarily
deranged because of sleeping with
their faces exposed to the rays of the
full moon, while fresh fish hung up
on deck under the same conditions are
said to spoil in a short time.—Stur-Seydys.

Costly Canine Collars.

"Some dogs in this town wear collars
that cost \$200," said a dealer in
these articles to me yesterday. "Of
course, such valuable are worn only
by the pampered pets of the rich; the
average owner of dogs thinks he or she
has done well in investing \$5 dollars in
a collar, and by a good many a plain
leather strap, with some plate, is
deemed ample for safety and identity.
Of course, a dog with a \$100 or a \$200
collar has got to be watched pretty care-
fully, and they usually ride in the car-
riage of the master or mistress. The
existence of a good many Fifth avenue
and Madison avenue dogs might well
be envied by the poor of our city.
They have all the advantages of wealth
in the way of luxury and easy living,
without any of the attendant anxieties,
from which even Golds and Vander-
bilts are not free."—New York Star.

A Medical School Jest.

First doctor—Have you a skeleton?
Sec'd doctor—Yes.
First doctor—Let's see it.
Second doctor—Can't I very well get
it, I'm wearin' it under my flesh.—
The Ricket.