

Poetry.

A MONUMENT.

I ask not, when on earth I'm seen no more,
The cold grave hiding from all men my face,
A costly pillar proudly towering o'er,
To mark my resting-place.
I do not ask that mighty men may say,
As passing hurriedly they read the name
Above this frame fast mouldering away,
"He won great worldly fame."
The honors that I crave when I am gone
Are that some lonely one may softly say,
"When I was wondering wearily above
He helped me on my way."
A tear of gratitude is what I crave
To fall upon the clover or the snow
Above me, and sad voices by my grave
To say, "We loved him so."
A marble slab placed there by loving hands,
One whose white surface will these words
display,
As silently above my grave it stands,
"He helped us on our way."
—George Riverside, in *Tankee Blade*.

HOUSEHOLD.

JELLY CAKE.

Eight Eggs, whites, two cups of sugar, 1/2 cup of butter, 1/2 cup of sweet milk, 2 1/2 cups of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth; beat the butter and sugar to a cream. Divide in three or four equal parts and bake in jelly-pans. When done, spread with jelly and pile one cake above the other.

FRIED CORN MUFFINS.

One cup fine white meal, one-half teaspoon salt, two tablespoon sugar, one pint boiling milk, two eggs, one-eighth yeast cake, flour to stiffen. Mix the meal, salt and sugar. Add gradually the boiling milk; when cold add the yeast dissolved in a little water, the eggs well beaten, and flour to make a stiff drop batter. Rise over night. Drop from a tablespoon into deep, hot fat.

BOILED CRABS.

Have a large pot of water strongly salted, let it boil hard, put in your crabs and boil them for 20 minutes. If the water should cease boiling the crabs will be watery. Take them out, break off the claws, wipe the shells very clean, also the large claws. When cold, place them on a dish with the large claws around it. The claws should be cracked before they are sent to the table. The small ones are not generally eaten.

HOP YEAST.

One half cup loose hops, one quart boiling water, one cup flour, one-quarter cup sugar, one tablespoon salt, one cup yeast. Steep the hops in the boiling water, in a granite kettle, five minutes. Mix the flour, sugar and salt. Strain the hop liquor and pour it boiling into the flour mixture. Boil one minute or till thick. When cooled add the yeast. Cover slightly, let it rise in a warm place, and when light and foamy put it into the jars.

A DISH OF SNOW.

Grate a cocoanut, leaving out the brown part. Heap it up in the centre of a handsome dish, and ornament with fine, green leaves, such as peach or honeysuckle. Serve it up with snow cream made in this way. Beat the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, add two large spoonfuls of fine white sugar, a large spoonful of rose water or pineapple. Beat the whole well together and add a pint of thick cream. Put several spoonfuls over each dish of cocoanut.

BEEF STEWED WITH ONIONS.

Cut two pounds of tender beef into small pieces, and season with pepper and salt; slice one or two onions and add to it, with water enough in a stew pan to make a gravy. Let it stew slowly till the beef is thoroughly cooked; then add some pieces of butter rolled in flour, enough to make a rich gravy. Cold beef may be cooked in the same way, but the onions must then be cooked before adding them to the meat. Add more water if it dries too fast, but let it be boiling when poured in.

KISSES.

Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth. Then stir in one and a half pounds of powdered loaf sugar; flavor with vanilla or lemon extract. Continue to beat until it will lie in a heap. Lay the mixture on letter paper, in the size and shape of half an egg, and about an inch apart. Then place the paper on a piece of hard wood and put into a quick oven, without closing the door. Watch them, and when they turn yellowish, take them out and let them cool for three or four minutes. Then slip a thin-bladed knife under one and transfer it to your hand; then take another off join the two by the sides that lay on the paper and place the kiss thus made on a dish.

KIND TO THE POLICE.

A boy conducted an oldish man into the presence of a patrolman on Fourteenth street the other day, and when the officer asked what the trouble was the stranger said:
"I expect I've been robbed of my watch."
"Watch gone, eh? Haven't you any idea where you lost it?"
"Not the slightest. I was down here somewhere by a ferry and took a drink with a man. Maybe he got it."
"Anywhere else?"
"I was over here somewhere by a

park, and a good-natured feller wrassled me down on the grass. He might have got it."
"Anywhere else?"
"I jumped off a street car down here somewhere and fell head over heels. I went back and found my jack-knife, but my watch wasn't lying 'round."
"Have any other adventures?" queried the officer.

"Wall, I fell asleep in a place down by the river, and I do believe some one stole fifteen cents out of my pocket, but I didn't think nuthin' about the watch."
"I can't help you any," said the officer, as he turned away.

"No, I didn't 'spect you could, but I thought I'd tell you about it, and kinder put you on your guard. If you carry any valuables about you keep your eyes peeled. This is a powerful big town, with lots of wicked folks in it, and they'd rob you quicker'n scat."
"I think I can take care of myself," remarked the officer.

"I hope you kin, but don't be too over-confident. That's the way I thought, and where am I now! I traded a yearlin' calf fur that watch last spring, and then give \$2 to have her plated over, and where is she to-day! Just take a neighbor's advice and keep your eyes peeled. I'll be around here for a day or two yet, and if anybody tries any gum-game on you jest holler, and I'll be right on deck to help give him an all-fired wollopin'."

M. QUAD.

THE RICHEST MEN.

The richest man in New York is John D. Rockefeller, who is said to have nearly \$180,000,000. Then follow the Astors with probably \$150,000,000, Cornelius Vanderbilt with about \$125,000,000, and Jay Gould, who may have \$100,000,000. The richest man America has ever seen was William H. Vanderbilt, who, at the time of his death, was worth \$200,000,000.

THREE EXCELLENT DOCTORS.

Some of the eminent physicians of Paris were assembled about the death-bed of Dumoulin, the most celebrated doctor of his day. To their expressions of grief at the expected loss to the profession the dying man answered:
"Gentlemen, I shall leave behind me three excellent doctors to supply my absence." Being pressed to name them, as each man expected to be included in the trio, he said: "Water, Exercise and Diet."

LICKING THE EDITOR.

"What are you crying about?" asked a kind-hearted stranger of a lad who was standing in front of a newspaper office weeping as if his heart would break.
"Oh, dad's gone up stairs to lick the editor."
"Well, has he come down yet?" pursued the gentle samaritan.
"Pieces of him have," exclaimed the boy, indulging in a fresh burst of tears, "and I'm expecting the rest every minute."

DOROTHY'S MUSIC.

Mamma thinks Dorothy's musical taste needs to be cultivated. There was company at tea one evening, a little while ago, and afterward one of the ladies played on the piano. She plays very well, but Dorothy was not interested. Presently she said:
"Now I'm going to play something especially for Dorothy."

It was a very merry kind of tune, that made us all feel like laughing. When she finished Dorothy clapped her hands and exclaimed:
"Oh! my! Wasn't it lovely! Sounded just like a hand organ!"

WANTED AN UNDERSTANDING.

Trying to Arrange Adulteration to Suit All but Hogs.
An Illinois merchant who was taking baking powder in bulk from a Chicago firm called at headquarters the other day to say that there was something wrong with the goods.
"I don't think so," was the reply, "we make the best article sold in the west."
"I think we ought to have a more perfect understanding," continued the dealer. "Now, then you adulterate before you send to me; then I adulterate before I ship; then the retailer adulterates before he sells and the consumer can't be blamed for growling. I want to see if we can't agree on some schedule to be followed."
"What do you mean?"
"Why suppose you put in ten per cent of chalk; then I put in twenty per cent of whitening; then the retailer puts in thirty per cent of flour. That gives the consumer about forty per cent of baking powder and unless he's a born hog he'll be perfectly satisfied. You see, if you adulterate fifty per cent on the start and I adulterate as much more, and the retailer adulterates as much more as both together, it's mighty hard for the consumer to tell whether he's investing in baking powder or putty. We must give him something for his money, if it's only chalk."—*National Weekly*.

MR. BOWSER GETS THE GRIP.
It Doubles Him Up in Spite of His Enormous Will Power.

M. Quad Tells How the Shivers Laid Brouser Low.

Four or five weeks ago, when Mr. Bowser came home one evening and found Mrs. Bowser in bed, and was informed that it was a case of grip, he blurted out:
"Grip! And you have gone to bed and had the doctor for a case of grip? Humph!"
"But I am awfully sick!" she replied.

"Rats, Mrs. Bowser! You just imagine it! This simply goes to prove what I have often asserted—that no person of any strength of character has ever had the grip. It's a nambypamby thing, which even a child three years old ought to be ashamed of."
"You may have it before you get through."
"If I do—if I am silly enough to lay down with any such thing as that—I hope somebody will pound me to death with a fence-rail! I have the grip! I call a doctor for such a nonsensical thing as that! Not if my name is Bowser!"

Mrs. Bowser was in bed three or four days, and Mr. Bowser lost no opportunity to talk about her foolishness in giving up to such a trifling ailment. He likewise remarked to the doctor that he thought it very foolish in the medical fraternity to encourage the public to any such delusion.
"You'll probably have it, and when it comes you'll change your opinion," curtly replied the doctor.

"I will, eh! There isn't enough grip in North America to put down one of my ears! I'd just like to be attacked just to show you how strength of will could throw it off."
A week ago, at three o'clock one afternoon Mrs. Bowser heard something fall against the front door. She called to the girl to open it and see whether it was a bag of potatoes or a corn-sheller. It was neither. It was Mr. Bowser—not the Mr. Bowser who had gone away in the morning stepping high and carrying his chin in the air, but the Mr. Bowser who had come home shaking and shivering and all humped over until he didn't appear to be four feet high. It was a case of grip. As he sat in his office gayly whistling "Old Black Joe" a sudden shiver shivered up his back. He looked around to see who flung it, but it was followed by two more. He jumped up with a feeling that all the ice thus far out on the Hudson had been loaded on his back. A whole drove of shivers and shakes and chills kept waltzing from his heels to his neck and back again, and there was a roaring in his head as if he stood on the brink of Niagara. A boy who came in with a telegram, looked Mr. Bowser over and said:
"Old man, you've got it, and got it bad! If you've any home to go to you'd better skip. If I never see you again then farewell!"

Mr. Bowser didn't stop to exercise any will power to throw it off. He got into his overcoat and made for home. The street-car conductor tried to console him by saying that he would probably be out in four weeks, and a woman on the car named over twenty-two of her acquaintances who had been carried off in a week.
"Heavens, Mr. Bowser! but what does this mean?" demanded Mrs. Bowser, as he staggered into the hall.
"I'm—I'm a dead man!" he gasped as she pulled off his overcoat and helped him on the lounge in the back parlor.
"Have you got a chill?"
"Y—yes! Get forty bed quilts to cover me up!"
"And does your back ache?"
"Does it! Great Scotts, but I don't believe I can live half an hour longer! It's a congestive chill, I suppose."
"It's simply the grip, Mr. Bowser. That's exactly the way everybody is taken. Hadn't you better exercise a little will power?"

Mr. Bowser looked at her reproachfully and shivered and shook.
"Curious how it took hold of a man of your strength of character," she continued as she got his shoes off.
Mr. Bowser's chin began to quiver in a suspicious manner and she said no more on the subject. He had been put to bed and was growling and shivering, when the doctor came in.
"Well, your ear has been pulled down, I see," remarked the doctor as he rubbed his hands together in a cheerful way. "Have you tried to throw it off by strength of will?"
"I—I suspect its pneumonia," replied Mr. Bowser.

"Well, I don't. It's grip—just grip."
"And I'm sick enough to die!"
"Pshaw, man! you have got a mild attack—about as the the babies have it. If you had it as bad as your wife I should feel very anxious. Just keep quiet and take this medicine every two hours."
"How many weeks will I be in the house?"

"Weeks? Why, you can go out tomorrow if you feel like it. Better get up after supper and walk around. It's a wonder to me that such a slight attack brought you home."
But Mr. Bowser's back-ache grew worse, and when the chill finally went off he was out of his head most of the time with the fever. During Mrs. Bowser's sickest night he had gone to bed to sleep and snore and rest undisturbed by her moans. She had to sit up with him, of course. He wanted vichy water, lemonade, ice-water, ginger ale, pickles, tea, toast and a dozen other things, and he seemed to take solid comfort in keeping up a growling so doleful that it finally stopped the clock.

The doctor returned in the morning, to find Mr. Bowser's pulse jumping, his tongue covered with fur and his throat almost raw, but he expressed his great surprise that he had not gone to the office. He encouraged him to get up and go down cellar and upstairs, but Mr. Bowser stuck right to the bed.
"Doctor, I don't think you realize how serious this is," he groaned.
"I am sure I do. It's a very mild case of that nambypamby epidemic called the grip. I have five children in this neighborhood who have it worse than you, but all are up and playing with their dolls. Very curious that a man of your stamina should give up. Keep on with the medicine, however, and I'll send a gargle."
For four days Mr. Bowser gargled and dosed and groaned. Mrs. Bowser had to attend him as if he were a baby. He had very little to say during this interval. He seemed to flatten all out and lose his conceit. Once he even went so far as to observe that if his life was spared he would be an humble man in future. On the fifth day, however, after getting out to the gate and back, his meekness seemed to be disappearing, and on the sixth, as he started for the office, he said:
"I propose to visit two or three different doctors to-day and find out what caused my sickness."
"Why, it was grip, of course," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"Not much! There was a combination there and I know it, and it was a mighty serious one, too. Nothing on earth but my determination not to give way to it pulled me through. Plenty of men in my situation would have turned up their toes, and plenty of others would have been in bed for months. Grip! Humph! Mrs. Bowser, you don't know me yet. When I knock under to grip I'll have the decency to go and drown my self! Grip and brain fever are two widely different things, and I want you and that fool of a doctor to know it, too!"

M. QUAD.

HOW FAR WOULD A MOTHER GO.

A Woman Has the Skin Shaved Off Her Legs to Patch Her Boy.

Brave Mrs. Annie Muench, of number 35 Norfolk street, yesterday in Bellevue Hospital voluntarily submitted to a surgical operation by which a large quantity of surface skin was removed from her body. She did it in the hope that her three-year-old son Herman thereby be saved.

And she did it in a way that shows her to be a woman of nerve. As told in the *Herald* yesterday her little boy was badly burned on October 28th last. He was amusing himself by lighting matches and his clothes caught fire. The skin of the whole front part of the trunk of his body was burned off. From his neck to his thighs and around on both sides the flesh was raw. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital and the ordinary remedies were applied. But he did not improve under them. It was decided that the only chance for his recovery lay in the grafting of the skin of a healthy person upon his body.

Upon being informed of this last Sunday Mrs. Muench at once volunteered to provide the epidermis herself. She is a strong woman, in perfect health and about thirty-five years old. She made no fuss about it. She asked no questions as to whether the operation would be painful or not. She appeared to give no thought as to what the consequences might be to her. It might give her back her boy, and that was enough.

CALM AND UNCONCERNED.
A kind-hearted neighbor agreed to care for her three other children while she was away from home, and on Wednesday afternoon she entered the hospital, knowing that she was to go under the surgeon's knife yesterday morning. Apart from her anxiety for the little sufferer who was near her in ward 7, she was as calm and unconcerned as if she had been at home playing her needle. Her legs from the thighs to the knees, from where the skin was to be taken, were done up in a solution of wet salt, in order that the skin might be in perfect condition. When she awoke yesterday morning her first inquiry was for her son.

Then she wanted to know when the operation would take place, and she was told 11 o'clock was the hour appointed.
"Well," she said, smiling, "I'm ready when they are."
The operation was performed by Dr. Hotchkiss, the attending surgeon, assisted by Dr. Gleason, the house physician. Mrs. Muench, when summoned, responded readily. She was placed on the operating table in the surgical department and her skin was thoroughly cleansed. Then ether was administered, and for a full hour and a quarter the physicians worked over her. The skin was removed from her limbs by the Thiersch method, the surgeon shaving it off with razors in strips of from one to three inches in length. The Thiersch method is the new method and is much more speedy and satisfactory than the old fashioned plan by which the surgeon caught up the skin with the thumb and forefinger and clipped it off a half inch or less at a time with shears.

COVERED THE EDGES.
As fast as the pieces were shaved off they were laid on the edges of the burned skin of the boy and covered with an antiseptic solution of bichlorides and salt, over which were placed rubber protectives. This was to keep the grafts moist. In all there were removed from each of Mrs. Muench's limbs about nine by five inches of skin. This did not cover the entire surface of raw flesh on the boy's body, but it was enough to cover the edges all around, and if it grafts satisfactorily that is all that is necessary.
Mrs. Muench recovered from the effects of the ether satisfactorily and experienced very little pain. It is expected that the new skin will grow rapidly over the healthy surface on her limbs, and she will probably be able to leave the hospital in three or four days.

The physicians think the operation will be successful. But they are not certain of it. Granulation may grow up over the grafted skin or the skin may die. But if ever success was deserved, it is in this instance. In few cases since skin grafting was first tried has so much skin been taken from one person as was removed from Mrs. Muench.

THE MAN WHO KICKS.
He May Be Disliked, but He Becomes a Public Benefactor.
I admire the Kicker. I admire him even when he theoretically kicks me. I have long held that the man who undertakes to walk through this world with a meek and humble spirit will get regularly flattened out and broken in two at least once a month. On the contrary, whoever saw a chronic Kicker who didn't live on the fat of the land and have a front seat everywhere.

I've met lots of Kickers in my time, and I never yet saw one who was personally selfish. When he kicked it was for the good of the public. I don't "meet up" with one oftener than once a week, but I'd like to visit and compare notes with three or four per day. I hereby invite every conscientious and well-meaning Kicker in the United States who happens to come to New York to give me a call and be prepared to stay at least three hours and smoke half a dozen cigars.
Take my case for instance. There were twenty of us in an Erie railroad sleeper. Just as the car conductor got through coughing a cough that strung out along the track for fifteen miles, and just after the porter had banged himself tired, a man in upper No. 6 began to snore. Out of the twenty passengers one snored to keep the other nineteen awake. It looked selfish, I waited for awhile, but the nineteen growled around and let it go at that. Then I got up and went down to No. 6 and reached up for the man's hair. When he awoke I said:
"See here, sir, your snore!"
"Well, it's my snore, isn't it?" he replied.
"It is, and we don't want any of it. This is a sleeping car. We pay extra because we hope to sleep. You have no right to deprive us of that privilege."
"What are you going to do about it?"
"You either stop snoring or I'll begin singing. If I can't sleep you shan't. I've got just as much legal right to sing as you have to snore."
He growled and blustered around, but he ceased to snore. I don't know whether he took his nose off or tied it up, but his wild buzzoo no longer annoyed us.
Last spring a baggage man threw my trunk off his wagon in front of a Philadelphia hotel and busted it. He drove off singing as I stood looking at the wreck. Half an hour later I walked in on him at the depot and said:
"I want \$9 of you."
"What for?"
"For smashing my trunk in front of the Continental."
"You get out! Trunks are liable to

be damaged, and whoever heard of any one having to pay for them?"
"I'll show you a case right off. You had no more license to bust that trunk than you had to bust my head. You either come down or I'll begin proceedings."
"What will you do?"
"I'll sue you the first thing tomorrow. I'll not only sue you, but I'll garnishee your wages, I'll make it cost you at least \$20 to get out of it, even if you don't have to pay for the trunk."
He blustered and defied me, but before 10 o'clock he came to the hotel and offered me \$7 to settle. I took a written promise on his part to handle all trunks with reasonable consideration thereafter and closed the case. He admitted to me that he had probably damaged 5,000 trunks in his life, but that no one had ever kicked before. He didn't suppose a trunk owner had the slightest legal right on earth, and he didn't get over looking pale for a week.

The landlord of a New Jersey hotel welcomed me with a smile and put me in a room where I had no sooner come to bed than I was violently assaulted by a flock of fierce and ungovernable bugs. I suppose it was their way and they couldn't help it, but I sent for the landlord and said:
"This bed is infested. I want to be changed to another room."
"Sorry, sir, but we are all full," he replied.

"When you assigned me a room it was tacitly understood that I was to have wholesome food and be able to enjoy a night's rest. On my part, I was to pay at the rate of \$2.50 per day, in good and lawful money."
"Well!"
"Well, a hotel guest has legal rights. He has a right to protect his life. Here's a revolver and here's a box of cartridges. Either change me to another room, or I'll sit here and fire every one of these bullets into that bed!"

He changed me. He growled about Kickers and acted put out, but next day all the rooms on that floor were properly inspected, and all travelers for the next three months owed me a debt of gratitude.
Thirty of us, men and women, were dumped out on a platform at a railroad junction in Illinois to wait twenty-five minutes for the other train. It was cold and rainy. There was no fire in the depot stove. There was only one smoky old lamp to see by. The twenty-five minutes slipped away, but there was no train. A quarter of an hour later I rapped at the ticket window. The depot agent, was in and after a long delay opened the sash.
"Is the train late?" I asked.
"If it isn't on time then it's late, isn't it?" he replied in a surly manner.
"How late is the train?"
"I dunno."
"Well, find out!"
He slammed the sash down on me, but I knocked until he raised it again and demanded in an ugly voice what in Davy Jones I wanted.
"I want to know about that train. It's your business to ascertain and post us. It makes a difference whether we have to wait here one hour or three."
"I don't take orders from passengers!" he curtly replied as he lowered the sash again.
Three minutes later the six of us who had revolvers stood in line and fired a volley into his house just above his head. Up went the sash, and he called:
"Wh—what is it?"
"It's about that train!"
"It's an hour and a half late!"
"Oh! it is? What about the fire?"
"I dunno."
"All ready, gentlemen! Take aim, fi—!"
"Good heavens! but what do you mean?" he shouted.
"We want you to build a fire. Either come out or we continue shooting!"
He came out and started a fire. He also cleaned and lighted two lamps. He also got us a pitcher and showed us a barrel of new cider, and his interest in our welfare was something touching. He kept us posted on the train every fifteen minutes until it arrived, and it was plainly evident to all that he had resolved to turn over a new leaf.
One night at a hotel in an Indiana town the mosquitoes came into the window in such clouds that I had to get up and dress. Next morning I said to the landlord:
"I will pay you for two meals, but not for lodging. It was your duty to have provided against any nuisance that might make me uncomfortable, but you did not do it."
"But you'll have to pay," he replied, "I shall hold your baggage."
"Then I'll get out a writ of replevin." He attached and I replevined. Then we had a lawsuit. It cost me four days' time and \$40, but I beat him on the point I had raised. He called me a Kicker and a mean man, and warned me never to come to his hotel again but he also went and got mosquito bars for every bed room window, and all future guests got the benefit of my kick.—*M. Quad, in the New York World*.