

A LITTLE LIGHT.

'Twas but a little light she bore, While standing at the open door; A little light, a feeble spark, And yet it shone out through the dark...

MABEL'S TROUBLE.

At the breakfast table that morning Frank Hatfield's wife, one of the dearest and most winning of women in the world, had said to him: 'Have you heard from brother Walter yet?'

'No, Mabel; not time yet. You know I only went day before yesterday. Get a letter to-morrow, maybe.'

'Do you know, Frank, I am almost wild with curiosity to see his wife? Such an odd notion of theirs, to put off their wedding trip for three months after they were married!'

'Wanted to make it in pleasant weather, I suppose; showed their good sense,' said Frank.

'Anyhow, they'll be here in ten days, as soon as his business is arranged, and Mabel Hatfield's almost girlish face beamed with delight at the thought, for she almost idolized her brother Walter.'

'Such had been, in part, the talk of the breakfast table, and there had not been in all the city a sunnier face than that which with Frank Hatfield had said good-bye to his dear little wife and his fussy baby boy; but now, half an hour later, he sat in his down town office gazing at a bit of crumpled paper on the table before him with an expression of countenance which might fairly be thought to include doubts of his own sanity.'

'Oak Street Station House!' he exclaimed. 'What in—well, I might as well go there.'

'And so he did, with barely enough presence of mind to put his hat on before he started. A few minutes of almost fiercely rapid walking, a brief parley with the officials in blue, and Frank Hatfield was admitted to a dingy and dimly lighted cell.'

'Good heavens! You here?' 'Hush! Not a word! I gave my name as Harry Taylor, and it's gone into the reports that way.'

'I can't tell, Frank. I only know they found the pocketbook in my pocket, and I was so dumfounded I could not say a word.'

'Yes, it was at the Pennsylvania station. I had just checked my trunks when they began to make an outcry, and that's about all I know about it until 'Twas nabbed and searched.'

'But Florence?' said Frank. 'I went to her that I was detained in New York for a few days by important business. Then I gave your name as my counsel and sent for you.'

'I didn't get your note till this morning,' said Frank. 'Some mistake or other. But here I am, trapped, and what do I do not know.'

'Oh, I can get you off easy enough; it's an old game of the pickpockets. All I have got to do is to prove who you are, and the Judge won't fail to see it,' said Frank.

'But I don't want to prove who I am; it would kill Mabel and just about murder Florence. You don't know how sensitive she is. No; I must be got off and acquitted as Harry Taylor, or I'll never get over it. Now, Frank, old fellow, promise me not to let my name out to anybody, least of all to Mabel. Florence's letters will come in your care as usual; and I can send a letter to Mabel dated from home, you know, as if it was inclosed to you.'

'You must take the responsibility of all this deception, then,' said Frank; and after a great deal of hesitation the young lawyer allowed himself to be overpowered into giving the required promise, but left the station house and returned to his office a troubled and anxious-hearted man. He did not like deception in any shape, and he seriously doubted his capacity for concealing anything from his dear little wife.

And so it was when Frank Hatfield returned home that evening and silently handed Mabel an unpostmarked missive, over which her blue eyes glistened and which made her kiss the baby twice, he did so with a flush on his cheek and a cloud on his brow which never left him the whole evening. In vain he tried to be gay, or to make the crowing youngster a means of concealing his perturbation, for the quick eyes of his wife penetrated his clumsy artifices, and then—well, if he had been in trouble before he was badly enough beset now.

Of course Frank kept his promise of secrecy, but at the expense of a red face and a flustered manner. He was not half sure that his conscience had not caught him in several petty equivocations or well defined lies. More than that, Mabel was quite well aware that she had not penetrated her husband's secret, and she was not only a true daughter of Eve as to curiosity, but as self-willed and imperious a little body as she was loving, with a good deal of that peculiar element of character out of which jealousy is manufactured under favorable circumstances; and so, though at first she tried not to show it, Mabel was more than a little offended, and Frank, poor fellow, could not help guessing and feeling it. And thus the next day passed and the next, and matters down town looked worse and worse and matters at home grew cloudier at a rate Frank Hatfield would hardly have

thought possible. So much for keeping a secret from his wife, and the poor fellow grew gloomier with every glance at the fretful and discontented face that had hitherto been so sunny. Even the baby was compelled to suffer his share of the household trouble. In her irritated mood Mabel's thoughts naturally turned to her brother, and so one day she sat down and wrote him a letter in which she said a great many things that were only intended for his own eyes. Perhaps no harm would have come from it if Mabel had not mailed the letter with her own hands, and without saying a word to her husband, and that, more by accident than anything else, it was opened and read by a young married lady in one of the large Pennsylvania towns on the following day.

It was not the same cell that Frank Hatfield had looked into before, and it was nearly a week later. The prisoner was the same, however, and with all his confinement he was hardly as pale as his worried, bothered-looking visitor.

'It's all up, Harry,' 'What's up, Frank?' 'Why, this wretched secrecy business. Florence is coming.' 'Florence? How do you know?' 'Read that telegram I got to meet her at the train this afternoon.' Frank had the better in color now very decidedly.

'Oh, Frank, my boy, what is to be done?' 'She must know.' 'And Mabel?' 'Well, see about that. Don't see what I can do but invite her to the house.' And Frank Hatfield looked more like a baited wild animal than ever as he half flung himself out of the cell.

Frank did not go home to dinner that day or he might have discovered that the nurse had been left alone with the baby and his wife had 'gone out,' no one knew whether. So, in unbecomingly ignorant of the dangers that beset him, he went to the depot that afternoon and waited for a lady who should resemble as nearly as possible the miniature likeness which had been shown him, and he found her very readily. There was no chance for mistaking the striking, nervous-looking beauty, and, in fact, as he advanced to meet her the trembling lips parted slightly, just enough to say: 'Frank Hatfield?'

'And you are Florence?' 'Oh, Frank! Where is my husband? Why is he not here?'

'He is safe and well, I assure you, and you shall soon see him.' 'But I don't understand! Why is all this mystery and deception?'

'I can't explain here,' said Frank, 'but if you will get into a carriage I will tell you as we go.'

And Frank was determined to keep his word, though he had almost as soon have been convicted of burglary. He was not aware of all his trouble, however. He had not noticed the veiled female form that had followed him into the depot, nor had his excited and confused faculties taken any note of the fact that the same form sprang lightly into a coupé which drove off rapidly after the carriage which contained him and Florence.

Florence on the whole sustained the shock much better than Frank had expected. In a few moments—for, with all her nervousness, she was a brave and devoted wife—Florence declared herself ready to hurry at once to the 'Tombs.'

'I must stop at my office for a moment,' said Frank. 'Oh, but I am in such a hurry!' said Florence.

'But it is only to leave a law paper with my partner. He has been at court all day and I have not seen him.'

Frank's office was in a very busy part of the city, and both he and Florence had their heads too full of exciting thoughts to notice any particular members of the hurrying throngs upon the sidewalks. Still, as the carriage pulled up at the curb Frank remarked: 'Good! I won't have to go up stairs; there's my partner now. Brown! Eh, Brown!'

The gentleman thus addressed had been standing on the edge of the walk as if waiting for some one and now came forward with a remarkably beaming expression of countenance.

'Frank, my boy, it's all right.' 'What's all right?' 'Why, that Harry Taylor's case.'

'Frank Hatfield had to catch his breath for a moment, but stammered, 'H—h—how?'

'Why, there was a whole batch sent this morning and one of them confessed to putting the pocketbook in Harry's pocket.'

'Well, what did you do?' 'Oh, Judge M— was as good as pie; let him right out, and I've got him up stairs in the office.'

A gloved hand was on Frank's shoulder and a trembling voice was trying to ask him: 'Frank, Frank, isn't that Walter?'

'Yes, it's Walter,' said Frank Hatfield, but he was sorry enough the next minute, as he sat in a corner of the carriage, trying to recall the color to the white and beautiful face of Florence, for she had fainted. As for Brown, he had comprehended the situation well enough to dash upstairs, and by the time Florence had recovered her senses she was in more tender hands than those of half-frightened, clumsy Frank Hatfield.

'Yes, Mabel; here I am, safe and sound.' And Walter himself rushed forward, taking hold of his pretty sister as if about ready to swallow her.

'Oh, Walter; take me away—take me home to mother's.'

'But, Mabel, what is the matter? Frank has been just the best old fellow—'

'Walter—there she is—I saw her at the depot—the very same woman; and now he's brought her here! Walter, what does it all mean?'

'Mean! Why, Mabel—come—here is Florence—Mabel, this is my wife, your sister, Florence. I've been in trouble and Frank has helped me through, like a trump that he is, and you are mad: when you have got the best fellow in the world for a husband—'

Mabel gave one look at her brother, another into the wistful face of her new sister, but she caught a glance of the look suffering in the trembling lips of her husband, and with: 'Oh, Frank, forgive me; I've been so foolish!'

Frank Hatfield's worry was over.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS. 'TIS VERY MEAN TO STEAL ONE'S SERVANT. Women who are engaged in keeping house believe that the meanest thing the members of their sex can do is to steal their servant girls, and it is pretty generally conceded that they are right.

Nothing can be more despicable than the theft of a good servant girl by the offer of a half-dollar or so more per week in wages. Supposing, for instance, that a woman engages a good girl for general housework and teaches her, through hard work and patience, the rudiments of cooking, washing, ironing, etc. She has engaged the girl at nominal wages because her services are worth but little. Just as soon as she has learned something a smooth neighbor entices her away by the offer of more money. Is there any adequate punishment for such women? If the reader will return twenty-five favorable answers to this query she will be presented with an oil stove. There can really be no adequate punishment for such women.—Chicago Herald.

RECIPES. Capers Sauce—Chop the capers in half, and add a pint of drawn butter and one tablespoonful of vinegar, let it just simmer and serve with boiled mutton.

White Cake—Two cups of powdered sugar, one cup of butter, whites of eight eggs beaten light, one cup of water, three cups of flour well sifted, two teaspoons of baking powder.

Sugar Cookies—One cup of butter, four cups of flour, one cup of granulated sugar, one teaspoon of baking powder, three tablespoons of water, two eggs, sift the baking powder and flour together, add butter, sugar and eggs; mix and roll very thin, sprinkle with sugar, cut into cakes and bake in a quick oven.

Savory Eggs—Hard boil four eggs and cut them in two; cut a bit from the ends to allow them to stand; remove the yolks and fill the centre with a mixture of chopped tongue, olives, beet and capers, moisten with salad oil or melted butter, season with salt and pepper; after filling the cavities grate over the top the yolks of the eggs; serve on some crisp dry toast cut in tiny squares or circles.

Fried Celery—Cut firm white celery into pieces two inches long, put them into boiling salted water, and cook fifteen minutes; remove from the boiling water with a split spoon and drop into ice water; let them remain there ten minutes, then take them out on a dish and sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip each piece in beaten eggs, then in cracker crumbs, and fry in salted lard; drain well and serve hot.

French Frozen Pudding—Scald one quart of milk; mix one cupful of sugar, one-fourth of a cupful of flour, two eggs, all well beaten together; turn this into the milk, stir well and cook twenty minutes; let this get cold, and then add one quart of cream, one cupful of sugar, one dessertspoonful of vanilla, two ounces of port wine, one-half pound of French fruits, freeze; serve with one pint of whipped cream.

Ginger Wafers—Cream a half pound of butter and a half pound of lard together, then add gradually one pound of brown sugar, mix well, and add one pint of West India molasses and a half pint of cold water. Mix and add a tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, a teaspoonful of cloves and two tablespoonfuls of ginger and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Mix and add sufficient flour to make a stiff dough, roll out very thin, cut into cakes and bake in a rather quick oven.

Pigeon Pie—Rub the pigeons inwardly and outwardly with pepper and salt, put inside a dessertspoonful of butter and some parsley chopped with the livers, and a little of the same seasoning; lay a beefsteak on the dish, and the pigeons cut in halves, upon it; betwixt every two a hard-boiled egg; add a small piece of ham on each pigeon, and pour a cup of water in each dish. Season the gizzards and the joints of the wings, and place them in the crust, the feet carefully cleaned to disclose the nature of the occupant within before the pie is cut. Cover with puff paste.

Clear Soup—Five pounds of beef cut from the lower part of the round, five quarts of cold water; cut the beef into small pieces, add the water and let it come to a boil gradually; skim it carefully and place where it will keep at the boiling point six or eight hours; then strain it and set it away to cool; in the morning skin off all the fat, pour the soup into a kettle, using care to keep back all sediment; add to this liquor one onion sliced, one large stock of celery, two sprigs of parsley, half a teaspoonful of sage, six whole cloves, one large tomato sliced, a teaspoonful of pepper, and salt to suit taste; boil gently half an hour, then strain through a napkin and serve with toasted crackers.

Good Yeast—Take five pints of water, three good sized potatoes, one-half pint of fresh hops (tied up in a bag), one tea-cup sugar, one tablespoonful of ginger, Cook potatoes and hops separate in the required water; put sugar, ginger, one-half tea-cupful of salt, and one pint of flour in a crock. When the potatoes are done pour both waters in the crock, mash the potatoes and stir in, let it cool, mash all lumps fine, and when cool enough not to scald yeast, add two and two-thirds of a cup (pint) of old yeast to start it; set it in a warm place and let it raise, stir down, and when it has raised three times and been stirred down, strain and set in a cool place; will keep for three months; one-half cupful (teacup) makes four loaves; try this and you will not fail having good bread.

ABOUT 100 SPECIES OF MOSQUITO. An English scientist says: There are about a hundred species of mosquito in the world, occurring in all climates. Eight or ten species have been known to inhabit England for more than fifty years. No new species in Britain has been recorded for more than fifty years. A specially topical species has even been recorded as having occurred in Britain, but one of the well known British species has recently been recorded from Mexico. Most, if not all, of the British species bite in very hot weather, when, apparently, like their betters, they require more liquid refreshment. Finally, mosquitoes, as well as Hessian flies, are so common in England as white butterflies.

THE WEEPING WATER (NEB.) creamery is making 300 pounds of butter daily.

EVOLUTION OF THE BOAT.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

A goose with several links of a gold chain in its craw was killed at San Lucas, Cal., recently.

During a thunder storm at Dennison, Texas, the wheel of a sewing machine was melted by a stroke of lightning.

It is claimed that a new discovery in tanning will revolutionize the leather business and make shoes five times as durable as now.

A cloud burst in Nevada the other day dropped enough water on a region two miles square to form a lake of ten acres in extent and ten feet deep.

A Frenchman who was born in 1789 is regularly at work in a mill at Ottawa, Canada. He is hale and hearty and seems good for several more summers.

In one of two stone sarcophagi found at Rome in the Prati di Castello, the skeleton of a girl was found, along with a wooden doll with jointed arms and legs.

A tree at Jamesburg, N. J., produces three kinds of apples and one kind of pears. The apples ripen at different times and one crop follows another through the summer.

Professor Charles H. Gilbert, naturalist of the United States Fish Commission, claims to have discovered thirty-five new varieties of fish on the Pacific Coast within seven months.

There is a woman in a west of England town who makes a good living by killing cats. She advertises that if people who are about to go away for the summer will send their cats to her she will kill them with chloroform.

The Valley of the Amazon is larger than that of the Mississippi, the former river draining 2,330,000 square miles, and the latter 1,244,600 square miles. The Amazon drains a greater area than any other river on the globe.

Every scrap of iron or wood within reach upon the Eiffel Tower is covered with names and dates. The interiors of the lifts are covered and the glass wind protectors of the elevators and on the various floors are being rapidly filled up.

It is well known that practice in looking at distant objects improves the eyesight. The test for color blindness among the engineers of the New Jersey Central road it was found that the oldest man in the service had the best sight for long distance purposes, and was better able to distinguish the various shades of colors.

The story comes from Leighton, Mass., that John Davis, while hunting the other day, shot and killed a snake of the moccasin variety that measured six feet five inches in length and twenty-one inches in circumference. It was such a monster that Mr. Davis concluded to skin and stuff it. While performing the operation a Mexican gold coin secreted among its vitals that was issued in 1824.

The Florida sponge fishermen detect the presence of sponges by means of a water glass, which is a simple contrivance, being a circular piece of glass inserted in the bottom of a bucket. The bucket is thrust into the water, and looking through the glass the sponge hunter can clearly distinguish any object on the bottom of the sea, even if the water be rough. The sponges are gathered with a pole from eighteen to forty feet long, with a three pronged iron claw at the end.

Baldness Said to be Catching. Lassar, a scientist of Berlin, insists upon the contagiousness of ordinary baldness and its spread through the agency of barbers, and the employment by persons of one comb in common. Even though as yet no definite parasite has been found in alopecia, Lassar believes that there is one, and that it will be found in time. He does not believe that alopecia areata is a neurosis, though he allows the possibility of it in a few cases, but does not believe that most cases are from contagion. In the past few years he has met with many hundreds of cases of alopecia areata, many of which have been in relatives, patrons of the same barber shop, schoolmates or possessors of dogs or cats having similar bald spots. In the belief of the parasitic origin of alopecia our author has treated more than a thousand cases by means of an anti-parasitic plan of treatment, and with marked success. His method is the following: For six or eight weeks the hair is washed with a soap rich in tar, the suds being rubbed well in for ten minutes each day. Then the suds are washed out with warm, followed by cold water, the scalp and hair dried, and the former anointed with R. Sol, hydrarg, bichlor, (one-third of one part, strength) glycerine and Cologne water, equal parts; then rubbed dry with absolute alcohol containing one-half per cent. of naphthol, and then anointed with R. Salicylic acid half a drachm; tincture benzoin, four scruples; neat's foot oil, three ounces; mix. After six to eight weeks the process is to be repeated. In obstinate cases the sublimate solution will be used many times a day.—New York Herald.

A Curious Insight Into the Clock Trade. I was chatting with the agent of a big establishment in Park place, says the New York Graphic, when he gave me a curious insight into the clock trade. Said he: 'Clocks are made so cheaply now in large manufacturing, which use special machinery, that very few others are ever produced. That sounds queer when you remember that nearly every watch and clock maker in this and every other large city offers to sell clocks bearing his name and guaranteed by him. The explanation is that when a fair order is given, any name will be printed on the face and instructions as to size of letters and general style are printed loosely observed. Then, again, the face of a cheap clock is about the least costly part of it, and nothing is easier than to put in a new face and give the clock a new name. Some few prefer to sell a clock with no name on it but the actual maker, but they are in a minority.'

Death by Bee Stings. The little busy bee is admired for its industry, and if it should sedulously improve each shining hour in gathering honey all the day from each sweet-scented flower, it would, no doubt, be regarded as a deserving insect. But bees are ferocious at times, and their sting has proved fatal to men and beasts. Death by bee-sting is a frequent accident. Within a fortnight three cases, in which farmers were killed by bees while at work in their fields in the neighborhood of Hives, have been reported, and with all the terror caused by the summer dog, it is a question if there are not as many deaths from bee-sting as from well-antagonized attacks of hydrophobia.—Chicago Herald.

He Got a Loan. The other evening a citizen who stood at the corner of Woodward and Jefferson avenues was asked by a stranger for a nickel to pay car fare up Michigan avenue.

'You look able to walk,' was the reply.

'So I am; but I'm in a great hurry.'

'It strikes me as pretty cheeky for a tramp to beg money to ride on when his legs are all right.'

'My dear man, this is an exceptional case. I was up that avenue to-day, and met a citizen who pitied my forlorn condition. He didn't have any bundle with him just then but promised to give me fifty cents if I would meet him at the corner of Fifteenth street at 9 o'clock. It is now 8:30. I can't make it on foot. If I don't get a nickel, I am gone up that half. Please look at the case with a business eye and favor me with the loan.'

He was favored, and he got on the front end of the car, so as to get there seventeen feet ahead of the rear platform.—Detroit Free Press.

Successful Strategy. Little Willie paused in her play to watch the mother of her little playfellow put the newly baked bread away. Turning her pretty head from side to side she said: 'I am going home, auntie.'

'Why do you want to go home?' was asked her.

'Oh, I don't want to go; I am just going because I am hungry. Inducements were offered, and she prolonged her visit.—Toledo Blade.

CURIOS FACTS.

An ice mine has been discovered on the Pacific coast.

Printing was introduced in England, by Caxton, in 1471.

Wisconsin pearls have been declared by jewelers to be worthless.

London streets were first lighted with oil-lamps in 1681, and with gas-lamps in 1814.

If a Brazilian girl should walk with a gentleman not her relative in the daytime, it would ruin her.

The number of insane persons in the care of New York city is close upon 5000 and increasing.

An editor has been chosen President of the Mexican Congress, which means Vice-President of the Republic.

British soldiers not in possession of swimming certificates are forbidden to enter boats for purposes of recreation.

An Elmira (N. Y.) school teacher, aged forty-five, has just married one of her former pupils, aged twenty-four, whom, in his school days, she many a time soundly whipped.

The Korean does not have the trouble of carrying his umbrella in his hand. It is like an ordinary umbrella in general shape, only it is smaller and has no handle. It is made of oiled paper and is worn on the head over the hat.

Three school boys of Sompo, Cal., thought they had fun this vacation playing gold-mining. So they began on a worn-out claim on the beach near Point San, and in twenty-four days, working more than eight hours a day, made \$240.

A business firm in Chicopee, Mass., offered a prize for the best guess as to the number of marbles in a big box exhibited in their window. A shoemaker of the town, anxious to win the prize, made a guess, as he thought, of the same size, and filled it with marbles. Then he counted the marbles, and gave the number as his guess. He was over 2000 out of the way.

In 1816 it took just one bushel of corn to buy one pound of nails, now one bushel of corn will buy ten pounds of nails. Then it required sixty-four bushels of barley to buy one yard of broadcloth, now the same amount of barley will pay for a yard of broadcloth. It then required the price of one bushel of wheat to pay for one yard of calico, now one bushel of wheat will buy twenty yards of calico.

The horses on some of the stage routes in Nevada are trained to wear snow shoes. After an animal becomes used to them he can travel four or five miles an hour, where it would be impossible to go that distance in a week without them. The shoes are made of thin steel plate, and measure about nine by eleven inches. The horses are shod with long heel corks, which go through the snow shoes and prevent their slipping going up and down hill.

By a new process, the rubber in the milk collected from India-rubber trees is now coagulated instantaneously. The operation is so simple that any native can carry it out at the foot of the tree which has been bleeding; and thus, instead of carrying large cans of milk of great weight, and entailing great loss on the way, he simply carries in the sack solid rubber, which, on his arrival at camp, can at once be prepared for the market and shipped.

Why the Leaves Turn. 'Probably not one person in a thousand knows why leaves change their color in the fall,' remarked an eminent botanist the other day. 'The common and old-fashioned idea is that all this red and golden glory we see now is caused by frosts. A true and scientific explanation of the causes of the coloring of leaves would necessitate a long and intricate discussion. Stated briefly and in proper language, those causes are these: The green part of the tissue of a leaf is composed of two colors, red and blue. When the sap ceases to flow in the fall, and the natural growth of the tree ceases, oxidation of the tissue takes place. Under certain conditions, the green of the leaf changes to red; under different conditions it takes on a yellow or brown tint. This difference in color is due to the difference in combination of the original constituents of the green tissue and to the varying conditions of climate, exposure and soil. A dry, cold climate produces more brilliant foliage than one that is damp and warm. This is the reason that our American autumns are so much more gorgeous than those of England. There are several things about leaves that even science cannot explain. For instance, why one of two trees growing side by side, of the same age and having the same exposure, should take on a brilliant red in the fall, and the other should turn yellow; or why one branch of a tree should be highly colored and the rest of the tree have only a yellow tint; are questions that are as impossible to answer as why one member of a family should be perfectly healthy and another sickly. Maples and oaks have the brightest colors.'—Field and Forest.

HER NAME. How shall I tell you? She has so many. As for her spongers, how could they know in naming that baby, their worship may be.

Entitled of women a score or so? When I see her where flowers are blooming. Another blossom so fresh and sweet, I can compare her to nothing fairer; I call her my 'Daisy,' my 'Marguerite.'

When I see her with hands so busy, A rustic maiden in homespun dressed, A household fairy, with step so airy, Homely 'Maggie' describes her best; When she greets me with mirth and laughter, 'Meg,' I think, is the sweetest name. Of roguish Woffington she reminds me; Then she is, 'Feg,' my merry dame.

Ah! there are hours of gloom and sadness, When earth is sown with cold gray rain. When hearts are weary and life so dreary, One scarce dare hope for the sun again. Then she comes with her mien so gentle, Calm, serene, 'mid a mad world's whirl. Of jewels the rarest, the purest, fairest, I know why they named her 'Margaret,' 'Pearl.'

Changeful lady? what spirit has lent you? This magic power, that we see you wield? Now tears, now smiling, now so kind and bright, 'None can oppose you, for all must yield. But stop! One name that I mean to give you. Will fetter and bind you all your life. You need not guess it; I will confess it; My love, my wife, I'll call you 'Wife.' —Mary E. Vandyne, in Harper's Weekly.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. The sexton is the king of spades. There is nothing so holy and inexpensive as a sister's love.

The only thing which beats a good wife is a bad husband.—Life. Sheets of flame are usually spread over a bed of coals.—Baltimore American.

The shoe which is in the hands of the bootblack has a bright future.—Washington Capital. The man who intends to be cremated after death never asks his wife: 'Will you love me when I mold?'

It is when a man has to take a hammer to pound down the nails in his old shoe that the iron enters his soul. 'This now that the hammock breaks down with a thud, And lands both the youth and the girl in the mud. Mrs. Smallers.—'They do say that Midshipman Blink is a very fast young man.' Captain Beaugard.—'Yes; he belongs to the fleet.'—Kearney Enterprise.

There's something odd about a ship, And it is quickly told, Although not rated for its grip, It has a monstrous hold. A young lady fainted when told that over 200,000 men died last year, but was revived by the information that there were 10,000,000 left.—London Tid Bits.

When a young lady begins to manifest an interest in the arrangement of a young man's cravat his bachelor day are numbered. It is time to begin to hoar hoar now? Pfeiffer.—'I'm in Omaha manufacturing Indian relics to sell at church fairs for the benefit of the heathen.'—Omaha World-Herald.

A Lady is Organizing a New Cook. 'Are you sure you don't keep company with young men?' Mrs. Giggles.—'Oh, do you mean? But (pig's whisper) he's an awful small eater.'—Judge.

Chrissis.—'Oh, Lucia, I've been looking at your lovely wedding present. There are seventeen full sets of dishes among them.' Lucia.—'I shall need them all, as I expect to keep a girl.'—Omaha World.

Mr. Hibred.—'What do you suppose the bard referred to when he wrote of the "slipped pantaloon"?' Mrs. Slapdash.—'Really, I have no idea.' 'But you know.' 'My son, you were not spoken to.'—Truth.

Mrs. Fondwife.—'Yes, I have a secret for making my husband happy. I add something to his cars and that diminishes them.' Mrs. Giggles.—'Oh, do you add what it is?' Mrs. Fondwife.—'I add an "s."—Detroit Journal.

Judge.—'Miss, what is your age?' Witness.—'I am past twenty.' Judge.—'You must be more explicit.' Witness.—'Well, I am between twenty and thirty.' Judge.—'No more trifling. State your exact age.' Witness.—'It's thirty day after to-morrow.'—Omaha World.

A Dog's Benevolence. A dog in the neighborhood of Manchester, England, has been distinguishing itself in a marked degree. This is not a homeless cur, but a dog in easy circumstances, and owned by a kind and indulgent master. Too indulgent, the reader may be disposed to think, when he is told that every morning at lunch time the creature is presented with a penny, which is carried in its mouth to the shop of a baker, and there purchased a biscuit. It happened, however, that the baker, meeting the owner of the dog, mentioned to him that it had not been for its biscuit lately. This was unaccountable, and the more so because the animal's master had remarked that during the past week or so it had exhibited unusual impatience for lunch time, endeavoring by caressing and tail-wagging to obtain its luncheon money before it was due. When it at last received it it had never failed to run off in a hurry, and after a while return without the coin, seemingly satisfied with its investment.

The next morning after the baker had made his communication to the gentleman, the latter, after giving his dog the penny, was curious to watch it. A dog and behold! it never went near the biscuit shop! Without an instant's delay it hastened to a tripe seller's, and there bought and paid for a neat and tempting skewering of 'paunch.' But it was not for its own eating. With cheerful alacrity it took the meat in its mouth and made for an empty house, and to the cellar thereof, and being closely followed, the benevolent creature was discovered in the act of delivering its precious pennyworth to a poor miserable tyke, a stranger to the neighborhood, and apparently of the 'tramp' species. Evidently it had been taken ill on the road, and probably would have died in the cellar into which it had crawled for shelter, had it not been for the kind commiseration of the other dog, who probably quite by accident had found it there.

The public executioner of Berlin, Germany, has just been tried for his life and acquitted. The homicide which he committed resulted from the machinations of a woman who loved him and was jealous of him.