

THE TWO DOLLS.

Said the Pink Paper Doll to the Purple Paper Doll,
"Oh! how I wish that I were made of wood!"
Said the Purple Paper Doll to the Pink Paper Doll,
"I'm sure I think that paper's just as good."
Said the Pink Paper Doll to the Purple Paper Doll,
"Oh! how I wish that I were made of wax!"
Said the Purple Paper Doll to the Pink Paper Doll,
"Your face would soon be seamed with tiny cracks."
Said the Pink Paper Doll to the Purple Paper Doll,
"Oh! how I wish I were made of bisquit!"
Said the Purple Paper Doll to the Pink Paper Doll,
"Of breaking you would run an awful risk."
Said the Pink Paper Doll to the Purple Paper Doll,
"Oh! how I wish I were of worsted knit!"
Said the Purple Paper Doll to the Pink Paper Doll,
"I don't believe you'd like it, dear, a bit."
Said the Pink Paper Doll to the Purple Paper Doll,
"Oh! how I wish that I were made of rags!"
Said the Purple Paper Doll to the Pink Paper Doll,
"Then the junkman'd carry you off in his bags."
Said the Pink Paper Doll to the Purple Paper Doll,
"Oh! how I wish that I were made of rubber!"
Said the Purple Paper Doll to the Pink Paper Doll,
"We used to know one, and we used to snub her."
Said the Pink Paper Doll to the Purple Paper Doll,
"Oh! how I wish I were made of china!"
Said the Purple Paper Doll to the Pink Paper Doll,
"You'd be old-fashioned, and they'd name you Dinah."
Said the Pink Paper Doll to the Purple Paper Doll,
"Well, then I'm glad that I'm a paper doll!"
Said the Purple Paper Doll to the Pink Paper Doll,
"I think it is the best, dear, after all!"
—Carolyn Wells, in Puck.

DEACON GREY'S CHOICE.

BY HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.

"Well," Mrs. Ferobia Cymonds laid aside her new poke-bonnet, with its lavender ribbons, and slipped off her plum-colored alpaca dress, while a smile of satisfaction spread itself over her rather sharply marked features. "If Deacon Grey don't mean something by his attentions then I'm mistaken." It was prayer meeting night, and Deacon Grey had just escorted the widow to her domicile. "This is the third time hand-ringing that he took me home evening; beside last Sunday was two weeks ago that he walked to church with me."
Mrs. Ferobia's method of expression was somewhat mixed, but her facts were undeniable.
The deacon had escorted her to and from evening prayer meeting on several occasions, and had thus become the subject of much gossip among the village folks.
"Deacon Grey's sprucing up," they said, "lookin' round for a wife, of course. Wal, he mout do worse, though the Widow Cymonds is poor as a church-mouse, fur as property's concerned."
They said nothin' of Widow Cymonds' temper, however, which was as uncomfortable to encounter as the barbed-wire fence which surrounded the deacon's well-kept farm.
Possibly, the widow had a talent for concealing any little acerbities of temper from the outside world, and bestowing her ill-nature only on the members of her own household.
"Yes," she mused, tapping the home-made carpet with her foot, while a shrewd look shone in her steel-gray eyes—"yes, to my mind it's just as good as settled, and I mean to do over my wedding-dress. I ain't worn it 'nuch, and it'll save buying a new one. But there's one thing about it"—here she widow put her foot down emphatically—"that old maid sister of the deacon's has got to do most of the work, if she lives with us. I don't have any shiftless, do-nothing folks about me; but of course I won't say a word now."
"Lal!" said Miss Letitia Pipes, popping her head into the widow's sitting-room, "bright and early the next morning—"In, now, Feroby! is it settled yet? I'm dying to know!"
"Well—ahem!" said the widow, looking conscious and trying to blush—"I ain't exactly settled—that is, the time ain't set, but it's all understood between us, you know."
"Of course," assented Miss Pipes. "Well, I reckoned it was understood, that you are as good as engaged, of course. How soon do you think it'll be?"
"Well," said the widow, meditatively, "not before fall, I don't reckon. You see, I've got a 'right smart lot of sewing to do, and—some quilting to do, too. There's that piny-bud quilt I put together last winter, and a rising-sun Dorcas is making."
"Going to keep Dorcas with you?"
"No, I ain't!" snapped the widow,

partly—Dorcas was her stepdaughter. "She ain't nothing to me, an' I shan't keep her no longer than to get the sewing done up, an' the apple-butter making an' preserving over; then I'm a-going to tell her to find some other home."
"Jes' so," assented Miss Pipes. And before night it was all over town that the Widow Cymonds was to be married to Deacon Grey, in the fall—just as Mrs. Cymonds meant it should be.
And at last the gorgeous piny-bud and the refulgent glories of the rising sun were nearly finished and laid away in the big, old-fashioned chest of drawers in the best chamber.
A ten-gallon keg was filled with translucent, crimson-clear apple-butter, and the swinging-shelf in the cellar was covered with jars of preserves and amber-hued jelly—all made by Dorcas Cymonds' deft fingers.
And now the sparkling frosts of October had turned the dogwood and sassafras leaves to red, and the chinquapin and over-cup acorns were dropping on the crisp, brown grass in the woodlands and now pretty, brown-eyed, industrious Dorcas was told that she must find another home, and look out for herself in the great future.
"For I expect to be married before long, and shan't want to be burdened with any hangers-on," said the widow, heartlessly.
Tears sprang into the sweet, brown eyes, but Dorcas turned away to hide them from her stepmother's sharp gaze.
Poor Dorcas! She knew no more of the wide world and its ways than a half-fledged robin, but she started out with a brave heart to seek her fortune.
One text from the Book of Divine Revelations came into her heart to comfort her—"I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed being beggared"; and somehow Dorcas felt that kind Providence had not forsaken her.
Mrs. Cymonds put on her best dress, tied her lavender bonnet-strings in a becoming bow under her chin, and looked at herself in the mirror with a smile of satisfaction.
"He'll be certain to come to the sewing-society today, and who knows what may happen, as we walk home together! My, but won't Letitia Pipes be mad! She almost turns green with envy now, when the deacon walks with me."
But Deacon Grey did not make his appearance at the sewing-circle, and the widow returned home in a somewhat different mood from that in which she had set out.
"What in common sense he means by not coming I don't see!" she said, crabbedly. "And that Letitia Pipes was glad of it—looked like she wanted to titter right out, when I had to put on my bonnet and start home alone."
The afternoon had worn away, and the sun was sinking fiery shafts of crimson beneath the far-off western horizon.
"Who in creation's a-coming now?" grumbled the widow, as a lithe, slender figure swung open the front gate, and tripped up the path to the cottage door.
It was Dorcas, her brown eyes shining and her cheeks glowing like a full-blown Jaqueminot rose.
"Back again, like a bad penny!" cried the widow, crossly. "You'll have to stay all night, I s'pose; but I've told you once I couldn't keep you—and I can't!"
"I've only come for my things," said Dorcas, demurely, her cheeks dimpled with smiles and blushes. "The deacon's out in the buggy waiting for me."
"The deacon?" gasped the widow, astounded.
"Yes, I—I'm married to Deacon Grey," exclaimed Dorcas, while her stepmother glowed in wrath and dismay. "I met him at the stile, this morning, and I think he married me out of pity, for I was crying a little, you know, to think I had no home to go to. So he took me to the parsonage and we were married, and went home to dinner. And here's the deacon coming in now for my trunk."
"Well, well!" exclaimed Miss Letitia Pipes, when she heard the news. "But a body might a-known it was Dorcas the deacon was a-courting. But I'll bet a button Feroby is as mad as a wet hen about it!"
And so she was.—Saturday Night.

BURIAL OF KAIULANI.

SEVEN DAYS OF WEIRD MOURNING OVER HAWAII'S PRINCESS.

Old Customs Revived—A Waving of Plumes and Chanting of Lamentations Over the Casket—Midnight Removal of the Body—Hearse Drawn by Natives.
The remains of Princess Kaiulani now rest in the tomb in Hawaii, where lie the bodies of all the Kamehamehas, except the great Kamehameha, who was buried, like Moses, no man knows where. The funeral took place on Sunday and fully 25,000 people attended it. It is Hawaii's superstition that the death of a member of the royal family is accompanied by the severest rainfall of the year. The conditions attending the death and burial of Kaiulani bore out the superstition. The rain began falling in torrents after she died and continued until after she was buried. The hours of the funeral, however, were bright and clear.
All that the military and civic pomp of civilization could add to the strange old Hawaiian funeral customs went to make the ceremony one not easily forgotten. For nearly seven days there was not an instant when some ceremony was not in progress. Soon after her death kahili bearers began waving royal kahilis or feather plumes over her body. Every bearer, whether a man or a woman, wore the yellow feather cape, which was a sign of Hawaiian royalty. The bearers stood rigidly erect and the waving of the plumes was done according to a formula from which it was a point of honor not to vary. At the beginning each bearer held his kahili in the "carry arms" position. At a signal the kahilis were extended in a horizontal position till they touched tips with those on the opposite side of the casket. Each bearer then waved his kahili to the right, then to the left, repeating each motion, and then holding the plumes aloft, finally returning to the first position again. During the week several kahili bearers fainted from sheer exhaustion.
The body lay in state at Ainalani until the Friday preceding the funeral and was then removed to the Kawailias church. The ceremony of removal was weird. It took place in the middle of the night. The sky was heavily overcast and threatened rain. Kahili bearers walked beside the hearse, waving aloft torches made of oily kukui nuts, spitted on bamboo poles. Following the hearse came members of the royal family in carriages, then friends, old servants and retainers. Among the last were many Mele women, who hand down from generation to generation the historical chants reciting the valor, great deeds and history of the Hawaiian people. They wailed and chanted throughout the journey to the church. Others wailed in cadence, while some of the old servants broke out in lamentations and expressions of personal grief. The darkness, the weird light of torches, the absence of the constraining presence of the white man and the white man's customs, revived in many of the old Hawaiians thoughts and feelings of earlier days, and they broke into hula hula songs and dances according to the ancient custom, which has latterly fallen into disuse since the hula has become discredited.
At the church, a short service was held and finished at 2 o'clock in the morning. The church decorations were in sympathy with the customs on such occasions.
Throughout Saturday rain fell in torrents, but the remains were viewed by thousands. After the funeral the quiet of the scene was broken by chants or by wailing and lamentations of old servants of the princess, who recited incidents of her life. Their words were extemporaneous, spoken in a chanting, melodious way, sometimes accompanied by a swaying of the body, which was kept up until the speakers dropped from sheer physical exhaustion.
The services on Sunday were those of the Anglican church. The funeral procession was led by the marshal of the republic, A. H. Brown, his deputies and a company of mounted police. Then followed members of the royal family, civil officials, foreign consuls, representatives of societies and the clergy, including the Catholic bishop. The hearse was drawn by 230 natives, uniformed in white trousers, blue sweaters, white hats and blue and yellow cloth capes. From the church to the tomb is two miles, but the entire distance was lined with spectators. The services at the tomb were very simple. The coffin was placed next to that containing the body of Princess Likelike, Kaiulani's mother, and near that of Kalakaua.
The Usefulness of Hickory.
Hickory has its place in carriage building that has never yet been displaced by any other wood or artificial substitute. For light spokes it has no equal. Ironwood and lancewood are used in its place for heavy spokes, where the weight is of less importance than the strength and cost. But for light buggies and carriages hickory spokes must be used for years to come, as it has been in the past. Forest ash sometimes takes its place, but the result is never so satisfactory.

"BY-PRODUCTS."

How Chemists and Other Ingenious Persons Make Use of Waste.

To such an extent has the utilization of by-products been carried in the stockyards of Chicago that now the only waste in a steer is the gastric juice, and what was formerly the waste is now worth more than the meat. The horns go into knife handles or backs for combs. The whitehoofs are sent abroad to return as ivory, while the black hoofs become handles for knives and canes and are made into a dozen other things, the soft internal parts being resolved into jellies and candies.
From the bones are produced piano keys, dice and bone-black. Gelatin, neat's-foot oil, and an imitation whalebone are made from the sinews. The clarified blood is taken by the sugar refiners, while the rest of it becomes buttons and fertilizers. The intestines serve as casings for sausage, and the bladders as cases for snuff. The tail tuft is an insignificant part of the animal, but when steamed, dried and washed it becomes a curled hair that sells readily. As a result of this care and economy, the financial returns from a steer, as estimated by one in the business, are: From the meats and compounds of meat, \$40; from the hide, hair, horns and hoofs, \$25; from the fats, blood, sinews and bones, \$15; from all other waste, \$15, or \$55 received from the by-products.
But not alone in the stockyards are by-products carefully husbanded. Many large industrial corporations employ chemists to search for by-products with a view to increased profits and reduced waste. The production of alcohol from waste molasses is well known, and the recent conversion of pig-iron slag into cement has been noted. To these may be added tiling made from crushed tree bark, acids from plum and peach pits, jellies and an inferior kind of champagne from apple cores, prussiate of potash from castaway shoes, carbonic acid gas generated in the processes of beer-making, and window weights from the iron recovered from tin cans.
More notable, perhaps, are some products from corn. Indian maize contains a kernel in which there is a yellow germ. Under chemical treatment this germ yields an oil which, when refined, is a competitor with cotton-seed oil in the substitution for olive oil, and which may be vulcanized and made to do duty as rubber. What are called rubber boots and shoes are being made from this imitation rubber at a cost far below that of the genuine article.—The Manufacturer.

HOW A MAN KEPT HOUSE

LEARNED THE TRICK DURING A FIVE-YEAR STUNT IN THE ARMY.

He Concealed That Fact From His Wife, However—Once They Lost Their Servant and the Cavalryman Filled the Bill and Made a Clean Breast of It.
The young man had never told his wife that he had done a five-year stunt in the regular army of the United States. Without any particular reason for it some men feel a bit shy mentioning their service in the regulars. Perhaps the fact that, up to about ten years ago, the army was looked upon as the last resource of the ne'er-do-well, may have something to do with it. Anyhow this young war department clerk didn't happen to mention it to the girl when he came to Washington a couple of years ago and courted and married her, relates the Washington Star, that he had spent almost a five-year stretch among the yellow, blasted-looking mountains of Arizona, helping his troop to hunt for the elusive Apache Kid. He told her that he had been jamming around down in the southwest, and he told the truth, for if hunting that red rascal of an Apache wasn't jamming around the southwest then nothing is. She considered it odd that he knew so much about soldiering, that he went around the house on Sunday mornings idly whistling the trumpet calls, and that he knew how to spiel Indian talk that Indians understood. Or, course, she never stopped to wonder over his habit of going down stairs sideways. She never thought of him as a soldier, and so she could not know that all men who have been cavalrymen invariably go down stairs sideways for the remainder of their lives. It is a habit born of their service fear of tripping themselves on stairs with their spurs.
They keep house in a pretty little place out in Mount Pleasant. They have had considerable difficulty in keeping a servant, as a good many Mount Pleasant folks do. Their last servant wearied of the "loneliness" one evening last week, packed up the things that belonged to her, and probably a few things that did not belong to her, in accordance with the rule in such cases, and departed, announcing that she was not to return. The young wife wept dimly after the servant's departure, and her husband, sympathizing with his wife's red nose, endeavored to assuage her grief.
"Let 'er go," said he. "I'll stay home from the office tomorrow, and you can bundle off bright and early and get another one. Don't rush yourself to death over it, either. I can run this shack for one day, I guess."
"But if I am away after the noon hour what will you do for your lunch, you poor old monkey thing?" she asked him, solicitously affectionate.
"Never you mind me," he said. "I'll get along. You watch me."
So, on the following morning, directly after breakfast, the young wife, with many forebodings as to the rack and ruin she would find, and not a bit of her work done when she returned, set out for the down town district to beg, borrow or steal a house servant.
"It'll be a give away, all right," murmured her husband to himself, but I'll do it all the same."
So he set to work. First, he washed the dishes. Soldiers of the regular army of the United States wash dishes with a practised skill and a thoroughness such as few women, with all due consideration, exhibit. He made a nice job of the dish washing and then took a pair of shears and cut a lot of scalloped borders out of old newspapers for the china closet. Then he put the dishware away all neat and orderly. Then he started in at the kitchen. He polished the stove first, so that the kitchen cat raised her back at her own image in it. Then he got at the pans, pots, skillets and so on, and made them look like new. Then he swept out the kitchen, after which he got down on his marrowbones and gave it the most business-like scrubbing it had ever had—a military scrubbing. Thus the kitchen was all fixed.
Then he went upstairs to their room and made the bed. A man who has made up his bunk in quarters in the United States army for any space of time doesn't need to get any points from the women folk as to how that job should be done. Then he sprinkled tea-leaves around and swept the whole upstairs portion of the house, after which he dusted it thoroughly. Then he descended the stairs and began the polishing of the dining room, sitting room and parlor. He changed the furniture all about, changed the location of some of the pictures advantageously, gave the piano a better position and cleaned and swabbed the whole outfit until it looked as if half a dozen ordinary servants had been polishing it.
Lunch hour had rolled around by this time, and so he went to the kitchen, neatly fried himself some bacon and eggs, and made himself a cup of coffee on the gas stove, after which he cleaned up the dishes he had used and smoked a couple of pipes full of tobacco and reflected. He had expected his wife back by that time, but

HE CONCEALED THAT FACT FROM HIS WIFE, HOWEVER—ONCE THEY LOST THEIR SERVANT AND THE CAVALRYMAN FILLED THE BILL AND MADE A CLEAN BREAST OF IT.

she didn't come. He began to think of how she'd no doubt be worrying about the dinner then, and so he decided to get the dinner himself. He put on his coat and went out to the market to buy the dinner. He picked out a fine, thick steak and the necessary vegetables, and rather astonished the marketman with his workmanlike manner of buying. Therefore he had simply been the bill payer at the market store.
He had a fine dinner going by half after 3. He knew that his wife would not be gone later than 4 o'clock, so at 3.45 he set the steak on to broil. Then he put the table with a whole lot of neatness, not forgetting the bunch of flowers that he had bought at the market for the purpose of adorning the table.
His wife walked in, weary, footsore and ravenous, at two minutes past 4 o'clock. She paused at the threshold and looked about her. The hall had been polished with great thoroughness and she could not understand. Then she walked into the parlor. Her face assumed a dazed expression.
"Why, Jack," she said, "have you engaged a servant yourself?"
"Nope," he replied. "Just been passing the time myself a bit, that's all."
When she saw the set dining room, the spotless and shining kitchen, with its glistening utensils, the broiling steak, and when she went upstairs and saw the miracle that had been wrought there, too, she simply sat down in a rocking chair and stared at her husband. She was able to speak after a while, and then she inquired:
"But where did you learn to do it all?"
He grinned, and went to a little old trunk of his that was stowed away in the spare room. He dug into this for a while, then he brought out a parchment paper. He took it over to his wife and handed it to her. It was an army discharge. The space after the word "character" was filled in with the word "excellent." There was an indorsement at the bottom of the discharge signed by the colonel of the regiment, saying, "This man is a fine soldier, both in garrison and camp."
"I had to take my turn as cook of my outfit, you know," he said after a while, "and all of us have got to know how to police up and keep things clean."
"But why did you never tell me you were a soldier? Don't you know I perfectly adore and idolize soldiers?" she asked him, and he could only grin and look sheepish.
A Poison Bottle Wanted.
The Chemist and Druggist, we learn, has actually offered a five-guinea prize for a good tell-tale poison bottle, and has received many valuable suggestions in reply. One of them is that the neck should be at right angles to the body of the bottle, instead of in a line with it. This idea also reaches us from another quarter. Another, of a more fanciful kind, is that the user should be warned off by a death's head and cross-bones of the poison label. But the main thing is the appeal to other senses than that of sight. The bottle must be able to signal "poison" in the darkness. One ingenious person, as we showed the other day, proposed to appeal to the sense of hearing by means of a sort of musical cork. The senses of taste and smell, of course, are out of the question. The sense of touch remains, and this or nothing can be our safeguard. This sense may be simulated by differences of form in the bottle or by differences of texture. One competitor for the prize suggests strips of sandpaper pasted on the sides. But while he is about it, why not have the roughness in the texture of the bottle itself, and combine the two safeguards in a triangular bottle with "toothed" edges? If anything further is wanted, put the neck at right angles, as aforesaid. Any person who persisted in the abuse of the bottle in spite of these precautions ought to be brought under the habitual inebriates act.—London News.

HEALTH IN THE NAVY.

Good order and discipline, the cleanliness of the ship—nothing, not even the daintiest of summer cottages, is more clean than a well-ordered American warship—were maintained at the camp throughout its entire occupancy by the battalion, and the fact that, although exposed to a malarious climate in the torrid atmosphere of a tropical summer, at a spot located but a few score miles from where our poor fellows of the army were succumbing by hundreds in the fever-laden air, the entire loss of life in the marine battalion was due to the casualties of battle—not one man died of disease—shows what can be done by well-regulated and well-drilled organization in all departments of a military body. There was no lack of medical or other necessities; nothing essential to the efficiency of the force as a fighting body, to its health, to the protection of the men from adverse conditions of life in the field during the rainy season of the tropics, had been neglected or forgotten; and while it is true that the base of supply was close at hand and the problem of transportation inland from the water's edge did not have to be met, it is safe to assume from the admirable order and system displayed, that any such difficulties presented would have been overcome.—Harper's