And goes up sorrowing to its home above. With sad dumb look, with speechless que-It steps so sofily through the open doors,

Where all day long the maple shadows swing,

Alike as speechless, o'er the vacant floors. I wonder much that through the whole round Patient and sad, but hopeful as before, It still comes seeking that which is not here,

The dear bright face which we shall see no I wonder much the sunlight d oth not know Or may not guess—the mute and wondering

That she hath gone now where the lilies blow By living waters, far beyond the Night.

O sunlight, go up higher! In the blue With harp and crowns and white robesclose by Him. Thy master-thou wilt surely find a new

And glad young angel with the cherubita. Her sweet face still the same we loved, bu bright With glories which we saw not; and her brow

Growned with the light which Jesus gives-Burning and radiant and immortal now.

# WHY I HATE A BLAZER

A man spends a year of his life getting ready for a wife, and after the courting and ceremony are over he finds that even those first few days are not the dream of bliss that he anticipated. His blushing bride brushes her teeth and looks absurd with her mouth full of foam, and has no hesitancy in letting him see that a few of her curliest locks grew on somebody else's head. He resigns himself to the enevitable, and after he gives up expecting unalloyed bliss he settles down rather happily after

I had arrived at that state. I had been head over ears in love with Julia, and had worked like a beaver to make a home for her that would not let her be to homesick for the luxuries of the paternal mansion. She was not my first love by any means. I had always a sweetheart or two since I could remember, and had been engaged once or twice, but I never had been an abject slave of the blind god until I met Julia.

Yet now, as I sat out in my vineto see him, and drew up another comfortable chair and rang the bell for John to bring out a box of cigars and to put some bottled beer on the of gasp as I lifted my hat to him. ice. George Marsh and I had been boys together.

that he was embarrassed. Presently My heart had quite a youthful throb. My aunt, Mrs. Saltor, was back at

the Beeches. things it was not.

ly at his cigar, which he held in his "And is she as pretty as ever?" I

"You were engaged to Miss Nelly

at one time, were you not, Dick? George said: "Yes, I believe I was, "I said, laughing. "But that was ten years ago.

Little Nell was only 16 years then. It was long before she began to read Herbeit Spencer and Schopenhauer and to write magazine articles. As soon as her mind begun to bud she dropped me."
"She has been terribly ill," Marsh

said, and to tell you the truth, Dick; that is why I came to see you this evening. She has been studying too hard, and it resulted in a sort o brain fever, which has temporarily destroyed her momory of the time since she began studying. She has thrown off the overload, and in mind she is the little Nelly of 10 years

I sat staring at him in horrified amazement. Nell Saltor, the pride of the family, insane!

"It is of course only a temporary thing," Dr. Marsh said, hastily, "and nobody must know of it, but she requires the most delicate treatment. That is why Mr. Salter has brought her down to her country home. Miss ly to lead her mind onward just as nature did in the first place. Of course there will come a point where she will recognize the fact that she has

"We think it the natural treat- rienced boy of 25 that I looked. ment. And I came this evening to ask you to help us. I knew your wife and my aunt and cousin rarely left it novations in the factory have been such, merely repudiate these claims. would be away for some time yet, during their visits to the place. So talked about, and may have even and except for your daily visit to the there was little chance for gossip penetrated mental philosophy circles. much of its success to the Protest, factory you had considerable time on | connecting me with my cousin in any your hands."

"Yes, indeed," I said, eagerly, "you may rely upon me to do anything in

Dr. Marsh pulled at his cigar for a few minutes and then he said again: quired youth, an accident happened her daughter's health was still in a "You were engaged to her about that put me out of that. I sprained very precarious state, and she could then."

I felt startled. "She thinks you are still. Remember, these ten years are a blank. Her mother tells me that she is fretting and pining because you have did it for me.

not been to see her." "Of course, I understand your feel- and there truelovers' knots that we ing," Marsh broke in, "but after all had cut in the smooth back of the she is your cousin that you were beeches long ago. We used to carry brought up with, and it is only a a little basket that held our lunch temporary thing, and if you could and a volume of poems or a new had beter wait until Mrs. Saltor The Churchman humor her for a little while-" novel.

"Humor her! Do you think she she would see the Dick Edgar of ten venrs ago in me?" I asked almost

Marsh looked at me critically. "Well, I don't know," he said. "It s your beard that changes you and the way you brush your hair and your clothes. If you could change

A momentary picture of myself of ten years ago came up before me. And I think Marsh saw it too, for we both laughed.

There is no use in going over the rest of our talk. Suffice to say, that | from my perilously pleasant position before the iced beer was gone I had by the assurance that I was the only promised for the sake of humanity person who could lead Nellie into her and the love I bore my sweet aunt | true lite. And when I saw the door and afflicted cousin to do my best to open before her I ran to close it. turn back the wheels of time for ten years and go out to the Beeches the next day as the rather dudish young morning ramble. When she saw it I lover of my pretty cousin.

After I went up stairs I stood at up as I expected her to, she looked the mirror in my dressing-case a long at it scornfully and flung it down. time. Was it true that Dick Edgar of ten years ago was only hidden un- are too tiresome! What do you supder a suciperfial layer of hair and pose I want with stuff like that?" dress? I took up the comb and drew a part down the center of my head. It was becoming. I had only given up wearing my hair like that on lamely; "I thought it was a story." Julia's account. She thought it fopand in the course of a half hour I lay proclaiming itself from a lady. stood before the mirror with smooth, | Nelly looked at it and then she

curved mustache. I undressed and got into bed with the nimbleness of 25 and forgot to wish for Julia at all.

The next morning I spent an hour go down to breakfast and face the

"I hardly knowed ye, sir," old John said, with the tamiliarity of long ser-

"It is cooler so," I said. "And, by | ingly: the way, John, take this telegram down and have it sent off at once." It was to the tailor who had arrayed me in the gorgeousness of my youth, and whom I had cut for economic reasons since I had been a shaded veranda and blew my cigar | benedict. I told him to send down on smoke toward its pale green painted | the noon train anything in the way ceiling, I was glad that Julia and the of collars, hats, ties or coats that children were enjoying themselves at was new and suitable for summer Seabright, and that I could have a wear in the country. And then I taste of bachelor quiet and freedom | went off for my usual morning at the for a couple of months longer. I factory. The box was waiting for didn't care to go anywhere, but me at 1 o'clock when I came home, when I saw my old friend, Dr. Marsh, and I told old John to have the dog coming up the walk I was very glad cart ready at 2. At half-past 2 I drove out at the gate, and old Mr. Morehouse, who had the opposite

place, looked up and gave me a sort

I had on a pink and white striped shirt, a high collar and big white tie, He sat down rather heavily. The a yellow and white blazer and a sailor dignity that he had assumed very hat with a polkadotted band. I knew early on account of his profession people would talk, but it was noseemed to have got into his joints | body's business how I chose to dress, and burdened his limbs. Still there so far as I could see. As I drove into were only faint touches of it here and | the handsome beech avenue that gave there in his conversation usually, but its name to the old house where my to-night he seemed almost lugubrious, aunt and cousin lived it seemed aland if it had been anybody else but most as though I had suffered a George Marsh I should have said loss of memory as well as poor Nelly. he said he had a piece of news fer me. My aunt had none of Mr. Morehouse's astonishment. See had not seen me since my marriage, and she had been It seemed a little odd that I should living among people to whom blazes first hear of a relatives return from of gaudy hues were as the sands of her physician, but considering all the sea. Her eyes were tired with weeping over her cherished child, but "Your cousin, Miss Nelly, is with she brightened with hope at the her," George went on, looking intent- thought of my helping her to lead

Nelly into the light again. While we were talking of her she came in, and then I always thought asked idly. "I must go over and see it was the rest of us who were bewildered. Surely ten years had not gone over her head. She had on a short white frock, with elbow sleeves and a scarlet sash. Her yellow hair was in a big golden cable down her back and waving in a fringe across her

pretty white forehead. There was the same seashell color in her cheeks, the same roguish look in her eyes that was there before she began to think with Herbert Spencer and get a shadow in their blue depths by looking on the dark side with

Schopenhauer. When she saw me, she gave a little cry, and flew straight into my arms. "You naughty boy," said she. "I don't think I ought to speak to you. Where have you been these two days?" And as I kissed her sweet firm lips, I said in my soul, "She is my cousin after all.

Presently she looked me over. "Dick," she said anxiously, "you have been working to hard. There are wrinkles all around your eyes." "You know I have the factory

now." I said faintly. "You!" and she fairly screamed. "You! What in this world do you know about a factory?" Alas! I in the library. couldn't tell her of those weary years Nelly imagines they have never left of working for my present position. it, and the physicians want gradual- My aunt made signs to me over my cousin's head, and I changed the

I don't attempt to explain it, but by the end of a week all sense of the been over the path before, and then strangeness of my position had vanher memory will return and she will ished. I went to the factory in my blazer, and I am afraid that some-"That is a very clever idea," I times I transacted my business very much as though I were the inexpe-

But the Beeches was a large estate so youthful a host. Some of my in-

unpleasant way. The only times when I was bound to grow old was when I wrote to Ju-I was in the full swim of mynewly ac- written him several weeks before that light brought by the revival of letmy right thumb and could not hold a not be disturbed by letters or visits, added that I would telegraph every in some way that she had been out, other day, which I religiously did.

Or rather Mr. Smith, my bookkeeper, Nelly and I wandered about through the old groves, finding here

There were a great many clever little novels that Nellie had not read.

Of course we had to keep magazines and everything with a date out of her way. One day in going over the library shelves I came across an old book that gave me the shivers. It walked the floor. was Mallock's "Is Life Worth Liv-

started Nellie on the path that had and sat down. stinctively I hid it behind a row of

took it with me when we went on our trembled. But instead of picking it

"Dick," she said, poutingly, "you covered. There was agreat guilt of throb of joy in my heart.

"-I-It has a red cover," I said Just then she saw the corner of an pish. Her little basket stood on a envelope sticking out of my pocket. table near with the scissors gleaming It was Julia's last letter that I had temptingly. I had promised, and it received that morning, and had not had to be done; but I didn't half even opened. She gave it a little mind seeing my cherished whiskers | jerk and pulled it out. Julia writes drop. I felt oddly, as though I were the Eastlakey ultra feminine hand of getting rid of some sort of a disguise, ten years ago. And the thick letter

ing?" It was that that had first

led her away from me long ago. In-

encyclopedias. And then I knew

that I was playing the part of a trai-

tor. I had been excusing myself

I took the book out again and

plump cheeks and a little upward looked at me, and there was the sarcasm of inexperience in her eye and voice. "You have no sisters, I be lieve she said icily.

"This—" I said in my quietest tone -"is from the wife of a friend of mine. in combing my mustache down and A lady 30 years old and the mother parting my hair very much on the of two children. She writes to me side before I could muster courage to sometimes and gives me good advice and tells me little anecdotes about the children. I will read you some of it if you like.'

Bless her heart! She turned and kissed me on the cheek and said pity

"Poor boy! How you do let your good nature make a martyr of you. Don't you find them awful bores?" "Yes," I said candidly. "When the advice is extra good I do."

"And do you answer them?" "Well," I said, "this is the tenth have had since I answeredone." Which was the truth. I don't call a telegram that is sent by a an answer to a letter.

ame to a ditch. "I don't seem to remember this ditch here," Nelly said. "And how are we ever going to cross?"

Going home across the fields we

"I'll jump it," I said, "and lift you "Oh, but Dick, dearest, you can't, she said. "I am too heavy." "Heavy!" said I. "Yes, you are. Why, my boy Johnny could jump

this with you in his arms." "Your boy Johnny? Who are you alking about? You do say some of the funniest things! "Oh," I saik, airly, "I mean the lit-

tle son of the lady whose letter I was showing you. He is a great pet of We walked along silently for a little while after the ditch was jumped

and then Nelly said in a dreamy sort | clothes and went to the factory. ofa way: "Dick, sometimes you seem different. You don't laugh as much as you used last Summer." Dear heart!

Last summer was eleven years old! "And you seem more brusque some way. I am afraid you are working too hard, dear Dick. And-some way you seem fond of me in a different way. You don't" -and the clear red of a sweet young zirl's blush went all over her cheeks and brow-"kiss me as often as you used-and you act like you thought was going away presently."

She finished the sentence with her head on my breast and I kissed her often enough to make up for any lack that had gone before, and cursed myself in my heart for a black scoundrel, and doubly cursed Marsh, who had got me into this scrape.

As I went home that night I made up my mind to end it one way or another. She would have to be told sooner or latter that I was 35 years old. That I had been deceiving her, that I had a wife and two children. The sweat stood out on my face as I thought of it. Julia would be coming home in a few weeks, and I felt that would rather drown myself than face poor Nelly with my wife, in her my own door John met met me. I was conscious that he looked with much disfavor upon my youthful appearance and dress and judged that my habitual absences were for no

He handed me a card on his tray and told me that the gentleman was

The card read: "John William Abernathy,

John William Abernathy I knew as professor of mental philosophy at a noted seat of learning. I could not imagine what he could want with me. As I entered my pretty little library a tall, gaunt, grizzled gentleman in a long tailed coat rose to meet me. His forehead was bald and shiny, and his

small eyes glimmered behind glasses. He evidently was surprised to find

cousin Nelly ("Miss Helen," he called her); if she had sufficiently recovered lia, and before a week was over, and to see her friends. Mrs. Saltor had pen. I telegraphed and told her and but Professor Abernathy had heard and before he attempted to seek her he would like to know her true state. And then he smiled a little and gave

> would eventually give her life, in sickness or health, into his keeping. signified her will armore to allow her

one but her physician and myself. After promising to ask Mrs. Saltor's permission for the elderly love to see her daughter I bowed the professor out, and; sitting down in my hands and groaned aloud. And then | women acquire that valuable acquisi-

In the midst of my agony there was a ring at the door bell. I composed my face as much as possible

bookkeeper at the factory; and he had a telegram in his hand. It only needed that to make my position past endurance, it seemed to me, for the telegram was from my wife, and said: "Will be at home Tuesday at

To-morrow was Tuesday. I did not spring up and clap my hands for

wondered why Mr. Smith had thought it necessary to bring the telegram instead of sending it by a messenger; but presently I dis-

After numerous very embarrassed apologies, he said that he thought it | nine wardrobe to behold the utter nis duty to warn me that there had been a great many remarks made by meddlesome people concerning my changed manner and appearance, and | they neglect all self-attention in the some of the conservative old stockholders in the factory were becoming that other causes are not found alarmed. "Although it seems a pity, Mr. Smith said laughing shortly, "that a man can't buy a new coat without laying himself out to a charge of insanity."

Good heavens! had it come to this! I must have looked like a fool. I got Mr. Smith out of the house, and I wentup stairs and took three times for instance, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilas much brandy as was good for me | cox. She is a fair representation of the and went to bed. Ifelt that if I didn't | class of which I write; is pretty, have sleep I would blow my brains courteous and charitable to a fault,

It was 11 o'clock next day when I awoke.

I told John to bring me in some strong coffee and I sat miserably

I sipped my coffee, and the clock was just on the stroke of 12 when John came in again bringing a note in his hand.

I took it feeling that it made no difference what happened to me. Wasn't the end of the world coming at 6.30 P.M? My head was whirling. It was a severe looking little note on commercial paper, and this is what it experts that productions from the pen

said: "I can not find words to express my sense of horror at the base advantage you-a rela- of a healthy brain. The homes of tive, and a man who bears the name of gen- many of our literary women strongly ave taken of a woman de through illness. To-day while walking I encountered Professor Abernathy, and at one rush my memory returned, making me hor- style most in usage is considered it ror-struck at the ignominious position youabetted by Dr, Marsh and my mother-have striven to place me in. I only hope that your poor wife may neverknow the circumstances. She must have enough to bear in her daily life. I can not long live with my mother and shall marry Professor Abernathy at once. To him you will be good enough to return my ring which you wear. Yours unforgivingly HELEN JANE SALTOR

I dragged myselfupstairs and took out my razors. I lighted a match and burned Helen's letter, and then I shaved off that frivolous little mus-

tache and left my face clean and bare. I bundled up all the new shirts and collars and hats and coats and told John he might have them on condition he took them out of the house and sold them at once, and then I parted my hair just over my right ear and put on my shabbiest old

I had nearly as many stares as greeted me when I first appeared in my yellow and white blazer, but my looks encouraged no remarks. That night when Julia saw me she gave

a little scream. "What have you done to yourself? "Only shaved to strengthen my beard," I said. "I thought it would grow before your return.'

"I rather like it," she said. The next morning at breakfast she took in my shabby gray suit, and said: "Dick, why don't you wear a blazer- around here- all the men at the shore-'

"Hang a blazer!" was all I said.

## The Protest and the Reformation.

There sometimes appears to be a woful confusion, in the minds of those who ought to know better, of the Protest with the Reformation. Historically the connection between the two does not by any means appear so very plain. In fact, for some years the Protestant Church of England was still completely unreformed. Henry VIII. wrote against and persecuted reformers; yet Henry VIII. present state of mind. As I entered | was undoubtedly the first Protestant monarch of England, the first who asserted, to its full logical conclusion, the independence of Papal authority which had been claimed by English kings as early as William

the Conqueror. According to the "Dictate" of Gregory VII., the famous Hildebrand. kings only reign as fiets of the Pope -he is set over the secular powers, and is liable to dethrone sovereigns and to absolve subjects from their allegiance; he can depose bishops without synodical sanction. It is curious to notice, from a recent sermon of Cardinal Manning, that this eminent ultramontane holds that such powers still divinely inhere in the bishopric of Rome, though the greatest elevation in Africa, but now stress of external persecution prevents their exercise. Protestants, as He began at once to tell me his but it is not an identical, it was business. He wanted to ask after my scarcely even a contemporary movedistinctly intellectual reaction. It resulted immediately from the new ters, particularly from the study of Greek, and the new means of interpretation which a knowledge of the original tongue of the New Testa-

ment supplied. In the light and liberty of the Renaissance men's minds, on a review and the sources of Greek speculation

daughter. As yet she had seen no Some Peculiarities of Literary Women,

It has been ofttimes said, and the

saying has gone uncontradicted, that

Joseph W. Gavan in the Journalist.

the great majority of our literary tion, "talent," at the price of feminine charm. Their passiveness on this particular point makes the story all the more worthy of credence. My visitor was Mr. Smith, the If these remarks are in any way applicable to the great army of prose and fiction writers, they are far more closely allied in their signification to the chosen few who invoke the muses' aid. Of these New York city and state claim the largest number; but of their idiosyncrasies it can also lay first claim with especial pride. Many of them are not unattractive, and not a few are gifted with rare personal charm. But it does not require a microscopical survey of their garb, headgear and other articles of femilack of care best owed on this branch of millinery. Can it be possible that exuberance of their imagination, or wanting? I know not of one literary woman throughout the length and breadth of this continent whose attire and general make-up is not something more or less ludicrous or flaunting. This does not reflect on their originality and ingenuity. Take and, though gifted with a great deal of social acumen and lore, still her manner and style of dress is as unbecoming as it is grotesque. Not that she is adverse to appearing to her best advantage in public, for several of her friends assure me that to attain this end is the all-absorbing ambition of her life. But it either arises in each instance from a unique and perhaps circumspect opinion, or the product of an abnormal brain, in turn the victum of genius, the noblest of nature's laws for it has been asserted by eminent medical of a female possessed of real genius are not and cannot be the outcome but when the question of prevailing will be found that our literary female friends are far below the average shop girl, and many beneath the

#### There's many a Slip Twixt the Cup and the Lip.

plane of others in humbler spheres of

life. A wonderful inconsistency, isn't

From American Notes and Queries.

This proverb occurs in one form or other in the folk-sayings of most European countries, and dates back to classical antiquity. The Latin version, "Multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labea,"-"Many things fall between the cup and the lip"-is found in Laberius, and the Greek in Lycophron, who tells this story of its

Ancæus, son of Poseidon and Alta, was a King of the Leleges in Samos, who took especial pleasure in the cultivation of the grape, and prided himself upon his numerous vineyards. In his eagerness he unmercifully overtaxed the slaves who worked there.  $\Lambda$ seer announced that for his cruelty he would not live to taste the wine from his grapes. The harvest passed safely, and then the wine-making, and Ancœus, holding in his hand a cup containing the first ruby drops, mocked at the seer's prophesy. But the prophet replied "many things happen between the cup and the lip.' Just then a cry was raised that a wild boar had broken into the vineyard, and the king, setting down his untasted cup, hurried off to direct the chase, but was himself slain by the boar.

### The Highest Mountains.

From the New York Sun. Every once in a while we discover that some mountain peak must give up the undeserved distinction conferred upon it of holding its head higher than all other summits. For a long time Mount Chimborazo was supposed to be the highest mountain in the world until in the progress of the Himalayan surveys Mount Everest was found to overtop it. Four vearsago W. W. Graham, who has been higher above the sea than any other mountain climber, asserted that Everest must yield the palm of supremacy to an unnamed peak about 70 miles from it. We long supposed that Mount St. Elias was the loftiest mountain of North America, but we now know that the honor belongs to Mount Wrangel, which is about 500 feet higher than St. Elias. It was also supposed that Mount Kilima-Njaro, 18,700 feet high, was the comes Count Teleki, the Hungarian mountain must play second fiddle to Mount Kenia, about 200 miles north. He is the only man who has yet ascended Kenia.

### A Child's Terrible Adventure.

From the Macomb (Ill.) Journal. The voungest child of W. M. Tipton, a bright little fellow of two summers, was out in the yard playing, and when found by his mother shortly afterwards he was trying to put a live rattlesnake into a bottle. The little fellow was fondling it and would lay it down and pick it up of Christian antiquity, turned away again, the snake all the time being from error and superstition just as perfectly passive and making no had given him the hope that she naturally as a renewed acquaintance effort whatever to bite. The mothwith the models of the Augustanage, er's horror can be better imagined than described when she took in the In the most polite manner I could in Plato and Aristotle, caused think-situation. She called her husband, muster I told him that I thought he ers and scholars to repudiate monk- who came, and when the snake was

### A MINISTER'S FUN.

"During a twenty year's experience in the work of the ministry. I have gregation would heartily approve. met with the most laughable scenes where one would expect nothing but Star reporter.

"I have stood by the sick and the dying and have seen incidents worthy where the very air breathed solemnity, and have with difficulty kept down laughter over some ridiculous scene of rich and happy changes, and I pity the man who can pass through such a life an exemplification of a walking tombstone. Poor man, he never

learned the secret of life! I was fresh from ---- theological seminary, and had entered upon the duties of my first charge at a salary of \$500 a year. Never shall I forget those days nor the novel way one part of the minister's salary. This dear, good pillar of the church kept a small country grocery, and one day, while making my pastoral call, I stepped into the establishment of the brother to inquire after his spiritual welfare. He motioned me to where he was seated, and after finishing his pipe of the vilest tobacco I ever smelled, began:

"I aint much good anyhow, parson, and don't deserve a very large share of the kingdom, but durn me if an Eastern college, but he often refers Idon't want to do the square thing to that day, and as he recounts to a by you, so I'll contribute \$10; to be knot of fellow clergymen his confusion paid in peanuts.

"I took the first installment and retreated soon after, wondering all the time what some of my young ministerial brethern would say to-

such a pastoral call "One night shortly after this I made a pastoral call at the home of the young lady who afterwards became my wife. While there an ignorwere, in his voice:

'I-I want to-I-come to see you ma-marr-marry me?'

regular charge, that any donation on. would be gladly received, he opened his heart to the extent of a cord of wood and the bargain was closed, to its length, but I promised to cut it but what I was to do with such a barter was a mystery to me.

"On another occasion at a social meeting I had become quite eloquent had prayed for the sick, the afflicted, to always play, too full of responsithe absent ones, the heathenat home and abroad and had importuned a better man, can serve his fellows blessings upon everybody on the earth, sea or in heaven, and reached thinking brother, whose heart was all right, called out, 'Amen! amen!' so frequently and the situation seemed so ridiculous that I brought my petition to a most speedy close, even more speedy than I had intended, after the 'finally.'

"That was twenty-five years ago in a small New England village, and I've served better churches since then. ly pushed a conductor off a Madison At one of my city appointments I had avenue car the other day. an experience in a wedding ceremony that for an amusing situation surpasses anything I have ever seen. It was merely an accident. The groom wanted a ceremony with no break whatever, one of the you're going, and you won't make smoothest of the smooth, so such a fool of yourself!" ejaculated borrowed my ritual to the injured female. 'pip up' on the questions and answers, but by mistake he got hold of the baptism covenant and committed the ening to the foregoing dialogue he answers to it. The wedding day ar- felt someone tugging at the sleeve of rived, so did the nervous groom with his coat and turning around saw a his bride, and they walked up the well-known physician who figures church aisle keeping step to the grand | prominently in law courts as an exold strains of Mendelssohn's wedding | pert upon insanity. march. I had a premonition of trouble. The ceremony began.

"'John, will you have this woman to be your wedded wife, to live after porter. God's hely ordinance, to love and cherish in sickness or in health?"

der my breath. "'All this I steadfastly believe,

"At another wedding the contracting parties were a young man, long and lank, about twenty and five, is on the surface," the doctor conand a fat buxom willow about forty. | tinued; "when a fat woman has a The ceremony was performed at the high temper it is something terrible. parsonage, and on the chair behind | She never cools. On the other hand, the couple was seated a small dog, a thin woman cools off quickly, but all cur, as he proved, belonging to she heats up again just as quickly. A the woman. As I was about to place thin woman with a good temper my hand on theirs already joined, comes just as near being an angel as preparatory to pronouncing them anybody can be on this mundane man and wife, that dog with a terrific | sphere.' bark made a spring at me, and I was compelled, for the moment to retreat.

"That reminds me of a similar though different experience in its finale. I put out my hand as usual, has come to the front with an invento pronounce this couple joined in | tion in the way of a ticket that will holy wedlock when the groom startled | bring him fame and an enviable bank manner, exclaiming as he nearly account. It is simply this: The shook my arm off:

What's the damage?" "I thanked him for his good will and the ceremony was concluded,

the laughter I knew was upon me.

Hans?' I inquired.

sick wife.

ed, dat's vat I dink.

but he was not to be put off. "'Mine shimminy grashions, ain't | Constitution.

you gute in cases of berangement?" I have since thought I would make application for the chaplaincy of some insane asylum, and no doubt my cop-

"I had a choir down in New England that had so much of the spirit of the mule in it that I doubt very churchlike solemnity," said a well much if its members ever enter known minister to a Kansas City through the pearly gates and are transferred to the heavenly chorus. They were kicking almost continually, and once, when on a strike, I concluded to bear with them no longer. of description by a humorist's pen. They were in their places all right on I have stood at the marriage altar this particular Sabbath morning, but they had informed me that they would not sing a note until Brother -, one of their number, was reduced to the pews. This I absolutely reor situation. A minister's life is full fused to do and gave out as the opening hymn:

Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God, But children of the heavenly King

May speak their joys abroad. "They sang that hymn and I never was again troubled by their striking. The lesson proved effectual.

"A somewhat similar incident happened to a brother minister with whom I once exchanged pulpits. In my congregation was a delightful young brother insisted upon paying his lady, the brother's intended wife, and with her parents he stopped on the Sabbath of the exchange. The young lady's name was Mary, and all forgetful of the fact the young brother gave out this hymn:

> O, that I could forever sit With Mary at the Master's feet! Be this my happy choice; My only care delight and bliss, My joy, my heaven on earth be this,

To hear the Bridegroom's voice "They are husband and wife now, and he is a prominent professor in when he realized from the smiles of the audience what he had done, one would scarcely take him for a digni-

fied doctor of divinity. "'Parson,' said a rather seedy looking individual as he walked into my study one morning, 'I want to get married.' Now, there was nothing strange in that; in fact, it was a most frequent occurrence, but his ant, but good meaning, country fel- tone indicated much nervousness, and low came to the door and asked for the I tried my best to make further conminister, saying he understood that versation easy to him. Finally after personage was there. He was invited a strained attempt at several topics, in and I was called to meet him. Af- including the weather, he rose to ter blushing profusely and making leave and as he grasped the knob several ineffectual attempts to make of the door he suddenly turned known his errand, he managed to say around and managed to say, after in broken sentences, with tears, as it the manner of one doing some disarecable duty:

"'I'm a poor man and can't afford abo-that is, what will you charge to to pay for a long ceremony, pardner. Make it as short as possible-just "When informed that there was no enough to tie us. Mary won't eatch

"Poor fellow he probably thought a marriage ceremony cost according short and was rewarded by a donation of 50 cents.

"This is but one side of a minister's life. Full of meaning and responsiin prayer, and I'm afraid lenghty. I bility is the other. Lie is to short bility, too earnest. But I believe he is more, whose heart chords are in tune with the great charms of lives about the 'now finally, Lord,' when an un- him. This is what a minister's life has taught me.'

### Adipose Tissue and Temper.

"You great, big clodhopper!" shrieked a slender-visaged female, upon whose aquiline nose a pair of gold eye-glasses were cramped as she near-"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I

did not intend to step on your foot. "Well, why don't you look where

While a New York Mail and Express reporter was unavoidably list-

"That carries out my idea exactly," observed the doctor. "What idea is that?" asked the re-

"That women's temper comes from their corporosity," he continued. "A "'I renounce them all,' answered fat woman is good-tempered and easy-going; it is natural that she "'You're a fool,' said I to him un- should be so. I think the temper is all in the bones, anyway, and when a woman is fat the temper becomes abcame the answer and ditto a sound sorbed before it reaches the surface. of surppressed laughter from the audi- | Perhaps that, satunny theory, young ence. There was a hurried conversa- man, and you newspaper fellows are tion between John and me and I then | the hardest lot to get a new idea inrepeated the question, likewise the to, especially when an old man is the answer to it and to all succeeding authority for its evolution. Eh; am

I right? The reporter demurred. "When a woman is thin the temper

### Portraits on Tickets.

A young railroad man of Atianta purchaser of an iron-clad ticket is "Put her thar, dominie, for sixty not to be required to write his name days. Count on me every time. or make any formal declaration as to his intention in regard to the ticket. Nothing of the kind. The agent

though it about killed me to suppress | who sells the low-rate round trip points his little camera at you while "One day I was in my study when he gives you your change. It records a German brother from the country | the image of the purchaser in an incame in and wanted me to visit his stant. The agent pulls out the slide, rubs his chemical sponge over the "'What is the matter with Katrina, sensitized paper and-there you are. In the upper left-hand corner of the "'O, der is somedings the madder | ticket he pastes that picture, puts it mit her livers and her mind is berang- under a stamp embosses the edges, and unless you can find somebody "Well, Hans, you better get a that looks enough like you to risk physician, he can do more good than the chance of a return on your image, , was the argument I used on him, the ticket will carry the original purchaser and nobody else, -Atlantic