IN THE GOOD TIME COMING.

Said the theater girl: "I will wear a small hat whenever I go to the play." Said the theater man: "Between all of the acts in my seat I will quietly stay.' Said the masculine star: "I'll let someone

else take My place at the front of the stage." Said the female star: "I will play only

That do not conflict with my age." The chorus girl said: "I'll give some of my

To music instead of my gown."

Said the comedy man: "I'll endeavor to be An actor instead of a clown." Said the playwright: "I'll write them a

sure enough play Without barnyard or buzzsaw or wheels."

Said the public: "We'll give a full house to that play. Just to see how the company feels."

I heard in my dream all these beautiful things-"And when will it happen?" said I. Said the bicycle maiden who blooms in

the spring: "They'll occur in the sweet by and by."

- Washington Capital.

KISS IN THE TUNNEL.

Fraulein Martha, a pretty, blue-eyed blonde, sat in a second-class carriage in a train which was hurrying toward the Rhine. We had struck up an acquaintance, as tourists often do. As a rule, I don't care to have anything to do with my fellow passengers, but Fraulein Martha had quite captivated me. As she entered the compartment for nonsmokers I had taken her traveling bag from her hand and put it carefully on the rack for her. Then I had resigned my corner seat to her and put up the window so as to protect her from the draught, which she found too strong. As the train started we exchanged a word in praise of the weather, which had become much cooler after a heavy rain and was very pleasant for traveling, and we gradually got into a very interesting conversation.

Fraulein Martha chatted very nicely and made no pretension to superfine education. She could not be called young, but when she laughed she became a child. Her laugh was clear and silvery and her face lost its rather serious expression. This induced me to make all kinds of jokes, which evidently amused her immensely. When a girl laughs as Fraulein Martha did. the man who provokes the laughter becomes a humorist in spite of himself. She was a capital listener, too, and it is a rare thing to find a good listener among the "other sex." As she listened, her face responded to all I said. Besides being so charming mentally, she had a very pretty, elegant figure, which the eye of a connoisseur (my eye) never wearied of watching and discovering new traits of beauty. She was dressed in a very simple traveling gown, which displayed to perfection all the pretty lines of her form.

She was not alone. In the next seats of the compartment sat a married couple, and opposite them was their daughter, a pretty shy girl, who had just emerged from the bread-and-butter-miss state. These people were relatives of Fraulein Martha, who, when I asked her to tell me something about them, said that the man was called Fenchel, that he was the wisest man in Christendom. He thought that he could hear the grass grow if he tried to-though, as a matter of fact he never did try to-and also that he possessed the gift of prophecy. To him coming events always considerately cast their shadows before. If he did not happen to have foretold an event before it happened, it was simply because it had slipped his memory-another time he wouldn't forget. Frau Fenchel admired her husband's extraordinary qualities, and, therefore, did not dare to contradict him when he asserted that the young man who was sitting with her daughter was no son-in-law for him, for it was easy to see that once married the young rascal would turn out a thorough Don Juan and would cause unheard-of misery in the household. The young man in question, who was called Taube-Bernhard Taube, did not look likely to fulfill such a prophecy. He was as shy as Fraulein Roschen Fenchel, with whom he was deeply in love. Both these facts were quite evident. The most daring deed he had ever perpetrated was when Herr Fenchel, having informed him that he intended to accompany his wife and daughter to the Rhine on the following Wednesday, he-Taube —had said that, strange to say, he too was going to the Rhine on the same day, and, with Herr Fenchel's permission, would join them.

This was not very agreeable to old Fenchel. In the first place, as a prophet, he ought to have foreseen the young man's intended journey; and, secondly, he was afraid that Taube's society would be more acceptable to Roschen

than he approved of. In the latter assumption he was right. Roschen was as happy as Herr Taube, although the young people had only ventured to hint as much to Frau Fenchel, who, aware of her husband's aversion to Taube, because of his concealed Don Juan proclivities, had hinted in return that Roschen was too young to think of love, and Herr

Taube was not old enough. Fraulein Martha told me this in a manner which showed that she was heartily sorry for the young folks. It was evident that she was on the side of the lovers, and was angry with Fenchel for tyrannically trying to hold them apart. Although she was not full of that eager desire for matchmaking which is so strongly developed in many ladics who have left youthful follies and youthful wisdom behind them, still she loved Roschen dearly and wanted her to be happy. "There are some girls," she said, "to whom single life would mean misery and ruin, and our Roschen is one of them. If she is not allowed to marry her life

will be spoffed."

By this time our train had approached a series of tunnels. We were occasionally plunged into deep darkness, in which nothing was heard beyond the rumbling of the carriages and the occasional involuntary "Ah!" of a passenger who was reading the newspaper or studying his guidebook, and who was suddenly disturbed at his occupation. Fraulein Martha wanted to find something in her hand bag, and in a tunnel took off her silk glove the better to accomplish her object. When we again emerged into daylight I noticed that her ungloved hand was of surpassing whiteness. Its beauty it is beyond me to describe, for black letters are not adapted to the description of such whiteness. And what an elegantly shaped hand it was! I laid a bet with myself that it would quite disappear in my own hand, if Fraulein Martha would be so accommodating as to let me try the experiment. But she was not inclined to be so accommodating. Nevertheless, I could not think of losing my wager. The courageous conquer the-hand, I said to myself, with all the obstinacy with which one sticks to a pet idea. And just at that very moment the whistle shrieked and the train plunged into a tunnel. "Now or never," I thought to myself. Darkness, which is no man's enemy, surrounded us, and not only the idea, but with it courage, came to me. I saw Fraulein Martha's hand gleam in the darkness. I seized it, and before the owner had time

to know what I was doing-"What was that?" cried Herr Fen

"A kiss," replied his wife.

The train left the tunnel and plunged into the open daylight. The passengers looked around as if they had heard a shot rather than a kiss, and expected to see a suicide weltering in his blood.

I imitated them and looked about me with equal astonishment and curiosity. From several I heard giggling. On the whole, the silence was really embarrassng. Frauleia Martha was rummaging in her handbag, and her head was bent over it so that I could not see whether she was angry or not. your pardon," it may be that I did not; for it will readily be understood that my lips were fully employed in what I have just described. At any rate, I was glad that I had found such a pleasure in such a short tunnel. Added to that I had won my bet. Martha's hand had really disappeared in mine, and I had to open my hand again in order to imprint a kiss between two pretty dimples. Fraulein Roschen and her admirer sat as if stupefied and stared solemnly at the door. A kiss which sounds like a real one, fills lov ers with mixed sensations-envy and approbation. Opposite them sat Herr Fenchel, who stared at them in astonishment and shook his head warningly. His foresight had deceived him, for he had not known that Roschen would be kissed. It was, moreover such a kiss! so flagrant, so resonant Had he dared to speak—which he did not, out of consideration for his daughter-he would have administered the strongest rebuke that mortal ever received. So he contented himself with looking reproachfully and warningly at the two culprits, and occasionally turning his eyes on his wife, who was intent on a newspaper which she was

holding upside down. The rest of the passengers gradually recovered from the shock. At the next station there was a longer stop, and we got out of the train. In doing so I heard one passenger say to an other: "Good gracious!" He was speaking of the kiss. "Beautiful." said a lady to a gentleman who was accompanying her. She, too, was speak ing of it.

"I know exactly what's to be done," said Herr Fenchel to his wife as they got out on the platform. "Of course you'll understand, too, Martha, that that kiss in the tunnel-"

"I know all about it," replied Martha "A man of your understanding cannot fail to perceive the meaning of that kiss. And if you ignore it, heavy re sponsibility rests on your shoulders. continued she energetically. "It was a perfect kiss, the meaning of which cannot be explained away. There are kisses which are serious deeds, and that in the tunnel was one of them. How could young and inexperienced lips produce such a kiss? It's ringing

in my ears yet." "So you noticed it, did you, Martha?" said Herr Fenchel, "although you were so far away? My wife didn't notice it of course. How often have I warned her that that young Taube was a Don Juan. But it's no use repeating that now. What is, is, and what must be must be." Whereupon Herr Fenchel took his wife's arm, and signed to his daughter and young Taube to follow. The quartette went into the first-class

waiting-room, which was empty. "But, fraulein," I said to Martha, who, having looked on smilingly while the four disappeared, came to my side "I made the best of use of the kiss," said Fraulein Martha. "A hand kiss means nothing, but I am trying to make something good out of it. I am encouraging Herr Fenchel in his conceited idea that he foresees and under-

stands everything, and I am getting Roschen a husband whom she loves Is that a bad stroke of business?' "But that kiss was my property," I

"Don't be nonsensical," she answered. "It was a simple act of politeness. I accepted it as such, and vou meant it as nothing more. Do you know, niv father used to call me 'Stupid--Little Stupid.' I was often very wild and so he called me 'Little Stupid' for a pet name. I am no longer a child, but I often have fits of wildness, when I can carry an intrigue through which hurts nobody and does some good. One day my father ceased to call me 'Little Stupid,' and he never used the name again. He was terribly strict, than you are.

and as he saw one of my boy friends kiss my hand he called him to account for it so roughly that the boy avoided the house ever after. As he was no hero of romance I was left alone and remain alone. Now I've had had my revenge on Fate, for through a hand kiss two young folks have been made

happy. Wasn't that a noble revenge?" "You are an angel, Fraulein Martha," I cried as loudly as it is fitting on a railway platform.

"When a girl is hung on to an angel he is pretty harmless," said she, laughingly. "My father meant 'angel' when he called me 'Stupid,' but he didn't make love to me.'

At this point the quartette reappeared. Herr Fenchel came with his daughter and Frau Fenchel was conducted by Taube.

"Martha," said Herr Fenchel, "didu't I always tell you that they would make a fine couple? They've been engaged for five minutes."

Fraulein Martha embraced Roschen, but Herr Taube immediately approach ed his fiancee and kissed her. It wasn't the sort of thing to do on the platform; that must be acknowledged. Herr Fenchel said, half jestingly, half earnestly, "You don't need to wait till you come to a tunnel now, do you?"

Herr Taube seemed to wish to protest, but it was of no use. When we were all ensconced in the carriage Frau Fenchel said to Fraulein Martha: "Be lieve me, Martha, those children were quite innocent of that kiss. You should have seen how they tried to exonerate themselves from the suspicion, but it was of no use. Fenchel absolutely forbade them to speak, for he knew all about it already. I am glad they are engaged, though.'

"In any case," said Martha, "we don't need to trouble about that. It's all the same now. 'All's well that ends

"So it is," replied Frau Fenchel, and she looked contentedly over at Roschen, who had only ears and eyes for

At the next station I left the train. I was very glad to do so (although sorry to leave Fraulein Martha), for nothing is more tedious than to be It may be that I murmured, "I beg | with two lovers. I said good-by to | burg. Martha with sincere regret and kissed the hand which she gave me heartily

Where is she now? Perhaps she will remember me if these lines fall under her blue eyes.-Philadelphia Bulletin.

NEVER TOO LATE.

Woman Sues for Alimony After Her Former Husband's Death,

A case was started in Common Pleas Court in which there is woven a certain romance which makes it interesting, says a Ravenna correspondent in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Sarah C. Collins is the plaintiff. She is an inmate of the Portage County infirmary, and thereby hangs the tale. For a number of years prior to 1860 the plaintiff was the wife of the late Robert Johnston. At that time she secured a divorce. At the time the divorce was granted her husband set forth a claim that he was worth \$5,000, and on that basis she was given \$1,500 alimony. Several months ago Robert Johnston, a resident of Palmyra, came to Ravenna on a business trip and was taken ill. He was attended at the Etna House until his death. When the affairs of his estate were brought into Probate Court many surprises were sprung. He was found to be worth nearly \$100,000. He had been paying taxes on a much smaller amount, and the county received a big haul.

After the divorce he continued to hoard up his money like a true miser; she gradually going the other road to poverty. The case started to-day sets up the claim that at the time the divorce was granted the deceased was worth \$25,000, instead of \$5,000, as the original settlement was made between the contracting parties. She asks for \$8,500 additional, together with interest for thirty-two years. The plaintiff alleges that she gave her husband the money which furnished the basis of his large fortune, and that she helped him economize and save it during all the years that she was his wife. During he past ten years she has been in desitute circumstances.

Emperor William's Rose.

A pretty story is told of the first meeting of the German imperial pair. The German Emperor, then a young man of 20, was shooting at Prinkemau. One day he lost his way in the park, and came upon a rustic, rose-covered sum mer house, where a pretty girl of his own age was sleeping in a hammock.

He did not disturb her, but went on his way, thinking of a little German poem known as the "Brier Rose." Later in the day he met the girl in the castle, and, saying: "Here is my brier rose again," he introduced himself, and feli

in love offhand. They were married on his 22d birthday. Since that time she has set herself to realize the German ideal of a devoted hausfrau.

Little Things.

Louis Pasteur once said that there were forms of bacteria and microbes that were so small that a bundle of them containing 1,000,000,000 specimens could be put through the eye of a common sewing needle.

Can This Be True?

It is reported in an English literary journal that the Board of Education in Philadelphia has excluded the works of Mr. Kipling and Mr. Du Maurier from the public library shelves of that

"Popper," the little boy asked, "what kind of a horse is it that they call a plug?" "A balky one, my son. They call him that because he is a stopper." -Cincinnati Enquirer.

This is the season when your neighbor buys a hoe and a rake, and a few garden seeds, and pretends to be better

THE BATTLE-FIELDS.

OLD SOLDIERS TALK OVER ARMY EXPERIENCES.

The Blue and the Gray Review Incidents of the Late War, and in a Graphic and Interesting Manner Tell of Camp, March and Battle-Thrilling Incidents.

Grant and the Private.

"I have been very much interested in your stories in the Chicago Times Herald," said George B. Merrick, a veteran soldier and editor. "Particularly is anything relating to our great leader, Grant, interesting and eagerly sought for by soldiers who followed him and by the younger Americans who are at this time, more than ever before, studying his life as the shadow of a war cloud passes by."

Continuing, he said: "Before the war I 'ran the river,' as steamboating was known in the early days. My first acquaintance with the greatest military genius of modern times began while engaged in that business, between 1857 and 1861. During one season I was running as second clerk on the steamer Fanny Harris. We ran into Galena, seven miles up Fever River, then a navigable stream. Galena was at that time a distributing point, as well as the center of the lead industry. Among its wholesale firms was that of Grant & Son, leather, saddlery and harness dealers, and among their employes was the future general of our armies. He was then shipping clerk. As 'mud clerk' it was my duty to check up all shipments as the goods were hauled to the levees on drays, and receipt for the same to the shipper. U.S. Grant was the clerk to whom the boy clerk receipted for Grant & Son's shipments. Remembering him, as I do now, as only one of many business men with whom I came in contact, my impression is not as distinct as it is of the General whom I last met at Washington in 1866. My impression is that the last time I saw him in Galena he had a mustache, not the full beard familiar to the men of Vicksburg, Chattanooga and Peters-

"When the war opened we all went our ways, and the name of Grant at Belmont awakened no response in the mind of the cub pilot on the Mississippi, connecting the fighting Colonel with the saddlery business at Galena. Our chief pilot, Tom Burns, had raised a company at Galena, composed principally of river men, pilots, engineers, mates and roustabouts, and his name was greater than Grant's among the river men who had not yet caught the war fever.

"In February, 1864, I was detailed from the West to the War Department for special service. Grant had made a great name as a fighter and a winner of battles. There was much discussion among the detailed men as to his probable success in handling the Army of the Potomac. It was claimed by the Eastern men that he had fought only second-rate military men in the West: when he met Lee he would fail, as other promising generals had failed. We Western men in the War Department maintained that he would whip Lee, as he had Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg and Pemberton; or, failing, it would be because he did not have his Western troops to back him.

"I saw Grant at City Point in 1864 after the repulse at Petersburg, and once or twice at Washington during the months following. It was not until after the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Johnston that I met the Galena man to speak with him.

"It will be remembered that after the assassination of President Lincoln men held their breath, wondering what would be the outcome. All eyes were turned upon Grant. The volunteers' estimate of the loyalty and patriotism of Andy Johnson in that crisis was not high. Had the threatened differences come to a choice between Johnson and Grant, the army would assuredly have followed Grant, and no one will question that Grant would have done what he deemed best for the Union. It was at this time that I resumed my acquaintance with Grant.

"Many War Department employes lunched at a little oyster house on G street, just off Seventeenth. We dined in a very democratic manner, standing at a tall counter and eating half a dozen raw and drinking a cup of coffee. Ignoring the high-priced and high-toned restaurants, Gen. Grant sauntered over from his headquarters in the Winsor Building, and standing at the counter finished his half-dozen like the rest of us, took a cigar and walked around the block for exercise. I was dressed in a private's uniform, and knew the farapartness of a boy in the ranks and a lieutenant general, but presuming on the fact that the war was over, and upon the common interest we had in old times in Galena, I one day took my stand alongside the General, and during a pause in the lunch introduced myself. At once General Grant was a shipping clerk in Galena, and as eager to know the fate of river captains. elerks and pilots, mutual acquaintinces, as I was willing to communicate what I knew of them. We chatted for fully half an hour, discussing the changes that the war had made in the circle of our acquaintances, and the changes that had already come, or would come, to the West and to the commerce of the Mississippi.

"I saw the General often after that during the two years of my stay in Washington, but never again spoke with him. The fact of his democratic style of living and dressing, for he nevas the regulations required, and his condescension, as it might be deemed. in conversing with a private in a public place, all indicated a character uninfluenced by changed conditions and untainted by success. The political and lineate him as a great general planning | articles.

campaigns and winning battles; the popular history which will take hold on the lives as well as the imaginations of the young men of the nation, as well as upon the interest of the old men who followed him, will show him to have been a plain man, hard-working, sometimes unfortunate in business, determined, persistent, courteous, interested in common affairs as well as in great doing his whole duty in many and varied conditions of life, and, dying, worthy to rank with our other great men, Washington and Lincoln."-J. A. Watrous, in Chicago Times-Herald.

An Angel of Mercy.

Since the wonderful Red Cross journey has been undertaken to Armenia, old friends are filled with reminiscences and stories of Clara Barton's early work in our civil war. In September, 1862, Miss Barton left Washington for the Blue Ridge with wagon loads of supplies for the sick and wounded. She had already ministered to the wounded and dying from the battles of Bull Run, Cedar Mountain and Chantilly. When she reached Burnside's corps after days of dusty traveling, sleeping in her wagon at night, she found the "two armies lying face to face along the ridges of hills that bounded the valley of Antietam." She ordered her mule teams to follow the lines of artillery, and through smoke and fog of camp fire and the dark air of battle begun, she turned into a tall cornfield and

unloaded her supplies in an old barn. Confederate shot and shell flew over her. In the barnyard and field men were bleeding, torn and dying. The surgeons had used their last bandages and were binding up wounds with corn husks. The army supplies had not yet arrived. All day long Miss Barton worked unceasingly. She fed the fainting and dying, all the bread, dipped in wine, that she had; moved them to the best possible places; found in the barn meal, flour and salt, hidden there by the Confederates.

Then began the gruel-making in old kettles and before night Miss Barton had twenty-five men at work with her. They carried buckets of hot gruel from the barn, and an old farm house near by, and across fields until the darkness fell over the valley. The porches of the house were used for operating tables. All day long, under a fierce battle, Clara Barton and the surgeons worked over the dying men. One of the doctors, now an old man in the West, says: "Never shall I forget the terror which seized me, as I looked about for candles. The supplies had not come. The armies had stopped their firing. Darkness crept over the hills and the valley! A surgeon near me said hurriedly: This bit of candle is all the light we have for to-night! A thousand suffering, dying, wounded men! They will perish before the day dawns!'

"Miss Barton replied joyously: 'Why, doctor, I brought thirty lanterns and hundreds of candles! I learned a lesson at Bull Run. We had a small supply. I said after that, light must be my first thought."

Both armies had laid down to rest. The dead were moved to one side, that the wounded might have care, and night settled down on the dreadful scene. The lanterns were quickly lighted, and hung in the bare old rooms, on the porches, the fences and wagons. Candles were flickering in all possible places and the work of surgeons, doctors and helpers went steadily on, all through the night.

Stood by the Flag in Peril. Nineveh S. McKeen, late First Lieu-

tenant of Company H, Twenty-first Illinois Volunteer Infantry, was one of the leaders of the desperate charge made by Carter's brigade at the battle of Stone River. The brigade was or dered to assail the famous Washington Artillery of the Confederates. They went to the assault with great bravery, and might have been successful had not a division of rebel infantry come to the artillery's assistance. The fire of the Confederates was terribly destructive. The Twenty-first Illinois had 303 men killed and wounded out of 666 en-

gaged. Lieut. McKeen, who was in the lead of his troops, received no less than three severe wounds; one in the head, one in the side, and an injury to his spine from a sliver struck from a cedar tree by a cannon ball. He was carried off the

At the battle of Liberty Gap Lieus. McKeen was in the charge made by Carter's brigade on the Confederates, who were defending the gap. The fire of Company H was concentrated on the color guard of the rebel regiment. The brave Confederates who were guarding the colors were all either killed or wounded. Lieut. McKeen, who had been leading his men directly in front of the flag, at the supreme moment sprang out and caught the flag just as it was falling to the ground and waved it in triumph, filling his own troops with enthusiasm and the hearts of the rebels with dismay.

In the battle of Chickamauga Lieut. McKeen was captured with a large number of the members of his regiment, and he was one of the fifteen Union officers who planned and executed the famous "Little Tunnel" at Andersonville Prison. He made good his escape to the Union lines and served

until July 4, 1865.

To Make Carbolic Acid Paper. Carbolic acid paper, which is now much used for packing fresh meats for the purpose of preserving them, is made by melting five parts of stearine at a gentle heat, and then stirring in er wore his uniform buttoned and laced | thoroughly two parts of carbolic acid; after which five parts of melted paraffine are to be added. The whole is to be well stirred together until it cools; after which it is melted and applied with a brush to the paper, in the same way as in preparing the waxed paper scholastic biography of Grant will de- so much in use for wrapping various

PRENTICE'S PEN PICTURE.

What the Great Journalist Thought of George Francis Train.

Some thousands of people-more or less-have asked me for a copy of George D. Prentice's pen-picture of George Francis Train. To fill a longfelt want the famous sketch is herewith given in the American Commercial Traveler.

During the last forty years of Preutice's life, and editorship of the old Louisville Journal, he was afflicted with corea scriptorum, or scrivener's cramp, better known as writer's paralysis, and that being before the invention of type-writing machines, he was forced to do all of his writing by the hand of another.

At the time, thirty odd years ago, George Francis Train, then a young man, was touring the country in company with Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and other noted woman's righters, advocating womansuffrage; he called upon Mr. Prentice at the latter's work-room in the Journal building. The interview between the two was evidently very pleasant, and in that few minutes Mr. Prentice "sized up" the irrepressible Train, very minutely, and as soon as Train had gone Prentice began to walk the floor, in his slip-shod way, and soon said to his amanuensis:

"Write. I desire to dictate a paragraph concerning Mr. Train."

Mr. Prentice always began his paragraphs with what is known in printer parlance as a "fist;" properly, an "index"-a little cut of a hand with the index finger pointing. He also called out his punctuation points as he went, which made his manner of dictation. often, very amusing. Following is the pen-picture as he delivered it:

"(Fist.) A locomotive that has run off the track (comma), turned upside down (comma), with the cow-catcher buried in a stump and the wheels making a thousand revolutions a minute (full-stop). A kite in the air that has lost its tail (dash)-a human novel without a hero (dash)-a man who climbs a tree for a bird's-nest (comma), out on a limb (comma), and in order to get it saws the limb off between himself and the tree (full-stop). A ship without a rudder (dash)-a clock without hands (dash)-an arrow shot into the air (dash)-a sermon that is all text (dash)-a pantomime of words (dash)-the apotheosis of talk (comma), the incarnation of gab (full-stop). Handsome (comma), vivacious (comma), muscular (comma), as neat as a cat (comma), clean to the marrow (comma), a judge of the effect of clothes (comma), frugal in food and regular only in habits (full-stop). A noon-day mystery (dash)-a solved connudrum (dash)-a cypher hunting for a figure to pass for something (semicolon); with the brains of twenty men in his head (comma) all pulling in different directions (semi-colon); not bad as to heart (comma), but a man who has shaken hands with reverence (full-

stop)." Prentice has been in his grave for a quarter of a century; Train is a whitehaired old man, and yet he is the same intellectual crazy-quilt as when this pen-picture was made, thirty odd years ago, and the portrait is still faithful in its likeness of him.—Commercial Traveler.

Enjoyment at Home.

Do not shut up your house, lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts, lest a merry laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep, the work is begun that ends in reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; and if they do not have it at their own hearthstone, it will be sought at another, and perhaps at less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly un-

Do not repress the buoyant spirit of your children; half an hour of merriment around the lamp and firelight of a home bolts out many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic circle. Put home first and foremost, for there will come a time when the home circle will be broken; when you will "long for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still:" and when your greatest pleasure will be in remembering that you did all in your power to put a song under every burden to make each other happy.-Albany Journal.

To Prevent Hydrophobia.

A correspondent writes that about six years ago he saw an item in a newspaper "stating that a German physician was going to die, and he wished to make known the discovery he had made in relation to the treatment of a mad dog bite. The prescription he never knew to fail, and he had tried it many times with men, cattle and horses. It is this: Simply wash the wound as soon as possible in a little warm vinegar and water, and put a few drops of muriatic acid into the wounds. This will neutralize the poison and prevent the disease, which usually proves fatal."-Boston Journal.

New Jersey's Inheritance Tax. New Jersey has had a collateral inheritance tax a little more than three years, but its State treasury has been enriched to the amount of \$363,086.59 by the tax during the time.

No boy can love his mother unless she can make good pie.