WE SHALL KNOW.

When the mists have rolled in splendor From the beauty of the hills, And the sunshine, warm and tender, Falls in splendor on the rills, We may read love's shining letter, In the rainbow of the spray. We shall know each other better When the mists have cleared away. We shall know as we are known, Never more to walk alone, In the dawning of the morning,

When the mists have cleared away. If we err in human blindness, And forget that we are dust, If we miss the laws of kindness, When we struggle to be just. Snowy wings of peace shall cover All the pain that clouds our way, When the weary watch is over, And the mists have cleared away. Weshall know as we are known, Never more to walk alone, In the dawning or the morning, When the mists have cleared away.

When the silvery mists have veiled us From the faces of our own Oft we deem their love has failed us, And we tread our path alone; We should see them near and truly, We should trust them day by day, Neither love nor blame unduly, If the mists have cleared away. We shall know as we are known, Never more to walk alone, In the dawaing of the morning, When the mists have cleared away.

When the mists have risen above us, As our Father knows His own, Face to face with those that love us. We shall know as we are known. Love, beyond the orient meadows Floats the golden fringe of day: Heart to heart we hide the shadows. Till the mists have cleared away. We shall know as we are known. Never more to walk alone, When the day of light is dawning, And the mists have cleared away. -San Francisco Call.

### AN EASTER LILY.

I had seen her morning after morning, at her stand in the French market in New Orleans. A girl of about fourteen, whose bright brunette beauty would have attracted the attention of any stranger. She was large for her age, and the charming, speaking face bore at times all the thoughtfulness of a woman, mingled with the innocence of early childhood,

I had passed the roses and camellias. the jessamines and magnolias, all that wealth of bloom and color which makes the French market such a gorgeous picture, when I found myself beside Blanche's basket of violets and orange treat. blossoms. Nothing else-no other intruding color in the soft purple and white bouquets which she had formed forms. Some were flat, some round, others cup-shaped and pyramidal, but | rights. no other stall in the market.

By dint of frequent pauses at her They will learn in time." stand and daily purchases, the flowergirl and I became the best of friends. have such a charge," I answered, There was always a bouquet set aside thoughtlessly; "and at your age, too." for me of the finest and freshest flowers, even if I was hours behind my of her astonishment Blanche stood with usual time. And at last it seemed to her broom poised in the air. "Why, be understood that I was never to pass what should I do without them, all

so good that they help me in every way;

for they know I can attend to but one

I smiled at Blanche's "large busi-

ness"; but large or small, my little

flower-girl evidently thought herself

exceptionally prosperous, and was the

happiest of the happy.
"Where do you live, Blanche?" was

"Oh, so far!-on the Bayou Bridge

road. I own my place. It was left me by my mother"—this with an in-describable air of importance—"and

I have a cow, too, and such milk and

"I would like to taste your milk," I

"If madame will honor me by com

If it had been a princess graciously

condescending from her high estate,

there could not have been more digni-

fied courtesy than belonged to the man-

ner of my calico-garbed little friend.

"Le Nid" (the nest), as Blanche called

Wednesday was a bright day, and

and sparkling at the novel excitement

of carrying a guest to her own home

thing at a time."

my next question.

said, smiling at her.

back to the laughing face.

cream!"

taste them."

with her.

As the said steps were built up like a ladder and very rickety, I thought that to call them a little difficult was a very mild way of describing them. But I scrambled up, and found myself in a as hands could scrub it, and a rocking chair pulled under the thickest festoons of the white roses.

"You will sit here in the shade," said Blanche, drawing me to the chair, "whilste Elodie and I gather the straw-berries. Elodie! Elodie, come here, you and Jean!"

There was a shout of delight as the two children beard their sister's voice and came flying up. Both Elodie and Jean were decidedly of the peasanttype, -sturdy-limbed and with rather heavy faces, - a marked contrast to the beau-

tiful, intelligent girl who stood beside She, however, saw no deficiency in "her children," as she called them, never fade, but merge into new growths, and her eyes sparkled with pride as each more beautiful, more perfect, than she told me of Jean's industry and those which preceded it. Her eyes

"Now we will leave madame and gather the fruit. I have drawn your chair under my favorite rose. My poor mother brought it from Provence—she was Provencal—and she nursed and loved it as if it was a child. I always wear one of those roses when they are in bloom, for they seem part of my mother. If I marry, my 'couronne de noce' (marriage wreath) shall be made of them. But if God wills that I shall die young, then my 'couronne de mort' (death wreath) shall also be of these roses. Perhaps I may die in the win-

"Her death-wreath!" I found myself softly repeating the girl's words over and over as I watched her flitting about among the strawberry beds. Strange words they seemed coming from one whose exuberant vitality was so marked. A full, over-running measure of life seemed given to those lithe, active limbs, that glowing face and happy, joyous voice.

ter when none are in bloom, but I hope

not."

I did not have to wait long for my fruit. A bowl piled up with the largest and reddest of strawberries, well sugared, and filled to the brim with yellow cream, was soon before me. Blanche was a charming hostess. By some right divine she moved and spoke like a lady, and there was no vulgar fussiness in the manner she served me.

I really ate more than prudence counselled, for I could not retuse to gratify the look of delight with which she watched my enjoyment of her

But when I had finished, Blanche, with the grave look on her face again with exquisite taste, and in a variety of -her business look-set to work to clear the table and put things to

"The children can do it," she said arrangement which could be found in "but then they are heedless, and do wreath is ready for me, and I want

"How troublesome it must be to one in the world? Ah! God is very

ood to give me their help—my pre-ious children!" She raised her eyes verently as she spoke. "Only think, madame! He gives me lth and strength and love of work the best of neighbors, and best of my mother's Bible. Does madame w that my parents were both Hugues, and my mother died holding her le in her hand? I read in it every

to my children, and they know all stories in it. Ah! we are as happy the birds here in our nest!" 'God keep you so, my child!" I an-ered, feeling rebuked to my inmost

When a beautiful boquet had been de for me, it was time to go. anche and her "children" accompanme to the cars, and the last glimpse ad of my little flower-girl showed ne her bright hair blown by the wind

about her lovely sparkling face.

This spring I returned to the city. It was just a year since my last visit and the very day after my arrival found me in the French Market. I went to the place where my little friend had kept her stall, but she was nowhere to be seen. A stout, red-faced Alsatian vegetable dealer, whom . Blanche had often pointed out to me as one of her good friends, sat in her place. She

knew him instantly. "Ah! here is poor Blanche's mad-am!" she cried. "Did you know that my brother and sister help to work it. the poor lamb is dying?-yes, dying?" I stood dumb and paralyzed, unable

even to ask a question. "Ye, I see madame is shocked. Blanche had scarlet fever this winter, The grave, business-like look came and it has left her in a consumption, so the doctor says. Ah! we had the best of doctors for her. We are very poor, madame, but there is not one of us who ing to my house some day. It is like a would not have worked our fingers to | Eliza. nest-though we are not quite birds. the bone for our bright little bird. We Next week I shall have some strawberries, and madame must come then and shall never see her in her old place

again. Never! never!" I hardly knew how I made my way out of the market. I did not realize the terrible news; no, not even when I found myself in the Bayou Bridge cars, speeding to the quaint little house I So it was then and there agreed that on the following Wednesday I was to visit

had seen so often in memory. We stopped at the very spot where I had last seen the beautiful face smiling at me. The house, as I approached it, looked as usual. The white rose was noon found me in the cars with Blanche in its full wealth of bloom, but it struck beside me, the gravity all gone from me that it was more unpruned and ran her eyes, and her lovely face dimpling more wildly than at my last visit.

I saw a figure sitting on the porch think I could be as I mounted the stairs, but I had to fool. Ta, ta!" stand before it and look into the sweet, Le Nid was a funny little place, with kind eyes before I could believe that a small, high house, built very much like a pigeon house. The house itself blanche. A gleam of joy leaped into was covered with a mass of white those eyes as they rested on me. She tury. The tail and tongue dressed she and her husband went away to live.

devoted to flowers, vegetables and small | away?"

fruit. Not an inch of ground was left unoccupied; and the cultivation was wonderful, considering that it was done by three children, the eldest only fourteen.

"Yes. Does not madame see I am going on a journey, which will take me far away from here? Ah! I have been very sick and tired for many, many months; but it will be all right many months; but it will be all right I could not restrain my tears. She laid her hot little hand in mine.

"Why does madam cry for me? It would have been hard had God called pleasant little porch, scrubbed as clean | me when I was so well and strong; but now every breath hurts me so that it will be better for me to go." There was silence between us for a

long time. At last she said—
"I shall never more sell Easter roses or lilies in the market as I used to do. Does madame think there are trees and flowers in heaven? I know what the Bible says about the Tree of Life; but will there be trees like those on earth? If the earth brings a resurrection of the flowers, will not heaven also?"

I tried to explain to her the perfect life, the flawless fruitage of the Eternal Garden. I did my best to lift her innocent thoughts up to those high regions of eternity, where the flowers each more beautiful, more perfect, than she told me of Jean's industry and grew dreamy with these new thoughts. Elodie's neatness, and of her dairy grew dreamy with these new thoughts. "I asked," she said, "because you

know, madame, I am so simple, so ignorant, that all I know is to tend flowers and fruit. Perhaps the blessed Lord will give me a little corner in His garden, that I may work. But my mother, my beautiful young mother, who has been there so long, will tell me what to do.

"Ah! she was so good, my mother! My father died when I was quite young | years ago. Having no faith in banks it —before Elodie was born; but he was has been his persistent custom to keep good, too." She paused, exhausted, from \$80,000 to \$100,000 in bank notes and a terrible fit of coughing shook her feeble frame.

"Ah! my children are not back yet," she said, when it ceased.

have nursed me day and night, and they look quite pale. Oh, such blessed from the boxes and spread them out in children they are! so patient, so watch-ful! never leaving me unless I make noised about the neighborhood, and them." She dozed a little in her chair after

this, then wakened with a start. "Have they not come yet? I want to see them so much!"

I looked, but could see nothing of the children. "Not that I fear for them," she con-

tinued. "They will have the nest and the flowers and fruit and the birds and all my kind, good friends. They will have my Bible, too," pointing to the lattle worn French Bible which lay on for money about the house they were her lap; "but above all, they will have frightened by the appearance of Steele's God to care for them. No, madame, I do not fear to leave my children." "How they will miss you!" I could

hardly speak, for the tears would come. "Yes, they will miss me." Her voice was very calm. "Every year they will put their wreath of 'immortelles' on my grave. I tell them they must bring Mrs. Steele was knocked unconbunches of violets and those roses," scious by a blow from one of the robpointing to the flowers overhead bers, who drove the hired man into a "Does madame see how beautifully bedroom at the point of a pistol. Both not sweep as well as I would wish. them to put a few in my hand. When my mother meets me. I wish her to recognize her favorite roses."

Another fit of coughing, and this time a little stream of blood crickled from her lips. With the help of the weeping chil-

dren, who had returned, I carried Blanche to her bed. I did not leave her again that evening-no, not until the tired, tender eyes were hidden by the white lids, and the wasted hands, holding the roses, were folded over the pulseless breast.

My blessed little flower girl! Methinks she has carried the aroma of those Provence roses straight up to the steps of the great white throns. In God's great kingdom my bird, which notes, which the old farmer was once has fled from her nest, has found a refuge where her steadfast, innocent faith will develop the glorious life of which only dim possibilities reach us here.

She blest us; but, as bless the roses, A morning's swift, brief space."
The blooming Easters come and go.

She is no longer in the flower market. Other hands deal in Easter roses and lilies. But every Easter I lay a white flower on her grave, and I love to recall her memory, and to dream of her as one of the flowers in the immortal gardens, and to speak of her as my Easter lily - [Youth's Companion.

# Dazed by Deciphering.

Evansville Argus.

"Did you ever hear of those men who have a mania for reading symbolic writing, secret signs and the like?" said a journalist to us the other day. "Are you one?" we asked.

"I am. To me a hieroglyphical ad. in a newspaper is like a glass of whisky to a chronic drunkard. I cannot rest till I have deciphered it."

"And do you often succeed?" "Generally, but the other day I got hold of a poser. Coming down from the office I picked up a letter, the contents of which ran:

Dear Nettie:-The order is: K 3, o, n, o, k 3, o, n, purl 1, n, purl 1, n, purl 1, n, o, k 3, o, k 2, o, n, purl 1.-

"This puzzled my brains, I can tell you. It was evidently something crimuntil my head reeled and ached."

"Did you find it out at last?" my vest pockets for looose change. 'Why, Will,' she said, 'where on earth did you get this direction for a pattern of lace insertion? It must be very pretty.' I tell you it was rough. Didn't think I could be such a soft-headed

DISCONTENT.

Two boats rocked on the river, In the shadow of leaf and tree; One was in love with the harbor; One was in love with the sea.

The one that loved the harbor The winds of fate outbore, But held the other, longing, Forever against the shore.

The one that rests on the river. In the shadow of leaf and tree, With wistfu! eyes looks ever To the one far out at sea. The one that rides the billow,

Though sailing fair and fleet, Looks back to the peaceful river, To the harbors safe and sweet. One frets against the quiet Of the moss-grown shaded shore;

One sighs that it may enter That harbor never more. One wearies of the dangers Of the tempest's rage and wall;

Of all that life can teach us There's naught so true as this: The winds of fate blow ever, But ever blow amiss.

One dreams, amid the lilles,

Of a far-off snowy sail.

### NO FAITH IN BANKS.

\$100,000 Lying Around So He Kept Loose.

New York Sun.

Isaac Steele, an aged farmer living near Petrolia, Pa., made \$100,000 from oil that was found on his farm a few stowed away in different places about his house. Five or six years ago he had \$100,000 locked up in a number of boxes. One day he was examining his "I sent them out for a walk. They treasure and found it damp and mildewed and moldy. He took the notes people flocked from all directions to see the novel spectacle of a fortune scattered about. For two days the money was thus exposed, guarded by the old farmer, his wife, daughter and hired man. It was then returned to its hiding places in the house.

Three nights afterward Steele woke up and found three men in his room. They were all masked. They seized the old man and his wife and bound and gagged them. While searching hired man, who had been absent in Petrolia. The robbers fled, having secured \$1,000. This experience failed to induce Steele to trust his money out of his house. One night in April, 1881, about midnight, three masked men Steele and his daughter were soon over come, but not before the masks had been torn from the faces of two of the men, who proved to be Jim James and William Macdonald, well-known residents of the neighborhood. The noise made at Steele's house during the struggle aroused a neighboring family, and the robbers fled. The third was not recognized. James and Mcdonald were arrested next day, and were sen-

tenced to state prison for five years. Every one supposed that Steele would put his wealth in a place of safety after the second warning he had received, but he stubbornly refused to do so. Only a few days ago a neighbor who called at the house found Steele sitting in the kitchen, while the floor, table and chairs were covered with bank more drying. There were \$45,000 in the lot. An oil operator from the lower country brought the news here on Saturday that Steele's house had been visited by masked burglars on Thursday night and they succeeded in getting away with \$5,000 before they were forced to fly from the house by approaching neighbors. They bound the family as usual, and escaped detection. It is said that Steele has at last decided to put his money where it will be safe.

# A Dying Boy's Story.

A youthful soldier had a presentiment that he should die on a certain day of the year, because it was the anniversary of the drowning of his sister. He was taken sick, and as the day drew near he grew rapidly worse. The doctor and nurse pooh-poohed his fears as absurd, but he said all the same he should die on a certain night. The day came and he was very low. About 8 o'clock he called a comrade to his

bedside and said: "It is almost time, Billy. Good-bye. In an hour I shall be with my sister, and we will be looking at our mother."
"Nonsense," said his comrade. "If you were with your dead sister how could you be looking at your mother

who is living and well?" "It's a strange story," he said feebly, "but if you don't mind it 1 will tell it to you; it will make the time shorter.' "It was three years ago my sister inal. Written by a woman, too. Hour Jessie was drowned at 9 o'clock at after hour I sat over the thing till its night. She was engaged to be marmystic figures were burned into my ried, and on her birthday, three months brain. I transposed them into every before her wedding, mother gave us all shape of vowel and consonant. The a party. On the evening of that party strange signs danced before my eyes mother cried bitterly because it was the last birthday she would have sister with us. My sister ran to her, and, throw-"Last night my wife was turning out | ing her arms about mother's neck, said : "Never mind, dear mother, I will be with you always on my birthday,

whether dead or alive.' It was a rash speech, and our good folks shook their heads gravely, for they did not like it. "We are Scotch people, you know, and very superstitious. People said Jessie had bound herself body and Whales were eaten by persons of the soul." He paused, exhausted, and,

climbing roses, which made it look like a large bouquet. The yard in front was filled with orange and Japan plum thought of so often! So you have trees, and the sides and back seemed come to see me, my friend, before I go sum of 24s. for "100 pieces of whale" It was a bitter blow to all of us. Mother quen to be used as food in her household. fretted a good deal, and father, al- his leisure hours.

though he said nothing, looked old and haggard, and we all knew he was in. It was only for a moment, and then she was gone, and we knew we should see her no more for a year. Last year she came again, and to-night she will come to our old home and look in at the window, and mother will be watching for her."

He closed his eyes and lay still for so long his comrade thought he was dead, but at last he opened them again, and

"When I enlisted it almost broke poor mother's heart. On the day I left her I told her I would come back to her in the spirit. She said I never would return. I knew I should die somehow, and something told me I should perish on the same day of the year and at the same hour that sister had died. It's almost time," he said, "and I soon must go. Don't you hear her coming and the water dripping from her dress? See, she is putting roses in her hair. How cold and clammy her hand is, and it grows dark——" With these words he raised up a little, held out his hands and fell back dead.

### Poisonous Plants.

There are many plants whose leaves, flowers and seeds contain virulent poisons, which every one should know, so as to avoid them and keep children from them. Buttercups possess a poisonous property which disappears when the flowers are dried in hay, no cow will feed upon them while in blossom. So caustic are the petals, that they will sometimes inflame the skin of tender fingers. Every child should be cautioned against eating them; indeed, it is desirable to caution children about tasting the petals of any flower, or putting leaves into their mouths, except those know to be harmless. The oleander contains a deadly poison in its leaves and flowers, and is said to be a dangerous plant for the parlor or dining room. The flower and berries of the wild briony possess a powerful purgative, and the red berries, which attract children, have proved fatal. The seed of the laburnum and catalpa trees should be kept from children; and there is a poisonous property in their bark. The seeds of the yellow and of the rough podded vetches will produce nausea and severe headache. Fool's parsley has tuberous roots which have been mistaken for turnips, and produced a fatal effect an hour after they were eaten.

Meadow hemlock is said to be the hemlock which Socrates drank; it kills by its intense action upon the nerves, producing complete insensibility and palsy of the arms and legs, and is a most dangerous drug except in skilful hands. In August it is found in every field, by seashore and near mountain tops, in full bloom, and ladies and children gather its clusters of tiny white flowers in quantities, without the least idea of their poisonous qualities. The water hemlock, or cow-bane, resembles parsnips, and has been eaten for them with deadly effects. The water-dropwort resembles celery when not in flower, and its roots are also similar to those of the parsnip, but they contain a virulent poison, producing convulsions which end in death in a short time. The fine-leaved waterdropwort and the common dropwort are also dangerous weeds. The bulbs of the daffodil were once mistaken for leeks and boiled in soup, with disastrous effects, making the whole household intensely nauseated, and the children did not recover from their effects for several days.

# Peculiarities of Hand-shaking.

London World. The different modes of shaking

hands will delineate human character and many peculiarities of different persons may be noted in the performance of this social custom. Who would expect to get a handsome donation or any donation at all-from a man who will give two fingers to be shaken, and keeps the others bent as upon an "itching palmb" The hand coldly held out to be shaken and drawn away again as soon as it decently may be, indicates a cold, selfish character, while the hand which seeks yours cordially, and unwillingly relinquishes its warm clasp, gives token of a warm disposition, and of a heart full of sympathy for human-

How much that is in the heart can be made to express itself through the agency of the fingers! Who, having once experienced it, has ever forgotten the feeling conveyed by the eloquent pressure of the hand from a dying triend when the tongue has ceased to speak? A right hearty grasp of the hand indicates warmth and ardor, while a soft, lax touch, without a grasp, indicates the opposite characteristics. In the grasp of persons with large hearted generous minds, there is a "whole soul" expression most refreshing and acceptable to kindred spirits, but when a man presents you with a few cold, clammy lifeless fingers, feeling very much like a dead fish, and expects you to do all the shaking, it will naturally make you think of the hospital and other cheerful things.

Contrary to this style, there is a habit among the rude class of giving your hand a crushing grasp, which is often most painful. In these cases there may be great kindness and a "strong" at fection, but it is as crude as it is hearty. If the grasp is warm, ardent and vigorous, so is the disposition. If it is cool, formal, and without emotion, so is the character. If it is magnetic and animating, the disposition is the same. As we shake hands so we feel, so we

quent companion of the president in to propose a toast. "Your patients,

Common Flour the Best.

grieving his heart for sister. The anniversary of sister's birthday drew near, and mother fretted more than ever and father looked older and older. The night came, and we knew sister would keep her promise and be there. We of the grain, may be interested to learn sat in the room, waiting for the first of the investigations of Dr. N. A. Ransound of her footsteps. I heard her first coming up the walk, and the water was running from her garments. She came to the open window and looked tures of specially prepared foods have always maintained, on good, scientific authority, that the gluten of wheat resided only in the cortical cells of the grain, the body of the grain being composed almost wholly of starch. Up to now, microscopical examination has upheld this dogma, although Prof. Richardson, of Philadelphia, and Prof. Leeds, of Hoboken, have pointed out that such was not the case.

Dr. Randolph now demonstrates that the wheat grain itself possesses a large amount of gluten, which forms a sort of network around the starch. It appears that the gluten of this central portion was always masked by the large number of starch grains, and thus, Dr. Randolph declares, it escaped observation. By dissolving out the starch grains a network of gluten was found by Dr. Randolph, which may be demonstrated in more than one way. In fact, the starch grains may be said to lie in a bed of gluten. It is, therefore, satisfactory to know that those who desire this highly important nitrogenous element of food will find it in considerable quantities in the ordinary prepared flour.

But this is not all. Dr. Randolph has made experiments to discover whether the gluten which undoubtedly exists in the external covering of the grain was capable of serving as food to man. The result showed that even after careful cooking, the hard, dense, cellulose walls which enclosed the gluten were unaffected by the digestive juices, exhibiting no change after prolonged maceration at the temperature of the human digestive tract. The cells were also found to be unaffected by maceration for thirty days in liquor potassa. Even immersion in strong nitric acid for several days practically had no effect upon them.

Such being the case, the use of branny foods for the purpose of obtaining gluten appears to be a fallacy and worse than a blunder; for, in rejecting fine wheaten flour, which really contains gluten in a form easily digested, refuse product is accepted which yields up no part of its gluten, but rasps the digestive tract, clogs the stomach with indigestible trash, and lays a future of dys-

Mrs. L. emont's Book.

Mrs. Jessie Benton-Fremont, wife of Gen. John C. Fremont, is one of the best known and most popular women in this country. Nearly every winter she pays a visit to Washington, where every one who is worth knowing pays her the most marked attention. She is in Washington now, and will remain here for several weeks yet. I called ipon Mrs. Fremont vesterday morning. and was received by her while she was engaged in receiving a call from the favorite neice of her father, the great Benton, with her vivacious daughterin-law at her right.

She is now engaged in writing a book, covering her reminiscences of the political periods of Benton and Fremont with notes up to the present day, for her past relations with prominent political leaders gives her to-day a footing with the leaders of the present, which her knowledge of politics and social powers enable her to easily maintain.

"What will be the title of your book, Mrs. Fremout?" I asked.

"Oh, I can hardly say as yet. If I could borrow a French title I should prefer to call it 'My Memoirs.' I intend to give a fireside study of the political life of my time. I hope to make it something better than a mere record of personal gossip and reminiscence. You know I was with my father when he was writing his 'Thirty Years in the United States Senate,' and was the confidant of many of his private papers. He made his 'Thirty Years' book much more comprehensive than he would if better than any other single act can do, he had been preparing it simply for public men. But he intended it should be a political bible; it was especially prepared for the instruction of young men just entering politics. This book has certainly reached the place in public consideration for which it was originally intended."

Mrs. Fremont then said: "I think there is one thing lacking in the history of our times that adds such fullness and completeness to French historical ilterature, and that is the lack of recording the personal observation and gossip of a period which is so fully covered in French by the memoirs of noted people."

# The Safe Part of a Car.

A party of merchant travelers in a

passenger coach were talking over their traveling experience and the danger of accidents, and finally the question arose as to the safest part of the car. Failing to settle the question among themselves, they called up the conductor, and one of them asked him: "Conductor, we have been discussing the matter of the safest part of the car, and want to know your opinion." "Want to know the safest part, eh?" replied the conductor. "Yes, that's it." "Well," continued the conductor, borrowing a chew of tobacco and looking disappointed because he did not get a cigar, "I've been on the road for fifteen years, and I have been turned over embankments, busted up in tunnels, dumped off of bridges, tele-coped in collisions, blown off the track by cyclones, run into open switches, and had other pleasant incidental divertisements of kindred nature, and I should say, gentlemen, the sifest part of the car was that part which happened to be in the shop for repairs at the time of the accident."

Lately at a dinner given by some homæpathic doctors in Paris, after the memory of Hahnemann had been toasted and the health of various celeb-Mr. Bancroft, the historian, is a fre- rities drunk, Alphonse Karr was asked gentlemen," he said.