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JUST A BOY.

Laurence Hutton's Reminiscences of His Juvenile Life in New York.

He was not a very good boy or a very bad boy or a very bright boy or an unusual boy in any way. He was just a boy, and very often he forgets that he is not a boy now.

His mother was the most generous and the most unselfish of human beings. She was always thinking of somebody else—always doing for others.

She found plenty "to do with it" before she got through with it, more than 40 years afterward, and the boy has every reason to believe that she never regretted the gift.

The boy was redheaded and long nosed even from the beginning—a shy, dreaming, self-conscious little boy, made peculiarly familiar with his personal defects by the constant remarks to the effect that his hair was red and that his nose was long.

His mother, married at 19, was the oldest of a family of nine children, and many of the boy's aunts and uncles were but a few years his senior and were his daily and familiar companions.

But nobody except the boy knows of the agony which the rest of the family, unconsciously and with no thought of hurting his feelings, caused him by the fun they poked at his nose, at his fiery locks and at his unhandiness.

A TRIBUTE TO ART.

The Maid of Milesia and the Beautiful Venus de Medici.

Somewhere in Washington—just where is not necessary to the main point at issue in this short article on the development and undevelopment of art in the national capital—is a mansion presided over by a woman of wealth and refinement.

Not many days ago the mistress and the maid were going over the house with brush and broom, putting it in special order for a musicale that was to be given to a few artists and fashionables, and the mistress observed that the maid on three several occasions passed by with cold neglect of cloth and brush a beautiful figure of the "Venus de Medici," in an alcove just off the hall.

"Here, Maggie!" she called. "Why don't you brush the dust off this figure?"

"Which wan, mem?" inquired Maggie with great innocence.

"The 'Venus' there in the alcove, of course. See?"—and the lady touched it with her finger—"you have left dust all over it."

"'Yis, mem," confessed Maggie, "but I do be thinking for a long time, mem, that there aht to be something on it, mem."

It was a delightful and logical excuse, perhaps, but the lady could scarcely accept it, and Maggie's brush removed even the dusty drapery she wished to leave.—Washington Star.

His Grandmother.

A gentleman once asked Uncle Daniel, a droll character in a New England village, if he could remember his grandmother.

"I guess I can," said Uncle Daniel, "but only as I saw her once. Father had been away all day, and when he came home he found I had failed to do something he expected of me.

He caught up a rough apple tree limb and walked up to me with it. Grandmother appeared on the doorstep with a small, straight stick in her hand, and instantly handed it to my father.

The telltale light revealed three bricks carefully done up in raw cotton, and, unopened, they were returned to the would-be joker marked "Refused."—Washington Times.

HOW SHE HELD THE TRAIN.

A Woman's Strategy That Enabled Her Daughter to Go to Town.

"Before I came to this part of the country I was an engineer on a railroad down south," said a railway man. "We used to make a long run, and we were pretty slow about it.

"I don't see why," she expostulated. "I think you might do a little thing like that."

"I tried to explain to her that trains ran on schedule time, and, like time and tide, wait for no man, or woman either, for that matter.

"I just won't," she replied, "until my daughter gets on board your train."

"Just you dare!" she cried. "I'll sue you for damages if you do."

"This opened a new complication, and we reasoned with ourselves whether we had better remove her by force.

"Go ahead, Mary Ann. You have plenty of time, though, for I will sit on the track until you get on board."

"And then, when Mary Ann was safely on board and we were about ready to run over the old woman, if necessary, she calmly and slowly got up and waved me a goodbye, calling as we pulled out of the station:

"I hope I've taught you fellows a grain of politeness."—Chicago Times-Herald.

HISTORIC SLAVE AUCTION.

The Sale of Pinksaid to Have Inspired the Emancipation Proclamation.

In The Ladies' Home Journal Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher writes of "When Mr. Beecher Sold Slaves in Plymouth Pulpit."

"An old colored woman had written to Mr. G. Faulkner Blake, the brother of one of our church members, that her little grandchild, named Pinky, was too fair and beautiful for her own good, and was about to be sold 'down south,' and Mr. Blake asked if she could be freed.

"It was in the early days of railroad building in the south," remarked the gentleman with the stock of reminiscences the other day.

"It was located in Florida about the time when the government had made vassals of the Seminole Indians of that state, and in order to impress the redoubtable Billy Bowlegs, the Teacumseh of the Seminoles, it had invited that 'heap big chieftain' to make a trip to the seat of the national government.

"Huh," he said, with an upward twist of his prominent proboscis, 'horse wid wheels no good! Big heap no good! Me on horse better than two. Run way all time. White man heap smart. Injun heap better. Huh!'"

Soap of Pompeii. Soap has been in use for 3,000 years and is twice mentioned in the Bible.

Practice Makes Perfect. Mildred—Madge's complexion has improved wonderfully of late.

The tickets to the village ball were not transferable, and this was the way they read: "Admit this gentleman to ball in assembly rooms. No gentleman admitted unless he comes himself."

A wood pulp mill in Christiania, Norway, has begun making roofing tiles out of wood pulp chemically treated. They are light, strong and cheap.

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B'ILIN SOAP 'ITH MARTHV.

Lord, how I miss them good ole days 'When life was full 'n' joy.

The kittle was sot in the orchard lot 'Were nobody'd come an' spy.

An my yearnin senses was took by storm 'By each little cunnin trick 'O' grace an' beauty an' swain form.

Oh, shucks! I couldn't hope 'To tell how fair was that fairest o' girls 'As she stirred the soap 'ith a stick.

—J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

SUFFER FROM "FLAT FEET."

How the Breaking Down of the Arch Is Remedied by a Steel Strip.

Despite the fact that the beauty of a well arched foot is much appreciated by people of an artistic turn of mind, has been sung frequently by poets and versemakers, there has been until lately little interest, from a scientific point of view, taken in its direct opposite—the flat foot.

The result is that these little bones keep rubbing against each other, and the pain gets more and more severe.

In position it acts simply as a support, literally holding up the bones and giving them an opportunity to slip back into their proper places.

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