

IN ABSENCE.

But yesterday, in yonder spot
Mine eyes could rest upon thy face,
And now there's but an empty space
Wherein I seek and find thee not.

All is the same, yet not the same!
The river flows, the flowers bloom,
The stars pierce through the darkling
gloom,
And nature calls aloud thy name.

Now stranger eyes look into thine,
And stranger lips their welcome speak;
A stranger's kiss is on thy cheek;
But none can be to thee as mine!

For, north or south, or east or west,
Come storm or sunshine, weal or woe,
A truer heart thou'lt never know
Than that which trembles in this breast!
—Saturday Evening Post.

A MESS OF POTTAGE.

John Henry Briggs had been born and brought up in the country, and though he had spent some years in the city he claimed he had never been entirely weaned from the country. Though he had not seen a hill of beans planted in fourteen years yet he did not cease to tell his friends about his knowledge of farming, and how, when he was on the farm, his father used to raise crops the envy of that country side for miles around. Once in a while Mr. Briggs would get a notion into his head that he wanted some of the old-time country fare, and then his little wife was put to her wits' end to prepare ham and string beans or bacon and hominy in such a manner as to remind Mr. Briggs of his long-past country boyhood. Her efforts met with indifferent success, for though Mrs. Briggs can cook after the same formula that Mr. Briggs' mother used, she cannot give him the appetite of a hired man, or conjure up the conditions under which Mr. Briggs used to relish country fare.

One day this spring Mr. Briggs suddenly remembered how he used to relish boiled greens, and from that moment his one aim in life was to devour some once more. Mr. Briggs' aunt was stopping at his house for a few days when the fever struck him and she was consulted as to the proper ingredients and kinds of herbs. Spinach, pulse and curly dock with beet tops and mustard leaves.

As curly dock and mustard leaves were not to be procured in open market, a small boy was commissioned to invade the country and procure a sufficient quantity of those herbs.

The boy succeeded in his foreign mission, and it seemed as though Briggs was going to enjoy a meal of old-time boiled greens once more. He invited an old bachelor chum to take dinner with him, and the said chum readily accepted the invitation, not so much on account of the dinner of herbs, as because of a gentle and bashful passion that he entertained for Briggs' maiden aunt. The maiden aunt was aware of the tender sentiments of her nephew's friend, and knowing that old saying: "the easiest way to reach a man's heart is through his stomach," has considerable truth in it, she determined that the boiled greens should be a success. Mrs. Briggs usually superintended the culinary department, but to make sure that the cookery was going on in proper shape the aunt invaded the kitchen.

"Now Mrs. Briggs always is sparing of salt and terribly afraid of pepper," mused the aunt. "I think I'll put a little more of both in to be sure that there's enough. And I'm afraid she did not put in enough dock. There's nothing like plenty of dock in boiled greens."

So in went more salt and pepper, and another handful of dock. The aunt had barely retired from the kitchen when the mistress of the house entered and looked into the seething pot.

"I can't for the life of me remember whether I put in salt and pepper or not. John always says that I never

season things enough; so to be sure of it I'll put in some anyway, and I guess a little more dock would not do any harm." Another dose of salt and pepper went into the boiling caldron.

Mary Ann, who was the actual bone and muscle of that kitchen, looked over the field a little later and decided that as her mistress often forgot to season what she was cooking, that it would be a good plan to put a little extra seasoning into the greens. She did so. And as she knew dock was good she put in an extra bunch.

Mr. and Mrs. Briggs, with aunt and the invited guest, gathered around the festive board, sparkling with cut glass and glittering with silver.

"Ah, it makes me young again," said Briggs, when the pottage was brought in, "to smell the savory odor of biled greens once more. I hope you prepared plenty, my dear." Mrs. Briggs replied that she thought she had prepared a sufficient quantity, or, to be more truthful, aunt had prepared them.

As Aunt had prepared them, the guest hastened to partake of them. There was a smile and look of pleasant anticipation on his face as his lips closed over a generous portion, but the smile vanished instant and a look of astonishment not unmixed with terror, took its place. When he realized the flavor of his mouthful his first impulse was to spit, but he checked it, and chewed manfully, with weaving jaw, like a cow with a thorn in her cud. In the meantime Mr. Briggs' aunt had taken a mouthful of the greens. When the taste of the mess became apparent, she barely suppressed a scream, and in her haste to get the dainty out of her mouth, the greens became tangled up in her custom-made teeth, and all went out together. Briggs was so engaged with his own anticipations that he did not notice anything amiss at the other side of the table.

"I tell you," he remarked, "the old time country provender is best, after all. Now this—" and he put some in his mouth. "Bah! oh! oh! Moses! What is this? It's poison!" and his eyes started and he grew red in the face, as he spit and pattered.

"Why, what's the matter, my dear?" asked Mrs. Briggs, in alarm.

"Trouble! trouble!" he roared, continuing to spit. "What is this hellish stuff that you have made?" The guest, no longer able to contain himself, gagged, and his portion departed from him, while his countenance assumed a deathlike whiteness.

"We're poisoned," continued Briggs, "send for a doctor. Get an emetic; quick, somebody."

"I don't think we need an emetic," said the guest, making a bolt to the door.

For a few minutes confusion of the rankest kind held sway, but finding that they continued to live, the scare abated somewhat, and Mrs. Briggs and the aunt confessed to their seasoning the pottage.

"But what," said Briggs makes it so bitter? It is more bitter than the most poignant grief condensed.

Finally to settle the matter, some of the ingredients that had not been used were brought in.

"What's this; did you use any of that?" asked Briggs, holding up some leaves.

"Why yes," replied Mrs. Briggs, "we used plenty of that. That's dock."

"Yes, it's dock," said Briggs, "but it's burdock, and not curly dock, and burdock is the bitterest weed that grows on the face of the earth. If you two women, born and raised in the country, have so far forgotten your bringing up that you can't tell curly dock from burdock, it isn't safe to trust you to cook greens."

And Mr. Briggs' chum, with a tender passion for the aunt, thought so, too, and the aunt will never again try to reach a man's heart through his stomach.—Edwin Ralph Collins, in Texas Siftings.

HOW HE WAITED.

The Poor Hod-Carrier Exhibited the Sublimest Philosophy.

A hod-carrier was badly crushed, a fortnight ago, in New York, by the fall of a scaffolding while he was at work on a tall building, says the Argonaut. His fellows picked him up and bore him, bleeding and dusty, to a shady spot to wait for the ambulance. People were being prostrated by the heat all over the city, and the ambulances had been on the run all day. After about half an hour of suspense, a doctor, who was passing, was called over. He knelt down by the man, felt his crushed-in side, and examined his fractured skull. Then he shook his head and asked, softly: "Has he any friends among you?" "None of us knows him, sir," said the foreman. "Well, if any of you can get any information from him about his people, you'd better do so at once. Nothing can save him. It's only a question of a few hours." Brandy was procured and seemed to revive him, and he opened his eyes and looked around, but to all questions as to his name, his home, his parents, his wife, his children, etc., he gave no answer. "Well, old man," said the foreman at last, tenderly, "we can't do nothing at all for you, the doctor says, though you know we would if we could. The day is wearing on and our job must be finished. The ambulance will soon be here, so you won't take it hard if we leave you now, will you?" The hod-carrier looked up at him slowly and spoke with a great effort: "I've got to die, eh?" "Doctor says so." "How soon?" "Before sundown, my boy." "No help for it?" "No." "Well," with a long sigh, "you go on with your work and I'll go on with my dyin'," and he turned his head—shut his eyes—and—waited.

The Rudeness of Stupid Persons.

The unconscious rudeness of stupid persons is one of the most annoying of social vexations, and yet it is a thing which must be endured as part of the discipline of life.

A lady who had had her house done over in the most recent fashion was asked by every intimate friend who called to exhibit it from top to bottom. As she was one of the persons who have numerous intimate friends she filled the office of exhibitor pretty often, and of course each dear friend to whom she showed the house went away and made intimate friend comments upon it. One day a lady who was not of the inner circle of intimate friends called and before leaving asked to be taken over the house. The hostess showed her about and after all had been seen led the way back to the parlor.

"But you have not showed me all the chambers," the guest said.

"Yes, you have seen them all," was the reply.

"No," the caller insisted, "there is certainly one which I have not seen."

"I have shown you all the chambers there are," the hostess answered.

"Well," the other said, "I do not understand it. Mrs. Smith," naming the hostess' most intimate friend, "told me that there was one chamber that had the most vulgar paper on it that she ever saw, and I wanted to see that."

To which the hostess could only reply that whatever there was had been shown, and that the caller might decide for herself what chamber Mrs. Smith had meant.—Boston Courier.

Queen Anne's War.

In 1702 began the war known as "Queen Anne's War." In this war England fought against Spain as well as France. South Carolinawas involved in a war with the Spaniards and Indians of Florida, while the northern colonies were struggling against Canada. The governor of South Carolina made successful inroads upon the Florida Indians, but he could not capture

St. Augustine. Port Royal, in Nova Scotia, was again taken from the French in 1710, but the attempts made to take Quebec were once more a failure. The war was chiefly notable for the horrible onslaughts of the Canada Indians on some of the northern frontier. Deerfield, in western Massachusetts, was destroyed in 1704, and more than a hundred of its people carried into captivity. The war lasted about eleven years. A treaty was made in 1713, and there was a long peace between France and England.

A Fish in a Jug.

The toad-fish of America usually haunts the crevices of rocks, where it lays its eggs; but there is now on view in the Aquarium of the United States Fish Commission at Washington an ordinary jug, in which one of these curious fish has made its home. The jug was picked up from the bottom of Great Harbor, Wood's Pond, Mass., with a male toad-fish inside and a quantity of spawn adhering to the walls. Toad-fish have also been found at home in old boots, pieces of drain-tile and bottomless beer bottles. In the Aquarium at Washington there are stern battles for the freehold of these tenements, but the fish in possession is generally able to hold its own.

Sherman's Remarkable Dream

Writers who have busied themselves picking up anecdotes and incidents of the life of Sherman appear to have wholly overlooked the story of his remarkable dream. The St. Louis Republican has had the account in a scrap-book for upwards of twenty years. It is as follows:

One night the general took refuge in an old farm house and had fallen into a deep sleep when he was visited by a most exciting dream. He fancied that the house in which he slept was surrounded by a band of guerillas, who had dug a hole beneath the room in which he lay, filled it with powder and touched it off. The explosion that followed was terrible, and the general thought he saw himself flying through the air in sections. The shock of this terrible experience caused him to jump to the middle of the floor. Hastily dressing, he left the building. He had not gone far into the night when a red glare shot up from the farm house, followed by a terrible explosion. The building was wrecked, but the dream had saved the life of the great general.

Parental Independence.

The fond mother will sometimes pour herself out unreservedly upon her child. She withholds nothing in her power that will contribute to his gratification. No sacrifice is too great for her to undergo for his sake. This self-abnegation is in itself lovely and admirable; yet, if it end there, it cannot but prove an injury to the very one for whose sake she would lay down her life. With all her efforts, one important part of his education has been neglected. He has not been trained in benevolence. His generosity has not been cultivated. His powers of self-restraint and self-sacrifice have not been developed. He is accustomed to receive everything and give nothing—to be ministered unto and not to minister. Unless he possesses a very rare and unusual character, he will grow up selfish, exacting, and ungrateful. There has not been too much kindness, but too little intelligence.

A Boot and Shoe Museum.

One section of the great historical collection at Dresden is literally a museum of boots and shoes, being, it is believed, unequalled in the world as a repository for the footwear of celebrities. Among the things of interest shown are a pair of shoes worn by Martin Luther at the Diet of Worms, and the toilet slippers of the great Maria Theresa. In a sealed case are shown the boots worn by Napoleon at the battle of Dresden, and the jack boots of Peter the Great.