

### MAN'S FAITHFUL FRIEND.

Bobby loved me—Bobby's dead—  
Who shall say to heaven holds him?  
Who shall dare deny that God's  
All-embracing love enfolds him?

While the memory of true love  
Mortals still delight to cherish,  
Who shall say that such a fond,  
Faithful heart as his shall perish?

Who shall say no soul looked out  
From those eyes that e'er seemed asking  
Me to recognize somewhat  
More than flesh and blood's mere mask-  
ing?

Dear dumb Bobby, tried and true!  
Faithful friend and staunch defender!  
Heaven were nearer to us were all  
Human hearts as true and tender.

Many a mighty son of earth  
Might have gone and scarce have moved  
me;  
He was but a dog—and yet  
Bobby's dead and Bobby loved me!  
—Boston Post.

### MR. BOFFIN AND THE BAILIFFS.

"Well! Of all the crooked things as  
ever wot!" ejaculated Mr. Boffin, the  
butler.

"It's a wicked shame, that's wot it  
is, Mr. Boffin," chimed in Mrs. Asprey,  
the housekeeper.

"Couldn't have believed it of the  
gov'nor. Never, till this mornin', know'd  
him to do anything but wot was puf-  
fery gentry."

"Ah, Mr. Boffin! One don't know  
where to trust!"

"If he'd a told me I wouldn't have  
taken it so crood. But to let us in for  
the bailiffs like this, without a word  
of warning, and him a kicking up 'is  
heels on a 'oliday! Well, it's a dirtier trick  
than I know's 'ow to express, Mrs. Asprey.  
And me a served him faithful,  
too, for twenty years!"

"I 'ope that when you're writing to  
him, Mr. Boffin, you'll put it to him  
quite straight."

"You may trust me, mem. I shall  
be pufkly candid. Oh, yes! He'll fidget  
in his chair when he reads my letter to-  
morrow. If the postoffice wouldn't be  
shut before a messenger could get  
there I'd send him a wire. But as it is  
there's no chance of his getting back  
'ere till tomorrow night."

"If he comes at all, Mr. Boffin."

"Oh, I think he'll come, mem. He'll  
'ave the proper feeling to come when he  
gets my letter, Mrs. Asprey."

"Don't you count upon his proper feel-  
ing, Mr. Boffin? If he'd have had much  
proper feeling he'd never have served  
this nasty trick. Borrowing fifteen  
'undred from a Jew. I never! And  
him always pretended to be rollin' in  
money. Well! He don't owe us much  
wages, that's one comfort."

"No, mem! He've always paid our  
wages to the day. That we must al-  
low."

"Just his artfulness, Mr. Boffin. A  
cheap way of keeping up his credit,  
while he was running into debt. I can  
see through it now."

"And only last week, mem—if you'll  
believe me—I brought him in a wine  
bill for seventy-odd pounds, and he set-  
tled it as easy and casual as a lord."

"Ah, Mr. Boffin! Brazening it out to  
the last!"

"If anyone," said the butler, oracu-  
larly, "had told me an hour ago that the  
gov'nor wot's as safe as the Bank of  
England I'd have said to that man,  
'You're a liar and you know it.' And  
now to have the bailiffs in!"

As Mr. Boffin spoke a footman popped  
his head into the housekeeper's room,  
where the above dialogue was taking  
place.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Boffin, sir, but one  
of them gents is asking for yer."

"Thank you, William; you may tell  
the feller that I'll attend to him at my  
leisure," said Mr. Boffin, with extreme  
dignity.

"Very good, Mr. Boffin, sir."

And William departed with the mes-  
sage.

"To think of your being bordered  
about and 'etored over by those low  
chaps!" exclaimed the housekeeper,  
with sympathetic indignation.

"Begg'n your pardon, Mrs. Asprey,  
but I'm not being bordered about, nor  
yet 'etored over, mem." (Mr. Boffin  
drew up his short obese person to its  
full height.) "And I sent 'em that mes-  
sage on purpose to let 'em see it. But  
I am going to see what their next move  
is, not becose they borders me—for I  
knows better than to take borders from  
such vermin—but becose I'm the gov-  
nor's representative; and, shabby as he  
has behaved to me after twenty years'  
service, I still considers myself the  
trustee, so to speak, of his interests  
and his property."

With this speech, delivered in his  
most impressive manner, Mr. Boffin  
quitted the housekeeper and went to  
join the sheriff's officers in the large  
front hall.

There were two of them. The one, a  
square-built, bow-legged, unwholesome-  
faced man, seadly dressed and of vul-  
gar aspect; the other, a far smarter,  
more pleasant-looking and more pre-  
sentable individual, who might easily  
have passed for a well-to-do clerk or  
collector. From the first he had taken  
the lead—indeed, the bow-legged man  
had scarcely opened his mouth—and  
was evidently the boss and spokesman  
of the pair.

"Sorry to trouble you," he said to Mr.  
Boffin, quite civilly, "but before I go,  
and leave my man here in possession,  
I shall have to take an inventory of your  
master's effects, and I thought that you  
might like to go round with me while I  
do so."

"Certainly, I shall wish to keep my  
eye on you, young man," retorted the  
butler, with distant frigidity.

"Yes, of course. Quite so," remark-  
ed the other, carelessly, as he produced  
a notebook from his pocket. "Now  
then. We may as well begin here—eh?"

Umph!" (writing) "Front hall—Turkey  
carpet, oak table, four oak chairs—  
ecclesiastical pattern, fancy hatrack,  
case stuffed pheasants, oak stand for  
same," etc., until he had jotted down  
all the hall furniture in his notebook.

"Well, where next? Dining-room—  
eh? Very good. Umph! Turkey car-  
pet No. 2. Two—four—six—eight—ten  
—twelve Chippendale chairs—red mo-  
rocco; large mahogany table, antique  
sideboard—splendid piece, too; ten  
large portraits in oils—ancestors, I pre-  
sume. Ah! fine painting that over the  
sideboard—a Romney? Thought so!  
Beautiful! Bea—u—tiful!"

"Thank you, young man. It's really  
very kind of you to commend it—most  
condescending, as I may say," remark-  
ed Mr. Boffin, the butler, with sarca-  
sasm.

"Eh? What? laughed the annota-  
tor, good-temperedly. "Come, my dear  
sir, don't look so glum. You may as  
well put a cheerful face on it. It can't  
be helped, you know."

"When I want your advice in regard  
to my personal appearance I shall prob-  
ably ask you for it, young man," re-  
torted Mr. Boffin in a withering tone.

"All right. All right. It's no use get-  
ting shirty, my good fellow."

"And requesting you will not again  
apply that vulgar and beastly term to  
me, young man," gasped Mr. Boffin.

"No offense—no offense," said the  
other, indifferently, as he continued to  
look about him and scribble in his note-  
book. "Let me see. That's all here.  
Where now? Drawing-room. Ah! yes.  
Axminster carpet, etc."

And in an instant he was busy jot-  
ting down the contents of this apart-  
ment, also, Mr. Boffin looking on with  
a crushing and a stony stare, and the  
bow-legged individual whistling—or  
rather hissing—fragments of popular  
times through his set teeth.

They next went to the library. Here  
was a very fine collection of well-bound  
books—numbering some 2,000 or 3,000  
volumes. The man with the notebook  
moved slowly round—inspecting the  
shelves.

"Ha!" he said, as he scribbled away  
rapidly, "I see your gov'nor's a bibli-  
ophile. He has some splendid old books  
here. I know collectors who would  
give their weight in gold for one or two  
of these."

"I'll tell my master what you say," ob-  
served Mr. Boffin, haughtily. "I am  
sure he will be gratified by your recom-  
mendations, young man."

"Ah, well, in spite of your sarcasms,"  
said the other, not in the least put out  
or abashed, "I do happen to know a  
good deal about articles of vertu, and  
there are many good judges who set  
store by my opinion, I can tell you."

"Ho! indeed, young man?" was Mr.  
Boffin's comment.

"And now," said he of the notebook,  
as soon as the inventory of the library—  
a rather lengthy proceeding—was com-  
plete. "We had better finish off the  
rest of the ground floor before going up-  
stairs. Will you show the way?"

"Very well, young man. But I do this  
same under protest, and that's the can-  
did fact."

The inventory of the kitchen, pantries  
and other servants' offices was soon  
completed. That of the cellar was a  
longer process. Some of the wines were  
of fine brand and of great age and  
value, and the annotator was careful to  
jot these down accurately. They then  
went upstairs and worked off the bed-  
rooms—followed by the inquisitive eyes  
of Hannah, the head housemaid, to  
whom the character of the visitors had  
not been communicated and who was  
very curious to learn what was in the  
wind. Nor should this have been dif-  
ficult, for although the annotator him-  
self was of no distinctive cut, the air,  
appearance and manner of his under-  
ling simply gave him away. A more  
typical bailiff never trod in shoe leather.

When the inventory was at length fin-  
ished it was nearly 9 o'clock. The  
young man shut up his notebook with  
a snap and thrust it into his breast  
pocket. He then said to Mr. Boffin,  
civilly—and indeed throughout he had  
evidently tried to discharge his unpleas-  
ant duty with as little offense as possi-  
ble:

"I must be off now. Of course, I shall  
have to leave my man here in posses-  
sion. Very sorry. But it is what I am  
forced to do. Just a word in private,"  
drawing Mr. Boffin aside. "Make him  
comfortable and treat him decently and  
you'll find him a most civil and obliging  
fellow."

"If he is anything else he won't find  
it go down with me," replied Mr. Boffin,  
with dignity.

"No, perhaps not. But it's always  
wise policy to be on good terms with a  
man in, I can assure you. Our friend  
is used to genteel company. That is  
why I have brought him here. Good  
night!"

"Good night, young man," said Mr.  
Boffin, rather mollified by his concluding  
speech.

"Now, then, my good feller," he re-  
marked, turning to the bow-legged  
bailiff, after duly shutting and locking  
the outside door, "I should say as the  
servants' all, with the hinder-servants,  
is about your fit—eh?"

"Anywhere for me, gov'nor. I'm no  
ways pertikler," answered the man,  
with a befitting humility, which still  
further mollified the butler.

"They'll be having their supper now,"  
continued Mr. Boffin. "You had better  
join them at once."

"Thank 'ee, gov'nor. I could do a bit  
of vittles," answered the bailiff. "This  
inventory business makes a bloke peck-  
ish."

"I can't say that it has had that effect  
on me," was Mr. Boffin's answer. "I  
feel as if I should never enjoy my food  
again."

"Ah, you ain't used to this sort of  
thing, gov'nor, and so it upsets yer,"  
said the bailiff, with a sympathetic  
shake of his head.

"No, my man, I am not used to it,"  
answered Mr. Boffin. "And the dis-  
grace of it has nearly settled me."

"Disgrace!" ejaculated bowlegs.  
"Well, now—that is a funny way to look  
at it. Lord love yer! I was in at a  
heaf's only last week and at a dook's  
back in the summer. They didn't think  
it no disgrace. And why should they?  
It's downright fashionable—it is really!"

"Which, in that case, heaven preserve  
me from wot is downright fashion-  
able," rejoined Mr. Boffin, fervently.  
"But 'ere is the servants' all, my man.  
I'll take you in and interduce you."

"Thank'ee, gov'nor."

Mr. Boffin opened the door and usher-  
ed the bailiff in.

"Here's a guest," he explained, "as  
is going to join you, unexpected, at  
supper and I leave it to you to see that  
he's looked after and has his food prop-  
er and comfortable."

With that, and with a gracious wave  
of his hand, to signify that they might  
again be seated—for all the servants  
had arisen at the entrance of that great  
Mr. Boffin—he withdrew to take his  
own supper in the housekeeper's room  
with Mrs. Asprey. The bailiff bowed  
very politely to the assembled menials  
and seated himself in a chair which  
Martha, the scullery maid, placed for  
him. The company eyed him curiously,  
but coolly, for the nature of his calling  
and the reason of his presence were now  
pretty clear to them all. But he was so  
civil and pleasant spoken and behaved  
so deferentially to Mrs. Holly, the cook,  
and to Miss Hannah, the head house-  
maid, and so affable to the Misses  
Sarah, Jane, Eliza and Martha, subor-  
dinate domestics, and so respectful to  
Mr. William, the footman, and so pa-  
ternal to Walter, the buttons, that they  
were all on good terms with him almost  
before they knew where they were.

His conversation, too, was spicily  
without being improper, and amusing  
without being vulgar. Nor did he ob-  
trude his remarks unduly. As Mrs.  
Holly whispered behind her hand to  
Hannah, "The man knows his place,  
and kept there." Mrs. Holly and Miss  
Hannah were pleased to smile at his  
funny anecdotes; Mr. William to snig-  
ger languidly; as for the four under-  
maids and the buttons they giggled  
without reserve. The servants' hall  
waned altogether for quite a while. It  
was obvious that our bow-legged bailiff,  
in his social capacity, had scored a dis-  
tinct success.

Supper concluded, he addressed him-  
self to Mrs. Holly with an insinuating  
and a deferential air; at the same time  
producing from one of his capacious  
pockets a large, flat case bottle.

"You would be doing me a great  
honor, mem," he said, "if you would  
allow me—and hoping you don't think  
it a liberty—to brew the company a  
leetle bowl of something hot."

"Really, sir," replied cook, regard-  
ing the case bottle with a shocked, yet  
rather inquisitive, expression, "that is  
a kewionous request of yours, upon my  
word."

"The fact is, mem, I can't get on  
without my glass o' sperrits, and I  
always carries it about with me. But  
it seems selfish like to drink it off by  
myself, especially when you've made me  
so comfortable with my vittles; and if  
you and the rest of the company would  
be so kind as to join me in a brew of  
punch you would oblige me extremely,  
mem."

Mrs. Holly hesitated and looked at  
Hannah. Hannah hesitated and look-  
ed at Mrs. Holly. The Misses Sarah,  
Jane, Eliza, Martha looked at each  
other and uttered, Mr. William looked  
at the ceiling. Master Walter at the  
wall opposite. The truth was this:  
Only beer, limited in amount and re-  
stricted in strength, was "allowed" to  
the servants' hall. And the prospect  
of a glass of something hot was attrac-  
tive. But here, as at other polite  
boards, apparent eagerness for food or  
drink was out of the question. And so  
—from sheer good breeding—everyone  
hung back.

"Come now, mem," pressed the bailiff,  
insinuatingly.

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Holly at last,  
"I won't say you musn't, but I could  
not touch a drop."

Hannah couldn't touch a drop, either.  
Nor could Sarah, Jane, Eliza or Martha.  
William, however, was understood to  
say that he didn't mind if he did. While  
Walter, gathering courage from Wil-  
liam's example, expressed an opinion  
in favor of nightcaps and volunteered  
to fetch the kettle.

So the kettle was fetched, and a bowl  
and glasses and a soup ladle. Also—at  
the bailiff's request—lemons and loaf  
sugar. Then he compounded a frag-  
rant jorum, with no unpractical hand.  
And right insidiously delicious did that  
jorum smell. But the bailiff and Wil-  
liam and Walter were all too gallant to  
drink unless the ladies gave them a  
lead. So, not to disappoint them, Mrs.  
Holly tasted a drop, Hannah a drop,  
and Sarah, Jane, Eliza and Martha a  
drop apiece. And then William and  
Walter and the bailiff several drops.  
And everyone became pleasant and af-  
fable and jocular; so that the servants'  
hall presented quite a rollicking scene.

While this jollity was in progress Mr.  
Boffin walked in. The mirth was in-  
stantly checked upon his entrance and  
everyone affected to be unconcerned  
of the punch bowl. The bailiff, however,  
stood up, and addressing Mr. Boffin  
with great deference explained the cir-  
cumstances under which he had taken  
upon himself to brew the punch, and  
ventured to hope that Mr. Boffin would  
condescend to pronounce an opinion  
upon it. Mr. Boffin did condescend,  
and was kind enough to say, as he set  
down his glass, that he had tasted  
worse.

"But wot I come in to speak about,"  
the butler went on, "is about your  
sleeping accommodation to-night, my  
man. There ain't no bed aired ready,  
so you'll have to make shift downstairs  
on one of the sofas in the 'all. If we'd  
known that you was coming" (this  
with sarcasm) "we'd have got the best  
spare room ready for you, you may be  
sure."

"Oh, anything 'I do for me, gov'nor,  
I'll be quite satisfied to sleep on the  
floor, if you like."

"We won't ask you to do that," said  
Mr. Boffin, condescendingly. "Hannah  
—see that this good man is provided  
with a blanket and pillow, and show him  
the way to the front 'all."

And having wished the under-ser-  
vants good-night, and suggested that it  
was time they were going to bed, he re-  
tired to his own apartment. "Which,"  
he had previously said to the house-  
keeper, "it's the first time in my life,  
Mrs. Asprey, mem, that I shall have  
laid down under the same roof with a  
bumbailiff. I know I shan't sleep a  
wink for thinking of it."

But the circumstances did not, after  
all, affect his repose. For he slept just  
as well, or better, than usual.

And when he awoke at a late hour  
next morning—ah! what an awakening  
that was! For first it was Hannah,  
then William, then Sarah, then Jane  
who rushed to him with such screams  
of appalling news as made poor Mr. Boffin's  
gray hairs literally stand on end.  
He huddled on his clothes, in terrible  
agitation, and went downstairs to see  
for himself.

Alas! It was all too true. He now  
realized, with a dizzy sense of horror,  
how he had been imposed upon; how  
those two knaves had so artfully schemed  
it that they had made an inventory  
of all his master's most valuable curi-  
osities under his (Mr. Boffin's) very  
nose; and how (for the fact that both  
he and all the other servants had slept  
so much longer than usual now had an  
obvious significance) the household had  
been inveigled into partaking of  
drugged punch.

The Romney had gone—cut out of its  
frame; some priceless curios from the  
drawing-room had gone; twelve rare  
volumes from the library had gone, ten  
dozen of the choicest wine in the cellar  
had gone; and—so had the bow-legged  
bailiff—London Truth.

**How Lover Worked.**  
Samuel Lover's daughter, Mrs. Fanny  
Schmid, writes her recollections of  
"The Author of 'Rory O'More,'" for the  
Century. Mrs. Schmid says: His  
industry was such that in the busiest  
years of his life he did not even grant  
himself time to look at the daily pa-  
pers, or to read any new book that was  
much talked of. His wife always read  
the papers and the new books for him,  
giving him in conversation a resume  
of the news of the day and the con-  
tents of the books, so that he was al-  
ways well informed of everything that  
was going on. If anything exceedingly  
important was on hand in the political  
world, or if any part of a book was par-  
ticularly interesting or well written,  
these she would read to him while he  
was painting.

Many artists are as dumb as fishes at  
their easels; but he could converse  
charmingly while he was painting,  
which was a particularly pleasant qual-  
ity for his sitters. In painting or in  
writing he worked indefatigably, and  
seemed to be independent of the  
"moods" to which many artists appear  
to be victims. As to his songs, he used  
to say himself that he never wrote a  
song in his life except when he couldn't  
help it. The songs used to "come to him,"  
generally words and melody simultane-  
ously, so that he had only to write  
them down. Frequently the idea of a  
song would come when he was occupied  
with something quite different, as,  
for instance, while painting. He would  
then leave his easel, write down the  
idea, and return to his work. After-  
ward he would return to the idea, and  
work it out.

**New York's Composite Personality.**  
Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer con-  
tributes to the Century a paper entitled  
"Places in New York," in which  
she gives a picture of interesting  
phases of life in the New World metrop-  
olis. Mrs. Van Rensselaer says:  
More than 75 per cent. of those who  
people New York to-day were born of  
foreign mothers; more than 40 per  
cent. were born on foreign soil them-  
selves; and many of these aliens,  
brought from many different lands,  
continue here to live in clusters with  
their own kin after their own kind.  
Yet while each of these clusters, and  
each of their wandering offshoots,  
modifies the New World metropolis, all  
of them together do not destroy its  
cohesion, they simply intensify its cur-  
ious composite sort of personality.  
They make it multiformly diverse,  
but they leave it an entity. They  
touch every portion of it with pungent  
exotic flavors; but as favoring an  
American whole. They play their sev-  
eral parts in a civic life that is cosmo-  
ramic beyond the belief of those who  
have not studied it well, but they do  
not turn New York into a cosmopolit-  
an town; for this means a town which,  
overwhelmed by its strangers, has lost,  
or has never possessed, a character of  
its own.

**Honesty Rebuked.**  
After a cable car conductor had pass-  
ed me several times without asking for  
my fare I touched his arm and gave  
him a nickel. A few moments later as  
I left the car I found him on the rear  
platform alone. "Don't ever do that  
again," he said. "If a conductor mis-  
ses you don't hunt him up. He doesn't  
want you to do it. If I miss a passen-  
ger's chances are about even that no one  
will notice it except the fellow himself. But  
when he rushes up to pay a fare I have  
missed everybody notices the fact that  
I have been negligent, and if there is a  
'spotter' aboard I lose my job. The  
next time save your nickel; it may help  
me save my position."—Chicago Times-  
Herald.

**All the Better.**  
He—We seem to have got here rather  
too soon, the house is quite empty.  
She—All the better; every one will be  
able to get a good view of me as they  
come in.—Pick-Me-Up.

### MOUNTAINS OF OYSTER SHELLS.

Maryland's Store Has Amounted to  
Millions of Tons This Century.

The waters of Maryland produce one-  
third of the oyster supply of the world.  
It yields twice as many of the luscious  
bivalves as are grown in all foreign  
countries combined. During the pre-  
sent century it has put on the market  
400,000,000 bushels of the toothsome  
mollusks. These have sold for the  
enormous sum of \$250,000,000. Al-  
most all of this country is dependent  
for the abundance and cheapness of  
this edible on the supply of the Ches-  
apeake. From here also come very  
nearly all of the oysters used for can-  
ning. In fact, the output of this in-  
dustry in Maryland is equal to one-  
sixth of all the fisheries of the United  
States put together.

The quantity of oyster shells landed  
upon the shores of Maryland during  
the last century has been reckoned at  
12,000,000 tons. Until very lately the  
canning firms have had much trouble  
in getting rid of the shells, having to  
pay, in fact, for the removal of all that  
they could not give away. Recently,  
however, they have been able to sell  
them. They are now shipped to all  
parts of the country and are utilized  
variously for roads, for lime and em-  
ployed in making coal gas. They have  
been found also to serve almost as  
well as stone in the manufacture of  
special grades of iron for railroad beds.

Cultivators of oysters also employ  
them, having found that they afford  
suitable surfaces for young oysters to  
attach themselves to. They are like-  
wise used to some extent as chicken  
food. They are very good for hens, the  
shells of eggs being largely made of  
them. The trade received \$25,000 in a  
single year for the empty shells.

Starfishes are the oyster's worst en-  
emies. Other animals the young bi-  
valves have to guard against are crabs  
and boring snails. They are also in  
danger of being stifled by mud. In  
Pacific waters stingrays are their most  
dreaded foes. The little crab that  
lives in the shell of the oyster has al-  
ways excited much interest. It is  
found in about 5 per cent. of the bi-  
valves. It is a sort of parasite of the  
oyster, whose shell protects it and  
whose feed supports it.—Philadelphia  
Times.

**Saved by His Horse.**  
A good horse story was told by Sur-  
geon Captain Grey, who was engaged in  
the Matabele war, in Rhodesia,  
South Africa.

A party of troopers was nearly cor-  
nered by an overwhelming force of  
Matabeles. Dr. Grey, to use his own  
words, "led toward the way out under  
a raking fire at a gallop, and was closely  
followed by the troop. Very soon,  
however, I fell from the saddle, struck  
with a bullet from an elephant gun  
about 500 yards off. The bullet struck  
me on the top of the thigh, smashing  
the socket of the thigh-bone, breaking a  
vein, and otherwise wounding me. My  
horse was carried on at full speed with  
the rear guard, which rushed at desper-  
ate speed to clear the pocket-like en-  
trance of the drift, where the natives  
were rallying in the hope of killing us."

"As I lay on the grass, bleeding profusely,  
I looked up and saw two natives  
aiming at me at a distance of about  
forty feet. At the same moment I saw  
my horse come thundering back from  
the drift. It suddenly stopped and  
came and stood over my prostrate body,  
covering me from the firing and at the  
same time making a peculiar noise  
through its nostrils. I thought it had  
been wounded, and that with the pain,  
noise and confusion it had gone mad.  
This notion, however, was soon dis-  
pelled, for it continued to stand over  
me in a kneeling posture, and I could  
see that the faithful animal had come  
back to protect me. I may remark here  
that this horse, which I myself selected,  
I made a pet of. The assaigins from the  
approaching natives were now beginning  
to fly around me, and, thinking if I  
could reach my horse's back I should  
be shot, which was preferable to being  
assailed, I seized the reins, put my  
right foot in the stirrup, and made a  
supreme effort to mount. And I was  
successful, but how I did it I do not  
know, for my left side was entirely pa-  
ralyzed. On finding myself in the saddle,  
I called, 'Go!' to my horse, which dart-  
ed like an arrow toward the exit from  
the drift."—Exchange.

**Millais' Love for Art When a Boy.**  
Mrs. Fanny Schmid, daughter of "The  
Author of 'Rory O'More,'" contributes  
a paper of reminiscences of Lover to  
the Century. Mrs. Schmid says: A  
little original pencil sketch drawn in  
five minutes for me by "Johnny" Mil-  
lais (the late Sir John Millais) when he  
was a boy of ten, is a pretty remem-  
brance of his precocious talent. "John-  
ny" was always restless and uneasy in  
any company until some compassionate  
person provided him with a pencil and  
an unlimited supply of paper; then he  
was quite happy, and covered whole  
quires of paper in an hour or two with  
often really charming sketches from the  
almost inexhaustible store of his happy  
fancy.

**Absent-Minded.**  
Absent-Minded Professor—Delighted  
to meet you again after so many years,  
miss.  
Elderly Lady—No longer miss, profes-  
sor—I am married.  
Professor—Married! Well, well, who  
would have thought that?—Fliegende  
Blätter.

**Simple Enough.**  
Pat—They do say the car next the In-  
line is the most dangerous.  
Mike—Begorra, then, why don't they  
lave it off?—Household Words.

**A Wise Wife.**  
Benham—I had a close squeeze in  
business to-day.  
Mrs. Benham—Your next typewriter  
shall be a man.—Judge.

### ART IN GOLD LETTERING.

How the Sign Painters Place Their  
Work on Store Windows.

The sign letterer who is putting a  
good sign on a window paints the let-  
ters upon the outside first, but these  
letters are only for a guide; the gold is  
put upon the inside of the glass. The  
gold leaf is so thin and light that the  
faintest breath would be enough to  
blow it away; it is carried in the fami-  
liar little books.

The letterer brushes the inner side of  
the glass back of the lettering painted  
upon the outside with a brush dipped  
in water containing a trace of muelleage.  
Then, with a wide and very thin camel-  
hair brush, which he first brushes  
lightly back and forth once or twice  
upon the back of his head, or perhaps  
upon his coat, to dry it, if it needs dry-  
ing, and slightly to electrify it, he lifts  
from the book a section of gold leaf  
sufficient to cover a section of the letter  
and places it on the glass. He repeats  
these operations until the glass back of  
the letter painted on the front is covered  
with the leaf. It may require three or  
four sections such as can be picked up  
with the brush to cover the letter, or per-  
haps more, depending on its size and  
shape. When he has completed the ap-  
plication of the leaf to one letter he  
dampens the back of the next and pro-  
ceeds with that in the same manner,  
and so on until the letters are all backed  
with the gold leaf.

Thus applied, the gold leaf overlaps  
the letters more or less on all sides. It  
is bright in color, like all gold, but it  
is not shining; it is burnished by rub-  
bing it gently on the back—of course it can-  
not be rubbed on the face, for that is  
against the glass—with a soft cloth. It  
burnishes, however, on the face as well  
as on the back. Then the letters are  
backed. The exact shape of the letter  
is painted over the back of the gold leaf  
to fix it and protect it, and when the  
back is dry the gold leaf projecting be-  
yond the outline of the letter is brushed  
off; it is not sought to save this pro-  
jecting leaf; there is not enough of it to  
pay for the labor that would be in-  
volved in gathering it together. Then  
the outside lettering, which is done  
with the paint that is but little more  
than oil, is rubbed off, and the lustrous  
gold lettering is revealed.—New York  
Sun.