MY PLAYMATES.

One of Eugene Field's Latest Poems.

The wind comes whispering to me of
the country green and cool,
Of redwing blackbirds chattering be-
side a reedy pool;
It brings me soothing fancies of the
homestead on the hill,
And I hear the thrush's evening song
and the robin's morning trill;
So I fall to thinking tenderly of those
I used to know
Where the sassafras and snakeroot
and checkerberries grow.

What has become of Ezra Marsh, who
lived on Baker's hill?
And what's become of Noble Pratt,
whose father kept the mill?
And what's become of Lizzie Crum
and Anastasia Snell,
And of Roxie Root, who 'tended school
in Boston for a spell?
They were the boys and they the girls
who shared my youthful play;
They do not answer to my call! My
playmates, where are they?

What has become of Levi and his lit-
tle brother Joe,
Who lived next door to where we lived
some forty years ago?
I'd like to see the Newton boys and
Quincy Adams Brown,
And Hopsy Hall and Ella Cowles, who
spelled the whole school down!
And Gracie Smith, the Cutler boys,
Leander Snow, and all
Who I am sure would answer could
they only hear my call!

I'd like to see Bill Warner and the
Conkey boys again,
And talk about the times we used to
wish that we were men!
And one, I shall not name her, could I
see her gentle face
And hear her girlish treble in this dis-
tant, lonely place!
The flowers and hopes of springtime,
they perished long ago,
And the garden where they blossomed
is white with winter snow.

O cottage 'neath the maples, have you
seen those girls and boys
That but a little while ago made, oh!
such pleasant noise?
O trees, and hills, and brooks, and
lanes, and meadows, do you know
Where I shall find my little friends of
forty years ago?
You see, I'm old and weary, and I've
traveled long and far;
I am looking for my playmates; I won-
der where they are!

LOYALTY.

"Thought I'd look in and catch you, old fellow, before you went out," said George Falkner, sauntering into his friend Gerald Fane's rooms in St. James's street one afternoon in the height of the season.

"Shall not be half a second," said Gerald, turning from the bureau at which he was writing. "Paying a bill or two for a change."

"What a beastly extravagant thing to do. Worst policy in the world, believe me. If you pay them they cease to care tuppence for you; whereas, if you leave a nice long bill owing they are always so delighted to see you back. I like people to take an interest in me."

George was a young man about town, very much "in the swim;" Gerald was also "in the swim," but not quite so much about town as George, being, if possible, of a more indolent habit. The two had been chums at Eton, and had kept up a sort of friendship through the vicissitudes of Oxford into their later career. George was a man of any society or any nation, since the time when women and cards were invented. Gerald was a man of the particular century and nation to which he belonged, occupying his niche with cynical indifference and a certain amount of material enjoyment.

There was a woman—but of that presently.

"I really must pay that old skinflint Thorneycroft," said Gerald from the bureau. "He stands in the hall and won't be persuaded to go away; such a bore for the other fellows in the house. I landed a little off Heathcote last night; thought I might as well do the virtuous this afternoon."

"You know best, I suppose," said George, surveying himself in the glass with the irresistible eyes, and smoothing down one of the perfect ties that had gained for him the name of "Eyes and Ties." "How long will it take?"

"I tell you only half a second. You will find a weed somewhere if you look for it."

"Sooner have a cigarette of my own, thanks. Consider the hours that I keep and the strain that is put on my nerves! One of your long twenty-fours would bowl me over completely."

"Ring for liquid if you want it. Saunders has hock seltzer somewhere on ice."

"That will just suit my complaint," feeling, as he spoke, for his cigarette case in the pocket of his coat. "By Jove! what a donkey I am! When you have done I want to write a line, if I may."

"Certainly. There you are," said his friend, blotting his envelope.

"Mrs. Macdonald asked me to go to her box this evening—'Romeo and Juliet,' De Reszke as Romeo. Just come across her letter in my pocket. I am dining at the Vernon's, worse luck!"

"Surely you ought to send down at once. She will hardly have time to fill your place now. Shall I send Saunders to fetch a commissionaire?"

"Thanks. I think a fleet hansom would be better."

The letter took a certain amount of time to write. George Falkner was twenty-five and fond of the woman he wrote to.

"Got some sealing wax?" he asked, presently, turning over the pens.

"Don't know that I have; there might be a piece in the left hand drawer."

"That will do first rate, can use my last half sovereign as a seal. Would you ring, like a good fellow, and we'll tell Saunders to charter a hansom to 104 Grosvenor place. Let him take the fellow's number."

This done George sat down in an arm chair opposite his friend.

"Going to Sloughborough house tonight?" he asked presently, nodding at a card that had been placed in front of the clock.

"Yes, I think so."

"Dining at the Hamond's first, I see."

"You're a cool hand, George. How do you know?"

"Why, of course, your fellow stuck it out there. I thought perhaps you might have been going to the opera."

"If you mean to Mrs. Macdonald's box, she has not done me the honor to ask me; but even if she had I could not go."

"Lively, last night, wasn't it?" said George, after a short silence.

"I have seen it worse at the Berkeley."

"I forgot you left before Jack Dawson took the bank. Good Lord, it was a flutter! The way to win at baccarat is to take the bank."

Then the talk drifted to racing. Some one had come "no end of a copper" over Thunderbolt for the Ascot cup, another had "won a pot of money" over Greased Lightning at Sandown. After half an hour of this exhilarating conversation George, having a polo pony to exercise in the park, sauntered off as he had come.

Mr. McDonald and his sister had been that afternoon to a lecture at the Royal institution on "Tree and Serpent Worship." The Hon. Willie was wrapt up in ancient religions and peoples, and spent most of his time, when in London, listening to learned disquisitions, when in Wiltshire in opening "barrows" and excavating encampments. He was tall and near-sighted, with the expression of dwelling, as Ethel's governess used to express it, "zwischen himmel und erde." George Falkner's letter lay on the slab as he passed down the hall. Ethel raised it and followed her brother into the study.

"I am certain that fellow was inaccurate in his statement on the subject of the theological views of the Andaman islanders," said the Hon. Willie, undoing the McDonald tartan that he habitually wore as a neckerchief. "What's that letter you've got?"

"I imagine it is from one of the men Cissie wrote to for this evening."

"You had better open it, then, hadn't you?"

"I think so. There is not very much time left in case of a refusal to ask any one else and nothing is so depressing as two women alone in an opera box."

Ethel was as fresh and pure as the white hyacinths that were sent from the Mersham conservatories to deck the Grosvenor palace drawing room. In spite of its seal she opened the letter, read the first few lines, turned scarlet and dropped it on the table. Her brother, slow in the observation of most things, was quick to see a change of expression on the faces of those he loved. Taking the letter, he read it also. For those few seconds Ethel felt as though she were living through "Some Emotions and a Moral." When he had done he sat down on the edge of a chair, brushing his hat the wrong way; his was not a quick-moving intellect.

"Those are Mr. Fane's initials, are they not?" he asked presently.

"Yes."

"That is his address?"

"I think so."

Deliberately he folded the Macdonald tartan across his chest, put the letter into his pocket and left the room.

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His feeling for Cecelia Macdonald was the one romance of Gerald Fane's life. She was in Dresden with her mother, studying art, as she phrased it, when he first met her. Gerald was also studying art to the extent of playing the violin very much out of tune. He and she had many an evening crunching the gravel of the "Bruhlische Terasse" together, gazed at the moonlight and the vine-clad hills, and talked of their respective pursuits. He rather bored her, but, as the only alternative was conversation with German officers, she honored the Englishman with her undivided attention. His passion for her during these few weeks, entered, wedge-like, into his life. He accepted his doom when he heard that she was engaged to the Hon. William Macdonald for he knew that he was too poor to take the burden of her life as well as his own. In course of time he became a foreign office clerk, and, not a model young man. He often drank more champagne than was good for him; he frequented a private gambling club in St. James, and lost larger sums on horses than he could afford; but, as among the poor Indian's rags and tatters was found hidden a diamond of great price, so among the rags and tatters of Gerald Fane's life might be found hidden his love for Cecelia Macdonald. Now he sat thinking of her and George Falkner, with a certain amount of perplexity and a great deal of dejection, for, though constant to his idea, he could not avoid hearing the gossip of Mayfair drawing rooms.

The tinkle of the electric bell, a step on the stairs, and the sudden opening of the door, startled him from his brown study. Disheveled and agitated ,the honorable Willie at that moment formed as great a contrast to the urbane man of letters he had been accustomed to associate with Cissie's husband as it was possible to imagine. The wrath of a habitually calm man is always more portentous than the wrath of a violent one. Gerald could not resist a passing feeling of amusement as, setting down his hat among the cigars and cigar-ash, his visitor fumbled in his pocket. A full comprehension of the situation, however, when George Falkner's letter was produced, soon chased away the faintest inclination to the shadow of a smile.

The infuriated husband's maledictions did not last long. Even in the midst of the absurd, pathetic, irrelevant harangue, Gerald was forced to admit that scathing remarks on the morals of the young men of the moribund century came with a certain incisive truth from a man who had hitherto been absorbed in studying the manners and morals of his remote ancestors. When, toward the end, he flourished his stick with a declaration that if he, Gerald Fane, ever spoke to his wife or put his foot inside his house again he would feel called upon to resort to justifiable castigation, Gerald felt, for one lurid moment, that it was just as much as he could do to resist the temptation of hastening his unbidden guest's departure by coercive measures; but he only folded his arms and bent his head, knowing that, for her sake, not a movement must be made, not a word must be spoken.

When Gerald found himself at last in possession of his own hearthrug, he laughed consumedly for at least five seconds; when that was over, he sank into the armchair beside him, and fell to "figuring up" what it all meant to him. After a certain amount of time spent in this occupation he came to the conclusion that he would neither marry his landlady, nor cut his throat, nor take to drink, but that life would be a confoundedly dull business.

* * * * * * * * *

"I say, old fellow, when in future you write compromising letters to ladies, that may fall into their husband's hands, I wish you wouldn't use my note paper and write from my rooms," said Gerald Fane, meeting George Falkner in the hall of the Sloughborough house that evening.

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. I had a visit from Macdonald this afternoon, which was by no means pleasant, I can tell you."

"The devil you had!" said George, shocked a little out of his usual salm. "Had he—"

"Yes, he had."

"What did you do?"

"What could I do but keep your counsel?"

"You're a brick, George."

"I dare say."

"I thought it a rum go," George went on, meditatively. "Macdonald is here with his wife to-night; there they are. For God's sake, slope, Gerald, or there will be a row!"

Tall and slim, clothed in a white gown, audacious in its very simplicity, Cecelia swept through the doorway opposite. For a moment or two Gerald looked at her, as if he hadn't heard.

"Does sh eknow?" he asked, hurriedly.

"No; I met her at the French embassy before comin ghere. She said nothing."

"Macdonald's not a half bad chap; he wouldn't bully her.'

The husband a nd wife came closer. George went to meet them.

Gerald watched her as she lifted her eyes to George's face, passed her arm into his and turned away with him down the passage, leaving her husband gazing absently at some ancient tapestries in the hall.

Somehow the cigar that Gerald smoked as h ewalked across the Green Park seemed to have no flavor, and the deep tones of Big eBn striking midnight fell with the dreariness of a funeral march on his ear.—Mrs. Arthur Kennard, in London Sketch

ONE ON HAWKSHAW.

He Raided a Den of Licensed Housebreakers and Robbers.

One of the detectives connected with the bureau at the city hall went into a barber shop on Thirteenth street close by the city hall the other evening and sat in one of the chairs to be shaved. While the barber was making ready to shave him he started one of his characteristic conversations. Receiving short answers to every question that he put to the detective, however, the tonsorial artist brought the tete-a-tete to a close and silence reigned supreme. The local Hawkshaw was in half a doze while the barber was busily engaged in applying the lather on his face when suddenly the sound of a hammer striking against some metallic substance was heard emanating from the rear of the barber shop. Then voices were heard in the following dialogue: "That was a good job we done out at Germantown last week, Pete." "Yes, that was the neatest piece of work we done for some time; there was so little trouble with it." The detective at once opened his eyes and became interested. The first voice continued: "It brought us in $325 and we had better—" His conversation at this stage was interrupted by knocks on the door, and hearing the detective's voice calling out, "Let me in or I'll break down the door," one of the men in the back room threw the door open. The Hawkshaw, expecting to find a den of counterfeiters or burglars, rushed through the door and fell into a plumber's shop, where two of the employes were working.—Philadelphia Record.

FROM THE DARK JUNGLE.

A Big Baboon Brought Over on the Bark Hermes.

An emigrant with an Afro-Hibernian countenance arrived on the Swedish bark Hermes, a captive in chains. He is a large South African baboon of intelligent appearance and manners, and was brought from East London, South Africa, by the captain of the bark. He is only eighteen months old, stands four feet in height and with a little training could give that long distance orator, Corbett, a discussion that would make his hair rise in fright, and his oily tongue lose its cunning. When the skipper sailed for this country he tied up the baboon with a tight chain, and a box was given him to sleep in near the cook's gallery, and he often observed the cooking and the cook. One day when the ship had been out a short time he broke his chain and proceeded to mash the crockery in the gallery, in consequence, part of the crew had to eat from various utensils during the remainder of the voyage. Later he again broke a stronger chain and assaulted the captain's son, who was at the wheel, and if the first and second mates had not interfered the man would have suffered injury. The ape had a great time on the trip, and to tell of his troubles and fun would fill a volume. He became the pet of the crew for all that and made the voyage a lively one. Notwithstanding his popularity he arrived with an iron collar and anchor chain tied to it.—New York Correspondence.

The Drama.

"Horatio," whispered the heroine, "the villain still pursues me."

"Ha!" exclaimed the lover. "But fear not. See thou the ravine that intervenes between us and him?"

"Yes, Horatio, but the bridge. He can cross yon bridge at a bound."

"Fear not, I say. He has got to stop in the middle of it and do a song and dance. Courage!"—Detroit Tribune.

Not So Much Leading.

Blobbs—What nonsense it is for the newspapers in their accounts of weddings to describe the bride being led to the altar.

Slobbs—How so?

Blobbs—Well, most girls could find their way there in the dark.—Williamsport Globe

THRILLING TIMES WITH WOLVES.

How a Father and Two Sons Kept Hungry Beasts at Bay Until Help Came.

When my grandfather was a young man he made a journey on horseback from his home in Indiana far down into Louisiana; and when he had grown very old he enjoyed telling the adventures, which were the chief part of his experience on the lonely ride through the wilderness. Somewhere in Alabama he passed the night at a cabin occupied by a pioneer family, and while he and the host were smoking at the fire and discussing troubles and dangers, the following story was offered for my grandfather's delectation:

A man by the name of Turner and

Each Carrying a Sack of Corn on His Shoulders.

his two sons, John and James, aged, respectively, thirteen and fifteen, left their homes to go to mill, each carrying a sack of corn on his shoulder. They had to go on foot, because of the steepness of the path which led over the mountain.

Owing to an unusual amount of grain already in when the Turners arrived with their grists, it was after nightfall before they were able to set out for home with their meal on their backs. Meantime, a snowstorm had come up and the ground was covered three or four inches deep with snow, while the flakes still fell thick and fast. Mr. Turner led the way. Although the path was covered up, he knew every landmark on the mountain, and notwithstanding his heavy load of meal, to which he had added the weight of a small quarter of fresh venison, bought of the miller, he went briskly along, followed by the lads.

They never once thought of danger until the whining snarl of a wolf sounded close to them. This was just as they reached the highest rocky comb of the mountain, where the forest was thin and stunted.

"Boys, keep close to me," said Mr. Turner; "that's a wolf."

James and John did not need to be twice told; they pressed their father's sides as they trudged, and their hearts beat quicker.

At first they thought that but one wolf was following them, but soon enough it was certain that at least a dozen snarling and hungry animals were venturing closer and closer to their heels.

Mr. Turner made his sons go ahead of him, while he brought up the rear, defending himself by frequently turning about and yelling savagely. Wolves are great cowards until they have once begun an attack; but when the fight opens they are desperately savage.

For some time all went well. The pack sneaked and snarled close behind Mr. Turner. But all at once some dim forms showed themselves in front of the boys, and began to make dangerous passes, snapping their teeth keenly and urging one another on. Mr. Turner, yelling loudly, pressed the boys forward, until they reached a place where their way led along the foot of a great cliff of limestone. If he could reach a certain point he would make a stand for defense. And

With Heroic Vigor the Two Boys Redoubled Their Blows.

he did reach it just in time to try his plan of battle, which was to take possession of a shallow cavity in the face of the rock.

At some time, long before this, the wind had blown a treetop down from the plateau above. From this Mr. Turner and the boys broke such clubs as they could get hold of; then the desperate wolves made a dash. Down came the clubs, swung by sturdy arms, and such howls of pain and rage went echoing down the mountain side as almost drowned the moaning of the wind.

After this there was a moment of comparative silence, and the brutes withdrew to a little distance.

"Look out! Here they come!" shouted Mr. Turner. "Hit hard, boys!"

He killed one instantly with a blow on the head, and sprang forward over its body, striking right and left and yelling hoarsely.

Now a very singular accident happened. Mr. Turner had to keep up his tactics of dashing forward a pace or two in advance of his sons, in order to scatter the wolves. While doing this he somehow slipped and fell, and instantly the wolves covered him. With heroic vigor the two boys redoubled their blows, and pounded away to such effect that the assailing brutes were driven back before they could do Mr. Turner much harm. Unfortunately, however, in striking at the wolves, one of the boys hit their father and knocked him senseless, so that he lay quite still. They thought him dead, but they fought on more desperately than ever; for now it required almost superhuman exertion to keep the wolves from devouring their father's body.

All this time they had been hallooing and crying for help, their voices going far through the snow-burdened air.

Bravery and heroic resistance are nearly always rewarded. At the last moment help unexpectedly and suddenly arrived. There was a shout down below; then another and another. A pack of hounds began to harry the wolves from behind. Three or four rifles cracked keen and clear. In less time than I take to write it the whole howling body of wolves had been scattered or killed, and the panting, almost dying, boys, were in the hands of a hunting party.

Contrasts in Customs.

One of the most enjoyable things in travel is to notice how etiquette varies from land to land. In America, when a steamer leaves,the men shake hands and the women kiss each other and sometimes cry. In France and Italy, especially, the women weep, while the men kiss and hug each other, almost as vigorously as if they were in a wrestling match. An American woman shakes hands with a man of her acquaintance, while in Spain she always gives her hand to be kissed. It makes the same sensation in Madrid for a man to seize a woman's hand and shake it as it does in New York for a foreigner to seize a New York woman's hand and kiss it.

In America it is rare for wine or beer to be seen on the table at a woman's luncheon or dinner party. In Europe, not to have them would be considered the height of discourtesy. Among the Western nations, to offer a visitor a cup of tea is to invite him to prolong his visit. Among the Eastern nations, it is the conventional intimation that it is time for him or her to go. An American man removes his hat while talking to a woman, while the "cad" keeps it carefully perched upon his ear. In China a native man would sooner lose his head than be seen without his hat on when in company, while the ruffian takes it off as a mark of disrespect.

We put on our best shoes when our friends call or when we call upon our friends. In Japan, a woman takes off her shoes at the threshold and makes her call in her stocking feet upon the hostess, who is similarly attired.

Among the Anglo-Saxons, the most cordial invitation is "help yourself and be at home." This, in the tropical lands, is very bad form. You express the same pleasant thought there by saying, "My servants are yours, and that one (pointing out the best one) is your boy whenever you are here."

In Western lands every guest has his or her own knife. In Eastern lands, to give a guest a knife is an insult, etiquette demanding that the labor of cutting be done by the cook and not by the guest. In America, a woman will not expose her ankles to view, while an Arabian woman never thinks of her lower extremities, but regards the exposure of the face as a positive crime.—New York Mail and Express.

Going for the Playwrights.

Carrington. Sometimes the critics rouse a playwright up and say to him: "Look here, old man, wake up, and be a little more up to date; don't give us conventional types that vanished from the earth more than forty years ago!" Then he wakes up for a bit and goes to—nature? No! To the comic papers.

Esdale. Of course, there is still too much truth in what you say.

Carrington. Take me to any play you like to select, and I will show you, in the course of it, gross violations of probability that, if they were committed by a novelist ,would make one throw his book aside and never read a line of him again. Do you doubt it?

Esdale. It is probably enough, alas!

Carrington. Then, since we have men who can write, why the mischief don't we get them to write our plays for us?—Nineteenth Century.

CONVERTING LIGHT INTO SOUND.

Simple Explanation of an Interesting Operation.

One of the marvels of modern science is the conversion of a beam of light into sound. The light is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel containing lampblack, colored silk, worsted, or other substances. A disk, having slits or openings cut in it, is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light so as to cut it up, making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel, strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is upon it. Another phase of this remarkable discovery is still more interesting. A beam of sunlight is passed through a prism. The disc is turned and the colored light of the solar spectrum is made to break through it. If the ear be placed to the vessel containing the silk, wool or other material, as the colored light falls upon it, sounds will be given by different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in some other parts. To illustrate: If the vessel contains red worsted and the green light fall supon it, loud sounds will be heard. Only feeble sounds will be heard if the red and blue rays fall upon it, and the other colors make no sound at all. Green silk gives sound best in red light. It is by no means improbable that this discovery foreshadows a new law of harmonics, and Remington's experiments in tone-color may possibly, by this new application of sight and sound, result in some practical theory which will give us an entirely new scheme of music. The thing is but in its infancy, but the mere fact that such a discovery has been made cannot but forecast important results.—Invention.

A Married Woman's Signature.

Most of the readers of "Silas Lapham" will remember poor Mrs. Lapham's dilemma over the way to sign her name to a note and how she extricated herself by saying "Mrs. S. Lapham," which she thought noncommittal. All better informed than herself know that there is no mistake in etiquette much more scorned than this very blunder. Yet all must feel, too, that it is an absurd ruling which makes a married woman give no hint of her husband's name, and her own usual title even in letters of purest business. This is the English idea which has emigrated to America. In France a woman makes a distinction between her social and her business correspondence. With the former she signs herself, for instance, "Mary Smith," and with the latter "Mrs. John Smith." And common sense would seem to be entirely on the side of the French woman.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Bone Was Bent.

A case entirely new to medical science came under the observation of the physicians at the Maryland university hospital recently. James Tymon was the patient, and he was afflicted in a peculiar way. Tymon is employed at the bakery of D. W. Lord, at No. 19 East Camden street, and is about nineteen years of age. While at work he accidentally fell upon his right arm. He felt an acute pain in the member, as if it had been fractured. The pain was intense and finally Tymon's employers sent him to the hospital, where he was examined by the physicians in charge. To their surprise they discovered that, instead of being broken, the bone of the forearm was bent so as to form almost a circle, and was firm in that position. It was something that the physicians had not come in contact with before. It is supposed by the doctors in attendance up Tymon that the bone had become softened in some way, either through constitutional weakness or a peculiar diet.—Baltimore Herald.

His Ticket Saved Them.

Mileage tickets in Berlin go by the name of "kilometerheft," and the stamped stubs show exactly where and when the holder of the ticket was at any given time and place. This is what saved the drummer for a Carlsruhe firm the other day in a predicament. Just as he was climbing into the train leaving for Mannheim he was arrested. An awful crime had been committed a few hours before in the Haardt forest, not far away, and the minute description of the perpetrator tallied exactly with the appearance of the unfortunate drummer. Then the ticket came to the rescue. That furnished an undeniable alibi for him, as it showed him to have been 100 miles from the scene of the crime at the time of its occurrence. The proof was furnished so promptly that the drummer did not even miss his train.—Boston Transcript.

To Outdo Vanderbilt.

It is said that John D. Rockefeller will soon begin the erection of a chateau which will rival that of George Vanderbilt in North Carolina. The Rockefeller mansion will be of white stone, which will stand near his present house, commanding a magnificent view of the Hudson river. The architecture will be of the renaissance style, and the building will probably contain several hundred rooms. The house will be lavishly furnished and will be lighted by electricity. In architecture, finish, furnishing and decorations it promises to be the finest country establishment in America.

Cost of New Postal Service.

As for many years past, the post-office department last year failed to make expenses. The outgo was $86,790,172 and the income $76,983,128, the difference being $9,807,044. Receipts increased $1,902,649, but expenditures increased $2,456,758, so the equilibrium is still far out of sight. The chief item of expenditure is railroad mail transportation, $20,429,747; postmasters get in salaries, $16,870,508; clerks in offices, $9,414,135; free-delivery service, $12,139,002; railway postal car service, $2,946,939; postal car clerks, $7,103,025; star route service, $5,753,579.—Baltimore Sun.

Mighty Good for Teeth.

Man with awful toothache meets a friend and tells him his woes.

The Friend—Ah! I had just as bad a toothache as you yesterday, and I went home, and my wife petted me and kissed me and made so much of me that the toothache disappeared. You take my tip.

The Acheyone—Is your wife at home, do you think?—Detroit Tribune.