

KEEP THE HOUSE.

A Dying Parent's Excellent Advice to His Sorrowing Children.

Sell every thing, suffer every thing in the way of deprivation, was a dying parent's advice to his children, but keep the house to be together in, whatever befall. It was sound advice. So long as those children, young or old, had a roof, they could suffer and be strong together. Their wants, their deprivations, were their own, and not public property. If needs must that they starve, they could starve in silence and dignity, with none but themselves the wiser or the worse. All their little shifts were not subjects of general discussion; their work was not on inspection; strangers were not able to interfere among them, or to sow dissensions thereby, or to alienate affections. Close together, in the habitual contact of daily life, they could only be bound the more closely in habits of thought, in love and in mutual concern.

And the roof-tree was responsible for it all. The roof-tree was the bond and the protector; it took the place of parent; it was a shield and bulwark against the world. No, the experience of scattered and ship-wrecked families has everywhere proved that much discomfort, much misery, might have been spared them had they clung together in one home; that those who have a home should keep it; it is their safety in worldly and material comfort. Part with land, part with jewelry, part with heir-looms, keepsakes, treasures, but keep the house so long as the timbers hold together. It is a stronghold; it is a castle, however poor and old; Warwick Castle itself no better for its purposes. It is not merely that, "be it ever so humble, there's no place like home," but that it is home, the single spot where one reigns, where one is unfettered and fully one's self, where one has one's tools and equipments loosely and at ease about one, where one is at large liberty, where one exists satisfied with the natural love of life, if other love is denied one, a place to retire and withdraw in, to feel safety and protection in, to live in and at last to die in. —Harper's Bazar.

Queer Plants at Washington.

"I want to call your attention to the unlicensed bar-rooms you will notice in this house," said Mr. Smith, as he entered another house near by.

Here flowers resembling small red bananas could be seen. They were hollow and open at the top, and contained a liquid. These were the unlicensed bar-rooms.

Breaking one off and opening it, it was filled with red ants.

"They come and drink the liquor," said Mr. Smith, "get drunk and die happy."

"Here is the cockroach bar-room," he continued, "and here the spiders. An ant will not drink any of the roach or spider liquor and vice versa."

Near the door a beautiful plant with creamy white leaves was labeled "consumption plant."

"Whence the name?" asked the reporter; "is the plant diseased?"

"Yes, it really has the consumption," was the reply, "and where these leaves are tinted a creamy white they are diseased lungs. You know that a plant breathes through its leaves. This plant is propagated for its beauty."

The fly-trap flower—in a large pot near by hundreds of tiny thick leaves resembling semi-circular jaws provided with small, sharp teeth, attracted the reporter's attention.

"That's the well known fly-trap flower," said Mr. Smith, by way of explanation.

While he was speaking a butterfly alighted in one. Quicker than thought the jaws closed and the butterfly was a prisoner.

"How long will that butterfly remain a prisoner?" asked the reporter.

"Two or three days. By that time the flowers will have derived all the benefit and good the fly possesses, and its jaws will open and the fly be cast out. It is my belief that the flower obtains sustenance from the prisoner it takes. Sometimes it gets hold of the wrong kind of food, however, and it gets dyspepsia. This conclusion is reached from the effect of the food on the leaves. Now this cell caught the head of a blue-bottle fly a couple of days ago and got the dyspepsia, as you can see by its color.

The reporter looked and saw a sickly combination of green and yellow markings on the leaves, and the dead fly still between them. —Washington Star.

Ingenuous Joseph Howard.

Joseph Howard, of this town, has given us a new and, as he says, a most useful hint in the art of hitching horses. Instead of the usual head-and-neck halter, he carries in the wagon a short piece of half-inch cord, looped. When he wishes to leave his horse this cord is used to tie the forelegs together just below the knees, and when so tied you are always sure to find your horse where you left him. The horse doesn't dare move; the cord is easily adjusted, and the case often occurs that you wish to hitch a horse where no post is found, as in a hay field or city street. Besides it soon teaches the horse to stand without being hitched at all. —Kenosha (Me.) Journal.

THE EYEGLASS FIENDS AGAIN.

Their Success in Swindling the Honest Farmer and Giving Him Glasses for Dollars.

The rural districts have once more become the Mecca of the swindling "eyeglass" fiend. He is now going through Columbia county and is practicing his novel swindle upon the honest farmers with great profit. As a rule he travels in pairs; that is there is "two of him." The swindlers are well dressed and have engaging manners and an attractive appearance. Their plan of work is to call at the houses of well-to-do persons under the pretense of inquiring about purchasing property in the neighborhood. In nearly every case they select such families as have a member who is suffering from diseases of the eye. This matter, of course, comes up incidentally and is followed by one of the men referring to the other as one of the most eminent oculists of this city, and he addresses him by the name of New York's most eminent specialists in this line. The result is that the afflicted person is anxious to have the great man's opinion. The "professor" is reluctant to pass any opinion and says he is taking a vacation and is in the place intent only on purchasing a summer house. Entreaties follow, and, after an examination, the alleged eye specialist recommends the use of a special kind of eye glass and leaves, giving the address of the firm from whom these glasses can be procured. The address is always that of a confederate and is never the same twice in succession. The confederate gets an order and sends the glasses C. O. D., when the order is not accompanied by the money, and charges all the way from \$25 to \$40 for them in accordance with the instructions received from his traveling partners. When the farmer gets the glasses he finds they are the kind that are sold on the Bowery for fifteen cents. Two of these swindlers were in Claverack recently and nearly came to grief by pretending to be Dr. Agnew, who died some time ago. They got out of the trouble, however, by saying that Dr. Agnew who died was not the celebrated eye doctor but a general practitioner, and sold a Mr. Forbes a pair of glasses for \$30. —New York Mail and Express.

Why the Train Ran Slow.

A man was one day making a trip on a "mixed train" on a Dakota road. Passage on these trains is never taken except for journeys of considerable length; walking is as easy and much faster for short distances. On this occasion the movement was even more deliberate than usual, and the passenger called the conductor to his seat and said:

"Isn't this motion pretty slow?"

"Well, we ain't flying, I'll admit."

"Sure everything is all right?"

"I think so."

"Wheels all greased?"

"Yes, I greased them myself."

"Tires all on?"

"Yes, we run through the creek back here and soaked up the wheels so that they would stay."

"Any spokes loose?"

"No."

"You are certain the wheels are all on the rails?"

"They was when I came in."

"Couldn't be possible that any of them are off and the axle dragging, could it?"

"I guess not."

"Are we going up hill?"

"No, this is pretty m'd'lin' level."

"Do you always run at this gate?"

"No, we generally lum along a little faster'n this."

"May I ask what is the trouble?"

"Certainly. We found a fine two-year-old steer stuck in a trestle back here, before you got on, and stopped and helped it out. You know the rules of the road are that in such cases the animal belongs to the company."

"But I don't see why that should you make run so thundering slow."

"Why, you blame fool, we're takin' that steer along to headquarters; got it tied on behind, and it ain't used to leadin' and don't walk up very well. I'm doing all I can; got the brakeman prodding it up with an umbrella and an ear of corn tied to the end of the bell-ropes. If you think I'm goin' to start up and go howlin' along and yank the horn off as good a steer as there is in the territory, why you're mistaken, that's all. Us train men can't expect our pay unless we bring in some stock once in awhile." —Texas Siftings.

Electricity for Writer's Paralysis.

In one of the broad windows of the recording department of the office of James Bond, clerk of the superior court, is a small electric battery. It is used by the recorder for the relief of the cramp of the muscles of the hand which follows long-continued and steady use of the pen. The relief is instantaneous, and clerks who formerly were compelled at times to stop work for several days on account of swelling and contraction of the muscles of the hand, now take a few gentle shocks of the electric current on the slightest approach of stiffness. They return to work at once, entirely relieved, and continue without inconvenience. Nearly every one of the score of clerks receive benefit from the electric current, and the battery is regarded as an indispensable fixture of the office. —Baltimore Sun.

Seven Scenes Which Tell of the Life of a Woman.

A wee mother is carefully putting her favorite doll to bed. With tender solicitude she removes each dainty garment and fastens on the tiny nightgown. Then with a fond kiss, she hugs her treasure to her and places it in its little cradle. After patting it for a moment gently, she tiptoes out of the room as the twilight peeps curiously into it.

A fair maiden stands before her looking-glass adding the last touches to her evening toilet. Her lover will soon be here! Her eyes are full of innocent love light! She looks eagerly at her reflection in the glass! How glad she is that she is pretty! She frowns a little at a wrinkle that will not stay just as it should. A ring comes at the door, and she hastens away in the gathering twilight to meet her beloved.

A young wife sits anxiously watching for her husband. At each approaching footstep her heart beats rapturously and then grows heavy with disappointment! She will not go indoors it is so sweet out there! The creeping shadows cheer her trembling soul—so she waits and wishes and the shadows lengthen into darkened night.

A mother is rocking her baby to sleep. He looks at her gravely while they move to an fro, as if asking why the bright sunshine must leave and the ugly shadows hide her dear face from him. There is a wealth of wisdom in his great sweet eyes! He holds tightly to her dress as if to keep her near him!

When at last his eyes are closed, she disengages the loving hand, kisses him lightly—he must not be awakened—and arises to put him into his crib. Then she sinks back into her chair and begins to rock him again. It is so pleasant to rest in the twilight and be so sweet to nurse!

A woman kneels by a fresh-made grave. The headboard stares coldly at her and seems to say over and over again the words inscribed upon it: "He was her only child and she was a widow."

With tear-laden eyes she bends down lower and lower, till her lips rest upon the earth. She longs so to kiss the quiet form it is hiding from her! And the twilight seems to hurry past her and gladly lose itself in the darkness.

A care-worn old woman sits watching the shadows come—they are friends to her—friends that she welcomes—for they always sing the same song to her, "One day nearer home." And as she smiles to them her than she, too, repeats, "One day nearer home." And so life—woman's life—goes on in the twilight till rest comes to her weary body and joy to her waiting heart—till her spirit reaches its home, where never a shadow can fall upon it. —New Orleans Picayune.

Traits of the Bloodhound.

"There's a great deal of nonsense in the northerner's abhorrence of the bloodhound," said a southern gentleman. "He's not at all a ferocious animal. There is really no difference between him and the fox, stag, or other hounds, save in training."

"The true bloodhound, the old southern hound, is the Talbot. The hound of that breed is tall and large, larger than the fox hound, broad chested, and utters a deep bay. He has a good, what might be called a dignified face. He's tremendously slow in the chase (even a good walker can keep up with him if the run is long), but his scent is something wonderful. He'll follow a trail twelve or fourteen hours' old, and through herd after herd of animals like the one he's after."

"But if blood of some other animal is spilled across the trail, then he's gone; the blood confuses him and throws him off. It is from this, and the fact that he will follow a wounded animal as accurately by the blood as the track, that he gets his name, not from any peculiar ferocity."

"The Talbot used to be trained on the English and Scottish borders to pursue cattle thieves and other marauders. These sleuthhounds, as they were called there, are still kept in some of the big deer parks in the north of England."

"There is a dog in the south called the Cuban bloodhound that was sometimes employed in hunting down slaves, and is, perhaps, found among the packs used in following escaped convicts. It is not a bloodhound, however, but a cross of mastiff and bull dog. Its scenting is poor beside that of the true bloodhound; it is good for nothing but to hunt men, and is fierce and bloodthirsty. The Spaniards trained it in the first place to hunt Indians, and afterwards followed runaway slaves with it. It has stolen the bloodhounds' name and given them its reputation."

"The big Russian grayhound, which has a cross of bull dog, can be taught to follow men like a bloodhound." —New York Telegram.

The Signal Service Discounted. The Plates dance to bring on rain. Holding a Sunday school picnic has the same effect. —Hillsburg Chronicle.

Why women kiss women no one has ever yet been able to determine, but it is generally agreed, we believe, that men kiss women because the women want them to. —Somerville Journal.

LEAVING THE HOUSE

Interesting Experience of London Care-Taker and a Sneak-Thief.

There is a class of old, or oldish, women in London who make a profession of taking charge of houses during the absence of their proprietors, says *Cassell's Magazine*. Mrs. Bliggins, the occasional charwoman, is one of this class, and is always at call, being only too glad to give up her two or three, days a week charring for the certainties of a "house to mind," which at any rate, is good for bed and board and firing, and a few weekly shillings to boot. But, though Mrs. Bliggins has seen so much of the world, she has, unfortunately, failed to fathom its illusions, and is not quite a sharp enough guardian to property in these evil days.

Last autumn Mr. Servawrit, the lawyer, migrated with his family to the seaside, leaving Mrs. Bliggins in highly-satisfied possession of his handsome residence, with nothing for the old dame to do but to answer calls and forward letters. All went well for a time; but one fine morn'g comes a rat-tat-tat at the door, announcing the arrival of a magnificently dressed gentleman in patent leathers and lavender kid gloves, hot with haste and urgency, to consult with Mr. Servawrit on business of momentous import. "Not at home, my good woman? Nonsense! I tell you I must see him!" "I beg your honor's pardon, I'm sure, sir; but all the family is gone into the country." "Dear me! dear me! Tell me where will a letter reach him?" "This here's the place, sir"—handing him a card with the seaside address. "I must write to him this instant. Show me where I can write—not a moment must be lost. Quick, my good woman! quick, for goodness sake!" "This way, if you please, sir," and Mrs. Bliggins shows the gorgeous stranger into the back dining-room and seats him at Mrs. Servawrit's handsome devoport, where are abundant writing materials; and to show her manners, there she leaves him to transact his correspondence.

If he could have seen how effectually with a small implement produced from his vest pocket he fastened the door after her and how deftly he opened, cleared out and reclosed the chiffonier containing the plate, stowing the latter in his legion of pockets, she would have swooned away on the spot. Next he writes a note, lets himself out into the hall, hands the note and a shilling (a counterfeit) to the dame, expects a promise that she will post the missive right away and gradually stalks away. Mr. Servawrit gets the important letter next day:

"DEAR SIR:" it runs, "I can but compliment you on the good taste you have shown in the selection of your plate. I was always partial to the fiddle patterned articles, and when elegantly chased as yours are, they are doubly welcome. The fish slices and the gravy spoons are substantial and to my liking. The toddy ladles are really unique. I approve also of the spade guinea at the bottom of the punch bowl, which last-named article I shall preserve in remembrance of my brief sojourn under your roof. Yours (they were, mine they are),

GOT 'EM."

And thus, adding insult to injury, was Mr. Servawrit enlightened as to the hazards of leaving home.

Italian Etiquette.

No one gets very intimate with the Italians. They are very warm-hearted, sociable and easy up to a certain point; there it ceases. The young diplomats who live in Rome notice this; although they have lost their customs and one of these is a certain repellent atmosphere where extreme intimacy is expected. There is in Rome—the more the pity—a slow vanishing of the picturesque; but, although a Roman princess may wear a modern gown and retain nothing of the past but her splendid jewels, she is the same proud lady that she was, or that her great-grandmother was, and she like her, repels intimacy or familiarity beyond a certain point. One very important point is that they never wish to be touched. In our country a lady talking with another will often lay her hand on her friend's arm; this is considered a very great and objectionable familiarity by the Italian. "Never touch the person; it is sacred," is an Italian proverb. A lady in Italian society, to be very polite, will shake hands when introduced to an American the first time, but she rarely extends her hand the second time, she makes a deep and graceful courtesy. If her friend is in affliction, she comes, takes her hand and presses it to her heart; but there is nothing of the free, easy, caressing, none of that intimate kissing, nothing like the superficial intimacy which we observe between American women.

A Mark of Respectability.

"I believe I shall shave off my mustache."

"Oh, don't!"

"And why not? It troubles me a good deal, and it would be a great relief to get rid of it this warm weather."

"See here! Do you want to be taken for a ball player or an actor?" —Lowell Courier.

A Cheerless Pastime.

Waiting for the fish that bite other people's hooks is what wearies. —Milwaukee Journal.

A Lieutenant's Story.

It is a somewhat rare thing to come across a good story teller in this world—one who knows how to embellish his yarn just enough and yet not to delay the point too long. If there ever was a good hand at this sort of thing Lieutenant Walsh, of the signal service corps, is that one. This morning he was in a fine mood, and told the following thrilling story of adventures in the far southwest:

"Several years ago I was inspecting stations in the west. I had just arrived at a little station out in the direction—it doesn't matter where. We had come across the alkali desert, and my throat and eyes were filled with the dust. I had to send my clothes out to be beaten just like a carpet. They were perfectly white.

"After I took a bath and got dressed I felt better, and decided to walk down to the signal station. This was in the morning. The man I found in charge was a big, raw-boned fellow, over six feet high, with as villainous a countenance as ever you laid eyes on. Somehow or other I took a dislike to him from the first look I gave him. Well, I went into the office and overlooked things. It is usually the custom to examine all the property in the storehouse also. I went into it, the man keeping with me all the time. It was a small room, about the size of a large closet. There were a lot of boxes in it. I looked into some of them. In showing them around I saw one under them all. I looked at it, but this fellow—'we'll call him Thompson'—said, 'That is my personal property.' There was one thing about it that I noticed at the time and that for some reason stuck in my head and probably was working there all the time, although I did not know it.

"This box, which was piled away under all the others and all covered with cobwebs and dirt, had a new screw driven into it and the screw had broken off a sliver of wood which looked quite fresh. I noticed it at the time, but thought nothing of it.

"I went to the hotel for my dinner. At the table a man sat next to me who attracted my attention right away. He was dressed like a cattleman and had all the rough ways of this class, but somehow or other he impressed me as a man who was not wearing his own clothes, so to speak. It was only a slight impression, but it grew on me as I observed him. He seemed anxious to talk and opened a conversation with me.

"Tenderfoot?" he inquired.

"I'd don't like his looks at all, and the impudence of his manner made me answer him very shortly with a plain—

"No."

"Gunning?"

"No."

"Thought I saw a gun on your shoulder this morning?"

"Not much."

"Fishing-rod, then?"

"Nor fishing-rod, either."

"Pursuetin'?"

"Inspecting."

"What might a tenderfoot like you be a doing out here inspectin'?"

"What is that your business, sir? And who told you that I was a tenderfoot?" said I. "I was out here on these plains before you were born, as it is plain enough to see from the way you wear your disguise."

"At this last word he colored up and soon after left the table. A gentleman on the other side of me said:

"Who is that fellow?"

"I haven't the ghost of an idea," said I.

"I think he's a stranger in town," he said, after a moment. "There have been a good many burglaries here lately, and we have watched strangers pretty closely."

"Nothing more was said, and after dinner I went down to the signal office. I noticed that Thompson did not have on a uniform. So I asked him:

"Where's your uniform?"

"Haven't any," he said.

"This made me regard him with still more suspicion. He had to take an afternoon's observation and telegraph it into Washington. After he took it he said:

"I'll go down to the telegraph office with this."

"How long will you be gone?"

"About an hour."

"Well," said I, "I'll wait here until you return, as I have some writing to do."

"He went out, and somehow or other I began to wonder what was in that box that looked as though it were newly screwed up, and yet was hidden away under all the others. The idea of looking into it grew upon me until I decided to unscrew the lid. I went into the closet and pulled it out. I soon had all the screws out and lifted the lid off. You could have knocked me down with a feather. It was filled to the brim with silverware—spoons, knives, forks, etc. The rascal had been disguising the burglar under the signal service officer.

"I began to put the lid on again, and had just finished putting in the last screw when I heard a step beside me. I turned quick as a flash. Thompson had returned and the carpet had deadened the sound of his footsteps. He was standing just behind me with a revolver pointed at my head. I never thought what I was doing so far as I know, but by a sort of reflex action of

the muscles I knocked the revolver up with the screw driver I had in my hand. It went off against the ceiling, and we closed for a life and death struggle.

"Thompson was taller than I and more powerful. I was and always have been short-winded. It is all right with me for a minute or so, but then I am played out. Back and forth we wrestled, and he was beginning to get the best of me when I thought of the old trick at wrestling taught me at Trinity college, Dublin. I felt for his collar bone with my chin. I found it and down he went.

"All this time, they told me afterwards, I had been yelling murder and police loud enough to wake the whole town. Just as Thompson fell in dashed by a fresh friend at the dinner table. An accomplice of Thompson's? Oh, no—a Chicago detective, who had the signal office in his bracelets quick as a flash. Thompson got five years in the penitentiary, and I got a dinner from the prominent citizens of the town." —Exchange.

The Shakespearean Negress.

Harry Kernell tells a story about his recent trip south, says the *New York Sun*. He was at dinner in a Mississippi hotel when he suddenly discovered that he was being waited upon by a tall, majestic, and remarkably fine-looking colored girl. She was autocratic, exclusive and supercilious to a remarkable extent, but finally Mr. Kernell succeeded in winning her confidence and they started in to converse.

"Wouldn't you like to come over to the theater to-night?" said the actor, putting some more sugar in his coffee and reaching for the corn bread.

"V'riety show, isn't it?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Kernell, I believe so."

"No, sah," said the girl, sedately. "Don't care for v'riety shows. Dey bore me."

"What sort of shows do you like?"

"Well, I can't say I care much for theaters, anyhow. Seems mighty silly for people to run around the stage trying to make themselves believe they're funny."

"I should think Mary Anderson might please you, then?"

"No, sir; don't care for Miss Anderson. She looks too much like a sycamore tree—like a sycamore tree wavin' 'is long limbs in the winter time."

"Do you like Oliver Doud Byron?"

"No, sah; he bores me, too. He's one of those wretched creatures that thinks it's funny to shoot off guns and things on the stage. No, I don't care for M'ster Byron."

"What do you think of Fanny Davenport?"

"Miss Davenport," said the waitress, languidly, "wears me, too. She always has some wretched lover that she is trying to die for her on the stage. The fact is, as I said befo', play actors bore me; but when one of Mister William Shakespeare's plays comes along here they have to cha'n me to the flo'."

Mrs. O'Raherty Visits the Circus.

"Good Monday mornin' to ya, Mrs. O'Raherty. I hear ye was at the circus yiste'day."

"I was, Mrs. O'Flaherty. And all the animals that were in the ark were there. But the monkeys! They took the cake, they did. I did often hear Mary Ann raddin' about man comin' from the moonkeys, but I did never believe it until yiste'day. I saw an owld she moonkey, which I suppose must have come from the owld sod, for I never saw any wan that looked more loike ye yerself, Mrs. O'Flaherty."

"Like me! A moonkey lookin' loike me! I never had a greater insult offered me, Mrs. O'Raherty."

"Faith an' if ye had seen the owld lady ye wouldn't take it for an insult at all at all, for she is rale good lookin', wid very beautiful teeth very much xposed loike yer own, an' if she had yer owld shawl and bonnet on the very devil himself couldn't tell her from ye."

"Indade, Mrs. O'Raherty, it'll be shtroikin' ye I will if I shay here much longer, so to save trouble I'll go in, I will."

"Do as ye loike, Mrs. O'Flaherty, an' I'll do the same, but I'll always shtick to it that that owld moonkey looked more loike ye than any wan I iver did see." —Kentucky State Journal.

An Incurable Blindness.

Charity is a paradox to the covetous. Tell a miser of bounty to a friend or mercy to the poor, and point him out his duty, with evidence as bright and piercing as the light, yet he will not understand it. He shuts his eyes as close as his hands. In both cases there is an incurable blindness, caused by a resolution not to see; and, to all intents and purposes, he who will not open his eyes is, for the time being, as blind as he who can not.

A Pathetic Appeal.

Spinsters (to bird fanciers)—Have you a parrot, sir, whose life has been quiet and uneventful and whose choice of English is something above the average?

Dealer—Yes, ma'am, I have just the bird you're looking— Parrot (implyingly)—For gawd's sake, boss, don't let me go.—Life.