

BROTHERHOOD.

Here at the window I sit, Dreamily over the street, Careless how moments may flit— Feeling the solitude sweet.

A PINEAPPLE CHEESE.

"There, girls," said Peg as she laid an apocryphal parcel on the dining-room table, "there is probably the finest pineapple cheese on the isle of Manhattan."

"Oh, I know," said Peg loftily, "that you swells," with a bitter emphasis on the word, "affect all kinds of evil smelling cheese with your after-dinner coffee, but as I am plain and democratic in my tastes I buy pineapple cheese wherewith to regale myself when I come in, worn, jaded and faint with hunger after my day's toil."

We four girls, Grace, Eleanore, Margaret, otherwise Peg, and the writer, have a tiny little box of a flat uptown where we play at housekeeping.

Therefore we were not greatly surprised when Peg, after satisfying her healthy young appetite, proceeded to place her cheese, just outside the window upon the fire escape.

"Peg, you are crowding the refrigerator," objected Grace. "Do you want a call from Dan Flynn?" asked Eleanore.

"Dan Flynn won't see it to-night," said Peg calmly, "and I may eat the rest of it for breakfast."

"All men," said Peg oracularly, "are in a measure social highwaymen. Very likely this is an organized band of cut

throats. The details assuredly are suspicious. Grace, you know the chief of police, I believe." "I interviewed him once," drowsily came from Grace, who had just arrived at the sponging and pressing stage of her article.

In the middle of the night we were aroused by a fearful crash in the kitchen. Grace, Eleanore and I rushed frantically about confident that burglars were upon us.

"I got up to see if the pineapple cheese was safe," she explained, "and fell over the clothes horse which some driveling imbecile had left directly in my path."

Our new neighbors on the stairs. They certainly did not look like criminals. On the contrary they were decidedly prepossessing in appearance.

"Never," said Peg, stamping a small foot, "never will I recognize that despicable person Jack Sheppard. I call you to witness, Judith, what I say."

"I thought Slumpsey was going to reform after he got married?" "He did intend to, but concluded the effect would be a reflection on his judgment."

"Well, he made me drop it with his nasty sneers about an old maid. I wonder does he think he is the only man in the world? Anyway, the parrot is Eleanore's, and if you are my friend, Judith Faversham, you will make it your business to let him know that fact before you are a day older."

"Oh! I beg your pardon," and Peg came in through the window, her pretty face as red as fire and tears standing in the big blue eyes.

"Not foive minutes since," said the officer, reproachfully, "wid my own eyes did I see that chaise flaunting itself on your fire escape."

"Well, you go look on the fire escape below," laughed Peg, hysterically. "The men who live downstairs, it seems, have not enough to eat or to do—purposely raising her voice."

"Mr. Sheppard's compliments to Miss Seymour," he said, "and he has sent home her cheese. He begs she will count the pieces and see whether they are all here."

"I didn't want to take the bread from your mouth, sweetheart," he was saying, "nor yet the cheese. I will be satisfied with the kisses."

"I thought Slumpsey was going to reform after he got married?" "He did intend to, but concluded the effect would be a reflection on his judgment."

"I thought Slumpsey was going to reform after he got married?" "He did intend to, but concluded the effect would be a reflection on his judgment."

SKIN GRAFTING EXTRAORDINARY

A Coat Button Proves an Efficient Aid in Modern Surgery. The unusual manner in which a piece of skin was cut from a boy's thigh and grafted in his eye to enable him to wear an artificial eye to replace one destroyed by accident has been brought to the attention of the physicians of the New York Academy of Medicine.

Dr. Chambers resolved to try a delicate feat of Thiersch grafting to remedy the defect. Previous successful experiments at skin grafting had been made when the skin was grafted on a flat surface.

Before this was done, however, the surgeon had to devise a means of holding the graft in place without too great pressure. He hit upon the expedient of using an ordinary flat-surfaced overcoat button about an inch in diameter.

The secret of the success of the operation, Dr. Chambers said, was the presence of the holes in the button.

The boy was at a recent meeting of the Academy of Medicine, and showed the assembled physicians that the eye could be removed and replaced with ease. He had practically a new eye socket.

It has been discovered by a French statistician that the average age of doctors is much higher than that of any other calling; it is no less than 56.

Where their great pull consists, however, is, no doubt, in their opportunities of observing what treatment is most efficacious with their patients.

Waiter, wanting to show off his grammar to scholarly-looking customers, shouts to kitchen: "Two roast beeves!"

A young criminal lawyer desires at a suitable remuneration a respectable criminal.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Better Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

CALENDAR FOR 1897.

Calendar for 1897 showing months from January to December with days of the week and dates.

Jules Breton's Artist Daughter. Virginie Demont-Breton is the only woman painter since Rosa Bonheur to receive the cross of the Legion of Honor, so rarely given to women.

CONDEMNED.

When an innocent man is condemned for any crime he doesn't lose hope. His lawyers appeal from one court to another.



All lung and bronchial diseases are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, because it supplies the system with healthy blood.