Plattsmouth Journal. C. W. SHERMAN. Publisher. PLATTSMOUTH, : NFBRASBA

SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

Our kitten hath a winning way To our good graces, And summons smiles by graceful play On saddened faces. But loudest rings the prompt applause When fire-lit evenings fall, And puss essays with velvet paws The shadows on the wall

The tress that floats beside your head In semblance waving. And figures quaint by fingers made, Her fancy craving. Prompt the wild spring, the futile grasp And then the backward fall. While still unbaffied, puss would clasp The shadows on the wall.

Repeated balks, but what desire For dear possession; More fiercely burns her eye of fire At each recession, Till weariness unnerves the clutch. And yields to kind recall, Though still her longing glances watch

The shadows on the wall. At her mistake let humans smile But not despise her; Those whom intangibles beguile-Say-are they wiser

Who life-long grasp at fame or power, O wealth or honors tall. To find them, when their toils are o'er, But shadows on the wall? -E W. B. Canning, in Good Housekeeping.

"LEADIN'S."

How Mrs. Lloyd Found Happiness by Following Them.

A pretty woman, who looked sad, sat in front of a bright fire in a parlor in the Waldorf hotel in New York. She was in black, and the morning paper lay in her lap; she was not reading, but thinking. "Here I am rich and all alone, and so much suffering this hard year-the paper's all full of it; and yet she didn't want father to put it in the again; and I wrote again, and still no I don't know one single soul that I can help my own self this sad day. I'd like to make a bright day for somebody that I can see enjoy it; I am tired of giving checks that only give me just the trouble of writing them, and no pleasure." Just then, as she thought sadly of the past, when she had so many to love her, she seemed to hear the voice of the kind old nurse at home, who often said: "Jest foller yer lead-God'll lead you somewhar all de time." "I'll do it," she said; "I'll go out and more beautiful it looked to her. foller my leadin's to-day, and see where they bring me."

In a little while she was walking quickly down Broadway with the throng. "I think I will cross over," she thought, at a corner, and then several wagons of various sorts came by. and she turned back into the crowd going down town. Her heart was full of gave me your father's address," she that day she paid for the picture, and sadness; but it was her nature to look said; "and if you are going home I will twice the price that Mr. Rhett had out for the bright things, and she go with you." ers, and the other of fruits and some tempting as they lay close to the pane yesterday." which had streaks of frost on it, for it was a very cold day for the last of dils, and many others-all made a picwith pleasure. While she stood there that Mrs. Lloyd felt that she must say go there?" to her: "You love them, don't you?" The child looked up with a pair of ma'am; don't you? And I love those, too." and she moved a little toward the other window; "mother loves those little oranges.' "They look nice," Mrs. Lloyd said. "I think I love the lilies best," the child said; "we used to have so many flowers when we lived in Florence; but they cost too much in this country.' "Did you live in Florence long?" said Mrs. Lloyd. "I was born there," said the child. "We only came to this country a year ago-to my grandma's, in Savannah: and then she died, and we came here. she said: My father paints pictures. Do you like pictures?" she said, looking up. "Very much," said the lady, who was looking at her with such friendly eyes Mrs. Lloyd. that the child felt more and more like talking to her. but it's too hard times to sell them one." now, he says; and so my mother makes things, and I take them to the exchange." "What exchange?" said Mrs. Lloyd. "Why, the Woman's exchange, on I won't run to-day." Fifth avenue, you know; and then I go to market with the money - 'cause mother can't, the baby's so fretty now; she's getting teeth." "Dear me," thought Mrs. Lloyd, "I is here who came about the picture." think that Aunt Sally was right; this must be a leading, first thing. But now how shall 1 go to work to help them?" But the child did that herself, for she up and went toward her. said: "My father has got a picture in a store over on Fifth avenue. If you'd in the window at Blank's, and I think come over there, I'd show it to you; it's it is a house I once lived in, an inn in the window."

icate little cakes. Mrs. Lloyd was it; but now we can't indulge in sentilooking on, and said: "Why, those ment;" and he gave a glance about the cakes look exactly like some that I room. used to have when I was a child in the south. "Yes," said the woman who was

ern cakes. "I will take them," said Mrs. Lloyd,

and she paid for them, and had them put in a box. As they stood there a lady came in

and said: "Can you tell me whom 1 to sell?" "Upstairs," said the clerk; and the

lady went out. "Why, do they buy lace too?" said

the child. "I've got some-I'd like to sell it; it's my grandma's wedding veil, mother says.'

"Ah!" thought Mrs. Lloyd, "here is another leading. I want some lace." wanted nothing so little. They walked about two blocks, and

window, and said: "That is my ankle in London?" father's picture, isn't it pretty?"

Mrs. Lloyd looked at it first curiforward to see the painter's name. find you for all the long years. What "Rhett," she said; "is that the name?"

"Philip Rhett," the child said; "and my name is Sylvia-for my grandma."

Lloyd, half to herself. "I wonder how he happened to paint that house?" But she thought again: "It is such a picturesque old place that I don't wonder

sell it to anybody else for anything."

Sylvia. "I think that it's beautiful," said the lady "beautiful; and I used to live there once-long ago," she said, with a living in Florence and I in Rome. All little sigh.

"Why, my mother did too," said Sylbuy it."

evidently old house, an inn, for there haps, that explains why you couldn't was the sign on one side and over the find us." front grew roses that hung everywhere, and so exquisitely painted that one seemed almost to smell the per- to find you from the picture of the inn; fume and to feel the soft summer breeze, that seemed to move them, now have no friends here," and she glanced in's, honey-"jest keep follerin', and and then. Mrs. Lloyd stood fascina- at her dress; "my husband is dead." ted, and the longer she looked the "How long has it been here?" she

said to Sylvia. "Only two days," she answered.

"I will go in, a moment," she said; but Mrs. Lloyd said: "I want to speak to the proprietor." She went in, and told the child to wait you for all you did for my dear father, outside for her, and after a few moments came out again. "The man

stopped in front of two windows that "If you will go to market with me it. And she knew that the comforts are going to have a stew to-day. great basket of flowers and most "Why not?" said Mrs. Lloyd. March. The flowers that filled the any money; and mother says she won't good; and just after Mrs. Lloyd had other window were exquisite -Easter ask the man to trust us, 'cause he don't seen the picture and ordered it kept orchids havging with their queer anyway," she added, with a grown-up buy it. shapes all across the front of the glass, air that showed how much care the litpinks and roses, delicate maidenhair the thing had carried. "I do the marferns, forget-me-nots and bright daffo- keting over on Third avenue when 1 she looked at the picture in her room have time," she said. "It's cheaper that had been so lonely, and felt that ture of delight; and she stood looking there; but mother told me to do it on the day had brought her not only the at them a long time, sadly and yet Sixth avenue to-day, and then it isn't promise of spring and of life, but the very far to the house. We live in fa- very best thing that the world can a little girl, about eleven years old, ther's studio, 'cause he had to have a ever give-the love of friends. And it holding a box in her hands and with a studio, and we couldn't afford a house, all came from a pleasant word at a basket or her arm, stopped also, and too; but the studios here aren't as nice shop window to a strange little girl gazed in with such a look of rapture as his was in Florence. Did you ever "I have lived in Rome for several years," said Mrs. Floyd, "and I have should have missed it all. How soft, trustful eyes and said: "Oh yes, often been to Florence. I know that strange!"-Katherine B. Foot, in N. Y. you were sorry to leave it, for every- Independent. body is."

"It has a very great deal in it for me," said Mrs. Lloyd. "My father and I-he is dead now-were there for a taking the things; "some ladies said long time, and he was especially fond go. the other day that they were real south- of that rosebush, as everyone is who

knows it, 1 am sure. How odd that you should have painted just the one house that I should like to have always hanging before me."

"Odd that you happened to see it, but not odd that I painted it; for my can see here about some old lace I want | wife was fond of it, and then we spent our honeymoon there. My wife was

there for a long time with a gentleman who was taken suddenly ill there." "Suddenly ill?" said Mrs. Lloyd; "excuse me, but what was his name?" "Mr. Carter-Mr. John Carter, of

Virginia; and we -" Mrs. Lloyd interrupted again. "Were you-1 mean are you Clare But two minutes before she had King-the Miss King who was so good to my father?"

"Were you Miss Carter, who couldn't then the child stopped in front of a come because she had sprained her "I am, indeed." And Mrs. Lloyd juped up and took both Mrs. Rhett's ously, and then eagerly, and then bent hands; "and 1 have tried so hard to does it mean?"

They sat down and looked at each other-these people whom a chance and "How very, very strange," said Mrs. a picture had thrown together.

"I don't know," "I can't imagine," said first one and then the other. Mrs. Lloyd collected her wits first. "You left my father after my aunt

that he wanted to paint it; and it's came-the next day, I think, and so well painted, too. I wouldn't have him we never met; and then you wrote twice and then I wrote to you, and "Do you think it's pretty?" said then we never heard again; and we even wrote here to America and tried

to find your address in Charleston. What can it mean? And you have been but neighbors, and never knowing it."

"I had one letter from you," said via; "and she loved that picture, and Mrs. Rhett, "and then I never heard window; but he said that perhaps the answer. And my mother moved away roses in it would make somebody to Savannah, and she married again and changed her name, and 1 was mar-It was the picture of a long, low, and ried and changed mine, and so, per-

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Lloyd; "and yet it does seem a mystery. And now how glad I am! I am so lonely, and I

"And we are lonely too," said the other woman.

Then came a long string of questions and answers, and, as it has nothing to do with the story, it need not be told;

"I can never be grateful enough to when he was so alone."

But she proved that she could; for thought that he could dare to ask for

joined, although each belonged to a first," said Sylvia, "I always have to go that they needed would follow, and music." He became so excited that his were lounging by a lamp post near the shock their heads and whispered to different store. One was full of flow- to market before I go home, and we she attended to the other things. A mother dared not keep him in the thearare early vegetables. The tomatoes Mother said we could if I got any delicious fruit came to them the next ning of the first act, convinced that she the sun was now shining brilliantly, ruin." and mandarin oranges looked fresh and money, 'cause we couldn't have one day. And Mr. Ehett had such warm must cease opposing his desire to make the eaves were still dripping, and from words of praise from the man who music his profession. kept the picture shop; for as "bad "Why," said the child, "I didn't have | luck never comes singly," so it is with lilies, holding up great spikes of bloom, know us. I don't suppose he would for her, another person had tried to this morning?" Patient-"I ought to And Mrs. Lloyd felt that she had been wise to follow "her leadin's" as who had seen the kindness and been kind in return. And she thought also: "If I had crossed the street at first I

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

-Macaulay took his Sunday dinner alone at a coffee house. After dinner he would build a pyramid of wine glasses, which usually toppled over. He would pay for the broken glass and

-After "Paradise Lost" was printed it was translated into French, and this version falling into the hands of an innocent Englishman, he made a prose translation back into English and sent it to a publisher. The manuscript is in the British museum.

-The titles of Jewish rabbinical writings are often very fanciful. One commentary is called "The Heart of Aaron," the introduction to the Talmud is the "Bones of Joseph," and other treaties are termed "Garden of Nuts" and "Golden Apples."

-Mrs. Caroline H. Dall tells the Springfield Republican that when she first went to Washington, over forty years ago, Daniel Webster said to her: "Remember, you may have what political opinions you please, but the woman who expresses them is damn

-George Augusta Sala was recently asked by a very corpulent lady how she should dress in attending a fancy ball. "Well," replied Mr. Sala, as he sized up the ample proportions of the or in the country. lady, "if I were you I would put a frill around my neck, don a light red dress lot on Fifth avenue long before so

much wealth and fashion congregated in that particular section of the city, as Salter Pyne, who is only thirty-two and, although there were many more years of age, began life as a mechanic pretentious homes than theirs on every in the great Birmingham engineering side, still their house was handsome firm of Tangye. Then he went to India without, and the books, pictures, as the foreman of a factory, and soon furniture and carpets were what might became superintendent of the arsenal be expected in that locality, notwithand public works of the ameer of Afstanding the fact that they regarded ghanistan. He held this place for near- themselves as plain people, who had ly ten years, until a short time ago he was attached to the mission of Sir fashion.

Thomas Durand. -Miss Olive Schreiner, the author of July, found the furniture covered up that strange book, "The Story of an and packed away for a month's nap, African Farm," is engaged to be mar- and a carriage at the door ready to ried. Her betrothed, who is four or take the Grays to the station. five years younger than the bride to be, is Mr. Cron Wright, the son of a she noticed that one piece of baggage well-known South African farmer and was unmarked. "Jacky, dear," she member of the Cape parliament. He said, "please run upstais and write is himself a successful farmer and a clever speaker, and it is supposed that trunk; it has all our bathing suits in he will enter parliamentary life. It is it, and we must not risk losing it." said, by the way, that more than 70,000 copies of "The African Farm" have especial property, and he wrote been sold.

-A few days before Gounod's death he splashed ink all over his fingers. he told a Paris reporter how his family He went to an upstairs bathroom to first became convinced of his musical genius. He was twelve years old and not come, so he rushed down to the was getting a general education at a second story bathroom, made himself preparatory school. His mother conented one evening to take him to hear by the driver before his mother thought Mozart's "Don Juan." Gounod sat it possible. with eyes and mouth open and did not utter a word until the overture was sending the key to his brother's by a servant, started on his summer holiday

half over. Then as the musicians struck a few mighty notes, the little with the comfortable feeling that he fellow screamed, trembled, threw himself into his mother's arms and sobbed: "Oh mamma! mamma! That, that is

She led him out before the begin-

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. he was more than that. "Twelve?" No, wrong again. "Thirteen?" I see I shall have to help you guess-he was twenty-six years old, and weighed one hundred and sixty pounds; and it was a good thing he was so old and big, for if he had been a small boy it would have seemed a very careless trick in-And have wished, no doubt, when reading, deed; but as it was, people only said: "Dear, dear, dear! Well, accidents will happen!"-Mary Bentley Thomas,

in St. Nicholas.

THE TAMED SEAL.

He Went Into Baby's Room and Looked Wise as an Owl.

A great many seals are killed every year for their soft, fine fur. Among the Shetland islands the people used to think that harm would come to anyone who killed a seal.

A number of these animals were caught and trained. One was a very large fellow. Two men could hardly manage him. He was soon tamed, and had a shed for his home. Every day he would go to the sea for food, and re-



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turn to the land when his master called not pursued, but been overtaken by, him.

At the house of his owner lived a A sultry morning, the last day of dear little baby boy. One day baby's mother rocked him to sleep and laid him in his little bed. Then she went out, leaving the door open. so

that she might hear him if he awoke. He did not awake; but after awhile mamma came into the room again. There was the great seal close to baby's cot, looking into his face just father's name on a card for the leather as if he would like to kiss him.

Mamma was frightened and screamed. Then the seal's master Jacky flew to the third story, his came and ordered him out. He floundered away to his shed. The "Jonathan Gray" with such a flourish seal would not have hurt the baby. Seals are very loving creatures.-Julia A. Tirrell, in Our Little Men and wash his hands; but the water would Women.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

presentable, and was in the carriage Not Such a Pleasant Period as Some Would Have Us Belleve.

A story is told in Sunshine of a family living in colonial times, whose extravagant habits excited the alarm of the village. The oldest son bought a pair of boots, the second son invested in an overcoat, the third brother bought a watch, and the fifth a pair of shoe bucklers. The neighbors all

That family is on the high road to

Little guessed, yet latent lurk, Is, unless my judgment blunders, Just old-fashioned, common work! -Philip B. Strong, in Golden Days. JACKY'S LITTLE MISTAKE. This Tale His Friends Call the True

ed.'

and go as a ham." -The new British knight, Sir Thom-

"Yes, I'd be glad to; I'm just taking a walk," said Mrs. Lloyd.

"I have to cross here anyway," the into this window; it's really shorter quaintance there." the other way, but I do love the flowhome."

Soon they reached the door of the

"Oh yes, we were sorry; but we had to when grandma was sick, 'cause she

wanted mother so much." By that time they were at the

sadness as well; for it was such a very little bit of meat that she bought after

"Now I'm all ready. Are you going to buy my father's picture?"

"Perhaps so, if he will sell it," said

said. "He says that if he sold one per-

"Very likely," said Mrs. Lloyd; and

tell your father and mother that a lady

"Oh, come right in!" said the child, and opened the door; but Mrs. Lloyd man who was painting at an easel got

Mrs. Lloyd said: "I saw your picture near Clovelly, in England, and I want

to see you about it, please. They gave me your address at the shop. I met your little daughter at a flower win- Companion. child said. "I come this way to look dow, and we made each other's ac-

A lady got up and came forward, ers so, and then I tell mother about saying: "Why, yes, that is the place; them. We get to the exchange first, if then we all once lived there, for I spent you don't mind waiting there a minute a month there, and later I was there Tail, Wit or Humor." for me. The picture is on the way again with my husband." And she smiled a little.

"Sit down, madam," said Mr. Bhett, edly asks, coolly answers, calmiy exchange, and the child went into the placing a chair. "I shall be glad to speaks and ceases when he has nothbasement door to deliver her bundles. sell you my picture if it has any mean- ing to say, is in possession of the best She took out a delicious looking mold ing for you, for it has so much for us requisites of a good converser .-of jeliy, and from the basket some del- that we are very reluctant to part with Lavater.

UNCOMPLIMENTARY.

Carlyle and the Picture of Himself Painted by a Friend.

Carlyle suffered from dyspepsia and butcher's, and Mrs. Lloyd watched the disappointments. He was, therefore, little woman make her purchases with neither oversympathetic in intercourse some amusement, and a great deal of with his friends, nor fair in his esti- ma-"Yes, Frank." Frank-"Then, mates of other writers.

Though he personally liked Tennyshe had caretully explained what she son, he spoke with impatience of his wanted it for, and such a very small "cobbling his odes;" dismissed Jane bundle of vegetables with it. Presently Austen's novels as "dish-washings;" Hallam, the historian, as "dry as dust," and Goldsmith as an "Irish blackguard." Even the writers of editorials in the press were saluted with this hard

saying: "What are these fellows doing? "Oh, he'll be glad to sell it," Sylvia They only serve to cancel one another." A characteristic anecdote illustrates "My father paints beautiful pictures; haps he could sell more after he sold his cruel disposition, which provoked him to inflict pain even on a friend.

An artist, who frequented Carlyle's they walked on up the avenue to a house, painted a picture of him in his large building, where Sylvia stopped dressing gown smoking a pipe by the and said: "We live way up tiptop; but fireside, and Mrs. Carlyle in an armchair sitting opposite him. The pic-So they went slowly up the five long ture was hung at one of the Royal flights. At the door Mrs. Lloyd stopped | academy exhibitions, and, though not Sylvia and said: "You go in first and a striking work of art, was purchased by Lord Ashburton-Carlyle's friendfor five hundred pounds.

The delighted artist hurried off to the Carlyles, expecting congratulations stood on the threshold until a gentle- on the sale, and some manifestation of pleasure on their part at having such a value set on a picture of themselves and their domestic interior. He delivered his glad tidings, but all the response he received from Carlyle was: 'Well, in my opinion, five hundred pounds was just four hundred and ninety-five pounds too much!"-Youth's

> -The British museum has a book published by an anonymous author in 1760. It has the odd title, "Did You Ever See Such Stuff, or, So Much the Better, Being a Story Without Head ov

-He who sedulously attends, point-

HUMOROUS.

-Doctor-"You cough more easily -1 practiced all night."-Hallo. -"I should like to see any man try

to kiss me." "No doubt; but you shouldn't admit it."-Pick-Me-Up. -The boy who fain would learn to swim

Can studiously promote his wishes-I guarantee the fa ct to him-

If he but join a school of fishes. -Mrs. Coffee-"Where did you learn

that new piece?" Daughter-"It isn't a new piece. The piano has been tuned."-Town Topics.

-Mr. Gusher (a self-satisfied bore)-"I can tell just what people are thinking of me." Miss Pert-"Indeed ! How very unpleasant it must be for you !"---Brooklyn Life.

-Mrs. Winks-"Dame Fortune has been smiling on Neighbor Hicks, I hear." Mrs. Jinks-"Oh, the horrid old wretch, and his poor, dear wife not dead a month."-Inter-Ocean.

-Why?-Frank-"Beets are full of sugar, aren't they, mamma?" Mammamma, why does the cook go and put vinegar on them?"-Harper's Bazar.

-"Blykins is a very well-informed man." "I used to think so." "What has happened to shake your faith?" 'Well, you see, he has qualified as a juror in a capital case."-Washington Star.

-Mrs. Figg--"What is the reason I never see you playing with Jimmy Briggs any more?" Tommy-"He win't got no respect for the fashions. He wants to be playin' marbles in top-spinnin' time."-Indianapolis Journal.

-Pegg-"Sometimes the absolute faith my boy has in my wisdom makes me almost ashamed of myself." Potts -"You need not worry. It will average up all right. By the time he is twenty he will think you know nothing at all."-Tit-Bits.

-"My husband is dreadfully troy ble" with insomnia," said Mrs. Bloobur.per. "He wakes up about two o'clock every morning, and then he can't go to sleep again. He tosses about until daylight, get any sleep myself." "My husband used to be troubled that way," replied Mrs. Cawker; "but I discovered a remedy which never fails." "Oh. do tell me about it!" "Well, I noticed that my husband alway slept the soundest just as soon as rising-time came he went to sleep and slept like a log." "That's just the way with Mr. Bloowoke up in the night and began to 1958 pretended to look at the clock, and said: 'Oh, that's all right. You don't need to go to sleep again. It's time for

you to get up.' That always put him

four hours preceding, and, although the marble steps ran 2 steady little stream to the street.

Mr. Gray locked the front door, and

was taking a needed rest and leaving

About ten days later two policemen

everything safe in his absence.

ALADDIN'S LAMP.

Of the lamp Aladdin owned: How it brought him wealth and glory-

You like magic power possessed-That desiring aught or needing.

Truth a moment's thoughtful gleaming.

It might come at your behest.

But methinks a deeper meaning.

One may in the fiction find;

Will reveal unto the mind.

"Tis not fancy's idle stating.

Like Aladdin, now to do!

(Recollect his lamp enchanted.

For I deem the lamp is waiting

Still the touch of heedful hand:

Man to-day may fate command.

Would you then the gift be granted,

Seemed more copper to the view.)

Well, the charm in which such wonders,

Story of the Flood.

in New York eleven months in the

year, but the whole family almost in-

variably spent August at the sea shore

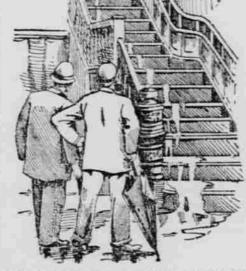
As Mrs. Gray passed through the hall

Won him wife o'er realms enthroned:

You have read the famous story

"I say, Bill," remarked one of the men to his comrade, "it's a monstrous quare thing, but 1 b'lieve it rained more on this one house vesterday than any three in the city; every time I passed there was a reg'lar pond on the pavement, and it's still a-comin' down them steps."

"You everlasting igiot!" returned Bill, "it's a-running out of the house!



THE WATER WAS FLOWING DOWN THE FRONT STAIRWAY.

Where's your eyes-don't you see it coming right under the door?" And so it was!

Fortunately, the first speaker knew where Mr. Gray's brother lived, and hastening to the place, he told Mr. William Gray that there appeared to William Gray that there appeared to be something the matter. Within an But we've reason to be thankful that we live hour the front door was unlocked and a deplorable sight was revealed. The beholders might have said with the Ancient Mariner, that there was "water, water everywhere;" for it was flowing gently down the front stairway, dripping from the ceilings, and each floor was full of little pools. All the carpets had been left on the lower story, and they had been saturated to ness, and one of the lawyers, after such an extent that the sensation was that of walking on sponges; from the and growls and fusses so that I can't parlor walls hung long festoons of rich velvet paper.

Uncle William, almost raising an umbrella in his excitement, rushed up to the third-story bathroom, and there was a tub overflowing on every side, and a full head on in the spigot Jacky when it was time to get up. No mat- had forgotten to turn back. Well, ter how wakeful he had been all night, they stopped it, you may be sure, and "the long tongue," as the Indians call the telegraph, said to Mr. Gray, down at Cape May: "Come at once. House bumper, exactly. But tell me what damaged by water." He came by the you did." "Well, when Mr. Cawker first train and he sent for women with cloths and buckets, and for plumbers about and say he couldn't get a wink of and carpenters and painters and papersleep, I simply went across the room, hangers and upholsterers, and he spent more than three thousand dollars "cleaning house" that autumn.

Now, how old do you suppose Jacky to sleep in a minute."-Harper's Bazar mischief? "Ten," did you say? No. far."-Indianapolis Jourual.

Legislation in New England tried to restrain extravagance in dress, and laws were passed against wearing laces, embroidery, needlework caps and "immoderate great sleeves."

By way of silently reproving the vanity of their wives and daughters, the sterner sex appeared in immense powdered wigs, stiffly-starched ruffles, glittering knee and shoe buckles, embroidered silk vests, white silk stockings, and coats of every hue but black, trimmed with great gilt or silver buckles; with these elaborate wardrobes to keep in order, the women had very little time to cultivate their "squirrel's brains," to quote one of the gallant (?) croakers of the time. Mrs. Adams, however, had a will of her own. She wrote to her husband and asked him to send her from Philadelphia, in 1775, two yards of black calamanco for shoes, saying she "would not wear leather if she went barefooted."

The shoes were of the same material as the dress, often skillfully embroidered. Country girls sometimes carried the broadcloth shoes with peaked toes in their hands until they reached the church, but the pink satin and yellow brocade shoes of city maidens were supported on clogs and pattens.

After all, we fancy the most ardent lovers of the past would not be in favor of reviving the time-honored customs of the early days of the republic. With the mahogany sideboard rescued from oblivion, the spinning wheel set up in the parlor, and the quaint china teaset upon the closet shelves, we can all ery: Oh! those pleasant times of old, with their

chivalry and state, I love to read their chronicles which such brave

deeds relate. I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to bear

not in these blessed times of old."

The Lawyer Didn't Tangle Him. The satisfaction that everyone must

feel at the triumph of the boy, about whom the Massachusetts Ploughman tells this anecdote, is due to the same feeling that prompts a big-hearted man to take the part of the "undermost dog." Walter was the important witcross-questioning him severely, said: "Your father has been talking to you, and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify." "Well," said the boy, modestly, "father told me that the lawyers would try to tangle me, but if I would just be careful and tell the truth, I could tell the same thing every time." The lawyer didn't try to taugle up that boy any more.

Young Mr. Fitts-That pie you gave to the Commercial club for the poor has been one of the most successful contributions of the year.

Young Mrs. Fitts-Indeed! "Yes, indeed. It has been presented must have been to have done all that to no less than seven poor families sa

A Great Success.

