

# Plattsmouth Journal.

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## EFKUM.

What's Efkum? What's Efkum? W'y, de Lawd kin on'y tell.  
I s'nt him to de wood pile mo'n twenty year ergo.  
Where'er he's a-lidin, I hopes he's doin' well. But he oughter brung dat wood back to he mammy. Yes, dat's so.  
An' you knowed him? You knowed him? Well, hit's comfortin' to fin'  
Somebody ez war 'quainted wid my harum-scarum boy.  
Hit kinder brings him back into hees poor ole mammy's min'.  
An' makes her tink he'll come ergin to bring her ole heart joy.  
He allus war a mischief, but dar warn't nuthin' bad.  
Erbout dat chille, jist 'ceptin' w'en he'd git some devilmint.  
Into hees haid, an' den he'd up an' make me some's mad.  
Untwell I'd say I'd skin him: but he nebbor cared a cent.  
He allus minded mammy, an' he'd do jist w'as she say.  
'Ceptin' 'pon some 'casions he war kinder sorter slow.  
An' he do jist w'at she'd want of: she let him hab his way.  
But he'd oughter brung dat wood back to he mammy long ergo.  
An' so you knowed my Efkum? Lawd bress us! You doan' say!  
Hit's twenty long, long years I's been a grieben fur dat boy.  
I nebbor kin forgit hees prangs an' hees rap-sallion war.  
I's prayed fur him an' weeped fur him, an' ain't hab much ob joy.  
Sence he went off, Ef I could ketch him now I'd skin him, shoah.  
Fur nebbor bringin' back dat wood. An' you dat rascal knowed?  
He poor ole mammy nebbor will lay eyes on him no moah.  
'Wat? You is? Sho! You Efkum? Hush! Lawd bress us, how you's growed!  
—Harry J. Shellman, in Harper's Magazine.

## A DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

By ARNOLD ARMSTRONG.



of Broadmoor, with an allowance that kept him in neckties and cigarettes, together with a bedroom and "the run of his teeth" at the family mansion in Grosvenor square.  
Lord Broadmoor had put down his goutiest foot as heavily as he dared and thundered: "No!" And as, in addition to his lordship, Lady Broadmoor claimed Dr. Pillingham's attendance for five minutes every morning at a guinea a visit, they were not patients to be offended rashly.  
So Miss Dorothy Pillingham and Hon. Guy de Woking had one meeting to say "good-by," after which they were to meet as strangers. No one quite knew how they had ever met at all.  
"You will neither write to him nor hear from him," said Dr. Pillingham, sternly.  
"Father, I cannot promise," said Dorothy, sobbing.  
"I don't care whether you do or not; I'll see to that," said Dr. Pillingham, and from that day every letter into and out of that house was scrutinized, and every walk poor Dorothy took was in company of some one stern and severe.  
"If I hear of you communicating with that girl you go with a shilling," said the earl of Broadmoor to his son.  
"All right, governor, keep your hair on. You've got to hear of it first," said Guy de Woking under his breath, but his father fortunately did not hear, and soon after sounded Dr. Pillingham as to how parental discipline worked in the case of Dorothy.  
"A charming nature, Lord Broadmoor," said the old doctor, "a charming nature; our affectionate intercourse is uninterrupted. Every morning she helps me on with my overcoat, just as usual, brushes my hat, sees



DOROTHY STOOD BEFORE HER FATHER.  
that my stethoscope is in its place—I used to be continually forgetting it—and, though I'll be bound she knows where I'm going, she says not a word."  
"I am delighted to hear it," said Lord Broadmoor. He had not watched his son's correspondence, trusting rather to the watching on the other side, and as to the fact that he had never seen Guy read anything but a sporting paper, or write at all, except under compulsion.  
"Very satisfactory," said Lord Broadmoor, recurring to the subject ten months later. "All blown over and ended."  
He had been telling Dr. Pillingham of an excellent appointment in a gov-

ernment office which he had obtained for Guy.  
"I should not have got him a billet in London," continued his lordship, "if they had not forgotten one another."  
"I hope he likes his work," said Dr. Pillingham.  
"It's the first thing he has ever persevered with. There he goes to his office," said Lord Broadmoor, as the front door banged loudly; "but he ought to be earlier, all the same. How late it is! You, too, must be later than usual, doctor, I think."  
"I fancy I am," said Dr. Pillingham. "Is her ladyship ready to see me?" and he followed a powdered footman out of the room. When he came downstairs Lord Broadmoor was standing in the hall. "I should be obliged to Dr. Pillingham," he said, "if he would take a hurriedly-written line from me to Lady Honoria Shauerotha to condole with her on Sir Patrick's accident."  
"Certainly," said Dr. Pillingham, slipping the little three-cornered note into the lining of his hat. "I will put it here, with one corner projecting; I cannot forget it then."  
"By the way," said his lordship, "I hope Miss Dorothy does not regard me as a terrible ogre."  
"Tut! tut!" said Dr. Pillingham. "She has forgotten everything, and we have restored her liberty; she has been quite civil lately to young Dr. McGregor. She never would speak to him before. In fact, I really hope—"

"Quite so. A very suitable connection. Thank you," said Lord Broadmoor, as he reached his study, while the footman closed the door on the doctor.  
"My dear Lady Honoria," said Dr. Pillingham, "a note of condolence from Lord Broadmoor—the sympathetic outpouring of a kindly heart."  
"Dear Lord Broadmoor," said Lady Honoria, smiling at the old doctor graciously as she opened it. How different the courtly grace and dignified style of our day from the slangy familiarity of the present time. She gave a sudden gasp and sank back upon the sofa. "This from Lord Broadmoor!" she moaned.

The note fell to the floor; the commencement, written large, caught his eye at once.  
"My own little Dolly Diddlecum," "To me of all people," gasped her ladyship.

"Certainly not," said the doctor—she would have turned the scale at nineteen stone, so "little Dolly Diddlecum" was obviously inadequate.  
"Written in a foreign hand, and meant for whom I know not," she groaned. "Poor Lady Broadmoor; but stay, you must not read it."  
"I have read it," he said, putting it in his pocket, "and you may take it from me, Lady Honoria, it was not meant for you, and it was not from Lord Broadmoor," and he bowed hurriedly and left the room.

"Take this to your mistress," he said to the butler in the hall, putting on his hat, "and say that is the note I should have given her," and to his coachman he said, sharply: "Home!"

Ten minutes later Dorothy stood before her father in his consulting-room, pliant and submissive, her hands folded together.

"And how long, miss," he exclaimed, "has this attachment been revived? How many of these infamous missives have I borne in my hat to and from my patient's house?"

"It's a year since you said we must break it off, father, a year yesterday; you must have carried exactly," and she made a mental calculation, "subtracting your month's holiday and the day you wore your white hat unexpectedly, and allowing for leap year, 674."

"And this," he exclaimed, "was your filial solicitude. You have disgraced my name."  
"I changed it yesterday,"

"What?"  
For the first time in twelve months he saw her smile.

"Allow me," she said, "to introduce Hon. Mrs. Guy de Woking, and at least, dear father," she added, "for a whole year you have never gone out without your stethoscope."—Baltimore Telegram.

## A Peppery Queen.

A certain actress, having been disengaged for some time, had packed her wardrobe in pepper, to preserve it from moths. She was suddenly called upon to take the part of the queen in "Hamlet." Being rather late for her first scene, she omitted to shake out her royal robes, and her dignified entrance had an astonishing effect. The king, after a brave resistance, gave vent to a mighty sneeze that well nigh made the stage vibrate. All the royal courtiers and maids of honor followed suit sympathetically. Hamlet came on with a most sublime tragedy air, but after a convulsive movement of his princely features he buried them in his somber robe, while sneeze after sneeze was all the public heard from him. Amid the hubbub on the stage and the shrieks of delight from the audience the stage manager, between sneezes, rang down the curtain.—London Press.

## Open Confession.

The preacher was having a sort of a test meeting by asking the congregation questions on their conduct.

"Now, brethren," he said, "all of you who pay your debts will please stand up."  
In response to this there was an apparently unanimous uprising.

"Now," said the preacher, asking the others to sit down, "all those who do not pay will please stand up."  
One man alone arose.

"Ah, brother," said the preacher, "why is it that you, of all this congregation of brethren, should be so different?"  
"I don't know, parson," he replied slowly, as he looked around over his friends and acquaintances in the meeting, "unless it is that I ain't a liar."—Detroit Free Press.

## HIS PECULIAR WHISKERS.

He Was Waiting for Some Gay Youth to Come Along and Have Fun.

A broad-shouldered man, fashionably dressed, came into the lobby of an up-town hotel on Saturday evening. He looked like an athlete. His step was springy and his face ruddy with health. He was just the sort of man you would steer clear of in a fight. Still, it was none of these qualities that attracted the attention of every person in the lobby.

He wore a peculiar whisker. Hanging from his chin was a long blonde wisp of hair, such as stage farmers and some sure-enough ones wear. It was a whisker that waved briskly in every passing wind. It was so clearly out of place on this man of the world's face that a young fellow, bolder than the rest, engaged its owner in conversation and, after a time, asked him about it.

"That's a peculiar whisker you wear there," said the young man, insinuatingly.

"Yes," assented the other.

"That the style where you came from?"

"No."

"Then, if the question is proper, I should like to know why you wear it?" The broad-shouldered man smiled a bit, and said: "I'll tell you why. I grew that whisker for the sole and only purpose of getting fresh young men to talk about it, and thereby give me an opportunity to get even with them."

The young man shivered apprehensively.

"Don't be afraid," said the other. "I was not alluding. The fact is, I was riding on the Boston & Albany awhile ago, and there was a man in the seat in front of me who had a whisp of hair on his chin. It was similar to this in all respects, save that it was gray, for he was an old man. There was a party of fresh young collegians in the same car, and when they saw the old man's whiskers they began to make game of it. One lantern-jawed youth amused himself and his companions by reaching over, taking hold of the whisker, and saying: 'N-a-a-a-a,' like a Billy goat. He kept that up forty miles, greatly to the old man's discomfort. Right then and there I resolved to grow a similar whisker. I did it, and I'm looking for somebody to shake that appendage and say 'N-a-a-a-a.' When that somebody does those things there is going to be trouble, and after that I'm going to shave it off. I have noticed, however, that it makes a heap of difference whose chin the Billy goat whiskers are on."—Buffalo Express.

## A Bar to Laziness.

"California," said the fat man, "must be a delightful place for a lazy man, from what I have read of it."

"It is if he hasn't got a wooden leg," chipped in the man with the red goatie.

"What on earth has that got to do with it?"

"Well, I knew a wooden-legged fellow once who went out there and tried to farm, but he had to give it up. You see he was so lazy and the soil was so rich that about half the time he would find that he had stood in one place so long that his leg had taken root, and that, of course, inconvenienced him to a degree that no true born lazy man could stand."

The fat man merely snorted.—Cincinnati Tribune.

## The Lighthouse Parrot.

One of Uncle Sam's most faithful servants in Maine, but one who draws no salary, lives at the Portland Head lighthouse. This is a large gray parrot, brought from Africa some time ago and presented to the keeper of the light. The bird soon noticed that when the fog began to blow in from the ocean somebody would cry out: "Fog coming in; blow the horn!" One day the fog suddenly began to come too thick, and no one noticed it, as they were all busy. Port noticed this and croaked out: "Fog coming in; blow the horn!" and now, whenever fog is perceptible, Pol never fails to give warning.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

## Greased the Wrong Wheels.

Passengers of the railways tip guards and porters, but seldom give a thought to the engine drivers, one of whom tells this story: A gentleman gave half a crown to the guard, with the request that he would do his best to make up for lost time, as he wanted to catch a particular train at a junction. When the junction was reached the train in question was steaming out of the station, whereupon the passenger, annoyed, went to the driver and said: "I think, driver, you might have enabled me to get my train."

"A-h, sir," replied the driver, "you greased the wheels at the wrong end of the train."—London Strand Magazine.

## His Fear.

Chisel (the tombstone cutter)—Have you selected an epitaph for Mr. Blackstone?

Mrs. Blackstone (relict of Blackstone) How would that, "Here lies a lawyer and an honest man!" That would tell the story, wouldn't it?

Chisel—Yes, but not quite clearly enough. I am afraid that strangers might think that there were two men buried in one grave.—Truth.

## Showing His Wisdom.

Housekeeper—I wish to get some borax.

New Boy—Powdered?

"I hardly know. I saw in a paper that roaches could be killed with borax."

"Guess you'd better take the other kind, ma'am. It's most as hard as rocks. Have you a little boy?"

"Y-es."

"Well, if I was you, I'd let him do the throwing."—Good News.

## Musical Item.

She—Shall I sing, "Far Away?"

He—Yes, I think you had better, unless you want the neighbors to make a complaint.

N. B.—He doesn't visit there now.—Texas Sittings.

—Little Miss Muggs—"Dr. De Fashion is often at our house, but I never see him at yours." Miss Freckles—"We don't owe him anything."—Good News.

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Miss Annie Thomson Nettleton has resigned her position in Vassar college to become presiding officer of Guilford cottage at the women's college of the Western Reserve university.

—The Woman's Home Missionary society has an Italian mission in New York, which has just received a property at Tivoli, N. Y., valued at \$50,000, and will furnish accommodation for ninety-six girls.

—Cambridge university, England, has 12,927 living members, or graduates and students combined, according to the calendar just out. Of these 6,826 are members of the senate; that is, have taken the M. A. or some higher degree; 3,262 are bachelors and 2,839 are undergraduates, a decrease from last year of 191 members and 73 undergraduates. Oxford had nearly 3,200 undergraduates in 1893-94, which was about the number of students at Harvard, Yale having 2,000.

—The Missionary Review of the World estimates the total missionary gift of Christendom for 1893 at \$14,713,627, besides \$1,500,000 raised from the mission field itself. The total missionary force is estimated at 58,158, the part of these of course being unordained native helpers. There are in the world 16,602 mission stations, 1,081,708 communicants of mission churches in foreign lands, and 2,744,955 native Christians. There were added last year to these mission churches 57,555 souls.

—The summer school of Cornell university was attended by nearly three hundred students many of whom were public school teachers fitting themselves for a more intelligent prosecution of their school work. The school had its origin in a private enterprise of a few professors and instructors in 1892, whose courses were attended by eighty persons. Last year the attendance rose to one hundred and sixty-nine, which was so encouraging that the university decided to conduct the school under its own auspices.

—The Ohio Wesleyan university has just received a donation of fifty thousand dollars. The giver is Dr. Charles E. Slocum, a physician of Defiance, O., who is a graduate of the Fort Edwards institute, and of the Jefferson medical college. He attended the Ann Arbor chemical laboratory, and took as resident student his degree of doctor of philosophy from the university of Pennsylvania. It is expected that steps will be taken for the immediate erection of the library, which will be a fire-proof building.

—One meets here and there at summer resorts well-dressed young men with delicate hands and the air of knowing what comfort is, who come from one or another Methodist theological seminary and conduct service in some hotel parlor on Sunday. The striking thing about these young men to those that know the history of Methodism is the contrast between their ease, outward grace, and air of worldly knowledge and the rugged plainness of the old-time Methodist licentiate or lay preacher.

## THE MINUTE WAS UP.

But the Pedler Got Mad and Wouldn't Sell at Any Price.

Lawyer—Don't you see I am about to go out? If you have any business with me you'll have to call during office hours.

Pedler—Isn't this one of your office hours?

"No, sir."

"All right. I'll take a minute of it, by the watch. Now, if there's anything you need in the way of pocket combs, toothpicks, hairpins, cuff buttons, key-rings, pencils, pens, ink, paper or jews'harps, here's your chance. I call your attention to a neat little device that's a whole box of tools in itself. Opened out in this style it's a corkscrew. Folded up again and opened at the other end it's a screw-driver. By pulling out this little arrangement, as you see, and adjusting it in this manner, it becomes a pair of dividers. Restoring it to its original shape and pressing a little spring right here on the back—don't be in a hurry; you haven't seen half its good points yet—it resolves itself into a six-inch rule on one side and a penknife on the other. Pull out this small lever and you have a handy nut-cracker. Here on the end is a handle for the insertion of this little file that lies snugly concealed along the side. By successive changes this wonderful little implement can be made into a match-box, a wrench, a gimlet, a lamp chimney cleaner, a pair of tweezers."

"Look here, you imp!"

"A perpetual calendar, a cigar-holder, needle case, fountain pen and a universal watch key, and all I ask for this marvellous little combination is—"

"If you don't get out of here I'll—"

"Is sixty-five cents, but say minute's up. I'm a man of my word, and you couldn't buy this thing now if you were to shove a five dollar bill at me and get down on your knees, and good morning to you, and you can go to Halifax and soak your dog-goned head."—N. Y. Journal.

## A Matter of Course.

A party of men were sitting around the front of a country store, when a drummer, who had been selling a bill inside, came out and joined them. One man got up and offered him a chair.

"Oh, no," he protested "keep it; I'll sit here on a box."

"Take it," said an old fellow who had the only other chair; "he's a candidate for office and is used to doin' that sort of thing."—Detroit Free Press.

## Preliminary Arrangements.

Manager—Well, have you the programme all fixed for Sunday night's concert?

Assistant—The programme's all right; but there's another row in the company.

"What are they quarreling about now?"

"About whose turn it is to be too ill to appear."—Puck

## FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

### POOR DOROTHY TRUE.

Poor little, bored Dorothy True! A sad little maiden with nothing to do. There's a room to be dusted, a bed to be made, And the eggs to be found which the bantam has laid.

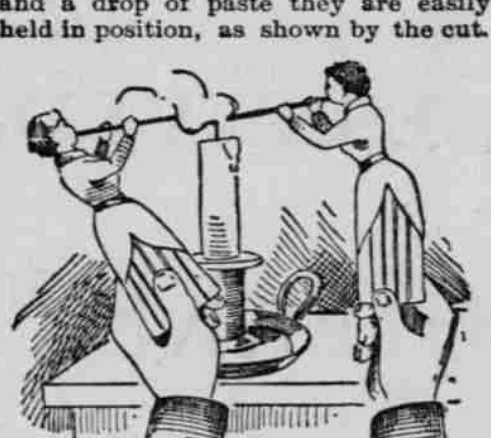
There's a wee little boy, in the nursery near, Who's sobbing and crying with no one to hear. But poor little, bored Dorothy True Still sits and laments that she's nothing to do! —Margaret S. Hall, in St. Nicholas.

### VERY PRETTY TRICK.

How to Make Some Amusing Little Paper Dolls.

This is a little trick which handy boys can perform as well as handy girls. In fact, there being dolls in the game makes it quite appropriate for girls.

Cut out of pasteboard two dolls and attach to the hands of each one a goose-quill tube. A goose-quill toothpick is just the thing, because the ends are already sharpened as they should be. With two strips of paper and a drop of paste they are easily held in position, as shown by the cut.



HOW THE TRICK IS DONE.

Then fill four-fifths of the quills with sand. The remaining fifth of one tube fill with gunpowder and the other with phosphorus. Bits of paper can also be used for the filling in place of the sand. Try to put on a knowing air as you exhibit your tools to your spectators and surround the thing with all the mystery you please. Have the candle lighted by one of the persons in the room, which must not be too brilliantly lighted to make the candlelight insignificant. Hold your dolls, as you see by the illustration, opposite the candle flame and mumble something. As soon as the powder becomes ignited there will be an explosion, which blows out the light, while a moment after the phosphorous blaze will rekindle the wick of the candle. It is a very amusing trick and causes great merriment among an audience of young people.—N. Y. Recorder.

### A QUEER DRUNKARD.

The Hercules Beetle of South America Goes on Regular Sprees.

South America can furnish a dreadful example for a temperance lecture, and yet not summon a human being. The Hercules beetle will do as an object lesson.

About six inches long and strong in proportion, it is rightly named. Instead of the ordinary nippers, with which beetles are armed, this one has an immense pair that work up and down like jaws. These have sharp ridges on the inside like rasps, and that indicates their use. They do not fit into each other, but, resembling the pliers of the plumber, are made to fit around something else. The writer does not know what these nippers were meant for, but knows what Hercules does with them.

He is a natural drunkard, going on a spree regularly. When he wants something strong he does not seek a bottle nor a saloon, but he climbs a tree. Finding one that produces an intoxicating juice, such as grow in South America, this toper ascends until he reaches a branch that his nippers can grasp; then he seizes hold, holds on, pinches tight, and moves around. The rasp cuts the bark, the juice flows, and Hercules drinks until so full that he can hold no more, and until too drunk to hold on. His feet let go, his nippers relax, and he tumbles to the ground. There he lies helplessly drunk and sleeps off his stupor. When sobered he goes about his business, but signs no pledges, nor does he give indications of repentance. Again thirsty, he climbs another tree and gets drunk once more. Thus his life is spent in business, drinks, drunks and sobering a natural and persistent drunkard.

### The Joke Was on the Captain.

The following story is told of an English military officer in the Chinese army. Being visited by some friends, the captain, to show the high state of discipline of his command, sounded a night alarm. The troops turned out with commendable alacrity and fell into their places, ready for emergencies, but when they discovered the cause of this sudden interruption to their dreams they laughed heartily, thinking it a good joke. The worthy captain was elated at his success, and determined to repeat the experiment. Soon after he invited another party of friends to witness the performance, and the alarm was sounded at dead of night, but not a soldier appeared, while roars of laughter from the tents showed that the joke was on the men's side this time.

### A Long-Winded Piano Player.

A Milwaukee pianist named Gravnag has just won a bet by playing for twenty-five consecutive hours without a rest. He began at eleven at night and played till midnight the following day under the supervision of a jury of eight musicians, his selections ranging from Wagner to comic opera. From time to time a friend poured coffee, tea and eggs beaten in Marsala wine down his throat, and at the end he offered to keep on for another six hours, but found no takers.

### A Lesson in Gender.

I said to Johnnie, one day in class: "The masculine form of 'duches' give;" And what do you think his answer was? "Twas 'Dutchman'—just as true as you live." —Helen W. Grove, in Judge.

## THE CAT HAD SENSE.

This Story Goes to Prove That Animals Can Reason.

In the mountainous districts of Pennsylvania two wrens had built their nests under the eaves of an old farmhouse, and there they reared a small, interesting family. Among the members of the farmer's household was a white cat, and when the wrens became so tame that they used to hop around the piazza in search of crumbs the cat would lie in wait for them, and several times came within a bit of catching the adult birds. When the farmer noticed this he punished the cat, and she finally learned that it was dangerous to fool with the wrens.

When the baby wrens grew larger one of them fell out of the nest one day, and, being too weak to run and unable to fly, lay helpless on the grass. The cat saw the accident and ran rapidly to seize the bird, but, seeming to remember the lesson taught her, when she reached the helpless little thing she only touched it daintily with her paw and then lay down and watched it.

Presently there came a black and yellow garden snake toward the fluttering birdling. The cat was dozing and was awakened by the fluttering of the bird. Instantly she rose and struck at the reptile with her paw. This was an enemy the snake did not appreciate, but it was hungry, and, darting forward, attempted to seize the bird under the very shelter of the cat's head. Like a flash the cat seized the snake just back of the head and killed it with one bite. When the farmer happened along in the afternoon he found the cat crouching in the grass sheltering the bird, and ten feet away was the dead snake. This made it clear that the cat had carried the bird away from the snake. The young adventurer was soon restored to his anxious parents.—Harper's Young People.

## PERPETUAL WHIRLIGIG.

Ingenious Youngsters Can Make It the Basis for Many Novelties.

Cut a thin section, about one-eighth of an inch thick, from the top of a vial cork, pass two fine needles through this at right angles to each other so as to form arms projecting from the circumference of the cork disk. To each end of these needles affix small rectangular pieces of cork of the same thickness as the disk, and to the left-hand edge of each of these apply a thin coating of sealing wax.

Cut small slices of camphor, slightly smaller in area than the waxed edge of each of the cork floats, and having softened the wax over a candle, affix the camphor slices. When the whole is completed it should be about the size and proportion shown in Fig. 2.

Now procure a perfectly clean basin or saucer and nearly fill it with pure water. As everything depends on entire freedom from grease, the basin



PERPETUAL WHIRLIGIG.

must be carefully cleaned and the water above suspicion. For the same reason it is necessary to see that the cork-and-needle whirligig is free from even as much grease as may come from the hands, which should be very carefully washed; or, better yet, the whirligig may be immersed in ether for a moment just before placing it on the surface of the water.

When the whirligig is placed in position it will at once prove its right to its name by beginning to revolve at a rapid rate, and this it will keep up for from three to five days according to its size and the amount of camphor used.

To add to the novelty of the affair, thin paper waltzers appropriately colored, see Fig. 1, may be cut out and fastened on the cork disk, or a needle standard may be decorated with a paper spiral, see Fig. 3, and made to give an oddly screw-like motion to the whole apparatus. In fact, an ingenious boy or girl will find the perpetual whirligig a basis for many novel inventions.—Youth's Companion.

## HIS VIEWS OF GIRLS.

A Small Boy's First Experience at the Dancing School.

He was a little boy who lived in the house with his father and mother, without any brothers or sisters. Like a good many other little boys, he thought girls were not good for much because they could not play baseball, did not like to fish, and cried when they fell down. This winter he was greatly annoyed because he had to go to dancing school. He did not like dancing; was sure he never would; did not see any use in dancing. But to dancing school he must go; that was the decree.

He went to dancing-school, and when he came home he said:

"Our teacher doesn't think very much of girls, anyway," as though that gave him a higher respect for the teacher.

"Why do you think that?" asked his mother.

"Because she never let the girls once ask the boys to dance; they just had to sit still and wait until the boys asked them, and some little girls didn't dance at all, 'cause they weren't asked;" and just a little look of sorrow for the little girls who did not have a good time came into his face.

I heard the other day of a little knight who watched for the little girls who were not asked to dance by the other boys and always danced with those little girls.—Outlook.

## Where Boys Must Keep Still.

News comes from Austria that a few weeks ago a boy fourteen years of age was arrested at Trieste for speaking disrespectfully of the emperor. He was tried secretly, and sentenced to two months in prison, with hard labor. At first it was proposed to banish him from the country.