My love was a maiden once fair to see. But now she's doctor of high degree: She was once as sweet as a maid could be, And this is the way she talked to me; "Yes, dearest Charley, I long to see The day when your proud little wis I'll be Your love is the sunshine of life to me" O, a dear little womanly maid was she.

Three years I waited at her decree.
As happy as mortal on earth could be.
Then I called at her "office" my love to see,
And this is the way that she talked to me
"Levator labii superioris.
Iter a tertio, et anchylosis.
Minimi digiti, splenic cirrhosis. Minimi digiti, splenic cirrbosis. Gluteus, hallux, aortic thrombosis. Adinfundibulum, sphenoid et antrum, Hernia calculus, gystero tantrum, Thoracic expansion and forced respiration, Gouty diathesis, likewise amputation!"

Ten minutes I sat ere I rose to fiee As near insane as a man could be: I breathed one word, it begun with d. And then in plain English; "Good night,"

My love was a maiden once fair to see If she talks to all as she talked to me -New York Sun,

OH, TO BE A MAN!

London Society.

Miss Hannah Steptoe was a prime little old maid, with a flat, round ruddy face and dark brown hair neatly fastened behind in a little gray silk or satin, wore a gold brooch containing a lock of white hair, and was very particular about her capscurious compounds of ribbon and muslin and lace, which varied from the severe turban in the morning to the last new fashion from Paris in the evening. These caps wrought a remarkable change in her appearance; she seemed to grow younger as the day advanced, so that the question of her age was often debated by the gossiping inhabitants of Dullish, the small and dreary watering-place in which she had made her home.

She lived with a confidential old servant in a little cottage facing a silver teapot, which was reserved for triangular green. Roses were carefully trailed over the wooden porch; the path through the tiny garden was bordered with white pebbles; the flower-beds were cut with mathematical precision; in short the outside of the cottage clearly indicated the orderly habits that prevailed within. Nothing ever went wrong there. Doors opened and shut without creaking: hot mutton punctually at 1 o'clock on Sundays was followed by cold mutton punctually at 1 o'clock on turn on Thursdays, when a few friends always came to afternoon tea; habit had worn for itself deep grooves, and everythingran smoothly undeviatingly along them.

When any Sunday-school teacher wanted a model of commonplace propriety for the example of her pupils, she was sure to select Miss Hannah Steptoe. No one would have lost no time in coming to the point. dreamed of suspecting the slightest tinge of romance in this quiet little lady.

And yet, so inconsistent is human nature, she had set her affections upon a man much younger than herself, while her life was haunted by the dark desire to see the world as it really is, and not as it was presented to her and her set of highly respectable friends, all of whom stood upon the neat and narrow platform of conventionality and never ventured to look over the edge. She longed to do what they dared not. The placid smile that sometimes lighted up her face as she sat in the arm-chair before the fire and watched her cat sleeping on the hearth-rug was caused, not by a pleasant retro-spect which affords enjoyment to so many old ladies, but by a fanciful picture of her friends' feelings as they believed her plunging into some wild extravagance.

Certain persons of undoubted piety, John Wesley among them, are said to have been beset by a horrible and almost irresistible temptation to do something outrageous. The temptation that beset Miss Steptoe was somewhat similar in degree, though different in kind. "Oh, to be a man!" was the thought that continually rose to her lips, but never escaped them. It was more than feminine curiosity; it was almost a mania with her, cleverly as she concealed it. Perhaps, after all, the very stiffness o' manner and habit, which was supposed to be her leading characteristic, was but an extreme precaution

against her besetting temptation.
"Oh, to be a man!" The thought was no sooner driven from her mind than it was back again, often bursting upon her at the most incongru-ous times, when she was making a pudding or knitting a stocking. But he day came when, with duzzled eyes, she saw a way to the attainment of a wish which she had always regard-

ed as unattainable. Late one autumn there arrived in Dullish a mesmerist, who called him-Dullish a mesmerist, who called himself Professor Sobrinski. In spite of
his name he spoke English with very
good accent. He was a tall, thin,
sallow-faced man, with an enormous
nose and cold, snake-like eyes. Poscessed of a fund of grim humor he reparded human nature as a plaything,
and was never so pleased as when
trying the effect of a round block in

a square hole. It was doubtless this the Professor: "please let us begin at propensity that had led him to adopt

mesmerism as a means of livlihood. A successful scance in the town hall brought Professor Sobrinski into notice. At first his vocation as a public performer—a sort of play-actor, in fact—was decidedly against him, but somebody started the story that he was a Polish Count, whereupon he became quite the rage in Dullish. He was invited to dinners, teas and suppers, and all of them was expected to give illustrations of his art gratuitously. This he did, revenging himself by making fools of his host

Among the Professor's warmest admirers was Miss Hannah Steptoe. In the crowd that used to gather round him she always occupied a prominent place; her prim little figure rigid, her daintly attired head held on one side as she hung upon his every word. She had conceived a most fantastic idea of the powers of mesmerism. By its aid, it seemed to her, the transmigration of souls was brought within the range of possibility, if not of accomplished facts. Glowing with excitement, she hatched a little plot based upon this conclusion. She invited to a cozy afternoon tea a few friends, including the Professor and Captain Henniker a tall, handsome, indolent man with a big mustache, which had captivated all the young ladies in Dullishknot. She invariably dressed in and Miss Hannah Steptoe. But it was not solely the mustache that had wrought the mischiefinher case. The Captain, in spite of his drawling tones, and eyes which were seldom really open, was reputed to have seen more of the world than most people of double the age. This alone would be quite enough to explan her secret admiration of him.

The preparations for her entertainwere prodigious. Never was there such a baking of cakes and toasting of muffins and washing of quaint little cups and saucers. The kettle was unusually tedious, and when the tea was made the solemn servant terrified her mistress with the suggestion that the water had never boiled after all. With awed faces they peered into the splendid state occasions, and when they beheld several leaves floating on the surface their expressions were most

"Martha, this is too dreadful," ex claimed Miss Steptoe, with uplifted hands.

"Yes, ma'am, it is," replied Martha "I've never known the like to happen in our house before-no, never.

It was some time before Miss Step toe recovered from the shock. Her domestic duties imposed such a strain upon her she almost forgot the extement of her plot. But when, at tired in her best gray silk and dain-Mondays; the muffins were done to tiest cap, she sat down to await the coming of her guests, she was all a tremble

Her manner, when receiving them, was marked by extreme nervousness but no one, looking at the primlittle lady, would have attributed the cause to anything more extraordinary than a catastrophe in the kitchen. When she had poured out the tea cakes and muffins and retired, she

"Wouldn't it be very nice and in-teresting, you know, Professor So-brinski," she said to that distinguished foreigner, whose big nose, hovering over his cup, resembled the beak of a bird, "to carry memserism a little further than you do?'

A breathless silence fell upon all, for the Professor was about to speak. Every eye was eagerly bent upon him as he sat down his cup. The only person who saw any humor in the situation was himself, and he was to clever to show it.

"In what way?" he asked. "Well," replied Miss Steptoe, "your subjects can't resist the power of your will, can they?" "No, Miss Steptoe."

"You can make them do pre-

cisely what you like You can even seperate soul from body." "Just so," assented the Professor. "Then why not make somebody's spirit enter somebody else's 'body' A sort of temporary exchange, you

know, and then each would have thoughts and feelings of the other. Wouldn't such an experiment tend to more brotherly love? I mean, by enabling us to see things from difterent standpoints. "No doubt," said the professor, smiling, though the glitter in his eyes was anything but pleasant.

"Upon whom, Miss Steptoe, do you wish me to experiment?" "As she glanced round the silent circle gathered before the fire, there was a very general shrinking. The ladies cowered behind their ten-cups and several of the gentlemen standing in the background were mean enough to hide behind their neigh-

bors. "Well," said Miss Steptoe, with recognition, "if it will serve the interests of science, I don't mind offer-

ing myself."
By this time the ladies were thoroughly frightened, and several beran to remonstrate. But Professor Sobrinski took no notice of them.

"Who else?" he asked. "Captain Heuniker, won't you?" timidly said Miss Stoptoe, after a pause. "A soldier oughtn't to be afraid, you know. Won't you join me in the sacred cause of science?"

me in the sacred cause of science?"
"With pleasure," he drawled, howing from a chair opposite. "Only too happy to oblige a lady. But no larks, Professor! You must let me get back to myself, or it might be awkward for Miss Steptoe. I wouldn't inconvenience her for the

He proceeded in the usual way, making each of his subjects gaze fixedly at a coin held in such a position as to throw a strain upon the his anxiety to recover that part of eyes. The spectators watched the the operation with some curiosity and no little trepidation, not a word being spoken by any of them. It was the Professor, and not his subjects, who riveted their attention. There was a strange fascination about his glittering eyes, and as the flickering firelight fell upon his tall figure and sallow, bird-like face and hovering hands he reminded many vulture.

Captain Henniker, though at the first a trifle restive, eventually fell under the magician's spell. Miss Steptoe succumbed at once. When Professor Sobrinski examined their eyes he found that both his subjects were thoroughly under the mesmeric influence. Then he smiled grimly, just as he had smiled before.

he said "now "So far, so good," he said "now for the next stage." He fluttered his fingers in front of Captain Henniker. Remember you are Miss Steptoe. He turned and repeated the gesture before her "And you are Captain

With a singulary sly expression she looked up at him and said: "No larks, Professor.

The gentlemen fairly shricked with laughter, the speech was so unexpected. Their merriment was increased by the ridiculous appearance of Captain Henniker. With his hands folded over his knees, he wore an air of mild reproval, just such an air as Miss Steptoe would ordinarily have worn under the same circum-

All this time she had been fidgeting in her chair. As nobody spoke, all waiting for what was coming next, she rose impatiently, saying: You people are so uncommonly dull that I, really can't stand this

any longer-I'm off. Where to?" asked Proffessor Sobrinski, the only one who was able to speak.

or a spree. Bother these old maids. They are enough to drive one crazy.

Her words threw a sudden stiffness into the attitudes of the ladies present. They positively glared after her, as, with her little nose high in the air, she walked to the door.

Captain Henuiker almost dropped from his seat, he was so dismayed. Like her, he was only obeying an irrisistiable power, for he had full possession of his own identity. He knew what an ass he was making of himself, but he could not act otherwise, hard though he tried to do so. And now that Miss Steptoe was going out he was filled with horror, for how in her absence could he regain control over himself? Yet her womanly bashfulness and other characteristicts having been impressed upon him, he could not utter one word to stop her. "There she goes with my spirit," he said to himself, shuddering. And when the door closed upon her, this careless soldier with the big mustache actually began to

attention of a man, put on her mantle and bonnet. There was no lingering at the glass, no searching for stray ribbons, no final plumming of feathers. In a wonderfully short Henniker." space of time she was out of the house and on her way to the Parade.

Mr. Macnish. a pompous little man, who would have been startled to learn that he was a butt for every joker in Dullish, happened to be swaggering along in front of her. She stepped up to him and slapped did not even look back. He had yet him on the back.

"Well, old chappie, where are you power over his subjects.

"Well, old chappie, where are you power over his subjects.

When Captain Henni off to?" ing little lady.

When Mr. Macnish recognized Miss Steptoe he nearly had an apoplectic "Oh, you wag!" she exclaimed.

pointing at him. "Good gracious!" gasped Mr. Macnish, falling back in alarm,

"Ta-ta," laughed Miss Steptoe; "I'm bound for the Parade. are not going my way, I suppose?"
Mr. Macnish, with very shaky knees, stood staring after her. "The look precious seedy. Did Miss Stepwoman's mad," he said at last. "There can he no doubt about it." Then he turned and made for her cottage as fast as his legs could yourself."

Here another surprise awaited him. Martha, who did not know that her mistress had gone out, told him my appetite will make amends for there were a number of visitors in the yours." drawing-room; should she show him in? "Yes," he replied in bewilderment, and entered, peering about like a traveler arrived at the dead of night in a strangeland. He found said: Professor Sobrinski speaking to an entranced audience, but his arrival caused a general flutter. His extraordinary story created much amusement, and while the mystery was being explained to him there was

a good deal of laughter.
"Poor thing," exclaimed Mr.
Macnish, "she shouldn't have been allowed out; I call it an abominable practical joke.'

"My good sir." said Professor Sobrinski, "you speak too fast. It was Miss Steptoe herself who proposed the experiment. She has sacrificed herself in the cause of scienec.

'Science be hanged," said Mr. Mac-nish, "I'm going after her." Captain Henniker rose engerly. "Allow me," he said. "I ought to have kept near her. I feel dreadfully ill apart from her. If you will be good enough to excuse me, I will be after her." He looked doubtfully at Professor Sobrinski.

You may go," said the Professor.

Captain Henniker bowed and left

the room. He felt obliged to proceed slowly and sedately, eager as he was to regain the society of Miss Steptoe. Besides himself with which he believed she had walked off, her spirit was working within him, and while he shrank from the contemplated act, he was irresistibly impelled to make a declaration of love. "What a dolt I am," he kept saying to himself as he went towards the Parade; "I don't care a straw for the old frump and vet-love you to distraction, my darling. There, was there ever such a horrible position? The words will ome out but they are not my words. Grassy banks, thinly planted with shrubs, sloped down to the Parade.

a converted park by the side of the sea. A few lamps twinkled along the edge of the beach; they had just been lighted when Captain Henniker arrived. The breeze being chilly, he was surprised to see a good many people walking about, while a few occupied seats near the little circular erection where the band played in the evening. In the distance was a prim little figure sauntering along as if the whole place belonged to her. She stopped and spoke to nearly every body she met, and as she passed on again they gazed at her in speechless amazement. Miss Hannah Steptoe they knew; but who was this eccentric person who assumed her guise and then startled them with the most extraordinary speeches and gestures? They gathered in groups and pointed after her. There quite a commotion upon the Parade:

If there was one thing more than another that Captain Henniker abhorred it was being mixed up in a cene. He shuddered at the very idea of making himself ridiculous, and yet he went after Miss Steptoe. and, though struggling against what he was compelled to do, entered into conversation with her and walked by her side. The curious spectators ob-served that she dropped her flippant manner at once, but they did not know what had caused the change. They could not help, however, being struck with Captain Henniker's respectful attitude.

"I very much wanted to see you alone," he said, "so I have taken the liberty of following you. You can are depressed. guess what I am going to say, can't

"How should I?"

"Oh, my darling, how I love you! You know it, don't you? You have known it all along. Do you love

"I do,' she answered softly. "Thea," cried this miserable puppet, "I am the happiest man in the

He stretched out his arms towards her. As he did so a peal or laughter reached his ears, and proved stronger than the spell. He started back shivering.

"This place is frightfully public," e said; let us go away from it. A pompous little man came tear-

ing along the Parade. He waved his Miss Steptoe went up-stairs to her ous passion. It was Mr. Macnish.

ought to be ashamed of yourself. You are making Miss Steptoe the talk of the whole town. "Not me," stammered Captain

"But you are, sir. Pray," said Mr. Macnish, turning to Miss Steptoe,

let me see you home. The air is keen here. To Captain Henniker's surprise she went quite meekly; she did not

utter a word of remonstrance; she much to learn of Professor Sobrinski's When Captain Henniker awoke

next morning he was painfully conscious of what had happened on the previous day. There could be no doubt he was in a very awkward predicament, and he could see no way out of it. In despair he sent his servant to ask his friend and confidant. Leonard Haughton, to come to breakfast. Haughton accepted the invitation, but was rather late in arriving.

"I say, old boy," he began, "you toe's tea disagree with you?" "I hate a fool," said Captain Henniker testily. "Sit down and help

"Bilous, ch?" said Haughton with a smile. "Well, perhaps it is not to be wondered at. Thank goodness,

He helped himself largely, and for a time breakfast proceeded in silence. but presently Captain Henniker threw down his knife and fork; and

"Look here, Leonard, I'm in a most frightful mess. It makes my hair stand on end when I think of it How I can have been such a fool I can't conceive. I allowed that viper Sobrinski to mesmerize me, and then I became Miss Steptoe and she be-

came me. Do you follow me?"
"Not exactly," answered Haughton dryly' but go on."
"Well, Miss Steptoe—that was me,

you know-walked off to the Parade, and left me-that was Miss Steptoebehind, and after a while I-or, rather Miss Steptoe. But, you understand, it was really Miss Steptoe who pro-

posed to herself."
"Nonsens:, man. I'll put it more plainly for you. The spirit of Miss

Steptoe in my body proposed to my spirit in her body.

"Was the spirit whisky or gin? Upon my word Henniker, you are not sober yet. Who proposed to whom?"

"That is just what I can't make out. It seemed as if I was propsing.

out. It seemed as if I was propeing

to her, but it was she who proposed to me. How do I stand? That is what I want you to tell me.

"Give it up," answered Haughton. Never was good at riddles.

"Do be sensible for a moment. Am bound by the proposal?" When a 'I should say you were. fellow takes too much-shull we call it ten?-over night, he must expect to answer for it in the morning.

"Then," said Captain Henniker desperately, "the proposal must be respected by me. Say good-by to your old friend Leonard. I feel as if I should cut my throat.

should cut my throat. That afternoon he called at Miss Steptoe's cottage, in order to ratify what had occurred between them. It was, he considered, the only honorade course open to him, and therefore he had resolved to take it, though the spell itself had ceased to operate. It seemed as if its hateful effects were to last a lifetime, compelling him to do what he detested, and leaving him no more control over his own destiny, than is possessed by chaff Florence as having belonged driven by the wind.

Martha opened the door to him. With a face brimful of importance she said, before he had time to tpenk; Have you heard the news, Captain Henniker?

'News!" he gapsed, fearing that he

knew it only to well. Miss Steptoe is engaged to Mr.

Macnish He scarcely knew how he made his escape, he was at once so astonished and so delighted. It was not until atterwards, when he was able to think more clearly, that a slight feeling of soreness entered his mind. It was rather humiliating to be rejected in favor of Mr. Macnish. He could not conceive how it happened. Any woman could have told him. But Captain Henniker thought it prudent not to ask.

Getting up Early.

Medical Classics.

All this talk about early rising is moonshine. The habit of turning words "Ite, missa est " out of bed in the middle of the night suits some people; let them enjoy it. girl age 20, suddenly approach But it is only folly to lay down a general rule on the subject. Some men, and the young couple men are fit for nothing all day after aloud, "We wish to be husband men are fit for nothing all day after aloud, "We wish to be hashed they have risen early in the morning. wife. Here are our three with Their energies are deadened, their Now, it seems that under the imaginations are heavy, their spirits cal laws regulating marring

the morning. Some people can, but surprise if they are skillful end others can work best at night; others do so just after the priest hagain, in the afternoon. Long trial tered the benediction at the and experiment form the only con- mass. Formerly this stratege clusive tests upon these points.

Prof. All-Gammon has written letters posed their union. When this to the papers providing the necessity red in the church at Santa (of it, let no one be goose enough to do it.

80: "I invariably rise at five, I work three hours, take a light breakfast—the municipal judge. He declar namely, a cracker and a pinch of marriage valid, much to the salt; work five hours more, never of the young couple, and to smoke, never drink anything but tense disgust of the parents of barely water, eat no dinner, and go sides who had resisted the unio to bed at six in the evening.

If anyone finds that donkeyfied sort of life suits him, by all means let stick and was evidently in a tremend- him continue it. But few people will care to live to 80 on these terms. If fy happened to a person who aptain Henniker, he cried, 'you a man cannot get all withered and crumpled up on easier conditions than those, it is almost as well that he should depart before he is a nuisance to himself and a bore to everybody

> School-boys, and young people generally, ought to get up early, for it is found that nine-tenths of them can stand it, and it does them good. But let no one torture himself with

> the thought that he could have been twice as good a man as he if he had risen every morning at daylight. The habit would kill half of us in less than five years.

Driven Crazy by a Dream.

One of the officials in the Broad Health. Street station was startled one day by a handsome young lady, who tapped him on his shoulder and asked: "Is this the salest road to heaven?" The young woman per-sisted that she was in search of the safest road to heaven, and had been told that the Pennsylvania railroad was one of them. She began a rambling sort of a story about her wings and other celestial topies, but was interrupted by an elderly lady and young man, who led her away. They said she was Miss Mollie Robbins, a young Chicago lady of a wealthy family. She had lost her reason because of a dream of the bursting of the Connemangh lake dam, imagining that her betrothed was swept away by the flood. Curiously her dream occurred during the night preceding the flood. The gentleman whom she believed to be lost is alive and now in Johnstown, whither she was being taken by advice of a physician, who suggested that the scenes in the wrecked town and the meeting with her betrothed might restore her reason.

Gen, Custer's Lovable Widow.

Mrs Custer is another of the notable widows, and her pure, sweet face and gentle manner have endeared her to all with whom she comes in contact. Mrs. Custer lives quietly and works hard on her books, going over and over her pages with extreme care. She is absorbed in these labors, which serve to keep her so clearly in presence of her great loss that it is as present and fresh to-day as years ago. tenderness and beauty of Mrs. Custer's character are so great that ter's character are so great that every person who meets her suc-cumbs at once to her gentle woman-ly charm. She also takes some interest in decorative art as a means of livelihood, and has instructed many young women free. until now they are self-supporting.

Auburn Haired Girls

All young women possess hair can remember that in t of their childhood their hirsut ment was a source of mockin ment to their friends, and "sorrel top" or "strawberry was one of contempt. They w perhaps, why it was that th always called "red headed. their playmates were descr being black, brown or golder But the "red headed" gir mind now that it is ever soman's ambition to be haired, and she hopes by of hair dyes to attain t which belonged to the Lucretia, If she gets the right shade she does why a single thread of might not be preserved by th States government and exh is the one so proudly sh wicked Lucretia. It is many famous women have h Litian red hair. Catherine gloried in it and Anne of Aust brown hair just on the verge red. Ninon de L'Encloe was proud of her warm colored and Mary Stuart seemed a of the sun. Jane Hading Potter both have warm au but it does not reach the rewhich is that which crowned her glory the head of the Eugenie, she who has known treme of happiness and of sac Atlanta Constitution.

Marriage by Surprise.

London Times. An extraordinary occurre

taken place in one of the churches of Madrid, in the p Santa Cruz. A priest had finished his mass, and was in of pronouncing the sacra young man age 21, and a la altar-raining with three midd Spain, Roman Catholics car It is said you can work so well in claim to be considered mars as in the present case, resor As for getting up early because by young people whose paren scene of confusion ensued. The we all know the model man aged the police, who conducted the

A Doctor's Mishap.

A somewhat amusing incider to bring a man out of an en paroxysm by pouring cold wat to his mouth and upon his neck er a slight struggle, according account, the epileptic sank bac parently dead, whereupon the pulator of the water became in ly anxious, and placed his ear mouth of the patient, who stre way caught the ear between his and proceeded to chew it until beauty had vanished." An am a charge of maybem follow spileptic's return to conscion but a police justice discarged the oner, on the ground that he was responsible for what he had while in a fit.—Hall's Journ

Trying for a Modest Man. It is awfully trying for a m sensitive man to attempt to pu or pull down a car window window is certain to stick like to a decensed African-that ist I the man is a sensitive plant (wise it will come down like 'rockett's coon or go up like roy's kite- and he has the ex felicity of knowing, as the pen-tion flows from every pore and rich blood mantles his lace and that everybody in the car is ing him; that everybody is of point of suggesting how the can be done, and that every would speak right out if it were that everybody is on the broad and an attempt to speak won sult in a snicker which would s through the car like Yellow Ja the tropics.—Boston Transcrip

Stammering and Deafness.

Stammering has hitherto best posed to be purely a nervous Some experiences recently ac y the surgeons connected wit Ear Hospital, Soho Square, to call this view more or less in tion. In carrying outcertain of tions to cure children of deafa was found that in several succ cases the operators had also taneously cured the patients of mering. This fact attracted sattention and study, and the rome has been the firm convibus at a study of the saturation of th that stammering, in the major cases, does not proceed from your malady, but from som struction or defect connected the organs of hearing. In a most cases selected purposely from public schools this fact has, it is been abundantly demonstrated by James's Gastte.