

WILD FLOWERS.

Oh, beautiful blossoms, pure and sweet,
Agile with dew from the country ways.

To me, at work in a city street,
You bring fair visions of bygone days.

Glad days, when I hid in a mist of green,
To watch spring's delicate buds unfold.

And all the riches I cared to glean
Were daisy silver and buttercup gold.

'Tis true you come of a lowly race,
Nursed by the sunshine, fed by the showers.

And yet you are heirs to a nameless grace,
Which I fail to find in my household flowers.

And you breathe on me with your honied lips,
Till in thought I stand on the wind-swept hills.

Where the brown bees hum o'er the ferny dips,
Or ring faint peals on the heather bells.

I close my eyes on the crowded street,
I shut my ears to the city's roar.

And sit out in the open with flying feet—
Off, off to your emerald haunts once more!

But the harsh wheels grate on the stones below,
And a sparrow chirps at the murky pane.

And my bright dreams fade in an overflow
Of passionate longing and tender pain.

A CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

Jim Bourn and I were boys together
at Westminster, we went to Oxford

together, to Balliol, we took our degrees
together in the classical (honors)

school, and we were ordained together
by the bishop of L— as curates for

his diocese. Here our paths separated
for some years, and when next we

renewed our old friendship I was the
vicar of the town, still single, at thirty-

four, and Jim was the chaplain of the
famous jail in the same town, and

married. We were talking in my study, as in
olden times, somehow the conversation

drifted to the subject of a recent
newspaper article: "Ought Married

People to Have Any Secrets From
Each Other?" I said "No," Jim said

York. What could her objection really
be? Surely not to me! My position,

my family, my life, were, I hoped, be-
yond question of money. I had private

means enough, as you know. As for
Miss York, well, of course, it would be

loyalty without Ella at first, after so
many years' companionship, but surely,

she didn't expect her never to get
married! It was preposterous.

"I was more puzzled than ever. Why
my engagement to Ella should be

"shocking" I couldn't see, and I no
doubt expressed it in my looks.

"So sudden, too, sir!" said the woman.
Nobody expected it!

"What's the matter?" said I.
"Why, haven't you heard that Miss

York is dead? No? Oh, dear! Poor
thing! Had a fit in the night, doctor

says; was quite unconscious when
Miss Ella got there, and died at 9

"o'clock this morning!"
"My heart sank. I felt faint and

giddy. It was some minutes before I
could move. You will never know how

thought I was ill, and indeed I was.
Overwork, I pleaded. In another hour

they came to tell me he was asleep and
would not awake in this world.

"I took Ella with me to the hospital,"
Ella said, "a prisoner who is dying,

and has no few—friends, told me to-
day how he has seen you and would

like you to kiss him ere he died, as his
own daughter would have done. Will

you?"
"Certainly, darling."
"And, with eyes full of tears, she

did."
The unconscious form half-rose; the
eyelids half-opened; the face smiled.

She didn't know. Did he?
"I led her away weeping, my own

heart full. I afterward verified his
story, but Ella had never known any

more, howson, and never will. There
is sometimes a secret which should not

be shared between husband and wife,
Howson, isn't there?"
"You're right, dear old Jim," said I,

and he grasped my hand in silence, but
with tear-dimmed eyes. "Come right

old fellow, and God bless you both."—
London Tit-Bits.

MILK AS A DIET.

A Physician Proves a Theory by a
Personal Experience.

A medical man expresses the belief
that a person could live for any

length of time and take heavy exercise
all the while on no other food

than sweet milk. His conviction is the
result of personal experiment. He

wanted to establish the fact that persons
convalescing from sickness may

grow stronger with no other nourishment
than sweet milk, and they are

not obliged to take "something solid"
to eat, as so many people imagine. He

holds that many a convalescent has
gone into his grave as a result of over-

taxing his weak stomach by putting
"solid" food into it; and he maintains

that the old belief as to bread being the
first essential of human life is

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night,
And you should come to my cold

corpse and say—
Weeping and heart sick o'er my life-
less clay—
If I should die to-night,

And you should come in deepest grief
and woe—
And say, "Here's that ten dollars that

I owe,"
I might arise in my large white
cravat.

And say, "What's that?"
If I should die to-night,
And you should come to my cold corpse

and kneel,
Clasping my bier to show the grief
you feel.

I say, if I should die to-night
And you should come to me and there
and then

Just hint 'bout payin' me that ten,
I might arise the while,
But I'd drop dead again.



The late Master of Trinity, London,
was asked by a lady whether a certain

florid divine had not "a great deal
of taste." The reply was: "Yes, in-

deed, madam—and all of it bad."
Steinitz, the chess-player, sometimes
becomes so absorbed in considering

a problem that he will stand still in the
middle of the street. He then says

to himself: "I am a fool." He is re-
minded of him that on one occasion he

caused such an obstruction that a policeman
told him to move on. "Excuse

me," replied the champion absently,
"but it your move."
When General Lafayette was on his

last visit to this country, two young
men were introduced. He said to one:

"Are you married?" "Yes, sir," was
the reply. "Happy man!" remarked
the general. He then put the same

question to the other, who replied: "I
am a bachelor." "Lucky dog!" re-

marked the general.
Poole, the tailor, was a most accom-
modating gentleman, and was often

invited to the houses of "the great."
When staying with a certain noble-
man, he was asked one morning by

his host what he thought of the night
before. "Why, very pleasant indeed,

your grace; but perhaps a little mixed."
"Hang it all, Poole!" responded the

lordly peer. "I couldn't have all
tailors!"
A mild bit of repartee is reported in

the Youth's Companion as having oc-
curred between the poet Saxe and

Oliver Wendell Holmes. They were
talking about brain fever, when Mr.

Saxe remarked: "I once had an attack
of brain fever myself." "How could

you have brain fever?" asked Dr.
Holmes, smiling; "it is only strong

beams that have brain fever." "How
did you find that out?" asked Saxe.

Judge Andrews, of Georgia, once
when a candidate for governor of his

state was explaining to the crowd of
people that had assembled to hear

how his friends had pressed him to
be a candidate, and that the office was

SHOWN BY THE TEETH.

Traits of Character Indicated by
Their Shape and Size.

Small, short, square teeth, when
sound, are indicative of great bodily

vigor and strength. They are rarely
found in the mouth of an intelligent

man. Many very vain women have
noticeably long, narrow, fragile teeth.

You need not look for much force
from their possessors. The huntsman

looks carefully at his dog's teeth and
selects his canine companion only af-

ter such an examination. The horse-
man invariably looks first at the

mouth and teeth in passing judgment
on a horse.

The condition of the mouth is just
as significant in human beings. Long,

projecting teeth denote a grasping dis-
position, especially when great

breadth is seen at the upper part of
the nose next the cheek. Usually

long and narrow side teeth, commonly
called eye teeth, are the accompani-

GRATITUDE.

A Splendid Example of It Reported
from the South.

A wealthy slave owner of the cotton
belt entered the southern army,

fought bravely and brilliantly, and
died in one of the closing battles of

the war. His widow was left penni-
less, with large plantations incumber-

ed with mortgages, and 100 or more
emancipated negroes who had ceased

to be her property. Her business af-
fairs were mismanaged by agents and

lawyers, and she lost one plantation
after another. Her health failed, and

in her old age she became wholly de-
pendent upon one of her former slaves.

This negro was grateful to her for
having given him a start after the

war. Learning from experience that
she could not manage plantations suc-

BOILER EXPLOSIONS.

An Experiment Showing the Danger
of a Brief Neglect.

Some years ago experiments were
carried on at Sandy Hook, in the

United States, with steam boilers, un-
der various conditions, and among

them was a case in which a boiler was
exploded deliberately and experimentally

by over-pressure; but the manner in
which the application of different

pressures was made, and the results
thereof, teach a rather startling lesson

in the line of what might happen un-
der careless management. An old

steamboat boiler had been removed
and finally turned over to the experi-

The Bank Was Closed.

One night recently a resident of
Manchester procured some crabs and

tied them up in a paper. He reached
home at midnight and in the quiet of

the parlor undid the package. The
fish had apparently gone to sleep for

the night, and to give them some an-
imation he poured a few drops of

whisky on them from a convenient
bottle, and then emptied the crabs

into his trousers pockets. Soon all
was quiet in his bedroom, and he suc-

English Officers Wear Armor.

In discussing the modern use of
armor by officers and men in the fore-

ign "little wars" of to-day, an Eng-
lish accoutrement-maker says: "I give

you my assurance that an immense
number of the officers of our army

and navy who go on foreign service,
especially when one of our 'little wars'

CHAUNCEY DEPEW.

As Seen Through the Eyes of an
English Newspaper.

Mr. Chauncey Depew is said to derive
huge enjoyment out of an evening in

his own house. There are callers every
half hour or so, but he is so used to

Placing Him.

She turned upon him imperiously:
"What have you to say for your-

self?"
The duke covered before her,