

HERE and THERE.

If you were here, or I were there,
Then would I find the season fair,
How blissfully the day would rise,
How blue would be the Summer skies,
And all the world a smile would wear.

What pleasant things we two would share,
By what green path we two would fare,
How sweet would be each day's surprise
If you were here!

But now my joy is other where—
Each day's burden that I bear—
And Pleasure mocks at me and flies,
And Pain stands by my side and sighs,
And yet I know skies would be fair
If you were here!

—The Independent.

THE BANDIT CHIEF.

In the little town of Chieti, on the eastern coast of Italy, dwelt Carlos Bandettini and his wife and daughter Bianca. Bianca was a handsome, high-spirited girl, the favorite of all the village. Especially was she beloved by Antonio Brindisi and Stephano Foscarelli, the two handsomest youths in all the town. At the time my story opens Bianca had declared her preference for Antonio, and they were publicly betrothed. Stephano was of a fierce, jealous disposition, and, threatening vengeance, he suddenly left the village. All endeavors to discover his whereabouts proved of no avail; but that he had not gone far was evident from his occasionally appearing at home, where his mother dwelt alone, with many comforts for her, for with all his faults he had been a dutiful son. Bianca troubled herself very little about his place of retirement, and did not allow his threats to alarm her.

One day some days after the disappearance of Stephano, as Bianca was walking in the garden, she was startled by a rustling among the vines, and upon turning to the spot she saw Stephano standing before her. She saluted him very coldly and haughtily, and turned to enter the cottage when Stephano sprang before her and prevented her from moving.

"Bianca, I have come to make you one more appeal—to give you one more chance to avert the misfortunes which shall surely overwhelm you, if you continue to resist all my entreaties."

"Go, you are tiresome," calmly and coldly spoke Bianca.

"Bianca, hear me! I love you far better than the coward to—"

"You only are the coward, trying to win a wife by threats," angrily retorted Bianca.

"Beware! I tell you I love you, and you only spurn me. I have pleaded enough. Know, then, proud girl, that I have joined the bandits, and your father's property shall be destroyed, himself taken captive, and only your consent to become my wife shall free him from a lingering, painful death. What do you say now, Bianca?" he said mockingly.

"Nothing; I will never marry you; I will die sooner," and, maintaining the same calm, cold exterior, though her heart throbbled wildly, Bianca brushed hastily past her tormentor and entered the cottage, and, upon entering her chamber she threw herself upon her knees before the crucifix, praying with white and trembling lips the Virgin Mary to save her family from the impending trouble. Rising, she, by a violent effort, controlled her feelings and returned to the sitting room where her mother sat spinning.

All the rest of the day a shadow hung over Bianca; every noise made her start painfully, and when the hour for her father's return home came and passed, and still he lingered, she snatched up her hat and set out to meet him across the fields. She had not gone far when she met a body of peasants bearing a litter. Antonio Brindisi was in front, and immediately upon seeing Bianca, he sprang forward, and seizing her hand, endeavored tenderly to lead her back; but Bianca resisted steadily, and suddenly, by a little impetuous motion, drew her hand from Antonio, and stepping to the side of the litter, she raised the cloth which covered the body, and saw the features of her father. One dreadful shriek, and she sank senseless in her lover's arms. Slowly she recovered, and the peasants bore their sad load into the little cottage. Bianca's father had fallen from a high rock, struck upon his head, and died instantly without a groan. So said the kind peasants; but upon going to her room Bianca saw a folded paper upon the window-sill, which she opened and read as follows:

"A push for Bianca," I said, and the old man fell headlong over the rocks. Do you not later now?"

A week later and Bianca again felt the vengeance of her tormentor, for Antonio Brindisi, her betrothed, was missing, and no clew could be obtained as to his place of confinement, although every search was made. Another note lay upon the window sill in Bianca's little room.

"Two gone, dear to Bianca's heart. Will she repent?"

This note was shown to all in the village, together with the other, but so close did the robbers keep themselves that, though search was continued night and day, no trace of their hiding place could be discovered. Bianca for a time seemed prostrated by her trouble, but her youth and health enabled her to recover and a few months after the death of her father she and her mother left the village and went to Rome, where, through the influence of her friends, she was enabled to study and become an actress, and in a short time, a very successful one.

At the end of four years, when she was about 23, she was seized with a longing to return to her native village, and she did so. When Bianca arrived at Chieti she found there had been established a small theatre, at which she agreed to act for a few nights. The villagers were in ecstasies. The

day before her intended appearance, to her infinite horror, Stephano, grown older and more wicked looking, intruded himself upon her. Bianca was alone in the house, and her heart sank within her when he began to plead his suit.

"You have come back to the village a lonely, sad woman, and may, perhaps, be willing to look with more favor upon the suit of one who has worn your image in his heart for long years. I am powerful and rich. What will be your answer now, when I again ask you to be mine?"

"My answer," said Bianca, slowly, "is that I despise you, and it is with greater loathing and hate than ever that I look upon you. You are powerless now to do me any more harm."

"Fair lady," said Stephano, with a sneer, "I am not as powerless as you think for I can again make your proud heart quiver, and perhaps falter. Listen, Antonio Brindisi is not dead, as you have supposed him to be, but he is imprisoned in a cave, which I alone can enter—and though kept from starving, he is ill-treated and hard-worked. Say that you will be mine, and he shall be set free, and given gold enough to last him his whole life."

"Villain! robber!" exclaimed Bianca. "Life and freedom to Antonio, purchased at such a price, would be only curses, not boons. He can only die, and I will only follow him. No, I will live to bring your head to its proper place—the block. Beware for no matter how close you keep yourself, my eyes shall find out your hiding-place and my voice shall seal your just doom."

With a low, mocking laugh Stephano sprang from the room, and Bianca sank almost senseless upon the floor.

The eventful evening arrived, and the theatre was crowded to overflowing; many were anxious to see their playmate and friend in her new life, and all eager to see the popular Bandettini. The play was far below any of Bianca's accustomed pieces, being a simple comedy suited to the capacity of the actors. The first scene was scarcely of any note, being merely an interview between Bianca and her lover. In scene second the heroine is proceeding to the church to be married, accompanied by the girls of the village as a train of honor, when they were surprised and seized by a band of robbers, the chief of whom is enamored of the young peasant girl.

The curtain rose, and Bianca in bridal dress, followed by about a dozen young girls in holiday attire, entered at the back of the stage, singing the bridal chant. Suddenly a shriek is heard, and the bandits rush upon them. The bride rushed wildly across the stage, pale and shrieking—the bandit chief seizes her and she swoons. The applause was tremendous, so well had Bianca acted her part, and many silly girls drew closer to each other and whispered—"Only think, if it was true!"

A moment, and the bride slowly opens her eyes and partly raises herself, and the house comes down in another round of applause. Slowly raising herself and looking wildly around, she makes a sudden bound forward and reaches the footlights, where, sinking on her knees and stretching out her hands to the audience, she exclaims in loud, thrilling tones:

"Dear friends, this is no acting; the bandits are upon us! Look around—they are in your very midst!"

The people turn, and behold! every door and window is guarded by a couple of ferocious-looking fellows, armed to the teeth! Blank horror filled the minds of the simple villagers, who always held the robbers in abject fear. And now the horrible strangeness of the situation keeps them sitting motionless with pale lips and cheeks.

As Bianca gave the people the dreadful information, Stephano, the leader of the band, came forward from the back of the stage, and seizing Bianca rudely by the shoulder, dragged her upon her feet, exclaiming:

"By jove! you shall go on! Myself and companions are interested in the play and business, whether you play to real or false robbers. Go on!"

With a proud gesture Bianca shook off the robber's hand and resumed her part, which was a pleading for the release of herself and companions. The spectators sat in dumb, helpless silence, watching with fascinated eyes the progress of the play, now rendered too real by the presence of the bandits. Clear, calm and thrilling rose Bianca's voice, as she pleaded to have her companions, if not herself, spared. Not the most eager, attentive listeners, could perceive the slightest faltering of voice or eye. While she was still pleading, the bridegroom and his train came to the rescue, and, ranging themselves in order, presenting arms, they fired and twelve robbers fell dead. With an oath and shout of dismay, Stephano sprang forward, but quick as thought Bianca seized a carbine belonging to a dead robber, and, retreating to the back of the stage, exclaimed:

"Blank cartridges for stage robbers, bullets for real ones! Advance one step, Stephano, and I fire."

Then turning to the people, she called upon them to help seize the robber; and he was soon bound, for the people needed only some fearless voice to arouse them from their stupor and make them act.

Stephano was tried and convicted, and his head chopped off; but not before he had disclosed the place of Antonio's confinement and the place for the bandit's rendezvous, which was a large cave but a short distance from the village, the existence of which was never suspected, and which was found filled with booty.

Antonio was released, and with undiminished affection was received by Bianca, and but a few days elapsed before their nuptials were celebrated with great rejoicing.

The little village of Chieti still is in existence, though it has increased in size and population, and changed many of its customs, and still the names of Bianca Bandettini and the Bandit Chief are unforgotten.

Ohio has a law prohibiting the sale of cigarettes or tobacco to boys under sixteen years of age.

Finding His Cloves.

The minor miseries and the trifling vexations of life are the "little foxes" that destroy our happiness. The greater trials, the keener and more genuine troubles, often teach lessons that makes us better. There are men who can bear with great fortitude losses in business, and the failure of cherished plans, who will storm and fume and make everyone about them unhappy if their dinners are served late at home or they do not happen to find their hats the moment they want them. The distress caused in this world by missing shirt-buttons cannot be estimated.

Scenes like the following are not new to many households in which there is a spirit of unrest and unhappiness that only infinite patience and forbearance can endure unmoved.

"Where're my gloves?" asks Mr. Bilson, as he is putting on his overcoat before leaving the house. "I must hurry right off."

"Where did you put them?" asks his wife.

"On the hall-table, where I always put them."

"Then they must be there now."

"No, they're not!"

"I don't see who could have touched them."

"I don't either, but they're gone! It's the strangest thing that I can't—"

"Children, jump up and help find papa's gloves," says Mrs. Bilson.

The dinner table is deserted, and a hurried, flurried search is begun by the entire household.

"You're surer you put them on the hall-table?" asks the mother.

"I know I did; but I don't suppose I'll ever see them again. I've no idea I shall."

"It is foolish to talk so," says Mrs. B. "We'll find them in some place. They couldn't have gone off by themselves. Maybe you dropped them in your hat; you sometimes do."

"Well, I didn't this time; I laid them right there on that table. But let them go, let them go. I can stop down town and pay two dollars for another pair to have lost or thrown in the fire or ash-barrel. Help me on with my overcoat."

Mrs. B. helps her husband to put on his overcoat, and as she does so cries out, "Why, Henry, here are your gloves sticking out of your overcoat pocket just where you must have put them!"

But he goes away with a cloudy face, lacking the patience and philosophy most of us need at times.

I've Been Thinking.

Says C. H. Yatman in Records of Christian Works:

1. That an ounce of scriptural knowledge used is worth a ton unused.
2. That a good many know the Bible that don't know God.
3. That a fair mixture of faith and common sense makes a mighty good Christian worker.
4. That a good many prayers, if answered, would make a heap of lazy Christians.
5. That lots of preachers have good guns, but are awful poor at aiming.
6. That heaps of cannon balls are fired from pulpits, when grape-shot would do more good in getting game.
7. That poor listeners are as guilty as poor preachers.
8. That lots of stung men go to church.
9. That we ought to have a school for educating sextons.
10. That architects should plan fresh-air tubes to be worked by the foot from the pulpit.
11. That it would be well to lock the church doors when the service begins.
12. That scores of talkers nowadays don't know when to quit.
13. That a few good, plain, wholesome sermons on plain dress would fit better at this time.
14. That lots of Christians ought to be told their faults in private.
15. That it is mighty certain many professors have a good deal of religion and no Christ, and are lost.
16. That every big-gun preacher ought to have one or two little preachers about him learning how.
17. That theological professors need hearts just as big as their heads and just as full.
18. That Christ, if here, would hardly rent a pew in a church.
19. That we all had best examine ourselves to see if we are what we ought to be.

Diphtheria and Its Causes.

Probably no disease is more justly dreaded than diphtheria, and I unhesitatingly declare that many deaths might have been avoided if the nature of the apparently mild sore throat, which perhaps recovered under the use of domestic remedies, had been understood. Every case of sore throat should be an object of suspicion as a possible source of diphtheritic infection. Dr. Jacobs, of New York, a very high authority, says there is as much diphtheria out of bed as in bed, nearly as much out of doors as indoors, and cities several instances in which fatal diphtheria was traced to walking cases of the disease. Many germs possess great vitality and when once they have gained access to a house or any of its contents resist destruction most persistently. They may be destroyed in various ways. Bi-chloride of mercury in solutions of one part 2,000 to 5,000 is efficient; carbolic acid, one to twenty to fifty, and heat, especially in the form of hot steam, are useful. Fumes of sulphur are also good in closed rooms, but nothing can take the place of cleanliness and watchfulness against the introduction of disease germs.—Francis P. Whittlesey, M. D., in Good Housekeeping.

AROMANCE OF THE WAR.

Washington correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

This morning I sit down to tell the readers of one of the strange romances of the war, culminated this very week.

On Friday I stepped into the great pension bureau, and as soon as the commissioner, General John C. Black, had shaken himself loose from a score of visitors I asked him if there was anything new.

"There is always something new here," he said. "The granting of a pension is not only news, but most important news to somebody, and the recipient often expresses himself in terms of pathetic gratitude which indicate that it is almost a new birth to him."

"Let me see," he added after a minute, touching an electric key upon his table that I suppose tingled an inaudible bell in some remote portion of the mammoth establishment, "yesterday there developed a narrative that seems to cover one of the hitherto secret tragedies of the rebellion. It is a story worth telling."

"Captain," he resumed, when a tall chief of division appeared with an armless sleeve, "please to tell this gentleman about Hugh Thompson."

I followed the tall man into the tremendous court of the building, around the long corridors, to a distant room, and there he produced a pile of documents which I studied with great interest during the next two hours.

Indeed, it was one of the unwritten romances of the war, a romance overlaid with a tragedy, as General Black had intimated.

Let me see if I can tell the story as it came to me:

Before the war there lived in the rural town of Van Wert, Van Wert county, Ohio, a young fellow in his teens named Hugh Thompson. He was as bright as the average boy, a smart worker, and popular with all the girls of his neighborhood.

In the spring of 1861, when the echoes of Edmund Ruffin's gun fired on Sumter were rolling down the Maumee valley, Hugh at nineteen years of age, was swept into the tide and borne off to the war for the Union. Fortune cast him into Company H, 15th Ohio volunteers.

Hugh rather liked soldiering. The excitement exhilarated him. He showed considerable dexterity in the manual of arms—considerable alacrity in the drill. At the end of three months he re-enlisted for three years, and started on that crusade which involved the serious battles in Kentucky and Tennessee over the border into the Gulf states.

He wrote home to his mother and told her he was well and not afraid, and he would come home "in a little while." He even wrote to a pretty little cousin and told her the harmless gossip of the regiment.

Then came the tough battle of Chattanooga on September 19, in which the Fifteenth Ohio lost almost a hundred men. Early in the day Hugh was hit by a bullet in the head, which "made him spin round as if he were dizzy;" but he refused to go to the rear, and when the order came to charge the enemy's works he seized his musket and fell in with the rest. The regiment was met with a hot fire and a solid wall of soldiers in gray, and was compelled to fall back leaving a dozen or more stretched on the field. Among these was Hugh Thompson, with a shell wound in his thigh and a bayonet jab in his cheek.

He was no more. He was dropped from the rolls as dead. At home his family mourned for this martyr, and the village parson preached a sermon with "a moral" to it, the moral of patriotic fidelity, and the father lamented him aloud and cried: "Hugh was my boy, and he was shot at the battle of Chattanooga!"

In Whitehall Reid's "Ohio in the War," Volume II, I find this story: "Hugh Thompson, wounded and missing at the battle of Chattanooga. No further record found."

A common place story, you will say, and this seems to be the end of Hugh Thompson.

For year followed year in the old home in the Maumee valley, and Hugh became a shadowy memory. His mother grew old and died. His favorite sister died. His brothers died. At their graves the old man bowed his head and wept and said: "Hugh was my boy, and he was shot at the battle of Chattanooga."

A whole generation passed away and another generation came. Van Wert grew to be a city. Hugh's father got to be an old man and waited for the reaper.

Then a curious thing happened. In the fall of 1887 a half-witted fellow attracted the attention of a post of the Grand Army of the Republic in Leavenworth, Kan. He was in middle life, and said he was a soldier, and although he couldn't exactly remember, he thought he was enlisted in some Ohio regiment. What company he belonged to, who his commanders and comrades were, where he was born, what battles he was engaged in—all these important facts he had forgotten. But he remembered the manual of arms and evidently knew something of a soldier's duty. His name was Henry Thompson, he said.

The veterans listened to him. The first he remembered of himself, he declared, was in the fall of 1872, and when his consciousness suddenly came to him he was walking along a country road in Illinois with a gripsack in his hand. "It seemed as if I had just waked up," he says, "for I could not remember anything that ever happened to me before that." He was hungry and went into a house to get something to eat. He probably acted queerly for the folks thought him crazy and hurried him along.

In spite of his lapse of memory and his mental aberration he managed to get a living, for he was industrious and willing and he had no expensive habits

and people hired him to do small jobs requiring little skill or training. For years he worked around by the day. In 1875 he married a young woman in a corresponding position in life, but in five months she died.

He resumed his wandering from place to place, and in Iowa, about 1878, he married a second time—a woman with perhaps more sense than he had retained, for, after a few months' experience of wedded bliss, she resolved to better her forlorn condition if she could. In the terse and epigrammatic language of her husband, "she called me a damned old fool and lit out." He waited a few years for her to come back and then got a divorce.

Hearing the call of the untamed prairies he drifted to Kansas, and there floated from woodpile to woodpile, from plowtail to plowtail, up and down the state. Finally he found another woman who was willing to marry him, and he entered a quarter section at the land office, bought a prairie schooner and a lame horse on credit, and established a connubial felicity in the wagon among the gopher hills. While sleeping in the wagon one night a terrible thunder-storm came up—the worst he had ever known—and ball after ball of lightning rolled in his eyes, and his head ached so that he thought "it would split open." It almost paralyzed him; but next day, when he ventured to crawl out he found, he says, that his head had cleared up a little, and now he remembered for the first time that he had been a soldier in some Ohio regiment.

He did not yet recall most of the circumstances of his life mentioned above; they were found out by the subsequent investigation of his friends. For it is a well known fact that a man may marry repeatedly without being entirely possessed of his faculties, or indeed having any sense at all. It was last summer, I believe that the Grand Army men of Kansas got together scraps of his recollections and published them in an article in an obscure country newspaper under the head:

"Lost—Henry Thompson."

Then another strange thing happened.

A Van Wert man sat down by the window one morning while his wife fussed around to fry some pork and potatoes for breakfast. To occupy his time while he was waiting for that important event he picked up a fragment of newspaper on the floor—the bit remaining after he had kindled the fire with the principal part. Afterwards after trying to account for the presence of that newspaper, he concluded that it must have come in around a pair of cobbler's shoes. In that fragment he read:

"Lost—Henry Thompson," and how he dreamed he had been a member of some Ohio regiment. After breakfast he drove over to Thompson's.

"Say, Mr. Thompson, what became of your boy Hugh?"

"Hugh, Hugh," said the old man, "why, my boy Hugh was shot at Chattanooga."

They compared notes. The old man's hope was laid in the boy's grave, but it feebly came to life.

"It is possible," he admitted. A correspondence was opened with the Grand Army of the Republic in Kansas, which resulted in the lost soldier being sent on to Van Wert, O.

In vain. He did not know the town. He did not remember ever having seen it before. He did not recognize his surviving comrades of Company H, nor they him, for a quarter of a century had passed. His father had gone blind.

But there were two or three important clues. He had kept a tattered testament and did not know how he came by it. It contained an extra fly leaf, bearing some patriotic doggerel in a faded female hand. There was no name and nobody remembered it.

But the orderly sergeant of his company was still living, and he said: "I was with Hugh Thompson when he was struck in the head with a bullet glancing downward from a limb. I examined the wound and that one he afterward got from a bayonet in the jaw and a shell wound in the hip before he was left on the field." Wounds were found to correspond.

"And," said another solid citizen, "if this is Hugh he has a scar on the right ankle, made by the accidental clip of a broadax when we were building a barn." The doctor who dressed it was summoned, and declared that it was the same as nearly as he could judge.

The sergeant took him in a buggy and carried him about the vicinity, and the first thing he recalled was an old log cabin which he used to visit when he was a boy. He also described the interior of the family barn before seeing it, and picked out some relatives from photographs. At last a cousin of his came home and identified the testament which she had given to him before the war and the verses she had sent to him in a letter. Inside of the testament was also found a tin type of him that must have been taken some fifteen years ago.

An investigation was started to trace him back through his wanderings, if possible, and to complete the identification.

When I had acquainted myself with the wonderful story I returned to Gen. Black and asked him what next. "Next," he said, the papers will be sent to the adjutant general of the United States to enable him to decide upon the propriety of mustering Hugh Thompson out of the army. His father long ago applied for a pension on account of Hugh's being killed in the service; now the young man who has returned, or at any rate, gone to Van Wert, has applied for a pension to Hugh's name and asserting, or his friends for him, Hugh's identity. He cannot have a pension till he is mustered out. Then we will see.

The House committee on Indian affairs has decided to offer an amendment to the Indian appropriation bill appropriating \$20,000 for Indian schools in Alaska.

Secretary Fairchild has issued an announcement that he will receive proposals for the sale of United States bonds to the government until further notice.

A Muscular Preacher.

From the Altoona Tribune.

The late Rev. Cambridge Graham was noted not only for the excellency of his Christian character, kindness of heart and forbearance of spirit, but for his great physical strength. This latter characteristic was never brought out in his ministry except when no other remedy was left him in dealing with disturbers of religious meetings which he was conducting. It is nothing to the disparagement of his memory, either as a true Christian gentleman or a minister, that the anecdotes told of his physical powers should now appear in print.

In his early ministry he was sent to Hancock circuit, in the Baltimore conference. There was at one of his appointments a family (father and sons) who were noted as "lies, and disturbers of Methodist meetings. While Mr. Graham was holding a meeting on one occasion there, two of the man's sons began their usual series of interruption. No rebuke had any effect upon them and finally the preacher ejected them from the house. They went home and told their father of the treatment they had received at the hands of the new Methodist preacher. The old man was terribly indignant at Mr. Graham and vowed to chastise him the next morning. Bright and early, gun in hand he appeared at the farm house where the preacher was stopping. Mr. Graham was out on the porch performing his morning ablution (the man of the house being over in an adjoining field), when he was saluted by the irate father:

"You are the new Methodist preacher?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Graham. He then narrated what he had done to his sons the previous evening, winding up with the declaration that "he had come over to whip him."

"Whip me," said the preacher, in a tone of surprise.

"Well," said the preacher, "wait until I get through washing."

In the meantime the old man had set down his gun, and prepared for the struggle. Mr. Graham approached him in the kindest manner, repeating, "Oh, you don't want to whip me," and with a manner that practically disarmed his antagonist. Drawing close up to him he placed his hand on each of the old gent's arms. It was like the grip of a vise.

"So you want to whip me," as his grip tightened, and he began to sway the old man back and forth. He was like an infant in the preacher's grasp and writhed in mortal agony as the grip tightened on his flesh and the shaking became more vigorous and the chorus: "So you want to whip me! Why, I'll shake you to shavings!"

The fight was all taken out of the man and he begged to be released, promising for himself and sons that there should be no further molestation of Methodist meetings in that neighborhood. The preacher accepted his promise and released him and gave him some kind and good advice. The old man, thoroughly crest-fallen passed the man of the house, who was out in the field trembling for the safety of the preacher, and saluted him with the remark: "I believe that preacher would fight." There was peace at that preaching place thereafter.

During his ministrations on a Perry county circuit he was annoyed by a "bully" at a camp-meeting which he was holding. The fellow, confident of his physical prowess, thought he could run the meeting pretty much as he wished, all unconscious that in the preacher he had a foeman worthy of his steel. He persisted in crowding himself offensively into the altar among the mourners and worshippers. Mr. Graham kindly remonstrated with him until forbearance ceased to be a virtue. Then in the twinkling of an eye he seized the rowdy by the cuff of the neck and the nethermost garment, and the next instant he was lifted in the air and sent flying out over the railing, a sadder if not wiser man—at least he was when the court got through with him. There was no disturbing of any religious meeting after that held by Mr. Graham. One exhibition of his physical strength was a salutary lesson to all who made it a practice to hinder and annoy other people in their religious devotions.

A Contribution From Mr. A. Pot.

There is a little private poker club in Chicago whose members meet at each other's homes and play a modest game, winding up with a jackpot which is "liberally sweetened" until it is of good proportions. On a recent Saturday evening the final jackpot grew until it contained \$128, and before the betting it was decided that the winner should put it on the contribution plate at church next morning. It was won by a regular church goer and rather liberal giver, who, fearing such a contribution would provoke comment, asked leave of the party to make it up in a package and hand it to the sexton. This was agreed to on condition that it was to be labelled "From A. J. Pot." This was done. The sexton took it immediately to the pastor, who was so highly pleased that he announced from the pulpit that "a munificent friend of the church—a Mr. A. J. Pot—whom it was not his pleasure to know personally, he was very sorry to say," had that morning sent in a most generous donation of \$128 to the church fund.—Chicago Mail.

A young mother living in Detroit has one charming little daughter named Lily, who is very fond of playing out of doors. The other day she came home covered with mud. "Oh, oh!" said her mother severely, "can it be possible that this is my good little girl, my sweet, pure Lily of the Valley?" "No, mamma," answered the little girl sorrowfully, "I guess I'm your bad, naughty Lily of the alley now."

Advice is like medicine. You can never tell whether it will do you any good until after you have taken it.