

I NEVER DO THIS; DO YOU?
I never judge the folks I meet
Upon the world's highway,
By the cut of their hair, or the clothes they wear,
Or their language day by day;
A cat may climb the highest tree
While the lion sleeps under the paw;
I judge not words without action,
I never do this; do you?
I never judge a statesman
By his very pompous air,
Or the loud, high-sounding speeches
He'll make most anywhere;
There are plenty of poor clever fellows
To write them a dollar or two;
I judge not a man by his bluster and brag,
I never do this; do you?
I never judge the ladies
By their glowing cheeks, or their silken hose,
Or the dainty French hats they wear,
The peacock has a voice most harsh,
While the lark has notes not a few,
I judge not things by what they seem
I never do this; do you?

MY WIFE'S LEGACY.

"I don't like to calculate upon such things," observed my wife; "but if Aunt Jane were to die, I should not be a bit surprised if she left us that old-fashioned set of silver, that belonged to my great-grand-parents."
Out of consideration for the printer, I will omit indications of the emphasis with which she usually spoke. If the reader will kindly consider every second word printed in small caps or italics, he will have some faint idea of her manner of expressing herself.
"It is a very handsome set," I returned, glancing about our modest dining-room; and will hardly accord with our furniture."
"It wouldn't look at all well with that side-board," returned my wife, promptly, "it is so dreadfully shabby—oh, of course, I mean the side-board, not the silver; don't be too smart."
"I suppose, then, if such a thing were to happen, you'd have to have a new side-board."
She nodded complacently.
"I saw such a lovely one downtown to-day—antique oak, beautifully carved. I do admire oak so much."
"But the rest of the furniture is walnut," I objected.
"Walnut is altogether out of style, especially for dining-rooms," she replied with a disdainful glance at the chairs which we had once found very good to look at; "and, after all, the sideboard is by so much the most expensive piece of furniture in a dining-room, that it doesn't cost much more to get a whole set than just that one piece. And even a walnut sideboard new, would not look well with these chairs and this table."
I said nothing, and the tacit surrender was accepted by my wife. Thenceforth it was understood that if Aunt Jane should bequeath us that silver, we were to purchase a new set of dining-room furniture.
The next evening, as we were again at dinner, my wife remarked:
"I have been looking at carpets to-day, and saw one that just suits me—rich and subdued, you know, but not dingy."
"Carpets?" I repeated, in some surprise; "I didn't know that there was one needed this season."
"Why, stupid," rejoined my wife, petulantly (and the emphasis was all upon the pet name), "did we not agree that the dining-room must be refurnished? And this carpet is so old and worn, of course it would not do at all with the new furniture."
Again I acquiesced silently, and she proceeded to make plans for meeting me the next day to examine and choose the carpet and furniture to be purchased later on. Well, if my wife's relations left handsome silver, I must of course provide things in keeping with it.
She met me according to appointment and having inspected the articles, gave me to understand that my taste was so execrable as not to merit a moment's consideration, and announcing her own choice, suggested, coolly:
"And now let's go look at the wall-paper."
"Wall-paper?" I echoed blankly.
"Of course, the room must be repapered if it is refurnished. As for the woodwork, I suppose there is no help for that—it will just have to be re-grained. Can you make that natural wood finish on wood that has been painted?"
I stared aghast; that silver was going to cost me a pretty sum. But I was helpless—entirely so; my wife had made up her mind.
That evening, she was much elated at the prospect of being surrounded by such things as she had that day selected. There was but one cloud on her horizon.
"The dining-room will be nicer than the parlors," she remarked, plaintively; "I am afraid that they will really look shabby."
I said nothing, hoping that if she were not contradicted she would not pursue the subject farther.
Vain hope! She had it fixed in her mind that silence gave consent, and when I came home next evening, had assumed that the parlors were to be newly fitted up.
"Don't you think," she said coaxingly, "that as long as the parlors and dining-rooms are to be torn up,

and we are to have the painters and paper-hangers here, we might as well have the whole house done? It would be very little more trouble, and then it would all look nice together."
"It would be considerably more expensive," I remonstrated faintly.
"You might draw the money out of the building association," she suggested, and then I knew that our savings in that institution were doomed.
Aunt Jane lingered a long time. Injustice to my wife, I must admit that she had become oblivious of the fact that all these improvements depended upon a legacy, which could only be possessed after the death of her venerable relative.
A day or so after she had decided that the house was to be thoroughly renovated my wife said to me:
"I have been examining the parlor carpets, and I find that by using the best parts of both, and buying a wide border, I can get quite a new carpet for our bed-room—absolutely unworn."
"Indeed!" I remarked with pleased surprise; there was one thing that she would not want, any how.
"Yes, and the carpet that is now on it has enough good to cover the children's room if I put the worn part under the bed. Or may-be I'd better put that on the spare room," she added, reflectively, "and give that one to the children. Theirs gets such hard wear that an old one will not last any time, hardly."
I said nothing, but felt greatly relieved.
As long as we don't have to buy a bed-room carpet," she remarked, insinuatingly "don't you think we could afford a new set of furniture?"
"No, I don't," I returned, savagely; where upon she burst into tears and called me a heartless monster. To pacify her I had to promise the furniture, together with a new silk and a sealskin, that the mistress of the house might be as fine as her dwelling.
"It does seem a shame," she said, a few days afterward, "to spend so much money on this house. That's very handsome and expensive paper that we looked at, and to substitute an archway for the folding doors will cost something"—this was the first I had heard of the archway—"and then those lovely carpets cut up to fit these small rooms, too!"
"Yes, it is a shame," I replied, hardly crediting my senses. Not all had been lost although much had been in danger.
"I am so glad that you think so," returned my wife, briskly; "I was sure that you would agree with me that it would be wiser for us to find a house that suits us better, and buy right away. Real estate is cheap now, they say—there's so much in the market."
She tried to put on a knowing look; if she had known half as much about that subject as about managing me, I should have felt impressed. As it was, I weakly objected:
"My dear, I don't know where in the world I could get the money to buy a larger and better house—any house at all, in fact."
"You could sell this," she replied, nothing daunted.
"But if real estate is a drug on the market, I do not want to sell," I retorted, thinking cunningly to turn her own weapon upon herself.
"There are those shares of stock, then."
"But that stock is going up daily; if I wait six months, I can get double what it would bring now; or hold it, and draw big interest on my investment."
"Well, what else are you going to do? You said yourself that we must have a larger and better house."
Thereupon I mentally bade a regretful fare to the stock and the money which I had expected to make by holding it. My wife occupied her leisure time for the next three weeks in looking for a residence which should be in all respects suitable for the furniture we were going to buy. What she would desire next I could not guess, unless she should become thoroughly dissatisfied with me.
At the end of the period mentioned I came home one evening to find her in tears.
"Aunt Jane's dead," she sobbed; "the poor old lady died this morning. I have just come from her house."
As Aunt Jane had been at the point of death for the past six months, I was hardly surprised to hear this bit of news. I did my best to comfort my wife, however, and comforted myself like a dutiful nephew-in-law at the mournful ceremonies following the death.
When I returned home the day after the funeral, my wife met me at the door, her face flushed, her eyes blazing.
"What do you suppose that old crank has done?" she demanded.
"What old crank?" I inquired, wondering.
"Why, Aunt Jane of course."
"I'm sure I don't know," I returned, mildly; "but you should remember, my dear—that—"
"Oh, I know she's dead. She wouldn't give her things away under any other circumstances. She's left me a hundred dollars in cash and that dear old silver to my second cousin, John Scott. He'll sell it, and spend every cent on liquor and cigars and horses, I know he will."
Then the blaze in her eyes was quenched by a flood of tears. I did my best to soothe her, but my efforts were useless. I assured her that if her cousin sold the silver, we would buy it.
"I don't want it," she declared; "I won't have it—very vehemently—and I want get a single new thing in the house, or a new dress, or that sealskin, or anything. I'll just stay

here with things as they are, and John Scott can keep his silver, and you can keep your building association money and stock, too. So there, now."
After that, I did not try to assuage her grief; I was afraid that consolation might be costly—Miriam K. Davis, in Good Housekeeping.
Philosophy of a Cold.
Says Prof. Woodbury of the Medical-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia, "If there is anything calculated to take all the brightness out of the sunshine, all the savor out of our food, and all the sweetness out of our life, it is a cold in the head." He presents some thoughts in his philosophy, the substance of which may interest the mighty host of sufferers.
In every case there are two factors, an irritant and a susceptibility of the system. Among the irritants are microscopic germs taken in from without, as in influenza, and certain poisons which are developed from bad nutrition or imperfect assimilation within the body, and which it is the office of the liver to destroy. Indeed, the effects of the two causes are essentially the same, for the germs set up by generating certain violent poisons, which irritate the mucous membrane of the nostrils, pharynx, lungs, stomach or bowels.
As to susceptibility to colds, a healthy body, under ordinary circumstances, has very little of it. But sudden climatic changes may induce it. Horses, brought from the west often have a discharge from the nostrils which lasts about six months.
A ship's crew, who had been perfectly healthy while absent several months on the Alaska coast, where all on their return taken down with a cold in the head.
Of an audience going out into a bleak atmosphere from a close warm room, a certain portion will take cold. These have the requisite susceptibility, the rest are happily free from it. In all cases of this special susceptibility there is a lowering of the nutrition, a certain depraved or depressed condition. The luxurious and indolent are as liable to it as the poor, and those whose surroundings are bad.
A normal condition of the skin is the chief protection against a cold. Three-fourths of the sufferers from catarrh pneumonia or chronic bronchitis are found to be in the habit of neglecting the skin. Their skin has become degraded, and is no longer a protective covering for the body.
The skin needs to be hardened by the use of the flesh brush, the cold douche, the air bath, and by frequent change of underclothing. Active exercise needs to be added, to keep the tissues from clogging. The time to cure the patient is before he gets the cold.—Companion.
He Had Met the Champion.
From the New York Mercury.
He looked a bit hard up, but he had a pleasant face and smooth address as he walked into the office of a railroad running West and asked for the superintendent. When conducted to that official's desk he began: "I want the favor of a free pass to Buffalo."
"Can't have it," was the prompt reply.
"Expected that answer, and am prepared for it. I did not come here with a tale of woe. I have not been robbed."
"No?"
"Not a rob. I did not lose my money on the street. I am not obliged to rush home to see my wife die. I am not a consumptive who is anxious to get home and die among his friends. All these pleasures are old."
"Yes, very old and thin."
"And yet I want to pass to Buffalo. I feel that I have a right to ask it."
"On what grounds?"
"This morning I saved the life of a passenger on one of your transfer boats. He was a big red-whiskered man named Clark. Had he gone overboard it would have cost you perhaps \$50,000 to settle the claim."
"Clark? Big man with red whiskers? Wretched man, you know not what you did! That's the man who has already got a claim for \$20,000 against us for breaking his leg. If you had only let him go overboard we could have settled with his heirs for less than a quarter of the amount. Go out—go away. You have taken thousands of dollars out of our pockets by your meddling act."
The sponge walked out without a word, but as he reached the door he was heard to grumble: "I thought I was the best liar on the Atlantic Coast, but I feel I must now take a back seat."
Where the Timber Goes.
Iron cross ties have been tried on the Pennsylvania railroad and found less desirable than those of good, honest white oak. This will be unpleasant news for tree-lovers. The most relentless consumers of the forest trees are the men that must have trees for cross ties, and nice, young trees for telegraph poles. Two thousand ties for every mile of steel rails laid means a fearful gap in some fair forest, and a mile of telegraph poles means a goodly grove cut down. Not until railroads can find a substitute for oak ties, and can lay their attendant wires underground, will the forests of this country stand any chance against the woodman's ax.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

HER PHOTOGRAPH.
Only a photograph. But to me more dear
Than all the costly portraits that adorned
And beautified my room. Those eyes could
So wondrously all they seemed. Where'er I
Moved
They followed me. That face was beautiful
Beyond compare.
What cared I for ancient steel engravings?
They were naught to me
Beside that photograph. It occupied the
foremost place alike
In my chamber and my heart. That mouth,
Oh, often had I seen
The perfect bow it formed. Those ripe red
lips were just as last I saw them.
Nay, friends, perhaps you smile, but many a
time I thanked the artist's skill.
The photographer's touch. To me their art
was worth
Untold remuneration. You ask me why was
this.
I'll tell you. It's all I've left. The other fel-
low got her.
In a Very Tight Place.
A general who had traveled much in India relates in "Tent Life" the following story of his experience in an Indian jungle:
"I was hurrying along a slight track, when, all at once, I fell into a concealed pit. I went straight down into a deep, dismal hole, and at the bottom landed right up to my waist in a deposit of tenacious, clayey mud. Regular 'punk' it was. In fact, when I tried to struggle and free myself I found I was held as firm as if I had been bird-limed. I shuddered as I noted the dismal surroundings.
There were several great, gaunt, looking, yellowish-green frogs peering at me with curious eyes, and then, as I turned my head around a little, I made a discovery that made my very heart cease beating for a minute and sent every drop of blood in my body bounding back into my veins. There right on a level with my face, its length half concealed in a crevice in the crumbling sides of the pit, its hood half expanded, its forked tongue quivering as it jerked it out and in, and its eyes glittering with a baleful glare, I saw a great cobra. I felt utterly helpless and despairing, and for a moment my heart whispered to me that my end had come. Then came a sort of nervous recklessness. I suppose it was 'the fury of despair' we read about. I know I uttered a savage curse, and snatching my hand helmet I hit the brute a smashing blow in the face and then began a fight for life. It was a big, powerful snake. The blow had only maddened it. Its hood expanded, its hissing filled the pit, and swaying and rearing its clammy length it launched full at my face. My gun was lying choked up with dirt and half buried in the 'punk,' but I had my hunting knife with me, and while I parried the fierce darts of the infuriated brute with my helmet I made quick stabs and slashes at it whenever I could get a chance, and after a short exciting struggle it succumbed and tried to withdraw behind the crevice, but with a slice of my knife I nearly severed its head from its body. And then for awhile—you may laugh at me or not, as you will—all was a blank. I must have fainted.
"The weary hours dragged along. It was intensely still and sultry above, I conjectured; for even in the deep, dark pit the air was stifling and oppressive, and I could not detect a sound or rustle in the vegetation that overhung the mouth of my living tomb. I could now see that the day was waning. The heat had become, if possible, still more sultry and intense, and once or twice I fancied I heard a low, muttering, rumbling sound as if of distant thunder. The clouds were hurrying up in tremendous solid masses, and soon a big drop or two of rain began to come hurtling through the overhanging grass, and another dread began to take possession of my mind. I knew what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled, turbid rainwater began to trickle down, crumbling the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought that it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know I thought of home. I reviewed my past life. I made desperate struggles again and again to free myself. I shouted and screamed for help. I believe I prayed and swore. In fact, for the time I believe I must have gone demented. But I found myself utterly powerless. The miry clay and treacherous 'punk' held me firm, and then again I relapsed into unconsciousness.
"When I came to myself it was nearly light; it was still raining heavily and stolidly; the big drops plashed down. I could see dull, leaden sky above, and I knew the 'mud-lahs' and water-courses would soon be full. The battle of the elements had ceased, and, but for the continuous crash of the falling rain, all was still. The water in the pit was nearly up to my shoulders. I felt I was doomed to die, and a sort of sullen, despairing stupor took possession of me. I had now given up all hope, when, hark! I thought I heard the sound of a human voice! With all the agony of despair I raised a cry for help. There was an awful pause and then I heard my faithful Baeka crying in response. Again I cried out, and I soon saw his dear old wrinkled face peering down at me from the edge of the pit. Some of the natives cut down sapplings and managed to make a sort of ladder, and Baeka came down with a long 'lathee' and loosened the 'punk' round my body sufficiently for me to

do the rest myself. Then they tied their puggrees' and kummerbunds' together and I knotted these round my waist and under my armpits, and with that help, they tugging away at the free ends, I managed to clamber out."
An Engineer with Nerves.
"One of the most trying moments of a run," said an old railroad engineer the other day, "is when we pull into a big railroad-center, like Jersey City at night. There is, of course a perfect labyrinth of tracks and switches; the lights are innumerable and confusing, and, as a certain rate of speed must be preserved, about all we can do is to go it blind. Of course, we keep a close lookout forward, and have the train under full control, but it is due more to the efficiency of the switchboard than to our ability to avert them that accidents are not more frequent."
The writer was aboard an express train on the N. Y. P. and O. road, not long ago, pulling into Salamanca. We were spinning along at a good rate, when gradually the train slowed up until the decrease of speed was very perceptible. A brakeman sat near, and to him it was remarked that there seemed to be "a heavy grade along here."
"Oh, no," he replied, glancing carelessly out of the window, "this is a good enough track; the engineer has got one of his nervous fits on."
When surprise was expressed at this he continued: "He is one of the oldest men on the road, and he has been more than once proved himself fearless at moments of actual danger. For the last six months though he has been so nervous he's hardly fit to run a train. We are always late now on his run; he slows down on good tracks like this; jerks up the train at the slightest curve, and is in just the condition of mind and nerve to bring about the very disaster he fears. He'll have to lay off soon. It's a common enough thing. I suppose it's the strain of years of irregular hours and constant anxiety when on duty."
The writer left the train at Salamanca, and walking forward took a look at the man at the lever. He was tall and spare, with iron-gray locks and chin whiskers; his face was rather pale. As the signal to start was given he pulled the throttle, and straining his eyes ahead, while his face took on a set, anxious expression, stood motionless, and was thus borne away out of sight a picture of the martyr he doubtless was to his painful emotions.—New York Sun.
A Skunk Industry.
The latest thing out in the way of a business venture is skunk culture, if it may be so styled, says a Michigan exchange. At first it has the appearance of a joke, but it is nothing of the kind, as may be seen further on.
Having heard that something of the kind existed in that vicinity, the reporter for the Huntington Herald set out to investigate the matter, and, although skeptical at first, soon found that there was "something in it."
Joseph Linger of Grand Rapids, Mich., has a skunk farm a mile or two out of town. He says that the skunk is an animal easily raised and is quite valuable for its oil and fur. The skin is worth from seventy-five cents to \$1.50, and the yield of oil is about the same value. They have from six to ten young a time and breed several times in a season, the same as rabbits.
Mr. Linger established the "skunkery" in the spring with only a few animals, and now, in so short a time, there are fifty in the corral. "I set out," said he, "to raise 500 before slaughtering any, and at the present rate it will not be long before that number is realized." "How about the odor?" was asked. "None whatever. You can go right to the corral and I defy you to tell by the odor that there is a skunk in the neighborhood." It seems that they never eject the acid and offensive fluid except as a means of defence, and if not molested there is no danger. "Besides," said he, "it is an easy matter, when kittens, to remove from them the glands containing the offensive secretions and thus disarm them for life."
She Has Danced 600 Miles.
He devoted himself to the belles of the evening and found that they danced every set. He did the same, walked about as much as he observed them doing. When he got home he looked at his pedometer and found it registered fourteen miles. Then he got a very successful substitute to sit still long enough to tell him how many times she had danced since she came out. By aid of ball cards and invitations and adding the information contained in her engagement book, they were enabled to calculate that she had danced 600 miles this season, and she was not through yet.
How She Rejected Him.
He proposed on the way home from church with a Buffalo girl one Sunday evening. She was too young to marry, and did not want him anyway. But she said "yes," with the stipulation that he should get her father's consent. The young man was happy until he discovered the next day that his adored one's father had been dead for several years. He has removed to another city.—Buffalo News.
A Southern Wit.
Hon. John M. Allen, of Mississippi, has the largest fund of humor of any of the Representatives of the Solid South. As a rule these gentlemen are "grand, gloomy and peculiar." They affect unbending dignity as they do black frock coats and five-syllabled words. But Allen is a jolly fellow, and always has a quip or a jest for every occasion. Shortly after the election some of his fellow-Democrats went to him with the remark that the latter news was more encouraging—that the thing was not so bad as at first reported.
"Yes," said Allen, "that reminds me of an occurrence down in my country. One of our prominent citizens met with an accident while away from home, and his friends telegraphed his widow: 'Your husband met with an accident this afternoon. His leg, his arm and his neck are broken.' A little later she received another telegram, which read: 'The accident is not so bad as at first reported. Only his neck and his arm are broken. His leg is all right.'"
At the last meeting of the Six O'clock Club Mr. Allen gave an amusing account of his experience at the battle of Stone River, in which he took part as a member of a Mississippi regiment. He was put up on the skirmish-line, and with another man was stationed behind a pile of rails.
Directly his partner remarked, in most lugubrious tones:
"John, you have no family depending upon you; put up your head and see if the Yankees are coming."
Allen did as requested, and reported that there were lots of Yankees in sight, but as yet they were not advancing.
"O, Lord," groaned the unhappy Mississippian, "if this ain't the awfullest place to put a man with a family. That man Bragg isn't fit to command anybody, to expose men this way to the risk of being killed. He haint any sense at all. I wonder what Davis was thinking about when he put him in command of the army. I shall write to Mr. Davis, if I ever get out of this, and give him my opinion of this man Bragg."
Just then he caught sight of a bird sitting contentedly on a limb above him.
"O, bird," said he, "if I had your wings I'd be in Mississippi before night."
The Heathen Chinee.
The smuggling of Chinese men and women from British America into United States territory is a very lucrative business at various points along the border from Vancouver to Winnipeg. If the venture fails at one place it is renewed in another, and sooner or later the pilgrims get in. A new trick just discovered at Whatcom, Washington Territory, has almost taken away the breath of the Federal officials, for they know that it must have been successful for a time. The large numbers of squaws coming into the country from British Columbia finally attracted the attention of an official, he took a party of them to jail. On close inspection it was found that the creatures were not squaws at all, but able-bodied Chinamen who had painted and otherwise disguised themselves so as to resemble the typical Indian squaw of the frontier. In one instance two young and rather comely Chinese women came across in the garb of American women, but closely veiled. An ungalant official lifted their veils and found them out. These girls were billed through to San Francisco, and were worth to their owner about \$20,000 apiece.
A Curious City.
Imagine a city with most of its streets narrow, muddy and crowded, where the seller of lottery tickets takes the place of the newsboy, where the pavers of the street, the conductors of the cars, the clerks in the stores, the policeman on the beats, the soldier with his musket, the bare-footed men and women who peddle their wares and the very beggars at the doorway all smoke cigarettes or cigars. The street cars carry the coffin-shaped dead to the cemetery, with the mourners in the cars that follow. Men, women and children, half naked and without shoes, bear the burdens that we put upon drays and wagons; water carriers peddle the limpid fluid from the aqueducts, from house to house. Every other woman has a baby dangling contentedly from a sack upon her back. Imagine the picture and you get a glimpse of the street scenes that you look upon about the great plaza, facing the costly palace and the magnificent cathedral of the City of Mexico.—Cor. Albany Journal.
They Die at Any Hour.
Observing that there has long been a popular belief that the greatest number of deaths occur between 4 and 6 o'clock, in the morning, the Evening Post records that Dr. Charles Frere has taken the trouble to tabulate the death-hours of all patients dying in two Paikistan hospitals during the last ten years. He found that there was rather fewer deaths between 7 and 11 o'clock in the evening than at any other time, but there was no special preponderance at any hour.