

THE CHILDLESS HOME.

Ah! he was bonnie, and brave, and sweet,—
My only darling,—my little Jim!
With a wealth of love in his loyal heart;
For the world all new to him.

But he scarcely entered its open door,
He notling knew of its gain or loss,
He never had battled with toil or sin,
Or lifted a heavy cross.

But straight from his innocent joyous play,
With never a shadow or thought of fear,
The angels took him to live with them,
And I—I am lonely here.

I fondle his stockings and pretty kilts,
And the curls once shorn from his restless
head.

For mothers grow strange and fanciful
When their little boys are dead.

And so I listen with bated breath,
As a child's feet footsteps patter near,
Or a shout rings out on the summer air,
And dream my boy is here.

But never at morning, noon, or dusk,
By night or day does the dream come true;
No path leads back from the portals fair
His feet have patterned through.

Only to rock him at twilight hour,
And fold him safe in his downy bed;
To linger the oft-told stories o'er,
And hear his night prayer said.

Only to look at his hazel eyes,
Peeping from under the battered brim
Of his misused hat, or to hear his laugh;
But the house is still and prim.

Never a trample of muddy boots,
Or whistling scattered over the floor;
No litter of toys on the kitchen shelf,
Or rattle on the pantry's store.

But only a desolate, darkened house,
That mourns in silence for little Jim
He will never, never return to me,
But I—I shall go to him!

—Lillian Gray.

THE COBBLESBURY BURGLARS.

Mr. Coblesbury came home to supper looking very grave, and sat down to the table with one hand firmly pressed over his breast pocket.

"What have you got in your pocket, pa?" inquired the eldest daughter, Miss Emeline.

"Hush, breathed Mr. Coblesbury, as he felt in his pocket for the thirtieth time in five minutes. "Burglars!"

"Burglars in your pocket, pa?" cried inquisitive Marmaduke Coblesbury, aged fourteen.

"No, son," said Mr. Coblesbury, gravely; "but I have \$500 which John Spriggs paid me after banking hours to-day, and it is highly probable that our house may be visited by burglars to-night."

Mr. Coblesbury looked so solemn that the twins, aged five, began to evince signs of indulging their favorite amusement of weeping in one another's arms. All the family excepting Charles Simon, the eldest son, who had just returned from college, became very grave.

"I have been expecting a visit from burglars for many years," said Mr. Coblesbury. "It is strange we have escaped so long."

"True," asserted Charles Simon. "Every well regulated family nowadays must boast of a visit from burglars before they can take their proper position in society. I learned that in college."

Marmaduke thought it would be a good idea to set steel traps in all parts of the house to catch the burglars.

"What do the newspapers say?" asked Miss Emeline.

Mr. Coblesbury could not remember having read any good recipe for catching burglars. Charles Simon thought he would write a book on the subject as soon as he graduated at college. But the principal trouble seemed to be how the family were to be awakened when the burglars came.

"The burglars will wake us fast enough," said Charles Simon.

"But they might kill us first," said Mrs. Coblesbury, innocently.

"I read in a paper that the safest way was to fasten a burglar alarm to every door and window in the house," said Miss Emeline.

"That would be a waste of money," objected Mr. Coblesbury, "for no burglar would break in at every door and window."

"Besides," said Mrs. Coblesbury, convincingly, "the burglars would steal the alarms."

"Why can't we put tar all over the front stairs?" inquired Marmaduke.

"Then pa and I could kill them in the morning as we go down to breakfast, for all the burglars would get stuck on the way up!"

"I do not wish to kill any depreddator, if he will surrender or leave peacefully," said Mr. Coblesbury. "The only arrangement possible is to arm ourselves to the teeth, and I will conceal the money in a safe place."

The family coincided with this. Mrs. Coblesbury thought they should retire early in order to obtain some sleep before the burglars came. There was some difficulty concerning the armament required. Both Mr. Coblesbury and Charles Simon possessed revolvers. Marmaduke took the fire tongs and an old razor and tied a leather belt around his waist. Miss Emeline procured a small package of red pepper to throw into the burglars' eyes, but Mrs. Coblesbury thought this would be cruel and her daughter compromised on black pepper, which would not be so strong. The twins wished to take the garden hose to bed with them, feeling confident that an icy stream of water would drive the intruders away. They were eventually obliged to be contented, however, with their popguns and a small tin pail filled with beans.

When Mr. and Mrs. Coblesbury retired the question arose what should be done with the revolver? Mrs. Coblesbury declared she should die of fright if the weapon were placed under the pillow, and Mr. Coblesbury finally drew up a chair beside the bed and laid the revolver upon it.

"Shall we leave the gas burning?" inquired Mrs. Coblesbury, nervously.

"Certainly not," answered her husband.

"The burglars would then be enabled to move around with perfect

case." Accordingly they turned off the gas and retired. Mr. Coblesbury, despite his years, was soon snoring vigorously, but Mrs. Coblesbury could not sleep. In about an hour she shook her liege lord energetically, and adjured him to wake up.

"Yes, my love!" cried he, leaping up; give me the gun; I'll fix 'em!"

"No, no," said Mrs. Coblesbury. "It isn't burglars—it's the pistol."

"What's the matter with the pistol?" queried the husband, sarcastically. "Is the pistol sick?"

"I can't remember the way you laid it, Samuel," explained Mrs. Coblesbury, tremulously. "Didn't you put it with the pointer part toward the bed?"

"Well, suppose I did?"

"Oh, Samuel," cried Mrs. Coblesbury, "turn it around quick; it may get off at any minute and blow us all to pieces!"

Mr. Coblesbury reached out sleepily and turned the revolver around. It was now aimed directly toward her, but, fortunately, Mrs. Coblesbury lacked the power of seeing in the darkness, and was comforted.

Several hours later, Mr. Coblesbury awoke from a thrilling dream in which he had killed seven burglars single-handed and was wading about in human gore. He awoke with a violent start and for a moment was hardly able to decide whether he was still dreaming or not. Just as he arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that he was thoroughly awake, a tremendous crash down stairs came to his ears. Rising in a high state of excitement Mr. Coblesbury grasped the barrel of his revolver and felt his way cautiously along to the door, his heart beating in a most reprehensible manner. Unfortunately, as he gained the doorway, he stumbled over some object and struck the floor with a shock like an amateur earthquake. Mrs. Coblesbury had thoughtfully placed a chair against the door to impede the progress of the nocturnal prowlers. The noise awakened her, and he could hear her muffled voice, from beneath the sheets, shrieking: "Samuel! Samuel! the burglars are here!"

"So am I," grunted Mr. Coblesbury, rubbing his injured foot, absent-mindedly, with the butt of his revolver, on which he had maintained a desperate hold.

"Have you caught them?" cries Mrs. Coblesbury. "Is it safe for me to get up?"

"Stay where you are, and don't move," said Mr. Coblesbury, as he limped into the hall, shivering with cold and excitement. He was not afraid, but nevertheless began to feel a willingness to let the burglars depart peacefully, so he straightened up by the stairway, and yelled at the top of his voice:

"I'll give you two minutes to leave the house! We are all armed to the teeth! Turn the night latch and run out of the front door if you value your lives!"

Mr. Coblesbury could not help congratulating himself afterward when he remembered having made this speech. There was no answer but a flash of light in the hall attracted his attention, and Charles Simon, Marmaduke, and Miss Emeline, all half dressed, appeared on the scene.

"Where are they?" cried Charles Simon and Marmaduke in a breath, one brandishing a revolver and the other a razor.

"Down stairs," said Mr. Coblesbury in a theatrical whisper.

"Emeline, this is no place for you," said Charles Simon, taking the light from her hand. "You know I have learned everything at college, and I know all about such things. Now, you just go and get under the bed in mother's room, and don't let the twins make a single peep till I call you."

"But the burglars may come in and chloroform us," objected Miss Emeline.

"I have read of such things in the newspapers,"

"Hush!" said Mr. Coblesbury. "You all talk too loud."

Miss Emeline vanished and was heard barricading the door. Mr. Coblesbury then said that Marmaduke must go for a policeman.

Marmaduke objected decidedly and begged to be allowed to live a little longer.

"I will go," said Charles Simon.

But it would never do to go downstairs among the burglars, and Mr. Coblesbury looked perplexed.

"I will swing myself out of the window to the lower roof, crawl along to the kitchen, and climb down the grape arbor," said Charles Simon. "I learned that at college."

Accordingly Mr. Coblesbury and Marmaduke lowered Charles Simon from the opened window to the roof below; and he agreed to give three whistles when he returned with the police.

Mr. Coblesbury then sat down on the top stair with his revolver pointed below, and Marmaduke crouched beside him with the lamp. It was very chilly on the top stair.

"Say, Em," shouted Marmaduke at length, "give us a blanket; we're freezin'!"

Several repetitions of this resulted in the door being opened a few inches and the required blanket was slipped out. Mr. Coblesbury and Marmaduke accordingly wrapped themselves up in aboriginal fashion and waited.

"I declare," said Mr. Coblesbury, "if Charles Simon doesn't return before long I shall go back to bed again."

At this moment a tremendous racket occurred outside, which culminated in a violent ringing of the door bell and loud cries in Charles Simon's voice.

"I tell you I ain't a burglar," shouted Charles Simon without. "You let me be! Pa, open the door!"

"They are murdering Charles," shrieked Mrs. Coblesbury from the inner room, and Mr. Coblesbury, dragging the half frozen, badly frightened Marmaduke after him, ran down stairs and unlocked the door.

"I am coming, my son!" yelled Mr. Coblesbury. "Hold 'em off a minute longer!"

When the door was opened, however, the three policemen who had Charles Simon in custody had realized that he was not a burglar and released him. As soon as they understood the state of affairs they accompanied Mr. Cobles-

bury, Charles Simon and Marmaduke through the house on a tour of inspection with a dark lantern. At the dining room door they halted. A noise was plainly heard within. "We have them," said one of the policemen, and he shut the door in a great hurry. He then gave an order to the other two policemen, and then all three drew their revolvers and fired through the narrow opening of the door, which was instantly closed again. "We will now go in and capture them," said the head policeman, but nobody seemed to care about going in. One of the policemen said that the robbers were killed, of course, and it was useless to disturb the bodies before the coroner could be summoned.

Mr. Coblesbury did not think the burglars were all killed, as only three shots had been fired. If there had not been a large gang of them they would not have dared remain boldly in the house all this time.

It was finally decided that all should rush in at once. The door was opened, the three policemen, Mr. Coblesbury, Charles Simon and Marmaduke entered in triumph, while precisely at the same moment an immense black cat leaped from the table and flew out of the room like a streak of lightning.

There were no burglars, but some of the dishes on the table had been shot into very small fragments. The policemen were very angry, and debated whether it would not be wise to arrest Mr. Coblesbury. Finally they marched off in high dudgeon, just as Mrs. Coblesbury, Miss Emeline and the twins entered.

"Where are the burglars?" cried Miss Emeline.

"Nobody answered."

"But the money is safe," said Mrs. Coblesbury. "Everybody looked surprised. They had forgotten all about the money."

"The burglars escaped," said Mr. Coblesbury, "just as I was preparing to use my trusty revolver. The police spoiled it all." As Mrs. Coblesbury uttered these words he flourished his weapon, and Marmaduke made a discovery. "Why, pa," said he, "there ain't nothin' in that pistol, and the trigger's broke off too!"

Mr. Coblesbury said never a word, but wrapped his blanket around him like an Indian chieftain, and stalked upstairs with a dignity that caused the family to gaze after him with feelings of speechless admiration.—*Herbert H. Winslow, in Chicago Mail.*

Letter-Carriers to Have a Rest.

"In 1986 such a thing as a postman or a carrier walking ten or fifteen hours a day delivering mail matter will never be heard of, for the simple reason that there will be none in existence then," remarked a scientific man the other day to a *New York Mail and Express* reporter.

"How will the mail be delivered?"

"Everything will be reduced to a fine system, and a letter will be delivered in three seconds after its arrival in the postoffice. Each house in a big city will be connected with the general postoffice or branch station, as the case may be, with a pneumatic tube large enough to carry a goodsized package. At present such a system of delivery cannot be put into practice because it would be too expensive. A century hence civilization will rise to such a high and prosperous point that a system of quick delivery by means of pneumatic tubes will entirely be in vogue. It could be done now only if it would bankrupt a city. The tube from Twenty-third street to the Western Union building shows how nicely it works. A letter or telegraphic message takes just two seconds to go the two and a half miles. The quickest means of transit are sure to be adopted in the long run. It is the evolution of progress, and nothing can stop it short of the universe. Not only will private houses have these tubes, but all our large cities will be pneumatically connected. Chicago will be perhaps ten seconds by letter from New York and San Francisco a minute or so. It will change a great many things and do away with the steam-cars as a mail carrier. The system is yet in its infancy."

"New York will by that time have a new system of sewers, much better than Paris has now, and tubes can be run along in them instead of having to dig up the earth, as is the case with gas and steam pipes at present. The postage on letters will not be one-twentieth what it is now, and the expense to the government will be less. Of course the deliveries will have to be regulated to so many during the day. Say five or ten during the morning and that number during the afternoon and evening. And yet human nature is so constructed that even with such improved facilities I believe many kickers could be found who would protest against the slow time made. All these things will come to pass, and it takes no prophet to plainly see the handwriting on the wall. The overworked carriers will have a long rest."

Canada Won't Stand It.

Uncle Sam—"I demand that you recognize the rights of American fishermen."

Miss Canada—"Demand away. It don't worry me any."

Uncle Sam—"Now see here Miss Canada, I just want to ask you one question. Why won't you let us have any more of your herring?"

Miss Canada—"Because you put them in boxes and sell them to us as sardines, that's why."—*Ontario World.*

Dr. Franklin's Gallantry.

Dr. Franklin was one of the most gallant of men, even after he was well advanced in years. I remember to have seen in the Government Library at Paris the original, in bad French, of a note written by him to Mme. Helvetius, wife of the illustrious philosopher. "Mr. Franklin never forgets any party where Mme. Helvetius is to be. He even believes that if he were engaged to go to paradise this morning he would make application to be permitted to remain on earth till 1:30 o'clock to receive the embrace which she has been pleased to promise him upon meeting at the house of Mr. Turgot."—*Ben. Perley Poore, in Boston Budget.*

LAFAGAN'S LOGIC.

There is one chance for a loafer—it is generally his worst vice.

There is a great deal of wisdom in humor, but not much humor in wisdom. It is not our theories alone, but those put into practice, that make us what we are at last.

When the world abuses you a short memory is, next to sound teeth, the most to be envied.

After all there are but few men who can go into the loafing business and make a success of it.

The best education that man receives in this world is from other men. No man can learn well from himself alone.

It isn't because good advice is wanting that many people "go wrong," but because it is easier to "let'er slide" than to take the medicine.

Satan may secure a scalp now and then, yet can never get a great deal of respect. This would seem to me to be mightily humiliating.

Curiosity is humanity's best grip. People full of this gift often know more about things in general than those who are not, and I've no doubt many of them have discovered some things they wish they hadn't.

I have always held that if a man was foreordained for the business, and was given a fair show, he would verify the theory of what is born in the blood will come out in the flesh, and I'm holding it yet.

Hope is a prime virtue, yet you cannot get fat on it no more than you can on soft soap. But a reasonable amount of hope and a considerable amount of "dusting around" has "billed the market" before now.

Even if a man has to act like a fool in order to round up the measure of his happiness, it is even then a good investment. One happy man in a neighborhood is conducive of more happiness than a case of twins.

I am not positive that my wife would object to my marrying again and starting a Mormon ranch, but I have a suspicion that she would. However, I do know that I would feel like death and probably act worse if I should ever live to see the head of any other family hold my Anna on his knee and talk about the Mormon church, the glory there in the business, and play the old bell-wether sheep generally. Total depravity is bad enough in itself, but when men seek to find a condition where loss of modesty and virtue are permitted to exist under the guise of a lunatic religion, then I believe it is about time for decency to blow out the light and go to bed.—*Chicago Ledger.*

BREVITIES.

It is the early bird that catches the train.

A jackass on a country lawn is very suggestive.

Time and the train go together—get there or get left.

If you want to beat the circus, get a boy or girl preacher.

Lady—a woman who can talk the slang of the race-track.

Beware of choosing for a friend him of an austere countenance.

No babe ever pulled the whiskers of the father of his body.

"Walk as if your body had a man in it." Live as if it had a soul in it.

Beware of the young man who carries his saloon manners into his home.

Mrs. Cleveland plays the piano. Who says this is not a Nation with a big N?

Cloth shoes—shaking the dress at anything to scare it—say hens or mad dogs.

The nightmare produced by a railroad restaurant pie is none of the Shetland pony sort.

What church attachment does John L. Sullivan remind you of? The pound party—yes.—*Chicago Ledger.*

The Iowa Beer Business.

"Our brewers are selling considerably less liquor to saloons," but they are just about making it up among private consumers. A man who makes the rounds of the city frequently in an official capacity stated to me yesterday that he had been offered beer at ten or eleven houses on the route that morning, most of them places at which beer was not kept a few months ago. I have seen frequent excursions to the country this summer, a load of men, sometimes hard women with them, and a keg or so of beer. They go to some leafy dell and drink all. Furthermore, I heard a man ask one of our brewers last Saturday to send a four gallon keg of beer to his house for Sunday. The brewer said he couldn't do it; that he had already orders in for 248 such kegs and could hardly supply them. He could accommodate the man with a six gallon keg, but not with a smaller one. I think the private consumption of liquor is largely increased since the saloons have been closed, as they have, but what the moral effect of that will be I don't know or pretend to say. I am waiting for further development before making up my mind.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Great Invention.

In the latest prospectus the editor of the *Arizona Howler* says: "Now is the time to subscribe. We have invented a very useful machine, which we will send to every one who subscribes for the *Howler* for five years. The machine in question can be placed in the bottom of a hen's nest, and when biddy lays an egg it gently seizes it (the egg) and by an ingenious device stamps upon it the day of the month on which it was laid. Then a little spring flies out and throws the hen off the nest before she can say Jack Robison, after which a bell rings to notify you that an egg has been laid. When these machines are in general use it will be no longer possible to put back number eggs on the market. Walk up to our sanctum, gents, and when you lay down the dust for five years you can take home one of those wonderful machines."

COST OF UNIVERSITY TRAINING.

Comparison Between English and German Universities.

The *Edinburgh Review* makes an interesting comparison between the relative cost in Germany and in England of a university career, and some account of the parentage of the students: Germany is, of course, very unlike England. It will be some time before professors are as honored here as there. There is something to us inadequate in a life spent in passing the dust of some obscure corner of science or history through sieve after sieve. Our young men of promise prefer the keen rivalry of the learned professions or the chances of literature or journalism, or else they go to the colonies to try their luck, or to India as civil servants. But making every allowance, if there is anything in numbers, we are more behind Germany than we should be, considering our wealth and the extent of our endowments. The population of Germany is about 45,000,000, that of Great Britain and Ireland about 35,000,000. Germany has twenty-one universities, the United Kingdom thirteen, or, if University and King's colleges and the new colleges in provinces and Ireland "of university rank" are included, about the same number as Germany. But there is a want of system in our distribution, and the number of students is less in proportion. In Germany a university is as much a matter of course in a large city as a town hall in England. In Germany, again, there are probably 25,000 in England, Scotland, and Ireland there can scarcely be more than 10,000 students. And Scotland, for whatever reason, is the only part of the United Kingdom in which the love of learning has penetrated to the lower middle class as in Germany. Here, for instance, is Dr. Conrad's classification of the "occupations and social position of the fathers of the German students" at Halle: 1. professions; 2. lower officers and elementary schoolmasters; 3. merchants, manufacturers, hotel-keepers, landed proprietors, officers, apothecaries, fundholders; 4. artisans and peasants; 5. inferior servants and laborers. The number of "inferior servants and laborers" is small, smaller probably than in Scotland, but that of the artisans and peasants is a very considerable indeed; and we should like to know how many elementary schoolmasters or apothecaries there are in London who have sons at University or King's college. University education, too, in Germany is incomparably cheaper than in England.

Have Their Own Private Glasses.

"Heah, bakkeeper, this is not my glass," said an eighteen carat dude in a fashionable Broadway restaurant yesterday afternoon, petulantly pushing back the diluted julep before him and stroking his little moustache with an aggrieved look.

"Beg pardon, sir, beg pardon," said the barkeeper, as he hastily withdrew the offending glass. Opening a little cabinet in the sideboard he brought out a pretty cut glass goblet, in which he carefully mixed the dude's "pizen," saying apologetically as he pushed it across the marble, "So many people coming in here I clean forgot it."

The dude felt too much hurt to reply, but sipped his beverage and then faded away.

That's the last fool notion of them ducks," said the drink dispenser, with a backward jerk of the thumb toward the retreating young man.

"What's that?"

"Why, each one of them has to have his own glass now. You see this case? Well, I've got eighteen sets of private glasses in there, five different kinds of glasses in a set, and when one of them comes in I've got to get his own little cup to mix the liquor in. They are good trade, though, and I can't afford to object."

The glasses were very pretty, of fine cut ware, and shaped like those used for ordinary, every day customers. The sets, the barkeeper said, cost \$5, and can be purchased at only one or two places in the city.

"They pretend," continued the man of mixed drinks, "that they're afraid of drinking out of the same glasses as the mob, as they might get some disease. They've been going in about two months now and they'll go clear across the city without a drink before they'll take a drop out of anything but their own glasses.—*Sporting World.*

Alcohol in Everything.

The amount of alcohol present varies greatly in the several liquors in which it forms the intoxicating ingredient, rum containing about 75 per cent. Whisky and brandy average about 50; port, 20; sherry, 15 to 24. Maderia, 19; claret, 10; champagne, 14; cider, 6; ales and porter from 6 to 12.

All fermented drinks contain alcohol, ginger beer, etc., usually containing from 1 to 3 per cent. of it.

Total abstinence from alcohol would seem almost an impossibility, for even milk contains small quantities of it.

In bread-making alcohol is produced in considerable quantities by the action of the yeast upon the sugar in the flour; the aggregate amount of spirit thus produced in London being some three hundred thousand gallons annually.

Some chemists go the length of asserting that even water itself is not entirely free from it.—*Philadelphia News.*

Who Made Congressmen?

Once upon a time a good man took his little boy to the gallery of the House to show him the great men of the Nation, and they listened eagerly to an able effort by one of them. When he had finished the father turned to the boy and put his hand on his head.

"My son," he said, "an honest man is the noblest work of God."

The boy looked at his father's face with his great earnest eyes.

"Papa," he inquired simply, "who made Congressmen?"—*Washington Critic.*

A GYPSY BEAUTY.

One of the Oldest and Most Famous of the Romanians.

Fifty or sixty years ago the gypsies in England were a much more remarkable race than they are at present. The railway had not come to break up their habits; there were hundreds of lonely places in dell and dingle where they could hatch the tan, or pitch the tent, their blood had been little mixed with that of the gorgio, or gentile; they spoke their language with greater purity than at present, and still kept their old characteristics unchanged. If they had the faults of Arabs they also had many of their good qualities. If they stole horses and foraged on farmers, if their women told fortunes, lied and sometimes cheated a man out of all his ready money, by pretending to find a treasure in his cellar, on the other hand, they were extremely grateful and honest to those who befriended them, and manifested in many ways a rough manliness which partially redeemed their petty vices. They were all, as are many of their sons at present, indomitable rough riders, of the horse horse, and to a man boxers, so that many of them were distinguished in the prize-ring; the last of these being Jem Mace. At this time there prevailed among the English Romanians a strong mutual faith, a tribal honesty which was limited, but all the stronger for that, even as the arms of a man grow stronger when he loses the use of his legs. They are a people of powerful frames, passions, and traditional principles. Their weak children soon died from the hardships of nomadic life, the remainder illustrated selection by suffering, and the survival of the fittest—to fight.

With such characteristics there could not fail among the gypsies many striking instances of warm friendship, intense love, and the fidelity which endures even till death. This was known of them when little else was known beyond their most apparent and repulsive traits. Walter Scott indulged in no romantic license when he depicted Hayraddin Mangrabin as devoted to Quentin Durward; even at present the incident of a thoughtful gift or any little act of kindness to them will be remembered with a gratitude out of all proportion to its value, and go the rounds of all the Romanians in the United States. And therefore when men fell in love with women there often resulted those instances of intense passion and steady faith which at the present day are really becoming mythical. The gypsy in this, as in everything else has been a continuation of the middle ages, or of the romance era.

Such a passion was inspired more than half a century ago by Jack Cooper, the Kurumengro Rom, or Fighting Gypsy, in a girl of his own tribe. Her name was Charlotte Lee, and it was about 1850 that Leslie, the royal academician, led by the fame of her beauty, painted the picture now in New York in the possession of his sister, Miss Emma Leslie. The fame of her charms still survives among her people, and when a few days ago as I was talking of Charlotte to some gypsies of her kin near Philadelphia, I was asked if I meant the Kinkini—that is, the Beautiful One.—*Century.*

How to Travel With Comfort.

Avoid railroad food by carrying chicken, beef, hard-boiled eggs, bread, fruit and salt.

Arrange to start quietly after a plentiful meal. Take overcoats and waterproof in your hand-bag. This is important.

In railway traveling ride only in the last car of an express train and the front car of a slow train, or get as near these points as possible.

Attend to the daily functions, else travel will derange them. On warm days ride backward by an open window, thus avoiding cinders and draughts.

For ocean trips take abundance of outer garments and flannel bed gowns. Walk the deck for exercise, else first days ashore will be fatiguing. But rest the first two days at sea.

At night, if fatigued, drink a cup of tea with a bit of bread, and rest thirty minutes before dining. A tired stomach cannot digest easily. Hence the frequency of diarrhoea during travel.

If seasick, keep the deck, lie upon the back near the center of the ship; eat in spite of nausea. If vomiting follows, eat again at once. This is the only remedy.

Drink little or none of the railroad ice-water. If obliged to eat at stations, choose simple food. Eat slowly. Better less food than much haste. Bread and fruit or chocolate make an excellent lunch.

Drink hot beef tea with plenty of red pepper. Eat ship crackers, raw beef, finely chopped, salted and red peppered, and mix with bread crumbs. If not seasick, control the appetite or prepare for dyspepsia.

Avoid nearness to water-closets. Be sure of dry bed linen and clean blankets. It is better to use your shawls than to be exposed to dampness. Throw back the bedclothing two hours before retiring. See that your gas-burner does not leak. Move bedsteads away from windows. Old hotels are draughty.—*New York Graphic.*

Giving the Other Woman a Show.

An old shanty boat with a tin stern-wheel and a general air of having been a tender to Noah's ark has been at the mouth of Jack's run, near Bellevue, since the spring. John Whitfield, his wife, and another woman lived on the boat. The ark is gone now, and the happy family is no longer happy.

On Saturday Whitfield sent his wife to town to collect an alleged debt, and in her absence he and the female took the train for Wheeling. Mrs. Whitfield was broken-hearted at first when she found that her faithless lord had flown. The neighbors comforted her, however, and last evening she said: "Well, I've supported John by sewing for ten years, and I guess I'll give the other woman a show now."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*