OLD FRIENDS THE BEST.

Grandpa looked at his fine, new chair
On the twenty-sixth of December,
Saying: "Santa Claus is so good to me!
He never fails to remember.
But my own armchair is the one for me,"
And he settled himself in it nicely.
"I hope he won't mind if I cling to it,
For it fits my back precisely."

Papa came home that very night—
He had plowed his way through the snow—
And the Christmas twinkle had left his eye,
And his step was tired and slow.
Warming for him his slippers lay,
The lovely, embroidered in gold ones
That hung on the Christmas tree last night,
But he slipped his feet in the old ones.

And when dear little Marjory's bedtime came
On the parlor rug they found her,
The long, dark lashes adroop on her cheeks
And her Christmas toys around her.
Neglected Angelique's waxen nose
The fire had melted completely,
But her precious rag doll, Hannah Jane,
On her breast was resting sweetly.

—Independent.

A COLONEL'S PERIL.

"One day," said Mr. Myvart, "a card was brought in to me bearing the name of General Woodhall. He followed it, and I found myself in the presence of a white whiskered old fire eater, who at once attacked me as though I were an enemy's position.

"'Know my friend Hardyment? Colonel of the Haramzadi Horse—most distinguished officer.'

"I confessed that I had not the honor.

"'He's in trouble. They accuse him of theft. It has been put about that he stole a handsome decoration, a star set in brilliants, at the levee yesterday. By George, it's monstrous! Don't you think so?'

"'I should like to know the facts,' I suggested mildly.

"The long and the short of it was that Colonel Hardyment, in the full uniform of his corps, had been the day previous to make his bow to royalty on his return after a long exile in the east.

"He had entered the palace and was mixed up with the throng of dignitaries—pillars of the state, foreign diplomatists, officers of both services.

"There he made the most of his time, and with all the dexterity of an old and practiced thief had collared everything valuable that came within his reach.

"He was not caught in the act. But wherever he went havoc and depredation followed in his track.

"'And what might the colonel say himself? Of course he has heard about it from some kind friend.'

"'Not a word. The fact is—Hardyment—is not to be found.'

"'That of itself looks'— I did not dare finish the sentence.

"'I'll shoot the man who accuses him! Everybody's wrong, or else some one has personated him.'

"'But that would have been very difficult. First of all, the possession of his uniform, the knowledge how to put it on, and it would have been so easy to recognize him, to detect an impostor. Such a man as Colonel Hardyment would be well known.'

"'Not in this country. He has not been home for years, and there were very few Indian officers at the levees.'

"'Were you?'

"'Of course not. Do you suppose that this would have happened if I had been there?'

"I shook my head gravely. The whole thing looked fishy in its most favorable light—kleptomania at least.

"'You must not overrate my powers. Let us go at once to Colonel Hardyment's quarters. Where does he live, or, rather, where did he live?'

"It was a modest residence—only one room, in a house all chambers, in the neighborhood of Pall Mall. The porter, who knew the general, accompanied us up stairs and let us into his room with his pass key.

"The room was all in disorder, clothing lying about, uniform just as it had been taken off thrown onto the bed, which I observed had not been slept in.

"'When did you see the colonel last?' I asked the porter. 'To speak to, I mean.'

"'The day before yesterday, sir.'

"'He has no servant of his own?'

"'Not now,' interposed the general. 'He had a man—engaged him directly he came home—but turned him off a week or two ago. That was why he came to live here, where he could get attendance and be valeted.'

"I now made a more searching examination of the room. It had evidently been ransacked, rummaged, rifled from end to end. Everything valuable had disappeared; there was not a trace of a trinket; the jewel tray of the dressing case was empty; the tops (presumably silver) of the bottles had been removed and some of the best of the clothes.

"I saw no reason to exonerate the colonel until I caught sight of a bunch of keys on the floor, and stooping to pick them up found also an unmistakable picklock or burglar's skeleton key.

"It was the first suspicion of foul play. Colonel Hardyment, under the circumstances, would scarcely have left his keys behind him. He might certainly have forgotten them, but even that would not account for the skeleton key.

"'Tell me more about the colonel's late servant, will you, General Woodhall? Where did he get him?'

"'Through an agency, I believe. Raskelf was his name—a smart, soldierlike chap—about Hardyment's own size, had rather a look of him, indeed'——

"But even as I spoke there was a sound of hurried footsteps on the stairs, and some one broke suddenly into the room—a wild, disheveled figure—dirty, unshorn, in ragged clothes—who threw himself all of a heap in an armchair.

"It was Colonel Hardyment himself. Concern, surprise, indignation, were the feelings expressed on both sides, and I confess I shared them and was deeply affected when I heard the colonel's story, which, after a good dose of brandy, he was strong enough to tell.

"He had returned to his chambers late one night from his club when he found a message waiting for him. An old soldier friend of his, who had just come home and was staying at the Royal hotel, Blackfriars, had been taken suddenly dangerously ill. Would Colonel Hardyment come at once in the cab sent?

"He jumped in, was driven off rapidly along the embankment, the long line of lights on which were the last things he distinctly remembered. Somewhere there he lost consciousness—a vague recollection of the odor of chloroform clung to him—and only came to himself long afterward, as it seemed, and then he was awakened by a sharp sense of discomfort and pain.

"He found that he was bound hand and foot to the bench on which he lay. Then the pale dawn broke and gave a dim light into the den in which he was imprisoned. It was a back scullery of probably a long empty and deserted house.

"He made frantic, fruitless efforts to free himself and shouted at intervals till he was voiceless and faint from exhaustion. At last in one of his wildest struggles the bench to which he was fastened toppled over, and he came heavily to the ground.

"He must have lain senseless for hours. When he regained consciousness, he heard voices. Two men were in the kitchen too busily engaged to take any notice of him.

"'Where'll ye stow it?'

"'Here in the chimley, high up above the damper. It'll lie there safe until tomorrow; then we'll fetch in Ikey to trade.'

"'And this cove?' said the first speaker, giving Hardyment a savage kick.

"'Let him rot. Leave him where he is. Maybe tomorrow we'll do for him. It'll be safest, eh?'

"Then the two ruffians—one of whom the colonel recognized as his discharged servant, Raskelf—departed without another thought of their captive.

"There was no hope for him. Present torture prolonged past endurance perhaps, then a violent death. He rolled to and fro, now above and now under the bench, continually injuring himself and yelling often with the pain of some sudden collision or blow.

"Then he struck against something. The fingers of his right hand touched it, and with the exaggerated sense of touch due to his position he realized that it was a matchbox!

"Although his wrist was bound, his fingers were free, and at last, after endless attempts, he opened the box, and then ensued a long struggle before he could strike a match. But he succeeded, finally succeeded also in applying the light to one of his bonds.

"A second and a third match were necessary, but at last the cord caught fire and was burned—oh, so slowly!—smoldering, smoldering, all the night through. The dawn had broken before his right hand was free.

"To escape from the house was an easy matter. But it took three hours to drag himself to Pall Mall from Seacole street, Stratford, and he was well nigh done when he reached his home.

"In less than an hour a watch was set upon the house in which the colonel had been imprisoned. The two scoundrels who had been first his captors, then his jailers, and one at least of them his personator, were taken red handed as they returned in search of their "swag."—English Exchange.

Beginnings of the Income Tax.

In 1377 a "tax unheard of before" was imposed by parliament, which took the form of a poll tax, graduated chiefly according to rank, though partly according to property. Dukes had to pay £6 13s. 4d.; earls, £4; barons, £2; knights, £1; squires, 6s. 8d., or, if they had no land, 3s. 4d. Beggars were exempt. Yet the whole amount collected was under £25,000. The poll tax having failed, the country reverted to the previous system of granting fifteenths and tenths.

The first indication of an income tax occurs in 1435, when an act was passed imposing a tax on every person "seized of manors, lands, tenements, rents, annuities, offices or any other possessions."

But, although we have here the idea of income tax, yet this mode of raising a revenue is generally considered to have been introduced by Pitt in 1799. The rate was 10 per cent, and it produced about £6,000,000. After the peace of Amiens, Addington repealed it on the ground that it ought to be exclusively reserved for times of war, but reimposed it, for the same reason, when the war broke out again in the following year. It was very unpopular and was repealed in 1806, as soon as possible after the close of the great war.

The tax was reimposed by Peel in 1842 for four years, his object being "to relieve trade and commerce from the trammels by which they were bound" by repealing other taxes in his opinion more injurious. We were, however, over and over again promised that it should be only temporary, and it is still only imposed from year to year.—Sir John Lubbock in North American Review.

Wild Plunge of Horse and Man.

Mr. Richard Sutherland of Anderson county had an experience Sunday afternoon that he will not soon forget. He was approaching the bridge at Bond's mill, in that county, when the horse which he was riding took fright and leaped over an embankment 30 feet high into the river. As the horse went over he turned a complete somersault, throwing the rider headlong into the river. The wonder is that both man and horse were not instantly killed. Mr. Sutherland received some severe bruises, especially about the lower limbs, but his injuries are not of a serious nature. The horse came out without a scratch.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Presuming Creature.

Gus de Smith—At the ball the other night you only danced once with Miss Esmeralda Longcoffin.

Johnnie Masher—I can't afford to encourage that girl. What do you think I smell whenever she is around?

"Onions?"

"Worse than that. I smell orange blossoms. She means business; hence I must discourage her. She is not able to support a husband. How presuming the girls are getting to be nowadays!"—Texas Siftings.

YOUNG WINDEBANK.

They shot young Windebank just here,
By Merton, where the sun
Strikes on the wall. 'Twas in a year
Of blood the deed was done.

At morning from the meadows dim
He watched them dig his grave.
Was this in truth the end for him,
The well beloved and brave?

He marched with soldier scarf and sword,
Set free to die that day
And free to speak once more the word
That marshaled men obey.

But silent on the silent band
That faced him, stern as death
He looked, and on the summer land
And on the grave beneath.

Then, with a sudden smile and proud,
He waved his plume and cried:
"The king! The king!" and laughed aloud,
"The king! The king!" and died.

Let none affirm he vainly fell
And paid the barren cost
Of having loved and served too well
A poor cause and a lost.

He in the soul's eternal cause
Went forth as martyrs must—
The kings who make the spirit laws
And rule us from the dust.

Whose wills, unshaken by the breath
Of adverse fate, endure
To give us honor strong as death
And loyal love as sure.

—Margaret S. Woods.

HER NOM DE PLUME.

I stand here alone—as much alone this clear, cold winter morning as though the wastes of Sahara stretch out around me. Yet I am in a pretty room—a luxurious room—with a glorious fire glowing in the silver barred grate and the curtains of frosty lace half obscuring the outside world. A room with a warm crimson carpet, a jardiniere of blooming plants, a redbird swinging idly to and fro in its gilded cage, a piano in the corner and pictures on the walls, and books—books everywhere.

This is my especial sanctum, my own den, whither I retreat from the storms of the world, the cold, pitiless blasts of adversity—and find peace. Yet I am a woman—a sensitive, imaginative woman—and if sometimes a tiny touch of discontent starts into my heart—a feeling of loneliness—it surely need not concern any one but myself. "Man was not made to live alone," and, for the matter of that, neither was woman. Yet better a lonely, single life than an unhappy double existence. So I say as I go over to my desk and seat myself for the daily "grind."

First I will introduce myself. My name is Vere St. Albans Hale, and I am a newspaper correspondent, writer of magazine articles and everything else in the imagination line for which I can find sale. The reader must not object to the implied inference that the newspaper correspondent is to be classed with writers of fiction. Yet whence do they glean all their scraps of wonderful information?

For a long time I have been writing articles for a leading magazine under a masculine nom de plume—Vere St. Albans—which is an abbreviation of my own given name attached to my second. To my surprise, the articles have been received with far more appreciation than I had dared to hope for, and that fact, accompanied by liberal checks, has proved a very pleasant episode in my hardworking existence. This morning as I seat myself at my desk preparatory to coming down on the day's work like the traditional wolf on the fold I am interrupted by the appearance of my own servant—a girl with a fair, open countenance and general vacuity.

"Well, Abby," I observe, a little testily, for she is transgressing a well known rule regarding the interrupting of my work, "what is it?"

"Please, miss" (in a solemn voice, which somehow provokes me to smile), "there's a lady—that is to say, a girl—in the deception room."

A small antechamber where my stray visitors are first received before being welcomed into the sanctum. I smile a little more.

"Reception room, Abby," I correct severely, but feeling an irresistible desire to expand the smile into a laugh.

"What is her business?"

"Oh, she wants to see Mr. Vere St. Albans—that's the very name, miss" (proudly). "I've said it over and over till I know it's right."

"Mr. Vere St. Albans!"

I repeat the name—the unlucky name—in a bewildered way.

"What does she wish of him?"

Abby courtesies.

"Please, miss, I don't know. But she's a-carryin a little book in her hand. No, miss, she's not a book agent, 'cause I asked her. She's a college girl, she says, and—and—I believe it's some writing she wants done."

I arise in mock resignation. I did have an idea—a bright and brilliant idea—in my brain when I seated myself at my desk this morning. It has flown now. Will it ever return?

I take myself into the reception room and find my visitor, a pretty little schoolgirl, overdressed and laden with schoolbooks. Conspicuous on the very top lies a velvet bound volume. Yes, I have seen such volumes before, "many a time and oft," and it does not require the word "Autographs" in huge, gilt letters to explain its mission. She arises at once.

"Pardon me for intruding," she begins, "but I have ventured to call to request the autograph of the great writer, Vere St. Albans. Will you kindly intercede in my behalf, madam, and beg him to write in my album?"

There is the situation in a nutshell. She believes Vere St. Albans to be a man, and she wants his illustrious autograph. Well, the very easiest way in the world to get it over with and to be at liberty to return to my day's work at the desk is to grant her request.

"I will ask him," I return, feeling like a small conspirator.

"Oh, will you, please?" her face lighting up wonderfully. "How good of you! You see, there's a wager on it. Brother Tom has bet me a dozen pairs of kid gloves—six buttons and assorted shades—that I'll not be able to get St. Albans' autograph. He says there is a mystery about him. I think you are very kind to promise to help me!" she adds gushingly.

I do my best to repress a smile, and so taking the book from her hand I retire to the privacy of my sanctum, where I proceed to inscribe my name in my largest, manliest chirography. I dry it carefully and return to the reception room.

"Oh, how very kind in you!" my visitor gushes again. "I shall prize it as long as I live! Are you his sister?"

I shake my head.

"Oh, not his—wife?"

I fancy consternation in the sweet, shrill, girlish voice. Evidently the fact of a "better half" would forever obscure the fame of the popular writer.

Again I shake my head.

"Vere St. Albans is not married," I return, and the violet eyes dance with delight. She is pleased and does not attempt to conceal it.

"I am his nearest friend," I added explanatorily, "nearer to him than any one else."

And then I bow her out and go back to my work. But all day long I am visited by thoughts of the pretty college girl, and I fall to wondering if Brother Tom paid his wager like a man of honor.

The next day "Vere St. Albans" receives cards of invitation to several affairs. The envelopes are all addressed to Mr. Vere St. Albans, and gradually it dawns upon me that I am universally believed to be of the masculine gender. It is amusing and provoking, but the situation has its compensations. I decline every invitation in Vere St. Albans' name and feel almost like an impostor as I do so.

Day after day I am besieged by callers who demand to look upon the face of the mysterious St. Albans. Of course I refuse everybody. I double Abby's wages and station her in the small entrance hall, with orders to admit no one. I receive letters from my publishers reproaching me with my seclusion.

"Don't be a hermit, my dear fellow," says one of the letters from the august head of the house; "a little society will freshen you up, and besides you have really made a hit in that last article, and people are desirous of meeting you. My son, whom we have just admitted to the firm, is very anxious to meet you."

And so on until I feel the blood grow cold within my veins at thought of possible complications.

Can I always preserve my incognita? Will they not besiege my den and ferret the truth and me—out of it together? It comes at last. One bright winter morning Abby ushers into my presence a portly looking old gentleman, and with him a man of some 30 years, tall, dark, handsome—just such a face as I love to portray as the faces of my heroes.

"I beg your pardon!"

Mr. Atherton falls back, overcome with surprise.

"The servant showed us in here. We are desirous of meeting Mr. Vere St. Albans. We are of the publishing firm of Atherton & Sons. I wish to see Mr. St. Albans in regard to some especial work. Will you kindly request him to give us audience?

I feel my face growing red—redder—reddest. I rise from my chair and motion them to be seated near. I open my mouth to blurt forth the whole truth, but some perverse imp seizes my tongue, and instead I falter:

"You cannot see Vere St. Albans today, gentlemen. He—is indisposed."

So he is, indeed, indisposed to receive visitors.

"You are Mrs. Vere St. Albans, I presume," he observes. And I—oh, depths of infamy! I am so embarrassed, so overwhelmed with embarrassment under the cool, steady gaze of the younger man that I bow and mutter something which sounds strangely like "Yes."

At that moment there is a curious bustle within the flat where my little home is situated. An uproar all at once, and in rushes Abby, wild and disheveled, and clings to my arm like a mad creature.

"Oh, Miss Vere! Miss Vere!" she shrieks, "the house is on fire! Come, let us get away, or we shall be burned alive!"

It is all true. The fire has been burning so long unsuspected that now it breaks out with irresistible force, and soon the whole building is in flames. But long before then we are quite safe. My two visitors bear my desk down stairs between them, and while the elder man keeps watch and ward over it outside upon the street the younger returns to me.

"We must get your husband out," he says eagerly. "Show me his room, and I will do my best to save him!"

"My husband!" I falter feebly. "Why, I have no husband!"

"Then who is Vere St. Albans?"

"I am!"

So the truth is told, and somehow I feel better.

When we are all safe on terra firma, my new friend turns to me and says in a low tone:

"My name is Tom Atherton. My young sister called to obtain Vere St. Albans' autograph. She is more than half in love with the unknown and mysterious Vere. I shall take pleasure in undeceiving her."

Then after a long pause, during which he studies my shamed face attentively, he adds:

"And I am quite in love with Vere St. Albans. I have known that writer for months through her manuscripts. Tell me, is there any hope for me?"

What can I say but murmur something about short acquaintance and all the rest of the conventional excuses that flock through my brain. But time does away with the first excuse, since he proceeds henceforth to devote himself to cultivating my acquaintance, and the others he puts aside as he would a shadow.

So one day Tom takes me to his home, and I am duly presented as his betrothed wife in propria persona.—New York Weekly.

Hired to Think.

Cholles (in the Softy club)—Ah you a Wepublican or a Democwat?

Fwedewick—Ash me man Jeames. He attends to all that sort of thing foh me.—Chicago Record.

THE WONDERS OF ATOMS.

Even the Smallest Speck Visible Contains Millions of Particles.

There are but few persons outside of the ranks of the biological students that have any idea of what is meant by the expression "an atom of matter." When the microscope is applied to the examination of living tissue, whether that tissue be of animal or vegetable life, it is soon observed that all living things are made up of minute bodies called "organisms." Experts in the various branches of biological research will also tell you that no essential difference can be distinguished between those cells which go to make up the sum total of animal life and those which give the vegetable its existence. These life cells, although wonders within themselves, are made up of minute particles called "atoms," which are so small that they must ever remain invisible to the human eye. Some critical reader will say, "If this last remark be true, how can it be proved that such infinitesimal particles as your so called 'atoms' exist?" To this query the reply would be that it is only when an untold number of these atoms unite themselves so as to form a single body, like the grains in a popcorn ball, that they become at all visible and then only by the best appliances that optical science has been able to furnish.

This being the case, it is not an exaggeration to say that every little piece of matter which we are able to see is built up of millions upon millions of these atoms which are so small that no mind can comprehend their minuteness, even when taken in aggregations of thousands. There are, of course, many different kinds of atoms, such as atoms of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, etc., each of which is believed to have its own particular size and weight. Then, too, they probably differ in shape as well as size. According to the specialists in this line, they combine together by mutual attraction, which is in some cases called cohesion and in others chemical affinity, according as the atoms are of the different elements. This being the case it is easy to understand why myriads of these atoms of all sizes and shapes, fitted snugly one against the other, combine together in varying degrees of intensity to build up structures possessing all the various degrees of stability and solidity. Some of the most wonderful theories ever advanced on the atomic theory are by Sir William Thomson, the English scientist. In one of these articles he proves by three different trains of arguments that an atom cannot be greater than the one one hundred and fifty millionth of an inch nor less than one-five billionth of an inch—St. Louis Republic.

A Climbing Bullock.

At the great slaughter houses in the Parisian suburb of La Villette there is a granary from which the beasts awaiting execution are fed. The way to it is up a substantial ladder staircase. One of the bullocks, having escaped from the pens, climbed up this staircase before he could be stopped. When his escape was first discovered, he was seen on the stairs, slowly and laboriously making his way upward. As soon as he reached the granary two or three attendants followed him and endeavored to get him down, but all their efforts were unavailing. There was nothing to be done, therefore, but to leave the beast there to eat his fill and then see whether he would be clever enough to return by the way he went. Possibly some thought of exhibiting him in public may have crossed the minds of his guardians, but if so they were doomed to disappointment. The stupid animal, instead of trusting to the staircase, got out of a window on the opposite side of the building and put one foot on a little thin ladder standing against it. There was a crash, the ladder broke in half and the too adventurous bullock fell, breaking all his legs, so that he had to be killed on the spot.—Paris Letter.

Oratory.

"The most eloquent speakers are not the most powerful," says Hon. John Fithian of Illinois. "There are men who could hold an audience spellbound with a speech about a cockroach and at the close of it the people would not know whether the cockroach was an animal, a bird or a piece of machinery. I saw an illustration of this one time in a political meeting. One of the most eloquent speakers in the country is Emerson Etheridge, and I heard him deliver a speech that swayed the hearers like music at the hands of a master. There was nothing that he could not do with the crowd while they were under his control. His opponent had a voice like a big bass viol, halted and stammered, but confined himself to homely language and rather coarse ridicule. I watched the vote in that precinct, and the measure advocated by the eloquent speaker scarcely received a vote, while the other man had carried everything before him as if by storm."

Oscar Wilde's Memory.

Oscar Wilde has enough Irish blood in his veins to occasionally make a bull. In London an American, who had met Wilde previously, rushed up to him and grasped his hand. Oscar drew back a little.

"Why, don't you remember me?" exclaimed the American, rather taken aback.

"Well, to tell you the truth," remarked Oscar placidly, "I remember your name perfectly, but for the life of me I can't recollect your face."—Exchange.

How to Buy Collars.

Note for bachelors: When you buy collars, you will save yourself much unspeakable anguish by asking for a tape and measuring the collars from buttonhole to buttonhole. They will frequently be found to vary half an inch or so from the size with which they are stamped, but that little half inch is one of the things that are making us prematurely bald.—Boston Herald.

THE BALLOON IN BATTLE.

How It Is Managed and Information Transmitted and Received.

Balloon and wagon have formed a junction and are ready to start with the troops. Away goes the wagon, with the balloon hanging on to its tail, while the attendant sappers on each side keep it steady. The train moves along at a good round pace, easily keeping up with or even passing the infantry, and makes for the particular spot at which it has been determined to commence balloon operations, which is usually on the top of a good high hill.

An ascent is an easy enough matter and is soon accomplished. The balloon is securely fixed to the end of the wire rope, and the two men who are to ascend take their places. At the word of command the men who have been holding down the car let go, and up shoots the balloon, unwinding the rope as it rises and allowed sometimes to ascend to a height of 1,000 feet. And suppose the officer receives instructions to move the position of the balloon, is it necessary to haul it down? Not a bit of it. A man is placed at the end of the wagon who carefully guides the connecting rope so that it cannot get entangled or run risk of being cut, and away goes the wagon, sometimes at a trot across fields and up and down hill, until the balloon itself is a long distance away from its original station. Next, suppose that it is necessary to lower the balloon. Is it needful to wind in all the wire rope that has been paid out from the reels? No such thing. The balloon is brought to earth in a much more expeditious manner.

A long, stout pole, in the middle of which is a pulley wheel, is laid across the rope. Half a dozen men seize the pole and run it along the rope, and their weight soon brings the balloon down to the ground. Passengers can then be exchanged, or any other operation can be carried on, and then the men run the pole back, and up shoots the balloon again many hundreds of feet into the air, without having been away from its exalted position more than a few minutes.

But it is not necessary to lower the balloon in this or any other way whenever it is required that messages should be exchanged between those below and those above. There are various contrivances for doing this. Sometimes, for instance, a wire is attached, through which messages can be sent to a telephone. Another plan is to send messages down the wire cable. A little wire hook is fastened around the cable, and the letter or paper, weighted with a small sandbag, is sent fluttering down. The human voice, it may also be added, can be heard both from a considerable height and depth, so that verbal communication is not difficult if there is no wind.—Good Words.

Sensitive Horses.

Harsh treatment, though it stop short of inflicting physical pain, keeps a nervous horse in a state of misery. On the other hand, it is perfectly true, as a besotted but intelligent stable keeper once observed to me, "A kind word for a hoss is as good sometimes as a feed of oats."

A single blow may be enough to spoil a racer. Daniel Lambert, founder of the Lambert branch of the Morgan family, was thought as a 3-year-old to be the fastest trotting stallion of his day. He was a very handsome, stylish, intelligent horse, and also extremely sensitive.

His driver, Dan Mace, though one of the best reinsmen in America, once made the mistake, through ill temper or bad judgment, of giving Daniel Lambert a severe cut with the whip, and that single blow put an end to his usefulness as a trotter. He became wild and ungovernable in harness and remained so for the rest of his life.

In dealing with a horse more than with most animals one ought to exercise patience, care and above all the power of sympathy, so as to know if possible the real motive of his doing or refusing to do this or that. To acquire such knowledge and to act upon it when required is a large part of the ethics of horsekeeping.—Youth's Companion.

Abrogating the Fees.

Mrs. Pigg, a very charming and vivacious widow, called recently on a legal friend of hers to consult him on a matter of interest to her.

"You know, sir," she said to him, "that when the late Mr. Pigg died he left me all his fortune, much to my satisfaction, of course, but he handicapped me with the name of Pigg, which I must say I don't like."

"Well," ventured the attorney, "I presume a handsome woman isn't especially complimented by being left a Pigg."

"I should say not," she laughed. "Now, what I came to see you about was whether or not I must apply to the legislature to get it changed."

"Um—er," he hesitated as if wrestling with a great legal problem, "um—er—yes, but an easier way is to apply to a parson, and I'll pay all the expenses myself."

It was sudden, but a widow is never caught napping, and she appointed that evening for another consultation.—Detroit Free Press.

Royal German Dinners.

A characteristic of all dinners given to the court and military officials by the emperor and empress of Germany is that there is always provided a dish of sweetmeats, which holds as well pictures of the royal pair and their children, each bonbon having a likeness painted upon it. And when the hosts retire there is something approaching a scramble among the dignified officers and functionaries for one of these much valued souvenirs to take home to equally eager wives and daughters.—New York Times.

In the Fashion.

Mrs. Jackson Parke—What in the world is keeping you up so late?

Mr. Jackson Parke—I am writing an article for the papers on "How I Killed My First Hog." These literary chaps, with their stories of how they wrote their first books, are not going to have the field all to themselves, not by a jugful.—Indianapolis Journal.