

## TRIED THRICE.

Some children stood in a group before the door of the village schoolhouse.

"The schoolmaster, Meinherd Friedrich, comes tomorrow," said Otto.

"I am so glad! I was weary of that old master, Hoffman, with his crooked problems and hard lessons."

The following day the boys were standing around the schoolhouse, when the door opened, and Master Friedrich himself appeared and cried in a cheery, hearty voice:

"Welcome, my children!"

"Welcome, master!" they cried.

And now they entered and took their seats, and school began. The thumb worn books were brought out, the lazy boys began to sigh and frown and wish impatiently for the recess and wonder why Latin dictionaries were ever invented, when, as if by magic, they found themselves listening to the pleasant voice of Master Friedrich and actually understanding their lessons, so clear and simple were his explanations, and the time for recess came, to their great astonishment, long before they had expected.

When the studies were over, the master drew from his desk a box, and while the children gathered around he opened it and drew out charming little white and pink shells and many other beautiful things, which he gave to the children with loving words.

But the most loving thing of all was a little porcelain statuette of an angel. She stood with her small white hands folded over her breast and her eyes uplifted, and the children gazed enchanted.

"Oh, the beautiful angel!" cried they all. "Will thou not give it to me, Master Friedrich?"

"The little angel is too lovely to be given to any little boy who is not good and true of heart. We shall see who will deserve her. He who brings me tomorrow the brightest thing on earth shall have the angel."

The next day after the lessons were finished the children clustered around the master to show him what they had brought. All these things were placed on the schoolmaster's desk, side by side. The shining stone away famously, the pebbles and the watch crystal did their best, but Kline's buckle was the bravest of all.

"Ah, mine's the brightest!" shouted Kline, clapping his hands.

"But where is little Carl?" said Master Friedrich. "He ran out just now."

All eyes were turned to the door, when presently in rushed Carl, breathless, in his hands, held a lovingly against his neck, was a poor little snow white dove. Some crimson drops upon the downy breast showed that it was wounded.

"Oh, master," cried Carl, "I was looking for something bright, when I came upon this poor little white dove. Some boys were tormenting it, and I caught it quickly and ran here."

Even as he spoke the dove's soft eyes were filmy, it nestled closer in Carl's neck, then gave a faint cry, dropped its little head and died.

Carl sank on his knees beside the master's desk, and from his eyes fell upon the white dove's poor broken wing two tears, large and bright.

The master took the dead dove from his hands and laid it tenderly down on the desk with the bright things, then raising Carl he softly said, "My children, there is no brighter thing on earth than a pitying tear."

The boys were silent for a moment, for they felt that the master had decided that Carl had rightly won the angel. Then Kline cried out: "My master, thou didst not fairly explain to us. I pray thee give us another trial."

"What sayest thou, Carl?" said Master Friedrich.

"Yes, give us another trial," answered the generous boy.

The good master smiled thoughtfully, and his eyes rested for a moment lovingly upon Carl. Then glancing at the dove, he said, "He who brings me the loveliest thing on earth tomorrow shall have the angel."

The children clapped their hands and departed satisfied. After school the next day Kline was the first to run up to Master Friedrich and lay upon his desk what he considered the loveliest thing in the whole world—his new soldier cap with the long scarlet feather and bright golden tassel.

Max came next and placed beside the cap a small silver watch, his last birthday gift. Otto brought a great picture book, just sent to him by his godmother; Rudolph a tiny marble vase, richly sculptured, and so on, until a still more motley collection than before lay upon Master Friedrich's desk.

Then poor little Carl stepped modestly up and placed in the master's hand a pure white lily.

The master softly said: "My children, the word of God says: 'Behold the lilies of the valley. They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' Carl has rightly chosen."

But murmurs arose. The children were not satisfied, and again they asked for another trial.

"Now, this is the last time," said the master. "He who brings me the best thing on earth shall have the angel."

"The very best thing on earth is plum cake," cried Kline on the third day as he walked up to the desk, bearing a large cake richly frosted.

"Nay, thou art wrong this time, Kline," said Max. "I asked my father what was the very best thing on earth, and he laughed and gave me this golden guildler. The prize is mine!"

"Ah, but my father said that the very best was a good glass of Rhenish wine," cried Otto, "and I have brought a bottle of it 30 years old. The prize is mine!"

So they went on till they had placed their offerings before their master.

"And thou, Carl?" said he. "What hast thou brought which thou thinkest the best on earth?"

A crimson flush rose to the boy's forehead, and coming softly forward he took from his breast a small, worn book and then laid it down with the rest as he said in a low, sweet voice, "My mother, dear master, says that God's book is far beyond all other earthly possessions."

"This thine, my Carl," cried the master. "The white angel is thine!"—Exchange.

**Worded Wrong.**  
Owner of Fishpond to man who is trespassing—Don't you see that sign, "No fishing here?"

Angler (with an injured air)—Yes, and I dispute it. Why, there's good fishing here. Look at this beautiful! The man must have been insane who put that board up.—Exchange.

**A Great Scheme.**  
Arthur—Say, Sammy, what are you buying a bouquet for?

Sammy—Why, I've got to take it to Miss Prim, and I shall tell her a young gentleman sent it. She'll give me enough to pay for the bouquet three times over.—Frankfurter Zeitung.

## THOSE FEELINGS OF HIS.

It Was Heartless, but He Had to Realize on Them.

While a Michigan avenue grocer was standing in his door the other day, a forlorn looking old chap turned in on him from a side street, with a plaintive expression working away on his chin. The minute the grocer got sight of him he called out:

"Now you go on, or I'll have you run in!"

"What am I doing?" plaintively inquired the old man.

"I don't know your name, and you can't play it on me! Just move right along, or I'll have you arrested!"

"I hadn't got no game to play on you or anybody else. If I feel sad and heartbroken, I can't help it, can I? What's them taters with? I never see turpins without think how my wife got choked to death on one. Poor critter! Sue was cut right down in the prime of life. That was the beginning of my runnin' down hill. She hadn't bin dead two weeks."

"Are you going to move on?" demanded the grocer.

"Purty soon, my friend—purty soon," replied the old man as he leaned up against a post and wiped his eyes. "She was a good wife, and the recollection of her death pains me. What's taters sellin' at today?"

The grocer was looking around for an officer and didn't reply.

"I never see taters without thinkin' of my son Bill. Bill was an awful good boy—too good for this world. I sent him to town with 10 bags of taters, and in liftin' them out of the wagon he busted a blood vessel and was brought home a corpse. I kin never think of it without weepin'."

He leaned heavily on the post and wept, while the grocer walked down to the corner to extend his search.

"I don't see you get red onions," continued the old man as the grocer returned. "They are alters a sad, sad sight to me. I sold my farm after Bill's death and was going down to Florida to raise red onions for this market when I was thrown out of a wagon and broke my leg, and somebody stole every dollar I had. Red onions is only red onions to other folks, but to me they call up some awful recollections. I wish—"

"See here, old man," interrupted the grocer, "will you take 10 cents and go on?"

"I don't want no 10 cents, but yet if you object to my givin' away to my feelin'—"

"I do object. If I could find an officer, I'd have you run in, but as I can't I'll buy you off this once. Take this money and go."

"It seems heartless to sell my feelin' this way, but I don't want to make you any trouble. I see you have some cabbages there. I never see cabbages without thinkin' how—"

But the grocer turned him around, heading him across the street, and after two kicks he got away and was soon lost to sight.—Detroit Free Press.

## Literary Item.

**Financier.**—You literary men haven't the first idea about business. Here you have about 10,000 manuscripts piled up in this dark closet, and you say they are all poor.

**Editor of Great Magazine.**—Years ago.

"Just think of it! Hasn't it ever occurred to you, sir, that you are losing the interest on all the money you paid out for these useless bundles?"

"Nigh! You financiers haven't the first idea about literature. Every one of those manuscripts is from a different author, and the whole 10,000 of them will go on buying our magazine at 35 cents a copy until the articles are printed."—Texas Siftings.

## Heartless Relatives.

**Mistress.**—Did you learn how Mrs. Upton was?

**Servant.**—Please, mum, I pulled at the doorbell half an hour and couldn't make anybody hear. I think the bell had been muffled.

**Mistress.**—The ideal! How is the poor invalid to know that her friends are anxious about her if her heartless relatives have muffled the doorbell?—New York Weekly.

## He Knew the Game.

**Deacon Heavyweight.**—And so you are going to leave us, parson?

**Rev. Mr. Thankful.**—Yes. I have had a call to another parish, where, by the way, the salary is considerably larger. I am sorry to leave my flock, but I must obey the call.

**Deacon Heavyweight (dryly).**—Waal, it may be what you call a call, but it seems to me a good deal more like a raise.—Life.

## An Irreverent Imputation.

"Did you notice how long Dr. Steenthy's sermon was last Sunday?"

"Yes. I think I know why he made it so."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. The offerings in the contribution box were very small, and he may have taken that method of reminding them that they were getting a good deal more than they paid for."—Washington Star.

## Musical Item.

At a social gathering in Harlem Gus de Smith sat at the piano and drummed carelessly on the keys. Hostetter McGinnis came to him and whispered:

"Why do you sit at the piano? You don't know how to play."

"I know it, but as long as I sit here the others can't play either."—Texas Siftings.

## A Frugal Man.

**Miss Muggles.**—I don't like Dr. Penny-save a bit.

**Miss Muggles.**—Why not?

**Miss Muggles.**—You know he was called in when I was sick, and then he began to call regularly. After I refused him he itemized each of those calls in his bill as professional visits.—Chicago Record.

## A Better Land.

**Tramp (reprovingly).**—Ah, lady! In the part of the country I just come from the women didn't ask us to saw a cord of wood for our dinner.

**Lady of the House.**—Didn't, heh? Where did you come from?

**Tramp.**—The natural gas regions.—Puck.

## Thoroughly Respectable.

**Husband.**—The idea of buying a hat trimmed with chicken feathers!

**Wife.**—These look like chicken feathers, I'll admit, but they are not.

"How do you know?"

"By the price."—New York Weekly.

## A Respite.

"Has your daughter stopped her music lessons?"

**Mother.**—Yes, on account of sickness.

"When will she be able to go on?"

"As soon as the neighbors are well enough to endure it."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## Appropriate.

"That Lord Bronson who married Jenny Simpson was an awful boor. He was married actually in a business suit."

"Well, why not? The wedding was a sure matter of business so far as he was concerned."—Harper's Bazar.

## THE BONNET.

"Oh, it's just the sweetest bonnet I ever saw! I do wish I could buy it!"

"And why couldn't you, Parthy? Heaven knows you earn it, working yourself to death year in and year out for Bob Riggers and his children."

"Gracious, Gerilly! Put \$12 in a bonnet? Why, I'd feel as if I was stealing from my own family! And people would say I was putting on airs—trying to look like a girl!"

"Well, is there any harm in trying to look young? As to not being able to buy the bonnet, Parthy, you ought to do that do when I want a thing."

"How's that, Gerilly?"

"Why, I just look Hector Jones in the eyes and tell him it's got to come, and that settles it. He knows I won't let any foolishness from him."

"I suppose he can't afford it?"

"Afford it, fiddlesticks! Men can afford a great many things when they find they have to."

"No, Gerilly, you can't persuade me to be extravagant. I am trying to help my husband, for he works hard, and I feel that we ought to do something for the poor and needy this winter."

"Goodness gracious, Parthy Riggers! I never saw such a woman. You'll be sailing off to heaven the first thing you know—you're getting so good! But suppose we go and look at the bonnet tomorrow. That'll not cost your husband or the poor anything, will it?"

Parthy consented, though she had no idea of buying the bonnet and was sorry she had mentioned the subject to Mrs. Jones, for that lady would be sure to denounce the prudence and economy of her neighbor as penny-pinching.

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Riggers entered the little milliner's together to see the bonnet with pink roses. To oblige Mrs. Jones Parthy Riggers put it on her head. Mrs. Jones at once exclaimed: "Don't buy it, Parthy! It doesn't become you at all."

Mrs. Parthy was much relieved.

"Let me try it on," said Mrs. Jones as she proceeded to find fault with the bonnet, saying she was much disappointed in it. She stood before the mirror, however, and eyed herself admiringly on every side.

"I might be induced to take it," she said to the milliner, "if you'll come down in the price. I don't need it, but the pink roses are becoming to me."

"But you've bought your winter bonnet, haven't you, Gerilly?" said Mrs. Riggers, with surprise.

"Yes, but I look so well in this," she said in a low tone, "I don't think I ought to lose the chance."

The milliner fell in her price from \$12 to \$10. Mrs. Jones walked away with the bonnet, and it was charged on an account already over due. On their way home the two ladies stopped in a store where Mrs. Riggers wished to make a small necessary purchase. Here Mrs. Jones spied a delicately embroidered pink scarf, which was a perfect match to the roses on her new bonnet.

"Wouldn't I go to sweet together?" she said. "Just the thing for the noontide wedding I'm going next week."

"But don't you think it's a good deal to pay for a scarf, Gerilly?" said Parthy.

Mrs. Jones looked down at her little neighbor with a smile of contempt, ordered the scarf charged to Mr. Jones and walked out.

Passing another store, she remembered that the gloves bought for her first bonnet would not go with the new one, so a pair of gloves was added to the morning purchases.

The next day Mrs. Jones displayed her investments to a neighbor as dainty and silly as herself. As Mrs. Jones stood with the pink roses on her head and the pink scarf wound about her neck, exclaiming, "Ain't they lovely?" Mrs. Lighthead raised her eyes and hands in holy horror.

"Goodness gracious, Gerilly Jones, are you going to wear them lovely things with your old green silk? Why don't you get a green satin waist for the old skirt? Then you will make people stare and lay every body in the shade, sure enough!"

That was sufficient. The satin waist was bought. Trimmed and finished it cost \$16; bonnet, \$10; scarf, \$7; gloves, \$2—\$35—quite a little sum out of \$1,500 a year, and poor Jones already tearing his hair and tossing restlessly at night on account of money troubles and fear of losing his position.

But he never told his troubles at home. He found no sympathy there. The only check he ever gave Mrs. Jones was to claim now and then, "For God's sake, Gerilly, have some pity on a man!"

"If you can't support me, Mr. Jones, what did you marry me for? Don't forget how you pleaded with me and what you promised!"

Mr. Jones could only subside into silence, unable, as men always are, to argue with extravagance and selfishness.

The crash came the evening after the noontide wedding, where the lady in pink and green cut her last spur.

Mr. Jones had lost his place, was heels over head in debt, had been notified by his landlord to vacate his house immediately, the shopkeepers were after him, and he was in despair. There was no loving heart to whom he could pour out his trials, not a tender hand to stroke his forehead and bid him be cheerful, promising to help him over the dark places.

The poor fellow left town and fell back on his old father, who had a little farm in an adjoining county. The old man took the son in, but affirmed stoutly: "Gerilly mustn't put on airs here, my boy! You know we are honest workin' folks. Every body on my place has to work. If they don't, neither shall they eat."

Gerilly is now gracefully performing over the churn and cook stove. The only pink roses she wears are in her cheeks, and the only triumph she wins is the healthful sleep which honest toil awards her. The only reproach she ever hears is on her own past life and its sad mistakes.

Mr. Riggers, too, encountered adversity. His salary was cut down, but when he announced it in his home he met an earnest, loyal little face, which said to him: "Now, come, old fellow, don't give up and go to looking blue about this house! We'll get on all right, and I've got a little savings bank up stairs that'll turn out more help for this trouble than you will believe till you see it opened."

"Isn't marriage a lottery?" Bob Riggers said to his friend. "Some men draw prizes and some draw blanks. Thank God, I'm one of the lucky ones."—Sterling Kane in Cincinnati Post.

## China's Great Bridge.

One of the sights of China is the antique bridge of Suo-tchen-fow, 9,500 feet long and 20 feet wide. It has on each side 52 piers, upon which huge stones are laid, some of them 20 feet long. Many thousands of stones were used in the erection of this wonderful bridge, which is regarded by engineers as indicating constructive talents as wonderful as that which raised the Egyptian pyramids.

## CREOSOTE AND CONSUMPTION.

The Drug Would Seem to Be Able to Master the Disease.

Consumption is now combated by many specialists using creosote. The benefit derived from the proper employment of this drug is hardly questionable. Dr. Warner, consulting physician to the French hospital, New York city, writes to The Medical Journal: "During a somewhat extensive employment of this remedy in phthisis for the past four years, both in hospital and in private practice, I have watched with great encouragement the steady gain in the results obtained, but it has been only during the latter half of the time that the positive value of creosote as an agent for combating most powerfully the effects of this disease has been made apparent. Formerly my custom was to administer the drug in small doses, exceptionally giving more than six or eight minims daily. During the last couple of years, however, the doses have been largely increased with correspondingly better results."

Some specialists explain the favorable action of creosote in lessening the bronchial secretion and improving the appetite. Other observers, however, believe in a distinctively curative value of the remedy.

Dr. Warner writes: "The general condition of the patient, as a rule, rapidly improves. In some cases the appetite is better, the cough at first becomes less during the daytime, while remaining quite as before during the night. After a time, however, it also lessens at night. If the sputum has been tinged with blood, this condition disappears, contrary to what might be expected, as creosote is said to congest the bronchial mucous membrane, and while at first the sputum is not much lessened, if at all, its character is changed—from being thick and yellow—mucopurulent, in fact—it becomes thinner, frothy and contains less solid matter."

In no case where previously attacks of hemoptysis—spitting of blood—had occurred have they taken place after the creosote treatment has been established. The night sweats grow less and in many cases entirely disappear, and after awhile there is a total absence of the daily fever. The weight of the patient always increases at first, then it is apt to remain stationary, and in exceptional cases may lessen, and then a gradual increase takes place. The first increase in weight is no doubt due to the improvement in appetite and the greater ability of the patient to properly assimilate the food consumed."

Large amounts of creosote may be retained without discomfort, one of Dr. Warner's patients reaching a daily amount of 215 minims. A valuable aid to the internal administration of creosote is found by the coincident use of antiseptic inhalations of creosote. "My custom is to use creosote combined either with terebene or ether in a 50 per cent solution, 10 or 15 minims dropped on the sponge of a Robinson's inhaler, and employed every second or third hour, and in some instances where marked benefit has been derived from the employment of this measure the respirator has been worn almost constantly," is the testimony of the doctor.

He tried also the effect, in a large ward of a hospital, of allowing an antiseptic mixture to simmer gently over a low fire during the night. This mixture generally consisted of oil of eucalyptus, carbolic acid and turpentine. A dram each of the first two and two drams of the last were put in about a quart of water in a shallow dish and held applied. The effect was to fill the ward with a pungent, aromatic vapor, which has a markedly restful action, coughing being not nearly so general or frequent.—New York Ledger.

## Reducing Vibration in Railway Cars.

A new invention embodies a principle which will commend itself to all railway travelers. It is sought to lessen the discomfort and annoyance of travel on many lines on which there is excessive vibration by the construction of a pneumatic car which embraces the application of an elastic fluid as an absorbent for vibration and oscillation. "An air cushion is arranged on the cellular principle between the car body and the truck frame, and as there is an equal distribution of air under varying pressures all oscillation is prevented. This elastic medium is said to completely absorb all vibration resulting from rough tracks, jointing of rails, excessive speed or any other cause, and the car is carried smoothly and steadily along. This pneumatic system can be equally well applied to street cars, and instances are not hard to find in which it unquestionably should be.—Exchange.

## An Eastern Dainty.

The Chinese are certainly a strange people—strange in appearance, customs and tastes. One of their greatest delicacies of food, regarded from a Chinese epicure's point of view, is "milhi," which, in plain English, means "new-born mice, yet blind." These are placed alive on little trays and set before each guest, who dips them one at a time into a jar of honey and then swallows the tiny creatures. When the emperor's wedding was celebrated a few years ago, 50,000 of the helpless creatures were thus consumed.—New York Herald.

## Novel Way of Selling a Corn Curer.

A gentleman who has been traveling in France relates that in Paris the barber who was shaving him stepped two or three times upon the side of his foot. At last the customer called out:

"Please don't do that any more! I have a corn."

"Exactly what I was trying to find out, monsieur," said the barber blandly. "We have an excellent preparation for removing corns, for sale at a franc per bottle."—Texas Siftings.

## A Childish Miracle.

Father—My boy, who is only three years old, said to me this morning—

"tells the same old story."

Friend—Yes, and isn't it strange that a child only 3 years old can repeat jokes that are at least 25 years old?—Halle.

## A SHARK STORY.

Have I ever seen a shark? Ask my mate, him that's taking that 'ere couple out yonder. We were shipmates together on board the Rajapootah Indianan. His father, who is dead and gone this 20 year or more, was carpenter aboard of her.

"Chips," we used to call him, and if you don't mind listening to an old salt who's been round the world enough times to make a handsman giddy at the very thought of it I'll just tell you of a little adventure we had with one of them man eating monsters.

Well, one day we were becalmed on the line, when says young Bill—he was young—says he, "I shall have a swim round for a cooler," for, believe me, the sun was that hot we had to throw buckets of water on the deck to keep it from catching fire.

In fact, a pig we killed the day after we hung aloft and roasted him in the sun, catching the gravy in a bucket, and he was done beautifully.

So in he goes, head first, with his clothes on, and me and his old man looked over the side, just abate the fore rigging, to see him come to the top of the water again.

But no Bill could we see, and in-tead of him came up a tremendous shark with his teeth sticking out as if he had a cargo inside over and above his regular bill of lading.

It was then as clear to us as the nose on our faces that poor Bill had dived clean down its throat.

The poor old man had a fit right away, and we carried him below and put him in his hammock and then ran up on deck again in the hope that we should be able to catch the fellow.

But it was nowhere to be seen, so after watching some time to no purpose we went down below to see how the old man was getting on, and to our astonishment and sorrow we found his body nearly cold and as stiff as the flying jibboom.

We sewed him up in his hammock, putting the grindstone that he used to grind his tools with inside to make it sink and laid the body on a hatch, with the union jack spread over it for a pall.

Then the skipper read the funeral service, all of us standing round, gratefully cut up, me especially, for young Bill was my messmate, and I was very fond of the old man.

As soon as the skipper had finished the last words, which I shall never forget—they was so solemn—the hatch was tipped up, and overboard the body went with a splash, and all was over—at least we thought so.

But almost immediately afterward up comes another shark—a bigger one, it seemed, than the first—certainly it was thicker.

The boatswain at once ran for the shark hook and baited it with a junk of pork and stuck it over the stern, and it was not many minutes afore we had him hooked and hauled on deck.

Well, the first thing we did was to cut his tail off, for he was flapping it about so that it shook the ship from stem to stern, and we were afraid it would shake her to pieces.

After we had done that we thought we heard a very strange noise inside of him—a sort of grating sound, like a boat being dragged over a shingly beach.

So we set to and cut off his head and then ripped him up, when, what d'ye think, what should we see, to our great astonishment and delight, but Bill and his father sitting upright like two Junos, the youngster turning the grindstone and the old man sharpening his knife, intending to cut their way out of the creature's belly.

You say I said the old man was dead. Please don't interrupt me, and I'll tell you all about it.

There's no doubt but what he seemed dead, but it was only his blood froze with horror, and the shark warmed him to life again.

What made him most uncomfortable, Bill said, was the slipperiness and topyr-turriness of the place, for there was no rest