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JUST A BOY.

Saurence Hutton's Reminiscences of His Juvenile Life In New York.

He was not a very good boy or a very bad boy or a very bright boy or an unusual boy in any way. He was just a boy, and very often he forgets that he is not a boy now. Whatever there may be about the boy that is commendable he owes to his father and to his mother, and he feels that he should not be held responsible for it.

His mother was the most generous and the most unselfish of human beings. She was always thinking of somebody else-always doing for others. To her it was blessed to give, and it was not very pleasant to receive. When she bought anything, the boy's stereotyped query was, "Who is to have it?" When anything was bought for her, her own invariable remark was," What on earth shall I do with it?" When the boy came to her one summer morning, she looked upon him as a gift from heaven, and when she was told that it was a boy, and not a bad looking or a bad conditioned boy, her first words were, "What on earth shall I do with it?"

She found plenty "to do with it" before she got through with it, more than ery reason to believe that she never regretted the gift. Indeed, she once told him, late in her life, that he had never made her cry. What better benediction would kill her certainly. I called to the can a boy have than that?

The boy was redheaded and long nosed even from the beginning-a shy, dreaming, self conscious little boy, made peculiarly familiar with his personal defects by the constant remarks to the effect that his hair was red and that his nose was long. At school for years he was known familiarly as "Rufus," "Redhead," "Carrot Top" or "Nosy."

His mother, married at 19, was the eldest of a family of nine children, and many of the boy's aunts and uncles were but a few years his senior and were his daily and familiar companions. He was the only member of his own generation for a long time, and there was a constant fear upon the part of the elders that he was likely to be spoiled, and consequently he was never praised nor petted nor coddled. He was always falling down or dropping things. He was always getting into the way, and he could not learn to spell correctly nor to cipher at all. He was never in his mother's way, however, and he was never made to feel so.

But nobody except the boy knows of the agony which the rest of the family, unconsciously and with no thought of hurting his feelings, caused him by the fun they poked at his nose, at his Herald. fiery locks and at his unhandiness. He fancied that passers by pitied him as he walked or played in the streets, and he sincerely pitied himself as a youth destined to grow up into an awkward, tactless, stupid man, at whom the world would laugh so long as his life lasted. -"A Boy I Knew," by Laurence Hutton, in St. Nicholas.

A TRIBUTE TO ART.

The Maid of Milesia and the Beautiful Venus de Medici.

Somewhere in Washington - just where is not necessary to the main point at issue in this short article on the development and undevelopment of art in the national capital—is a mansion presided over by a woman of wealth and refinement. She is a most artistic woman, too, and in her house are some unusually fine pieces of painting and statuary. There is also a Milesian maid, by name Maggie, who knows a deal more about housecleaning than she does about sculpture, and Maggie has been trying for a long time to cultivate her taste up to the point of properly appreciating the painted and carved beauty with which she daily comes in contact.

Not many days ago the mistress and the maid were going over the house with brush and broom, putting it in especial order for a musicale that was to be given to a few artists and fashionables, and the mistress observed that the maid on three several occasions passed by with cold neglect of cloth and brush a beautiful figure of the "Venus de Medici," in an alcove just off the hall.

"Here, Maggie!" she called. "Why don't you brush the dust off this figure?" "Which wan, mem?" inquired Mag-

gie with great innocence. "The 'Venus' there in the alcove, of course. See"-and the lady touched it with her finger-"you have left dust all over it."

"Yis, mem," confessed Maggie, "but I do be thinking for a long time, mem, that there aht to be something on it,

It was a delightful and logical excuse, perhaps, but the lady could scarcely accept it, and Maggie's brush removed even the dusty drapery she wished to leave. - Washington Star.

His Grandmother.

A gentleman once asked Uncle Daniel, droll character in a New England village, if he could remember his grandmother. "I guess I can," said Unc'e Daniel, "but only as I saw her once. Father had been away all day, and when he came home he found I had failed to do something he expected of me. He caught up a rough apple tree limb and walked up to me with it. Grandmother appeared on the doorstep with a small, straight stick in her hand, and instantly handed it to my father. 'Here, Joe,' said she, 'lick Daniel with a smooth stick.' And he did. Who wouldn't remember such a grandmother as that?"

Saw Through It.

"Package, sir," said the agent as Mr. Sharp came to the door. "There is \$2 express charges on it."

"Be kind enough to wait a moment," aid Mr. Sharp as ne disappeared indoors. Presently he returned. "Just al. of equal area on the globe. British geollow me to throw this X ray on that package, please."

-Washington Times.

HOW SHE HELD THE TRAIN.

Woman's Strategy That Enabled Her Daughter to Go to Town.

"Before I came to this part of the country I was an engineer on a railroad down south," said a railway man. "We used to make a long run, and we were pretty slow about it. While on that line I had some very odd experiences. I remember one day, when we reached the junction station, a woman came up to me and asked me to hold the train for five minutes. She said that her daughter wanted to take the train to the city. I told her that it was impossible for me to hold the train for her."

"'I don't see why, ' she expostulated. 'I think you might do a little thing like

"I tried to explain to her that trains ran on schedule time, and, like time and tide, wait for no man, or woman either, for that matter. But she wouldn't have it, and finally, just as we were about to start, she shouted indignantly:

"Well, I'll just see about that." "I laughed, but soon I ceased to laugh, for what did that old woman do but get right on the track about three feet in front of the engine. She sat herself there, firmly grasping hold of the 40 years afterward, and the boy has ev. rails with both hands. The conductor signaled for me to go ahead, as our stop was over. But I couldn't do it as long as she remained on the track, for I conductor, and he, impatient at the delay, came up. I explained the situation to him. He was as mad as I was and off the track.

"'I just won't, she replied, 'until my daughter gets on board your train.' "He pleaded with her some more and finally declared that he would be compelled to use force.

"'Just you dare!' she cried. 'I'll sue you for damages if you do.'

"This opened a new complication, and we reasoned with ourselves whether we had better remove her by force. Just as we had determined upon a course of policy her daughter came up and seeing the old woman on the track kissed her goodby and got on the train, while her mother called to her:

"Go ahead, Mary Ann. You have plenty of time, though, for I will sit on the track until you get on board.'

"And then, when Mary Ann was safely on board and we were about ready to run over the old woman, if necessary, she calmly and slowly got up and waved me a goodby, calling as we pulled out of the station:

" 'I hope I've teached you fellers a grain of perliteness.' "-Chicago Times-

HISTORIC SLAVE AUCTION.

The Sale of Pinky Said to Have Inspired the Emancipation Proclamation.

In The Ladies' Home Journal Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher writes of "When Mr. Beecher Sold Slaves In Plymouth Pulpit." Recalling the historic sale of "An old colored woman had written to Mr. G. Faulkner Blake, the brother of one of our church members, that her little grandchild, named Pinky, was too fair and beautiful for her own good, and was about to be sold 'down south,' and Mr. Blake asked if she could be freed. 'Not unless you bring her north,' replied Mr. Beecher. 'I will be responsible for ber, and she shall be lawfully purchased or sent back.' The answer was a compliment, to which Mr. Beecher laughingly referred as the only tribute ever paid to him by a slave owner. 'If Henry Ward Beecher has given his word,' wrote the dealer, 'it is better than a bond.

"So Pinky was brought to Plymouth church and placed upon the pulpit, as Sarah, another slave, previously had been. The scene was again one of intense enthusiasm. Rain never fell faster than the tears of the congregation. The pretty child, the daughter of a white father, was bought and overbought. Rose Terry-afterward Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, the famous authoress -threw a valuable ring into the basket, and Mr. Beecher picked it out and put it upon Pinky's finger, saying, 'Remem- he was prevailed upon to make the trip, ber-with this ring I do wed thee to freedom.' * * * President Lincoln took a lively interest in the case of Pinky, the details of which were related to him by Chief Justice Chase and by Mr. Beecher. I was not in Washington with my husband at the time, and therefore cannot verify the story that the sale of Pinky inspired President Lincoln to issue the almost divine proclamation of emancipation."

Two Yorkshire Stories.

The sturdiness of the north and its rather grim self will are admirably il-Instrated by two Yorkshire anecdotes. A landlord of very old family proposed to make an alteration in one of his tenant's farm buildings, which the tenant declined to permit, whereupon the landlord remarked very mildly that, after all, the building was his own. Thereupon the tenant rejoined, "Nay, my forefather went to the crusades with your forefather, and you shan't touch a stone of it."

Again, a daughter of one of the leading citizens of a Yorkshire town binted to her father's gardener that the family would like to appropriate the greenhouse to the purposes of a vinery, whereupon she was told to let her father know "he may just choose betwixt me and the grapes." Of course the proposal was abandoned.

A Wonderful Island of Chalk. The English island of Thanet, forming a part of the county of Kent, is almost wholly composed of chalk. The island is 10 miles in length and about 5 in breadth and has more chalk exposed its surface than has any other spot ogists say that there are not less than 42,000,000,000 tons of chalk "in sight" The telltale light revealed three on Thanet, and that it would take 10,000 bricks carefully done up in raw cotton, men and 5,000 horses and carts 20,000 and, unopened, they were returned to | years to move it, providing it were dug the would be joker marked "Refused." up ready to be carted away.-St. Louis Republic.

BILIN SOAP ITH MARTHY.

Lord, how I miss them good ole days W'en life was full o' hope An me an Marthy Ellen Hays Was sparkin b'ilin soap. The potash kittle we use' to have

It hilt three bar'ls clear, An so Mis' Hays an ma 'ud save Their soap grease fer a year An plan to bile it "on the sheer," Bein nex' door neighbors so, An ast if me an Marthy'd keet To kind o' boss the show.

The kittle was sot in the orchard lot W'ere nobody'd come an spy, An I'd snake the kags o' soap scraps out On our stunboat, an Marthy'd try To ketch a ride an couldn't hol on 'Thout grabbin me roun the wais'.

I thought that heaven was shinin upon My heart in that sweet embrace. I'd the fire to light an the lye to bring As it dripped from the wood ash leach An Marthy to watch as she'd set an sing As putty as a peach.

By each little cunnin trick O' grace an beauty an swayin form As she stirred the soap 'ith a stick. An her sunbunnit fell f'um her golden curls-Oh, shucks! I couldn't hope To tell how fair was that fairest o' girls

An my yearnin senses was took by storn

As she stirred the b'ilin soap. It's kind o' lonesome a-settin here An thinkin them ole times over. Wut? Marthy? Hain't seen 'er fer seven-

teen year.

SUFFER FROM "FLAT FEET."

Sence she married that down east drover.

-J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

How the Breaking Down of the Arch Is Remedied by a Steel Strip.

Despite the fact that the beauty of a going up to the woman told her to get well arched foot is much appreciated by people of an artistic turn of mind, has been sung frequently by poets and verse makers, there has been until lately little interest, from a scientific point of view, taken in its direct opposite-the flat foot. In a great number of instances flat feet are the occasion of considerable keen suffering, generally resulting from the breaking down of the arch-that is, the displacement of some of the many little bones of the foot either from overstrain or some disease of the muscular structure. As the weight of the body constantly rests upon the foot, there is no opportunity for the bones to get back to their proper places.

sole," curved to fit the foot, made of a enough for two, is only \$5.00. bent strip of steel and acting as a spring. For a folder giving full particulars, It is covered either with leather or with call at the nearest B. & M. R. R. ticket vulcanized rubber to prevent rusting, office, or write to J. Francis, Gen'l Pass'r and, needing no fastening, but simply Agent, Burlington Route, Omaha, Nebr. to be placed in position, it can be changed from one shoe to another at will.

In position it acts simply as a support, literally holding up the bones and giving them an opportunity to slip back into their proper places. While any "in-Pinky, Mrs. Beecher gives these details: sole" of the approximate shape will give relief, the best results are reached only when one is especially made from a cast or impression of the foot. A great proportion of the people troubled with flat feet come from the north of Europe, many of them from the lowlands of Germany. The inhabitants of the south or Europe, strangely enough, are seldom troubled with anything of the sort. Their insteps, especially in the case of women, are nearly always highly arched and finely formed. -New York Tribune.

"Horses With Wheels."

"It was in the early days of railroading in the south," remarked the gentleman with the stock of reminiscences the other day. "I was located in Florida about the time when the government had made vassals of the Seminole Indians of that state, and in order to impress the redoubtable Billy Bowlegs, the Tecumseh of the Seminoles, it had invited that 'heap big chieftain' to make a trip to the seat of the national government. Billy was a bit dubious about accepting the invitation, fearing possibly that the great father at Washington might have designs upon his life or happiness, but and he embarked on board of the train with a great show of courage. The trains of that period were not the fliers of today-in fact, on many of the short lines the engineers were compelled to get out of their cabs and walk to lighten the train and permit it to proceed at an even rate of speed. When Billy Bowlegs returned from his visit, he had overcome his trepidation and looked with scorn upon the locomotives. I visand asked him how he liked traveling on the iron horse.

All dental work done at our office is guaranteed to be first-class. We do all kinds of Crown, Bridge and Plate Work. Drs. Smith ited Billy a day or two after his return on the iron horse.

"' 'Huh,' he said, with an upward twist of his prominent proboscis, 'horse wid wheels no good! Big heap no good! Me on horse better than two. Run way all time. White man heap smart. Injun heap better. Huh!" "-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Scap of Pompeii.

Soap has been in use for 3,000 years and is twice mentioned in the Bible. A few years ago a soap boiler's shop was discovered in Pompeii, having been buried beneath the terrible rain of ashes that fell upon that city 79 A. D. The soap found in the shop had not lost all its efficacy, although it had been buried 1,800 years. - San Francisco News Let-

Practice Makes Perfect. Mildred-Madge's complexion has im-

proved wonderfully of late. Marjorie-Yes. She is beginning to understand how to put it on .- New York Ledger.

The tickets to the village ball were not transferable, and this was the way they read: "Admit this gentleman to ball in assembly rooms. No gentleman SUNNY admitted unless he comes himself."

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Comfort to California.

Every Thursday afternoon, a tourist sleeping car for Salt Lake City, San Francisco and Los Angeles leaves Omaha and Lincoln via the Burlington Route. It is carpeted, uphoistered in rattan,

The result is that these little bones has spring seats and backs and is prokeep rubbing against each other, and vided with curtains, bedding, towels, the pain gets more and more severe, soap, etc. An experienced excursion Commonly the person afflicted in this conductor and a uniformed Pullman porway thinks that he or she has rheuma- ter accompany it through to the Pacific tism and lets it go at that. Until re- coast. While neither as expensively fincently the only remedy was a steel soled ished nor as fine to look at as a palace shoe that was clumsy and heavy. The new device is interesting. It is an "insole "converged to fit the foot made of a sole "converged to fit the foot made shoe that was clumsy and heavy. The sleeper, it is just as goods to ride in. Second class tickets are honored and the

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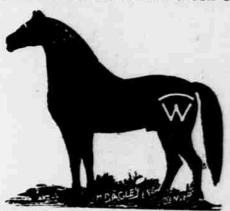
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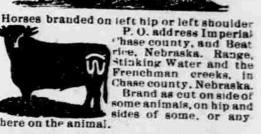
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