

A SLUMBER SONG.

Sleep, my beloved. To sleep and dream is best.
The night to us is peace, the day unrest;
For day, while parted, brings to us but pain;
In dreams we live the dear past o'er again.

We weep not in our sleep;
Our tears are for the day,
Which smiles, while I but weep,
For thou art away!

Hushed be the voices of the garish day,
Its frets and cares and sorrows swept away;
Forgotten quite the interval of years
Since last we met, with all their bitter tears.

Sleep, love. To dream is best.
Our waking is but pain;
In sleep alone we rest,
And live the past again.

Sleep, my dear love, and be thy dreams of me!
Waking for sleeping, I still think of thee,
But dreams make present time of all the past;
The night restores thee—would my dreams might last!

Dream, dear, till the day breaks
And earthly shadows flee,
Where moon and stars are wakes
And I be one with thee.
—Neil Macdonald in Harper's Bazar.

THEY GOT FRESH AIR.

The Door Remained Open After a Very Forceful Argument.

An old story is told of Joseph Robidoux, the founder of St. Joseph, that had its origin in Holt county in the early settlement of that section. The trader who started the city was returning to St. Joseph with a number of red men, and they stopped with an acquaintance of Robidoux's close to the house, and Robidoux went in to remain overnight as the guest of his friend.

The settler closed the front door after they had retired, and Robidoux, who was used to sleeping in the open air, went softly to it and opened it. The owner of the house waited until Robidoux was in bed again, and the settler closed it. That was repeated a dozen times. "The next time that door is closed there will be trouble," said the man who had founded St. Joseph. He resumed his couch with that.

The owner of the house closed the door, and Robidoux met him as he was returning to his bed. They clinched and fought by the light of the moon that came in through the window. It was a hard fight and lasted a long time, but at last Robidoux had the settler on his back and sat astride of him. He tangled his hands in his hair and bumped his head against the punchco floor. "Open or shut?" he asked. The settler struggled, but did not say a word. His head was bumped many times, and the question was repeated.

Finally the settler was exhausted. His head was bumped again, and Robidoux asked, "Open or shut?" "Open," answered the settler, and they went to bed with the door standing wide open, admitting the fresh air. —Kansas City Journal.

ARMORED COFFINS.

They Were Once Used in a Churchyard in Scotland.

In the earlier half of the nineteenth century the practice of stealing bodies from the churchyards for the purpose of sale as subjects for dissection, which was known as "body snatching," was for a time very rife.

Various plans were made to defeat the nefarious and sacrilegious proceedings of the "body snatchers," or "resurrectionists," as they were sometimes called, a very common one being the erection of two or more small watch-houses whose windows commanded the whole burying ground, and in which the friends of the deceased mounted guard for a number of nights after the funeral.

A usual method of the grave robbers was to dig down to the head of the coffin and bore in it a large round hole by means of a specially constructed center bit. It was to counteract this maneuver that the two curious coffin-like relics now lying on either side of the door of the ruined church of Aberfoyle, in Perthshire, were constructed. They are solid masses of cast iron of enormous weight.

When an interment took place one of these massive slabs was lowered by suitable derricks, tackles and chains on to the top of the coffin, the grave was filled in, and there it was left for some considerable time. Later on the grave was opened and the iron armor plate was removed and laid aside ready for another funeral.

These contrivances still lie on the grass of the lonely little churchyard, objects of curiosity to the passing cyclist and tourist. —Scientific American.

The Explanation.

One morning the readers of a certain newspaper were perplexed to see in type the announcement that "the Scotus handed down an important decision yesterday." The afternoon paper of the town, with which the morning paper for years had held a bitter controversy, interesting none but themselves, laughed that day, as the poets say, "in ghoulish glee," and it was up to the morning paper the next day to explain that "the types" made them say that the Scotus did so and so when the telegraph editor should have known that that word was merely the abbreviation of the telegrapher for supreme court of the United States.

Municipal Ownership.

Municipal ownership long ago passed out of the stage of theory and experiment, if, in fact, it ever belonged there. Centuries before America was discovered public ownership of public utilities was highly developed. The city of Rome 2,000 years ago possessed its splendid public baths, its superb aqueducts and other utilities owned and managed by the government.

No wonder they call it roasting a man to raze him over the coals.—Philadelphia Record.

The man who is afraid he may work too hard never does.—Chicago Times-Herald.

His Valuable Time Wasted.

A Chicago lady who is the wife of a wealthy and influential citizen had a great deal of trouble recently with her domestics. She had discharged her cook and second girl and for a few days was obliged to do her own cooking.

It was on one of these mornings that a peremptory knock sounded on the kitchen door. She wiped her hands on the apron and found at the door a low browed, insolent looking man, with a small satchel swung over his shoulder.

"Go and tell your mistress I want to see her, Bridget," he said, with a wave of the hand. Madam surveyed him in silence a moment and then replied stiffly, "I don't choose to."

"Oh, you don't, eh? Well, now, trot along, my dear, or I'll have you fired," he returned, with a vicious glance.

Mrs. Blank was backing within. To be so insulted on her own doorstep was such a heinous crime that her resources failed her. But in a moment she hit upon a plan that would bring this piece of insolence to abject humility. Drawing her stately figure up to the full and fixing on him a gaze of imperious disdain, she said in measured, frigid tones, "I am the lady of the house."

Did he quail? Oh, no!

"Are you?" he rejoined quickly. "Why didn't you say so and not keep me waiting all this time? I got some soap here that you want, and—"

He was staring at the door while the bang echoed out over his shoulders in to the yard.—Chicago News.

The German Servants' Ordeal.

The young person who fills so important a place in our domestic arrangements as housemaid, parlormaid or "general" often enough takes a pride in her appearance, which, though entirely natural, is sometimes irritating to the less reasonable type of mistress. What would she think if it were necessary for her, as it apparently is in Germany, before taking a place as domestic servant to provide herself with a special passbook in which a full description of her appearance must be entered?

This description of the German maid-servant is entered by the police of her native district and is sometimes dictated more by candor than chivalry. The color of the eyes and hair and the shape of the nose are all duly chronicled, and if the constable is of opinion that any of these features are "ugly" he has no hesitation in saying so.

What possibilities such a system suggests! Imagine the young person about to start a career as cook presenting herself before the local constable to await his verdict on her nose and lips!—London St. James Gazette.

Doing Penance For Sins.

In former times persons guilty of grievous and notorious offenses were required to make open confession and, further, to make satisfaction for the scandal given by their bad example by doing penance publicly in a white sheet in their parish church. The sheet was used to show clearly to every one which was the offender.

The last time that public penance was done in an English church was on Sunday evening, July 30, 1852, when a man named Hartree, in the church of All Saints, East Clevedon, made an open confession of immorality and promised to perform the penance thus imposed on him by the vicar.

No white sheet was used on this occasion. The last case in which one was used appears to have been one in St. Bridget's church, Chester, in 1851. But on that occasion the penance was not public, the church door being locked.

In the previous year, however, public penance in a white sheet was done in a country church in Essex, and a similar thing occurred in Ditton church near Cambridge in 1849.—Stray Stories.

The Ruling Passion.

The clergyman had finished, and the organ was pealing forth the sonorous rapture of the Mendelssohn march.

"One moment, George," said the radiant bride, and facing the audience she raised her exquisitely bound, though somewhat bulky, prayer book in her daintily gloved hands and pointed it directly at the brilliant audience. There was a sharp click.

"All right, George," said the bride; "come along."

And as they marched down the aisle she showed him that the supposed prayer book wasn't a prayer book at all. It was a camera.

"It's my own idea, George," she whispered. "Clever, isn't it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Head Hunters.

In Tupasele, in New Guinea, the houses are built on piles in the open ocean a good distance from the shore. The object of this is to protect the inhabitants against sudden attacks of the kindly head hunters, who always are on the lookout for victims, whose heads they need in their business. Other villages in this happy land are perched up in all but inaccessible trees for the same weighty reason.

Two Reasons.

"You mustn't play with Mr. Borum's hat, Bobby," said a young lady who was entertaining a caller to her small brother.

"Why mustn't I?" asked the youngster.

"Because you might break it," replied his sister, "and, besides, he will want it shortly."—Chicago News.

Traced Back to Eden.

Mr. Dash—I have discovered the reason why most women like ribbons.

Mrs. Dash—Why?

Mr. Dash—Because the first woman was a rib-on herself.—Syracuse Herald.

HE WORKED DESTRUCTION.

A Sample of What a Fairly Healthy Cockatoo Can Do.

A light chain securely fastened on the cockatoo's leg promised safety, but he contrived to get within reach of my new curtains and rapidly devoured some half yard or so of a hand painted border, which was the pride of my room. Then came an interval of calm and exemplary behavior which lulled me into a false security. Cockie seemed to have but one object in life, which was to pull out all his own feathers, and by evening the dining room often looked as though a white fowl had been plucked in it.

I consulted a bird doctor, but as Cockie's health was perfectly good and his diet all that could be recommended, it was supposed he only plucked himself for want of occupation, and firewood was recommended as a substitute. This answered very well, and he spent his leisure in gnawing sticks of deal—only when no one chanced to be in the room he used to unfasten the swivel of his chain, leave it dangling on the stand and descend in search of his playthings. When the fire had not been lighted, I often found half the coals pulled out of the grate and the firewood in splinters. At last, with warmer weather, both coals and wood were removed, so the next time Master Cockie found himself short of a job he set to work on the dining room chairs, first pulled out all their bright nails and next tore holes in the leather, through which he triumphantly dragged the stuffing.

At one time he went on a visit for some weeks and ate up everything within his reach in that friendly establishment. His "bag" for one afternoon consisted of a venerable fern and a large palm, some library books, newspapers, a pack of cards and an armchair. And yet every one adores him, and he is the spoiled child of more than one family.—Cornhill.

LIKED THE POORHOUSE.

Would Not Leave It to Go For Money That Belonged to Him.

"I won't go out! I won't leave here for anything!"

Such was the amazing declaration of a pauper attendant in an east end London workhouse on being told by an agent that he was entitled to some money. And the man—the son of a post captain in the navy—meant all that he said. Not an inch would he budge, nor would he sign any paper, and it was only by taking a commissioner down to him that the fund could be recovered.

Whether because it was only a comparatively small sum or whether because he was a worker, the guardians made no claim on it. Accordingly, at his request, it was split, and two accounts were opened on his behalf in the Postoffice Savings bank. But, for all that, he continued to remain in the workhouse.

Meanwhile he was very anxious that his wife should not know he was alive—in fact, he denied that he was married. His life partner, however, called at the agent's office to inquire about the case, though she begged that her husband might not be told of her whereabouts. She was in a fairly good position, earning as she did a living by keeping a ladies' school, and once or twice her reprobate husband had turned up in an intoxicated condition and raised a commotion that had scandalized her pupils. The ill sorted pair were, therefore, not brought into communication.

Never would the pauper legatee leave the workhouse. He remained there till his death, whereupon, having left no will, the money he had scorned to use passed to his wife.—Casell's Saturday Journal.

How to Give a Cat Medicine.

A New York gentleman has a very fine Angora cat, and so fine a specimen of her kind that she is famous in a large circle of fashionable folk. She is not rugged in health, yet she cannot be persuaded to take physic. It has been put in her milk, it has been mixed with her meat, it has even been rudely and violently rubbed in her mouth, but never has she been deluded or forced into swallowing any of it. Last week a green Irish girl appeared among the household servants. She heard about the failure to treat the cat. "Sure," said she, "give me the medicine and some lard, and I'll warrant she'll be ating all I give her!" She mixed the powder and the grease and smeared it on the cat's sides. Pussy at once licked both sides clean and swallowed all the physic. "Faith," said the servant girl, "everybody in Ireland does know how to give medicine to a cat!"

Leading a Book.

A writer in the New York Medical Journal says that the curved pages of the ordinary book are injurious to the eye of the reader. The curvature necessitates a constant change of the focus of the eye as it reads from one side to another, and the ciliary muscles are under a constant strain. Moreover, the light falls unequally upon both sides of the page, further interfering with a continued clear field of vision. It is suggested that the difficulty might be obviated if the lines should be printed parallel to the binding instead of at right angles to it.

Golf.

The game of golf was put down by an act of parliament in Scotland in 1841 as a nuisance. Then fines were inflicted on people who were found guilty of playing the game, for it interfered with the practice of archery, as men preferred welding the club to pulling the bow.

An Exception.

In the treatment of skin diseases it is said that the rays of the sun are quite efficacious. They can't cure freckles, however.—Bradford Era.

James Whitcomb Riley's Joke.

James Whitcomb Riley and Nye were a peculiar pair. They were everlastingly playing practical jokes. I remember when we were riding together in the smoking compartment between Columbus and Cincinnati. Mr. Nye was a great smoker, and Mr. Riley did not dislike tobacco. An old farmer came over to Mr. Nye and said: "Are you Mr. Riley? I heard you was on the train."

"No, I am not Mr. Riley. He is over there."

"I knew his father, and I would like to speak with him."

"Oh, speak with him, yes. But he is deaf, and you want to speak loud."

So the farmer went over to him and said in a loud voice:

"Is this Mr. Riley?"

"Er—what?"

"Is this Mr. Riley?"

"What did you say?"

"Is this Mr. Riley?"

"Riley, yes."

"I knew your father."

"What?"

"I knew your father."

"Oh, so did I!"

And in a few moments the farmer heard him talking in an ordinary tone of voice.—Saturday Evening Post.

Two Ladies of Fashion Meet.

A family living in a North Side flat welcomed a new housemaid last week. The girl had just come from Michigan, and her appearance was prepossessing. Soon after her advent it was discovered that she was inclined to treat the family with a patronizing air.

"Mary, you must do better, or I shall have to find some one to take your place," the mistress remarked the other morning.

"I don't allow any one to speak to me that way," replied Mary, with a toss of her head. "I'm just as good as you are, and I want you to know it."

Mary denounced out of the room and returned in two minutes with the weekly paper from her town. Among the social items was the following:

"Miss Mary Hanson has gone to Chicago to spend the winter. Miss Hanson is an acknowledged belle in the leading circles of Sawdust Creek."

Mary waited until her employer had had time to read the "personal," and then she said with withering scorn:

"As I have always been accustomed to going with the best in my town and as I don't believe you ever have your name on the society page of the Sunday papers I guess I can't afford to stay with you."

The North Side woman declared the domestic incident closed.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Unique Way of Identification.

The Saunterer happened to be in a prominent bank, where he saw an identification effected in the most unique way yet heard of. A young railroad man came hurrying in with a check to cash. He was not known in the bank except by one man, and he, of course, was out.

"Well, here's my railroad pass," said he, producing the transportation card made out in his name. "Will this do?"

The cashier took it and compared the indorsement on the back with the writing on the pass.

"That won't do you any good," said the owner. "All our passes are made out before we get them."

"I guess it's all right," said the cashier hesitatingly. "Haven't you something else?"

"Well," was the answer after a moment's thought, "I've got an itemized dentist's bill in my pocket, and you can compare it with the fillings in my teeth," and he displayed the latter in a broad grin, which secured for him the money.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Made His Bed.

On returning from the barn early one morning the old man found his wife in tears.

"Wha'cher cryin' about, Melissy?" he inquired.

"'Nother—one—uv our darters—was stole las' night," she sobbed.

"The redheaded un?" he asked laconically.

"Yes—pore Mag—she was the best gal!"

"Bob Scuttles?"

"'Uv course. Hasn't been no other feller waitin' on her. Ain't you goin' to pursue after 'em an' arrest 'im?"

"'Uv course not," he replied sternly. "I'm not under obligations to help Bob Scuttles out uv no difficulty. Let him go ahead and work out his sentence, same's I've been a-doin' fur the las' 49 year."—New York Truth.

A "Knock-turn."

When J. A. MacNeill Whistler lived in Chelsea, his peculiarities soon made him a familiar figure even among the bargemen, who got to know him as the artist of their beloved Thames. One afternoon, while sauntering along the embankment, Whistler was confronted by a man who had one eye most effectively blackened. The artist stopped and inquired, "What's the matter, my good fellow?" The man touched his hat. "Oh, nothing, sir—merely a knock-turn in blue and green!"—San Francisco Wave.

A Long Way Afterthought.

"That was a pleasing afterthought of yours," remarked the old preacher who had listened to a sermon by one of his youngest brethren, "when you drew upon the analogies of nature to prove the immortality of the soul."

"An afterthought?" said the younger clergyman in some perplexity.

"Yes. You thought of it about 2,400 years after Socrates."—Chicago Tribune.

In Bavaria each family on Easter Sunday brings to the churchward fire a walnut branch, which, after being partially burned, is carried home to be laid on the hearth during tempests as a protection against lightning.

THE GALLUP FAMILY.

AN EVENING OF LAMENTATIONS BY THE AILING WIFE.

She Knew Her Time For Departure For the Other World Had Come, and She Was Anxious to Become an Angel, but There Were Drawbacks.

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Mr. Gallup had finished his supper, removed his coat and shoes and sat down in the rocking chair to read the copy of The Chemung County Gazette he had brought home from the post-office when Mrs. Gallup dropped down on the lounge with a sigh and began:

"Samuel, if you could spare a dyin' woman three or four minits of your time I should like to talk to you. I know you don't like to be bothered when you are readin', and I wouldn't say a word if it was only a ble on my leg or one of my back aches, but it's more serious than that, Samuel—far more serious."

Mr. Gallup stretched his legs out to their fullest extent and made his toes crack, but he never looked up from his paper.

"I don't want to give you no sudden shock," continued Mrs. Gallup as the tears began to stream down her cheeks and her nose to twitch, "but it's my duty to tell you, so you kin prepare yourself. Samuel, you'll be a widow before Saturday night! Tonight is Tuesday night. Before sundown on Saturday night the funeral will be over, I'll be an angel, and you'll be free to go out somewhere every evenin' and play checkers. Do you hear me, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup may or may not have heard her, but if he did he paid not the slightest attention.

"Yes; I've got my call to go," she resumed as she wiped her eyes on her



"SPARE A DYIN' WOMAN THREE OR FOUR MINITS."

apron. "I've had rheumatiz, fever, consumption and heart disease, and many and many a time I've expected to go, but I have never felt like this before. My heart goes tunk, tunk, tunk, my lungs seem to be hitchin' around, and now and then my breath shuff's off on me same as if I had got caught in a hole in the fence. Mrs. Watkins was took this very way before she died, and so was Mr. Comfort. It may come tonight, or it may be delayed till tomorrow, but within a day or two I'll be an angel. You won't blame me fur dyin', will you, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup turned his paper over, pulled in his feet and crossed his legs, but made no reply.

"Folks can't help dyin', Samuel—that is, I can't. I hate to go before I've made the soft soap and put up the fall pickles, but I can't help myself. It was so with Mrs. Watkins. She had the soap grease all ready and was all ready to dye rags for a new carpet, but when Gabriel's horn sounded she had to spread her wings. You'll miss the soft soap, Samuel, fur you're a great hand to wash up, and you'll miss the pickles, fur you love sour things, but will you miss me?"

Mr. Gallup held the paper in his left hand and reached down his right to scratch his heel through his sock, but he was dumb. Mrs. Gallup looked at him through her tears for a time and then choked down a sob and said:

"Well, if you don't miss me I can't help it. I've allus had hot water ready when you wanted to wash your feet, and you've never found me without stickin' salve fur sore fingers. I've nursed you through colic and sot up with you through fever. You've never had to tell me my bread was heavy or the biscuit tasted of saleratus. And when I laid away, Samuel, you'll remember that I wore the same bonnet and shawl fur 21 years and that I allus made a pair of shoes last three years. Haven't I done purty well all things considered?"

Mr. Gallup might have agreed with her, but if he did he didn't say so aloud. He crossed his legs the other way and scratched the other heel, and when Mrs. Gallup could restrain her tears she observed:

"I ain't leavin' this house the way some wives would, Samuel. When I am gone, you'll find your shirts and socks and everything in the usual place, and you won't have to sew on a button. I'll even scald out the teapot and scour out the dishpan if I have time. If angels can look down from heaven, then I want to look down and see that I've left everything in order. I want to ask you about angels, Samuel. Are they all old or young angels, or are they sorter mixed up? Will I be set back 30 or 40 years, or will I be an old woman angel?"

She looked directly at Mr. Gallup and waited for a reply, but he was reading how to make a hammock out of a flour barrel, and he paid no heed to the question.

"And are all angels purty, Samuel?" she continued after awhile. "I've never been purty since I was a baby and fell out of the winder, but if I've got to be an angel I want my face made over as soon as I get up there. I'm not goin' to be p'inted out fur my homeliness as I fly around. If I was, I know I'd make up faces at some of 'em."

Will I be changed in the twinklin' of an eye and made as purty as the rest of 'em?"

Something like a smile flitted over the face of Mr. Gallup, but it was probably caused by the article he was reading.

"And about the music, Samuel? I can't play on no harp without lessons. I have never even seen a harp. When we was first married, I used to play on the accordion fur you, but it was awful poor playin', and you soon got sick of it. Is it goin' to be expected that I kin fly right up to heaven and begin playin' on a harp the very first thing? If it is, then I dunno as I want to die. I never could a-bear havin' folks laugh at me. And the singin', Samuel—the singin'! My voice is crackin', and I sing through my nose, and is that goin' to do up there? I s'pose I could walk around with a robe on and talk and visit, but I can't sing nor play, and they needn't expect it. Samuel, shall we talk about whether you'd better take a second wife or not? Sometimes I think you had, and sometimes I think you hadn't. What do you think?"

Mr. Gallup turned from the hammock article to one on natural gas in Ohio, and he extended his legs again and prepared to digest it thoroughly. It might have occurred to him that Mrs. Gallup was in the room and that she or some one else was talking to him, but he answered not. Ten minutes had gone by when he finished the article and looked up and around as if he had suddenly missed something.

Mrs. Gallup lay curled up on the lounge fast asleep, and in the corner of each eye still glistened a big tear.

M. QUAD.

HER "SUSPICION CURE."

It Made Life One Lingering Honeymoon For Mrs. Jones' Adviser.

"I would be quite happy if my husband would not spend so much of his time at his club," said Mrs. Jones, with a sigh.

"Why don't you try the suspicion cure?" said her intimate friend.

"What in the name of Susan B. Anthony is the suspicion cure?" asked Mrs. Jones in amazement.

"Well, my husband got in the habit of spending his evenings at his club, and I worried over it for some time before I hit upon a plan to keep him at home. At first I pleaded with him, telling him how lonely I was at home when he was away, but he would only laugh and promise to be home early, which meant midnight or later. Then I changed my tactics. Instead of asking him to remain at home I urged him to go to his club. The way he raised his eyebrows the first time I suggested it showed me I was on the right tack, and I resolved to keep it up. One night when he came home for dinner he announced that he had a severe headache and would remain home for the evening. I opposed the idea and pointed out that on that evening at his club would cause him to forget his headache and do it good. He gave me a hard look, but acted on the suggestion and left for his club. Something told me that he would be back within an hour, so I made an elaborate toilet and waited for him to return. He came home, as I expected, with the plea that his head was worse and that he couldn't stand the noise at the club. I condescended with him and ignored his question concerning my elaborate toilet. He hasn't been away for an evening since. It is almost like the old honeymoon, only he appears to have something on his mind that he is not entirely satisfied about."—London Answers.

Baldness.

It has been found on study of 300 cases of loss of hair that baldness prevails most with unmarried men, which is contrary to the general belief. The worries of the bachelor may be fewer, but they are more trying to the scalp than are the multitudinous cares of the man of family. Most bald people are found to lead indoor lives, and almost all of them belong to the intellectual class. Usually the loss of hair begins before the thirtieth year. In woman it usually constitutes a general thinning; in men it affects the top of the head. Diseases that affect the general nutrition of the body are likely to thin the hair. Heredity is a factor. If one has baldheaded ancestors, all the drugs of the pharmacopoeia will not bring out flowing locks.—Argonaut.

Four to One.

An English officer in Malta stopped in riding to ask a native the way. He was answered by a shrug of the shoulders and a "No speak English."

"You're a fool then," said the officer.

But the man knew enough English to ask:

"Do you understand Maltese?"