

MISSED THE PARTY.

Why One Girl Had to Keep Secluded For Over a Week.

They were two pretty girls, and when they happened to meet on one of the quiet streets of the city the girl in gray turned and walked in the direction the other one had taken.

"Now, let me know all about the party," said the one who had turned. "I've been just dying to see you and have you tell me."

"Oh, but I wasn't there at all," said her companion. "This is the first time I've been out of the house for more than a week."

"Why, have you been ill?" her friend inquired, surprised and solicitous.

"No, I really think it was worse than that," she replied.

"You know I'm a little proud of my hair, for it's my one redeeming point"—modestly—"and because it is naturally wavy it is always fluffiest after it has been shampooed."

"A day or two before the party I washed my hair, using what I thought was borax in the water. When I attempted to dry my erstwhile 'bonnie brown curls' they were stringy and hard and looked as if they had been frozen in wisps. Then to my horror I discovered that I had used powdered alum in the water. It took me a whole week to get it out of my hair. I missed the party I had set my heart upon attending and wouldn't let any of my friends see me, for I was a perfect fright!"—Duluth News-Tribune.

Sins of the Tongue.

The sins of the tongue all point to the necessity and profit of self mastery. There is danger in the tongue that often brings the deepest sorrow to innocent ones, as well as throws a reflection on a pure character. If this confession of failure and magnifying of the office of the tongue seem exaggerated, let any one sit down quietly and think of the sins and cruelties of human speech. The careless words which no repentance can call back again, the rash promises which it has cost us so much to fulfill, the expression of the lower nature which has shamed the higher, the confessions of evil and yielding to falsehood, the hot and angry words which sober thought condemn—these are some of the perils of the tongue. On the other hand, like most of the uses of the world which turn so easily to evil, the tongue may be the instrument of great and lasting good.

A Rejected Novel.

Before he had achieved fame the French novelist Xavier de Montepin, on concluding a long and elaborate tale of adventure took it, full of hope, to a publisher, who promptly declined it on even the most advantageous terms, to the writer's poignant mortification. Twenty years afterward this identical publisher besought at his hands a sensational story, one of those serials which were the delight of grissettes, offering any price within reason. "Well," said De Montepin, "I will oblige you, but my terms must be somewhat heavy. I want \$4,000." After many protests it was paid.

In telling the story De Montepin used to add, "The best of the business was that it was the very same story which he had previously rejected and which I had in various directions endeavored in vain to dispose of."

A Curious Tree.

There is a peculiar tree in the forests of central India which has most curious characteristics. The leaves of the tree are of a highly sensitive nature and so full of electricity that whoever touches one of them receives an electric shock. It has a very singular effect upon a magnetic needle and will influence it at a distance of even seventy feet. The electrical strength of the tree varies according to the time of day, it being strongest at midday and weakest at midnight. In wet weather its powers disappear altogether. Birds never approach the tree, nor have insects ever been seen upon it.

Wanted All Good People Nice.

These are the best complaints that vice, the uninteresting have usually been branded as cynics or, worse, as people trying to be clever. To all such this true story of a little girl may come as consolation, for "out of the mouths," etc.

Little Alice had been put to bed and told to say her prayers. "O God," she prayed, "make all the bad people good and make all the good people—all the good people—all the good people—nice!"—New York Tribune.

Cruel Blow.

"Are you aware of the fact," remarked Miss Cutting, "that I am a mind reader?"

"Nevah suspected it, weally," answered young Softleigh. "Would you—aw—object to weading my mind, doncher know?"

"Certainly not," she replied. "Bring it with you the next time you call."—Chicago News.

He Needed the Money.

"Will you please raise my salary?"

"Why, I gave you a raise only last week because you told me that you had your mother to support."

"I know, but my mother got married, and now I have two to support."—Ohio State Journal.

His Straddle.

He—I see Oldboy is pretty gay yet, if he is aging.

She—Oh, yes; he's got one foot in the grave and the other in society.—Yonkers Statesman.

Composite Success.

Sidney—Rodney, you live by your wits, don't you?

Rodney—Well, partly and partly by other people's lack of wits.—Detroit Free Press.

Going the Limit.

A drummer named Peck put up at a hotel in Oklahoma, the landlord of which was the president of the school board. The landlord, who was a jolly, whole souled fellow, suggested that they visit the schools, the president of the board first putting on a long tailed coat, saying:

"She adds dignity, an' then she hides my gun, which are a bad example 'fore them children. I don't approve of anybody under fourteen carryin' a gun."

After returning to the hotel from the visit of inspection the president of the board, now transferred into a landlord, said:

"Peck, you're a good feller. You ain't goin' to let your light be hid under a bushel, Peck?"

"No, I ain't," said Mr. Peck, rather dubious as to the compliment.

"Well, I tell you what I'm goin' to do fer you. Bein' as you're a good feller, I'm a-goin' to have clean sheets put on your bed, dad me if I ain't!"

Awkward.

Mrs. Norton came home from a call one day in such a disturbed condition that it was evident tears were not far in the background. She lost no time in beginning her explanation.

"John," she said to her husband, "I am so mortified I don't know what to do."

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked Mr. Norton.

"I have just been calling on Mrs. Peverill. You know her husband, Major Peverill?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have just learned today, to my horror, that 'major' isn't his title at all. 'Major' is his first name."

"Why, certainly, I've always known that. What is there so mortifying about it?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Norton, with a groan, "only that I've been calling him 'major' every time I've met him for the last six months!"—London Answers.

The "Cry" of Silk.

One of the most peculiar features about manufactured silk is the rustling sound familiar to every woman. In the silk trade they call it the "cry" or sometimes the "scroop." Of all textiles silk is the only material which possesses it.

As everybody knows, the sound is heard especially when silk is subjected to friction. What is not so generally known is that the quality is found in silk yarn before it is woven. A skein of silk, unless it has been so treated as to kill this property in it, will when opened up emit the noise slightly. When the skein is squeezed in the hand, the sound becomes quite audible. The "cry" is considered a very desirable quality in silk. Dyers try to develop it as much as possible.

Unexpected Applause.

Shortly after Mr. Wilson Barrett joined the theatrical profession he became a member of a company performing at the old Theater Royal, Dublin. His part, naturally, was a small one, and, greatly to his surprise, his first speech was greeted with a round of applause. This unlooked for tribute elated the young actor, and he exerted himself to sustain the good impression he appeared to have made. Just as he was leaving the theater one of the scene shifters grinningly accosted him and said, "Sure, it's got about among the boys that you're a brother of the man that was hung!" A Fenian named Barrett had that morning paid the extreme penalty of the law.

An Absurd Custom in Vienna.

In Vienna every man's home is his dungeon from 10 p. m. to 6 a. m. Vienna is a city of flats, and at 10 p. m. the common entrance door of each block is closed and bolted. Thereafter persons passing in or out must pay a fine of twopence to the concierge until midnight and fourpence from that hour to 6 a. m. To go out to post a letter costs twopence and the same amount to return. To prolong a visit to a friend after 10 p. m. means twopence to get out of his house and twopence more to enter your own. A natural result of this irritating tax is that of capital cities Vienna is earliest to be deserted.

Sparing His Feelings.

Hettie—Now that you have broken your engagement with Fred, shall you return to him the diamond ring he gave you?

Minna—Certainly not, Hettie. It would be cruel to give him a thing that would be a constant reminder of the happiness he had missed.—Boston Transcript.

Somnambulism.

Blond persons are more apt to be somnambulists than dark folk, and in cold climates there is more somnambulism than in warm ones. In certain Greenland villages the hut doors are locked from without by a watchman in order that those within may not come forth in their sleep and maybe freeze to death.

The Canalboat.

"The captain was leading the horse and his lieutenant was at the rudder," said a lawyer in an English court recently, describing an incident in the voyage of a canalboat.

"Where was the crew?" inquired the judge.

Badly Mixed Metaphor.

London is laughing at the following recent brilliant exordium on the part of an English politician: "We shall never rest until we see the British lion walking hand in hand with the flood-gates of democracy."—St. James Gazette.

If you have diamonds, be thankful, but don't hold them up to the eyes of poverty in a street car.—Schoolmaster.

A SERMON TO SUIT.

The Folks Who Paid For the Discourse Got What They Wanted.

Many Maine people who live in a certain part of Cumberland county will remember one Abner—so he was always called in his town. Abner was the wit of the village, and he was commonly selected to take charge of funerals because he was about the only man in town who had time hanging on his hands. A citizen died, a man who never amounted to much, who was never positively wicked, because that would have required more of an effort than he was willing to make. He was, however, far enough from being a good citizen, and Abner knew it as well as anybody else.

Abner was requested to ask a certain minister to conduct the service, and he hitched up his old horse and drove to his house. The minister said he would attend and then tried to get a little information concerning the late lamented.

"What sort of a man was he?" he asked.

"Well, about the same as no sort of a man at all," replied Abner frankly.

"I suppose his loss will be deeply felt in the community?" said the minister.

"They're all bearing up well under it," said Abner slowly.

"Was he a Christian?" asked the minister.

"If he'd been accused of it, the verdict would have been not guilty and the jury wouldn't have left their seats," replied Abner cheerfully.

"Did he attend church?" asked the minister a bit anxiously.

"I never heard of his doing it," said Abner.

"How did he die?" continued the minister.

"Just the same as he lived, sort of naturally," said Abner.

"I don't see how I'm to preach much of a sermon under such circumstances," said the minister.

"The neighbors all said they didn't think they wanted much of a sermon, and so they sent me over to see you," said Abner.

The minister pocketed his wrath and a five dollar bill, and after the funeral the satisfied Abner said, "Well, we got just what we wanted, b'gosh."—Lewiston Journal.

POULTRY POINTERS.

Game chickens have more meat in proportion to their height than any other breed of fowls.

When the chickens are growing fast, it is a good plan to mix a little bone-meal in their soft feed.

Smearing whole wheat with kerosene or turpentine and feeding it to the chickens is a good remedy for gapes.

Adding some carbolic acid and putting on hot will secure much better results from the whitewashing of the poultry house.

While it is at no time advisable to keep food of any kind before the fowls all the time, it will be an advantage to keep milk where they can drink all they want.

Fowls do not run together in large numbers. They will always divide into flocks of small size and will select different feeding grounds, always provided they have the opportunity.

A growing chicken, like a growing animal, requires plenty of good, wholesome food supplied liberally and often in order to enable them to grow and mature rapidly and to develop properly.

There Was a Limit.

"I am glad they moved away," remarked the good housewife, speaking of a family of borrowing neighbors who had just left the neighborhood. "I was willing to lend them a loaf of bread occasionally or half a dozen eggs or the washboard or the lemon squeezer, but when they got down to sending the little girl over to borrow pennies to give the organ grinder I began to think it was nearly time to draw the line; and, to cap the climax, one day they actually asked me to come over and take care of the baby while they went out to do the shopping!"

Uncertain About Her Age.

A Boston servant, like many of her class, does not know her age. She has lived with one family eleven years and has always been twenty-eight. But not long ago she read in the newspaper of an old woman who had died at the age of 106. "Maybe I'm as old as that meself," said she. "Indade, I can't remember the time when I wasn't alive."—Boston Christian Register.

An Exchange of Costliness.

"No, suh," said Mr. Erastus Pinkly. "I nubber sold my vote to nobody." "But that candidate gave you \$2." "Yassir. I doesn't deny dat. He jes' come along an' gimme dat two, an' when a gemman comes along an' gives you \$2 foh nuffin' it ain't no mo' dan common reciprocity to vote foh 'im foh nuffin'."—Washington Star.

What She Says.

"A man can't tell whether a girl means what she says," he remarked thoughtfully.

"Of course not," she replied. "If he thinks she does, why she just naturally doesn't the moment she finds it out, and, if he thinks she doesn't, why she does."—Chicago Post.

Cruelty.

Bill—I hear a man in town was arrested today for cruelty to animals.

Jill—Is that so?

"Yes; the fellow had a tapeworm, and he refused to feed it."—Yonkers Statesman.

Light mortals, how ye walk your life minnet over bottomless abysses, divided from you by a film!—Carlyle.

The Tramp Ready For Any Job.

The gay cat applies for a job where he hears men are wanted, he knows not for what. "Can you drive four?"

asks the boss. It may be the hobo doesn't know whether it is four nails or four tent stakes he is to drive, but he confidently answers: "Sure thing! Had a job driving four last month at—"(any of the 10,000 places he has been to, so he can answer questions if the boss is inclined to put them), and the next morning, finding the "four" he is to drive are horses, he confidentially approaches a fellow employee with, "Say, Bud, show me how to put the harness on the plugs, will you?" Asked if he knew how to make watches or dynamite cartridges, he would doubtless say he did. He might fall at either, but he would not weakly deny himself an opportunity to try. This is not true of all, but it is a distinctive trait born of necessity in men that seek employment in many and various fields.—Leslie's Monthly.

Toad Stones.

Most readers have no doubt heard of the precious jewels which the toad carries in his brain box, and so called toadstones, which were in reality the teeth of fossil fish, were formerly worn in finger rings as a protection against poison.

It was thought that the best stones were those voluntarily ejected by the living toads; but, as the latter were not addicted to freely giving up their treasures in that way, it was necessary to procure the coveted articles by other means, and the recognized method was to decapitate the hapless batrachian at the instant he swallows his breath. The feat naturally demanded considerable celerity, such as could only be acquired by constant practice, and it is not reasonable, therefore, to assume that, although the endeavors to gain possession of the jewels were perhaps numerous, they must have invariably been unsatisfactory, especially to the toads.

Dressing a Hog.

It is told of the late P. D. Armour that on one occasion he made a present of a suit of clothes to each of his employees in a certain department. Each man was told that he might order his own suit and send the bill to Mr. Armour, no restrictions being made as to price. In order to avail himself fully of this liberality one young man ordered evening clothes costing \$80. When the bill was sent in, Mr. Armour sent for the clerk to vouch for its accuracy and, finding it right, assured the man it would be paid. As the clerk was leaving, however, Mr. Armour said to him:

"I wish to say to you that I have packed a great many hogs in my time, but I never dressed one before!"—New York Times.

Aristocratic Ants.

The slaveholding ants are of several kinds and differ greatly in the manner in which they treat their vassals. Some make them do all the work under the direction of overseers; others share their labors, while still others have fallen into such habits of luxury as to be unable or unwilling to wait upon or even to feed themselves and are carried about and provided with food by their body servants. In many cases this sybaritism is the mere ostentatious love of being served. The incapacity is not physical, but moral, and arises from an aristocratic aversion to any kind of manual labor.

Missed the Lobby Barrel.

Considerable amusement was caused when the legislature first went into session by a member from the counties arriving and promptly asking to be shown the lobby.

When that place was pointed out to him, he nosed around for awhile and then remarked in the hearing of some bystanders:

"I've been fooled!" he declared disgustedly. "They told me I could find a bar'l of money loose in the lobby, but I see now that it's a dinged lie!"—Baltimore Herald.

Before and After.

Single Man (to himself)—I am sure that darling little angel loves me. She takes me into her confidence and tells me all her troubles.

Same Man (some years later)—Consarn it all! From morning till night and night till morning, when I'm at home, I hear nothing but tales about the servants, the butcher, the butler, the baker, the candlestick maker and all the rest of 'em!—New York Weekly.

Misunderstood.

"And we have one baby," said the meek man who was applying for board. "Will you mind it?"

"Mind it?" snapped the thin faced landlady. "Of course not. Do you think I'm a nurse?"—Chicago News.

A Mean Reflection.

Buggins—See here, porter. This mirror is so dusty I can't see myself in it. Hotel Porter (who has not been tipped by Buggins)—Strikes me you ought to be mighty thankful 'stid o' makin' a fuss about it.—London Tid-Bits.

Women and Babies.

Did you ever notice that when a baby, an old woman and a young woman are together the baby, which belongs to the young woman, is always carried by the old woman?—Atchison Globe.

Retort Photographic.

The photographer was drying his plates in the warm sunlight.

"What are you doing there?" asked a friend.

"Oh," was the reply, "just airing my views."

Titanium is the hardest metal. It looks like copper, but will scratch rock crystal.

THEY GOT FREE SEATS.

An Order That Was Promptly Honored at the Box Office.

Once when Nat Goodwin was playing in Chicago two men approached his manager, who was standing in the lobby of the theater, and introduced themselves as a couple of actors. Their names were entirely unknown to him, and they had nothing to show that they were what they claimed to be. Accordingly he refused to give them seats, but they were persistent. One of the men in particular was offensively so. He shook his fist under the manager's nose and demanded who it was that dared refuse him passes.

"I'll see Mr. Goodwin," he declared. "I'll see if a little whipper snapper like you can refuse me seats. You don't know who we are, eh? Well, who are you? Let's see your card. I'll see Mr. Goodwin about it."

The manager, who feared a scene, handed over one of his cards and told the men he was responsible and quite willing to take the consequences of refusing to give them seats.

A few minutes later the two men came back to the theater. One of them had written "Pass two" on the manager's card. He presented the card at the box office, and it was promptly honored. Then they went in.

When, half an hour later, the manager's attention was called to what had been done, he was at first inclined to take some severe action, but later he saw the joke on himself.

"Let them alone," he said. "If they've got nerve enough to do that, they are entitled to seats. You had better send an usher down and ask them if they wouldn't like a box."—Chicago Tribune.

Sam Jones to Reporters.

A prominent Baltimore physician tells in the Baltimore Sun the following anecdote about Sam Jones, the Georgia evangelist:

When several years ago Mr. Jones was at Emory Grove camp, the newspaper reports of his sermons caused him to complain.

At the last service he looked down at the reporters, who sat at a table just in front of the pulpit, and said:

"And I want to tell you fellows that I like you a lot in spite of your manifold faults. You boys don't treat me right, though. You take my sermons and pick out a piece here, a piece there and a piece somewhere else. Then you string the pieces together, and, naturally, they read funny."

"Now, suppose I reported the Bible that way! A man asks me what the Bible tells him to do. I read in one place, 'And Judas went out and hanged himself.' I turn over and read, 'Go thou and do likewise.' And in another place I find, 'And do it quickly.'"

"Now, you see, boys, that sort of thing won't do. It ain't fair."

How a Great Surgeon Died.

While Bichat, the famous surgeon, was dying of typhoid fever he turned to an old colleague who was sitting beside his bed and said to him:

"My friend, I am lost, but it is some consolation to know that my case is very curious. During the last few days I have noticed some odd symptoms, and I am studying them carefully."

"Oh, you may recover yet," said the friend.

"That is impossible," replied Bichat, "and if it were not for one thing I would be quite willing to die."

"What is that?" asked the friend.

"I am exceedingly sorry," answered Bichat, "that I shall not have an opportunity to perform an autopsy on myself after my death, for I know that I would make some wonderful scientific discovery."

An hour later he was dead.

Hares That Swim.

I have many times seen hares, several of them at a time, cross a stream to feed on summer evenings and coolly return in the same way back to the woods, says a writer in London News. The act has been quite voluntary, but one thing I have noticed—they invariably sat up to see if they had time to cross before any surprise came. For instance, the movements of a person walking along a footpath in the distance would be watched with some anxiety before the plunge was made. I have also seen snakes swim across streams in the same way, apparently to bask on the sunny side.

Experienced.

"Mamma," she said, "what preacher do you think I ought to have marry Cecil and me? I feel as though Mr. Goodman is so young, and not being married himself, he could hardly be."

"Oh, pshaw! Have Dr. Eustleigh. I've had him for four of mine, and he always gave thorough satisfaction."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Showed What She Could Do.

Phoxy—I got a good square meal last night, the first in several weeks, and I have you to thank for it.

Friend M.—to thank? Well, that's news to me.

Phoxy—Yes, I know. I telephoned to my wife yesterday morning that you were coming out to dinner with me.—Philadelphia Press.

A Good Talker.

Clara—Is Mrs. Flitter a good conversationalist?

Dorothy—Yes, indeed. She makes you think of lots of good things to say, but talks so much that you don't get a chance to say them.—Detroit Free Press.

Compromise.

"Why should religion and science quarrel?"

"Why, indeed?"

"Why not say that man is descended from the monkey Eve made of Adam and let it go at that?"—Puck.

DANGER IN POISON IVY.

How to Know the Plant—Simple Remedies if Affected by It.

"If one knows how the Rhus toxicodendron—that is the scientific name for poisonous ivy—looks," said a man of the woods, "he can avoid it with ease. It is sometimes a low shrub about a foot high, and it is also a graceful vine, with stout, hairy stems. This vine sends out horizontal branches. The bush and the vine do not look alike, but both have coarse toothed, oval pointed leaves. These are always three in a group, and the plant also bears small greenish white berries."

Poison oak, otherwise Rhus radicans, and poison sumac, or Rhus veneta, are other plants to be avoided by visitors to the woods. The sumac has groups of four leaflets, oval pointed in form, arranged on a tapering stem. It differs from the real sumac in so far that its leaflets incline upward. In the autumn the foliage is a brilliant scarlet. The little berries look like grayish white grapes.

A good antidote for ivy poisoning in its first stages is a solution of ordinary baking soda. A bottle containing a pint of water and a heaping teaspoonful of baking soda is carried by many persons who take walks in the woods, for, while some people may handle the poison vines without danger, others are poisoned if they pass within twelve feet of them.—New York Tribune.

She Pitted His Distress.

An artist who was making a sketching tour through a picturesque region of Connecticut chanced one day on a barn so alluring to his eye that he sat down on a stone wall and went to work at once.

He soon became conscious that he had two interested spectators in the persons of the farmer and his wife, who had come to the door of the house to watch him.

The artist by and by discovered that he had lost or mislaid his rubber eraser, and as he wished to correct a slight error in the sketch he went up to the door and asked the farmer's wife if he might have a small piece of dry bread. This, as every artist knows, makes a good eraser.

The farmer's wife looked at him with an expression of pity not unmixed with surprise.

"Dry bread!" she repeated. "Well, I guess you won't have to put up with any dry bread from me, young man. You come right into the kitchen with me, and I'll give you a thick slice of bread with butter on it."

"Now, don't say a word," she continued, raising her hand to ward off his expostulation. "I don't care how you came to this state nor anything about it. All I know is you're hungry, and that's enough for me. You shall have a good dinner."

The Nest of the Kingfisher.

Our American belted alcyon, or common kingfisher, is an expert hole borer. There is scarcely a clayey bank along the streams of our middle and southern states but has its face cut by the door of one of these gloomy looking houses.

The hole is usually quite round and goes directly into the bank, with a slight upward slant to a distance of from two to four feet, where it turns nearly at right angles to one side or the other, ending in a large, jug shaped pocket, where the eggs are laid. The kingfisher is my most cheerful companion when I am out for a day's or a week's angling. It is an ever fresh delight to watch him swooping down into the clear brook water with a melodious plunge and coming forth sparkling like a flake from a blue sea wave or a fragment of turquoise. He rarely fails to catch the minnow he strikes at, but his appetite is unremitting and insatiable. He eats from morning till night.—Maurice Thompson.

Two Things That Scare a Negro.

Two seemingly harmless things excite the fear of the southern negro. One is the cracking of the finger joints; the other is to be stepped over as he lies prone upon the ground. The cracking of the finger joints seems to suggest to the negro imagination the rattling of a skeleton's bones, while to be stepped over is regarded as likely to bring bad luck to grown folks and to check the growth of children. A half grown negro