

THE SEXTONS' SUPPER.

The Plagne, his black hand lifted,
Was floating down the Rhine,
His bark a soft-lined coffin
(On each side grew the vine);
He struck the miller at his wheel,
The woodman by his tree;
Before him rose the prayer and hymn,
Behind, the Dirge.

He found them spinning wedding-ropes,
He left them digging graves;
High over faces pale and wrung
The earth heaped up its waves.
He struck the baron at his gate,
The peasant at the plow,
And from his sable banner shook
Darkness on every brow.

At this time in belfry-room
Five sextons drained the wine,
Red from the toll that brought the fee
And made their old eyes shine.
Their seats were cedar coffin-planks,
All velvet-trimmed and soft;
The chalice-cups by them defiled,
Were filled and emptied oft.

They drank "A long reign to King
Plague"
"A wet year and a foul!"
As screaming through the open-loops
Flew in and out the owl.
Their shirts were made of dead men's
vests
(Dead men are meek and dumb),
And each wore a dead knight's ring
Upon his thievish thumb.

Down from the boarded floor above
The heavy bell-rope swings,
It coils around the bowls and flasks,
The cups and drinking things.
The cresset throws a gloom of black
Upon the red-tiled floor—
Three faces dark—on two the lights
Their golden lustres pour.

Beside the table sink the steps
That lead into a vault—
A treasure-house no thieves but five
Dared ever yet assault.
And through the darkness to the left
Winds up the belfry stair—
Up to the old bell-chamber—
Up to the cooler air.

The wall was hung with coffin-plates,
The dates rubbed duly out
(Dead men are very dull and slow
In finding these things out).
They toast "The Doctors of Cologne,
Who keep the church-spades bright!"
Such toasts as these, such feast as that,
Were fit for such a night.

Far, far above among the bells
The wind blew fierce,
The sleet upon the baggar fell,
And stabbed him carrie and tierce.
There was a pother in the roofs,
And such a clash of tiles,
That dying creatures' sobs and groans
Were heard around for miles.

They drink to "Peter and to Paul!"
And "All men underground!"
Then with a laugh, and wink, and nudge,
The passing-bell they sound,
They drink to the tree that gives the
plank,
And the tree that guards the dead—
The coal-black tree with the blood-drop
fruit,
So poisonous, soft and red.

Is God, then, sleeping? No! See there,
How one tears at his throat,
And baring neck and shoulder,
Bids all his fellows note.
A plague-spot, blue and swollen,
Shows ghastly on the skin,
And on his knees he prays to Christ
To yet forgive his sin.

Dead! And the eldest, tolling
The rope that o'er them hung,
Called, with a curse, "Lads, fill your cups,
Let another song be sung!"
Then reels—his white face sickens,
And as he staggers down,
Another drags at the heavy bell
Stamped with the cross and crown.

So every time a toper fell
Another rose to toll,
And all the rest screamed out a dirge
For the sinner's passing soul,
And round they stirred the gallon jug,
And high they flung the cup;
With half a song and half a prayer
They tossed it, filling up.

Now but one left, and he, though faint,
Staggered towards the rope,
And tolls—first draining cup and bowl,
Half dead, without a hope—
Tolls, till the old tower rocks again—
Tolls, with a hand of lead—
Then falls upon the wine-drenched floor
Upon his fellows—dead!
—Walter Thornbury, in San Francisco
Argonaut.

EVAS AMBITION.

Eva Norrington inserted her latch
key into the keyhole of a Bedford
square boarding house, and entered.
It was a dismal, windy, rainy Novem-
ber evening, and ever since lunch she
had been paddling about London,
climbing grimy stairs of newspaper
offices, and talking to people who did
not seem especially pleased to see her.
Her skirts were wet, and a wisp of
damp hair was tumbling over her eyes.
On the hall table, disclosed by the
flickering gas jet, were some letters.
"A year ago to-day!" said Eva to her-
self as she closed the door against the
wind. "Has he written, or has he for-
gotten?"

He had not forgotten. Eva picked
up the letter from the hall table, looked
quickly round at the closed hall
door, and at the baize door that led to
the kitchen stairs—and kissed it. Then
she went up-stairs to her bed-sitting-
room with the letter in her hand and
joy in her heart.
"Hateful little room!" she murmured
to herself, as she struck a match and
lit the gas. "But it's the last time,
thank God!"
The room was not really bad; a bed in
the corner, a wash-stand, a ward-
robe, here and there a picture on the
walls, and a table by the window, rather
rickety, on which lay a heap of man-
uscript—a half-finished story.
"I will burn that before I go to bed
to-night," said Eva, as she caught sight
of it.
Then she took off her hat and cloak,
drew the only easy chair under the gas
jet and sat down, angling the letter—

she did not open it at once. Now that
happiness stretched in front of her it
was pleasant to linger on the confines
of misery, to look back on the life she
was to leave.

"It is not every one," said Eva re-
flectively, "who can make experiments
in life—without expense."

Eva Norrington had been the pride of
the provincial town which gave her
birth. At the high school no girl could
stand against her. Her form govern-
ess, who now and then asked her favor-
ite pupils to tea, even said she might
be a head mistress one day. To Eva
this seemed absurd. But when, at the
age of 20, she gained a guinea prize
for a story in a weekly paper she be-
gan to think that at least she might be
a great novelist. At any rate she felt
sure that somewhere ahead of her
stretched a career; and as her 21st
birthday approached she announced to
her startled parents her intention of go-
ing to London in search of it. There-
upon ensued a series of domestic sce-
nes such as have been common of late
in the homes of England, wherein the pa-
rents play the part of the apprehensive
hen, the daughter that of the adventur-
ous duckling. The duckling invariably
gains its point; and so it was with Eva
Norrington. Having refuted argument
and resisted persuasion for a certain
number of weeks, Eva obtained a
grudging consent to her departure. The
townspeople knew not whether to ad-
mire or disapprove. But they had read
in novels of young ladies who took
their lives and lutekeys into their own
hands, became famous, and married
respectably after all. So during the
weeks of preparation for her campaign
Eva became something of a figure in
local society, and more than one dinner
party was given in her honor, as well
as plentiful advice as to the neces-
sary precautions against London guile,
and many recipes for guarding against
the colds induced by the fogs that in-
fest the metropolis.

Eva was almost happy; for she had
the hopefulness of youth and beauty,
and all the exhilaration of taking her
life into her hands and fashioning it as
she would, with none to raise objec-
tions to the process. She would have
been quite happy but for Allan Craig.
For Allan Craig, whenever he heard
that Eva was bent on going to London
to make a name for herself, promptly
offered her his own for a substitute. It
was a good enough name, and at the
foot of a check it was generally respect-
ed, as Allan Craig had lately stepped
into his father's business as estate
agent and was prospering. Eva was
disturbed, but she turned not aside
from her project. Eva had mapped out
her life and Allan Craig was not includ-
ed in the scheme.

As she sat fingering her letter in her
bed-room, she went over the parting
scene in her mind. The details of it
would only increase the delight of the
letter. For Eva had learned during the
last year that happiness is so rare that
it deserved to be rolled on the tongue
and not swallowed in haste. It was at
a dance on the night before her de-
parture—her last dance, so she thought,
before she started life in earnest. They
were sitting out a dance together, for
Eva was not disposed to think unkindly
of Allan, though she might resent his
intrusion into her scheme of life. She
remembered how there had been silence
between them for some moments, how
Allan had leaned his elbows on his
knees and dug the heel of his dancing
shoes into the carpet.

"And so you are quite determined to
leave us?" said Allan.
"Of course," replied Eva. "My boxes
are all packed."
"Full of manuscript novels and other
things?"
"One novel and several stories."
"I cannot understand why you want
to go when—"
"I want to—well—to live a larger life."
"You mean you want to live in a big-
ger place?"
"Well, not exactly. I don't think you
quite understand."
"I quite understand that there is not
enough scope for you here, and that I
am a selfish brute for trying to keep you
from your ambition. Look here, Eva,
can you honestly say that you don't
love me a little bit?"

Allan had risen and was standing
over her. Eva looked up at him. She
could see him standing there now—big,
comely, with something in his eyes that
thrilled her, half with fear and half
with pleasure. She rose and faced him.
"I shall be sorry to leave you—very
sorry."

"Then why—?"
"Can't you see, Allan? I know I have
it in me to do good work, and I must
be where good work is wanted. Here I
am hampered; in London—"
"You may fail," said Allan, with a
note of hope in his voice. Then Eva
spoke:
"I shall succeed—I know I shall."
"Will you write to me?"
Eva hesitated. She was half in-
clined to give in to that extent. Allan
had mistaken her hesitation.
"No," he said, "There shall be no
selfishness in my love for you, I will
wait a year from to-night, and then,
if London is no go, you know there
will always be me. You can't expect
me to pray for your success, can you?"
Eva, placed on her mettle, looked him
in the face.
"I am bound to succeed," she said,
and turned to go. The waltz had ceased
in the room below, and a rustle of
skirts and a ripple of tongues had taken
its place.
"Eva—once—the last time, perhaps."
She turned again, laughing.
"Quick!" she said; "some one will
come."

A woman may forget many things,
but no woman ever forgets the first
time a lover's arm was around her
waist and a lover's lips upon her own.
And as Eva sat in the corner of a third-
class carriage in the London train next
morning, looking forward to the ca-
reer before her, the remembrance of

the support of Allan's arm persisted in
obtruding itself. Having got what she
wanted she had already begun to doubt
if she wanted what she had got. For
a career, after all, is rather a lonesome
sort of a thing.

Such small success as may come to
the inexperienced girl upon her first
incursion into literature came to Eva.
She lived sparingly, worked hard, and
never made the mistake of refusing
invitations on the ground of work. She
staid up a little later or got up a little
earlier instead. A weekly column on
"Health and Beauty" placed at her dis-
posal by the youthful editor of a new
woman's paper, who had met her at
the Writer's Club and thought her pret-
ty, paid her weekly bill at the board-
ing-house. Her stories found frequent
acceptance and occasional welcome in
the minor periodicals, and a happy
meeting with an editor at a dinner party
paved the way to her appearance
in a widely read magazine. By the
end of the year Eva Norrington had
got so far toward the realization of her
ambition that when people heard her
name mentioned they wrinkled their
brows and tried to remember where
they had heard it before. At home, of
course, her fame was great. The pa-
pers in which she wrote circulated freely
in the town, her stories were discuss-
ed at afternoon teas, and townsfolk
were glad to think that they participat-
ed to some extent in the literary work
of the century.

All this time Eva was horribly lone-
ly. She knew plenty of people and
liked them; they were kind to her, some
of them because they liked her for her-
self, others because they saw that she
was marked for ultimate success. Hav-
ing advanced a certain distance along
the road she had longed to travel, she
could judge better whether it would
lead her. It would lead her to a place
in the newspaper paragraphs, to a place
on the bookstalls, to a place in the pho-
tographer's windows, and to a place
at Bayswater or South Kensington.
This, then, must be the end of the strug-
gle and the turmoil of the fight. And
how she hated the fight! A fight where-
in victory would bring her no nearer
to the actualities of life; for she had
come to learn in the year's struggle that
our social system by no means places
women on an equality with men, and
that whereas men can buy the coveted
fruit of the tree of knowledge of good
and evil by the potile, women must
buy the tree outright, and pay cash.
It was terribly unfair. And the most
unfair thing about the whole business
was that, while success was almost
within her grasp, success was not what
she wanted. There is no fun in liv-
ing your own life when that is precisely
the life you do not want to lead.

It was not as though Allan Craig had
never kissed Eva Norrington.
She opened the letter—cutting the en-
velope with her nail scissors. For some
distinction must be made between your
first love letter and your bootmaker's
bill. She felt like one who has held
his breath to feel what suffocation is
like. The letter was long. Eva read
quickly at first, then slowly, knitting
her brows as she turned the pages, and
came at last to the signature, "Ever
your friend, Allan Craig."

The letter lay for some minutes in
Eva's lap, while she looked vaguely
round her room.
"He is afraid of spoiling my career—
my success has put an insuperable
barrier between us," she murmured.
The phrases of the letter had burned
themselves into her brain. "O, Allan!
I wish I could tell you—or do you want
to hear?"

When the dinner bell rang an hour
afterward Eva rose wearily from her
writing table, where she had been
toiling over her half-finished manu-
script. She had not burned it.
Five years passed before she saw Al-
lan Craig again, and then the meeting
was unexpected—at the exit of the
theater where Eva had gone to see the
hundredth performance of her play.
Allan was obviously proud of knowing
her, and introduced his wife, to whom
she gave graceful recognition. It was
raining and Allan offered to see Eva
to a cab. They stood for a moment on
the steps to the entrance.

"Yes," said Allan, in answer to Eva's
polite question, "all is going well. We
have a little daughter—Eva—my wife's
name, curiously enough."
He stood by the hansom as she enter-
ed, guarding her dress from the wheel.
As she turned to give the address, he
said:

"I ought to congratulate you on your
success. It is very sweet to me. You
know—you owe it all to me. Are you
grateful?"
"Yes; I owe it to you," she said, lean-
ing forward as the apron closed upon
her, and the attendant constable grew
impatient. "Come and see me—Tues-
days."
"I can't think why I should be so
silly," said Eva to herself, as she stuff-
ed her handkerchief back into her pocket
and felt for her latch-key, when the
cab drew up before the hall door of her
flat at Kensington.—Black and White.

Rheumatism.
Many curious remedies have been
recommended for the cure of rheuma-
tism, but none more curious than a vest
made of snake's skin. Not long ago a
tramp was arrested in one of the streets
of Paris, and was found to be wearing
a closely-fitting jersey made of the
skins of snakes, cleverly woven together,
and he claimed that this odd gar-
ment was a splendid cure for rheuma-
tism and other diseases that attack the
bones. He said that he had been in
the army, and while serving in Tonkin,
had contracted rheumatism by sleeping
upon the bare ground. A native made
him the snake's skin jersey, and ever
since that time he had slept upon the
dampest ground with impunity.
The man with the largest mouth is
not always the one who talks the loud-
est.

FOR A MOD-EL KITCHEN.

Some Practical Suggestions Are Made
to Housewives.

Very little attention is given to the
furnishing of the kitchen, even in the
most particular households. If a new
house is being built, the careful house-
wife may charge the architect with
certain conveniences for the room, but
generally the matter is left wholly to
his directions, and unless he is a tyro
he is not apt to disappoint expectations.
Modern improvements in plumbing
and in ranges provide the most conven-
ient of permanent fixtures. It is
scarcely necessary to warn one against
the old style of shut in plumbing, that
left innumerable crevices and crannies
to give lodgment to dirt and vermin.
The very best results are obtained from
the use of iron pipes instead of lead,
and if this be used there is much less
chance of sweating, and the conse-



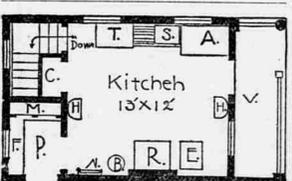
PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

quent rotting of the adjacent wood,
particularly if the pipes be painted.
The wood work of the kitchen is fully
as important as that of any of the rest
of the house. Pine is generally chosen,
and is as good as any other wood.
It should be oiled and given several
coats of hard varnish, or else painted
in yellow or buff.

The drain pipe and traps below
should clear the floor, so that one may
easily clean around them. The coping
should go close to the wall and rising
from it should be a high splash board,
while a quarter round beading should
cover the joint between the two. The
hot water boiler should not be jammed
tightly into the corner, but should
stand a few inches from the wall. This
will permit it to be cleaned on all sides,
an important consideration if the boiler
be of copper.

A very common mistake is made in
putting in a sink that is too small and
in providing no place for the draining
of dishes; a sink is never too large,
even for the smallest family, and if
space will permit, it is well to put in
one that is a couple of sizes larger
than needed; at both ends should be
wide draining shelves. As to furnish-
ing proper, this is a very simple matter,
although many people seem to think
that it is sufficient to tramp into the
kitchen any delapidated and broken-
down furniture from other parts of the
house. There is really no excuse for
this course, as the cost of excellent new
kitchen furniture is nearly nominal.
There should be two plain deal tables,
a large one and a small one, the latter
just about the height of the range or
stove. This will be found extremely
convenient in cooking, if drawn close
to the range, to hold utensils. The
chairs should be of the kind that have
solid wooden seats, but there should
also be at least one comfortable rock-
ing chair—anything that is in the na-
ture of an ornament, and that has no
utilitarian use is wholly out of place
and should be banished from the
kitchen.

The design presented has a kitchen
arranged in accord with the question
contained in this article. A descrip-
tion of cut: A, movable table; B, boil-
er; C, closet; E, low table; F, counter



shelf; H, chairs; M, dresser; N, towel
rack; P, pantry; R, range; S, sink; T,
hinged table; V, veranda.

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ing Plan Association.

Poisonous Plants.
When we take into consideration the
poisonous qualities of the vegetables
and plants with which we are surround-
ed, we are led to wonder how it is that
children and heedless persons go about
and escape with their lives. Little chil-
dren especially who have the habit of
putting so many things into their
mouths ought to be carefully watched.
It will surprise many persons to be
told that old potatoes which have
sprouted contain a definitely recognized
poison known as solanine. New pota-
toes, which are so eagerly sought after
early in the season, would be poisonous
if eaten raw. The heat of cooking de-
stroys their toxic qualities. The root
of the common kidney bean is a most
powerful narcotic. The jimsonweed is
dangerous to life. The bark of the
common elder is a deadly poison, which
fact was never suspected until five boys
near Tarrytown, N. Y., chewed the
stalks, supposing they were sassafras.
They all died within a few hours. The
bulb of the narcissus is deadly poison.
A small bit chewed may cause death,
while to chew the leaves is to put one-
self in danger of the most violent at-
tacks of vomiting. Yew-berries are
deadly; peach-pits and cherry-kernels
contain prussic acid, and any quantity
of them eaten may prove fatal. Wild
parsnip has many ills laid at its door,
although families claim that they have
saved the seeds of the wild parsnip and
cultivated therefrom roots that were

used as food without any injurious ef-
fects. It would be well for the Agri-
cultural Department to publish a bullet-
in containing the names and descrip-
tions of injurious plants, and scatter
copies of it broadcast through the coun-
try. Who knows how many children
die of diseases induced by eating some
familiar plant?—New York Ledger.

VARIATIONS IN ACORNS.

No Two Seeds Nor Even Two Leaves
Exactly Alike.

It is said that in individual trees
scarcely two leaves can be found ex-
actly alike. What is true of leaves is
true of seeds, and, indeed, of every
part of a tree. It is also true of the
behavior of trees during their life car-
eer. In acorns especially one may note
a remarkable difference in their behav-
ior. Some species of acorn will pre-
serve their vital power without much
difficulty for a couple of years, while
others can rarely be found with life
after a few months. Some when put
into the earth will remain months be-
fore sprouting, while others will sprout
before they are fairly out of their cups
on the trees.

The acorns of the live oak of the
South often sprout before they fall.
The process of germinating is among
the most remarkable of all American
trees. The root puts out from the
acorn to a distance of many inches be-
fore it enters the ground, the root then
goes into the earth while the bud or
plumule ascends to form the incipient
tree trunk. The young tree of the live
oak will frequently be a distance of six
inches from the acorn. In this respect
the behavior of this species of oak cor-
responds nearly with what is almost
universal in monocotyledonous seeds.

Another early sprouter is the com-
mon white oak. These have not been
known to sprout on the tree, but they
scarcely reach the ground before the
little radicle prepares to enter the
earth. It does not wait to get to the
surface of the earth before doing this.
On shelves or boxes where there is
some number of them together the
whole will be a mass of roots before a
few weeks after gathering. On the
other hand the nut of the burr oak will
remain a long time before showing any
disposition to sprout. It is these vary-
ing characteristics which make rules
for the transportation of seeds difficult,
each kind has to have a method of its
own. So far as the two oaks are con-
cerned, it has been found better to
send young plants long distances than
the acorns themselves.—Mechan's
Monthly.

Corsets.

It is a fact well authenticated that
corsets were originally adopted, not
for health or comfort, but to conceal
physical defects—that fruitful source
of numberless oddities of fashion.
When or by whom the first corset was
worn is buried deep under the cobwebs
of time. It is safe, however, to con-
clude that they had their beginning in
stiffened bands of cloth that Grecian
and Roman women wound round their
bodies. The physical beauty of these
women was a paramount consideration
both to themselves and their liege lords.
They called these swathing bands fas-
cia and zona. The former was made of
heavy linen or kid, and was worn next
the skin, between the waist and the
bust. The Romans greatly admired an
undeveloped figure, and resorted to
measures to retard nature's growth.
These heavy bands were frequently
bound about the chests of growing girls.
The zona was also a flat band, but
worn over the tunic; it was generally
lined in color, and, though ordinarily
simple in design, women of rank frequently
made their zonos gorgeous with bright-
colored embroidery and studdings of
jewels. The fourteenth century saw
the introduction of a garment that bore
the first semblance to the corset of to-
day. It was cut to conform to the fig-
ure, and was laced, sometimes in front,
sometimes at the back. It was made
of various materials, and was often fur-
bordered, which was excusable, since
it was laced over the skirts.

Confidence the Keynote to Success.
"Doubt and unbelief mean destruc-
tion to any business, and a man who
loses confidence in his own affairs finds
failure awaiting him in a short time,"
writes Evangelist Moody to his Bible
Class in the Ladies' Home Journal.
"Uncertainty disqualifies for work and
usefulness and doubt that caused the
recent state of depression in our busi-
ness interests. Financiers and econo-
mists differed in their views regarding
the political causes of this feeling of
insecurity, but they generally agreed in
directly attributing the reverses to the
lack of assurance in business circles.
Confidence is essential to success in
every pursuit of life. And this spiri-
tual truth is no less evident in Spiritu-
al things than it is in temporal affairs.
The only Christian life that is useful
to the church of God and to fellowmen
is the one which is assured of its own
salvation. Distrust and unbelief mean
sadness and care to any soul; but joy
and rest come with the certain knowl-
edge of forgiveness and favor with
God."

A Loose Talker.

Mr. Bellefield—I don't like Spiffins.
He has wheels in his head.
Mr. Bloomfield—Don't you think that
is an expression to be condemned?
Mr. Bellefield—Indeed I don't. I
know that Spiffins has wheels in his
head.
Mr. Bloomfield—How do you know?
Mr. Bellefield—By the spokes that
come out of his mouth.—Pittsburg
Chronicle-Telegraph.

Out of the Running.

Watts—I suppose when one takes Ad-
am's conduct in that fruit deal into
consideration that he can hardly be called
a gentleman.

Potts—He could not have been a gen-
tleman anyway. How could a man be
a gentleman without any ancestors?—
Indianapolis Journal.

THE PRESIDENT'S DANGER.

McKinley Taking Chances in Dispens-
ing with Guards.

The change of administration has re-
moved a burden of care from the bu-
reau of the secret service. From this
time on its detectives will not be called
on to guard the President at all hours
of the day and night, assuming respon-
sibility for his safety. This task has
been theirs for the last four years, dur-
ing which Mr. Cleveland may be said
to have been surrounded always by a
cordon of hawkshaws. Even at Gray
Gables sentries took watch and watch
about the house, and no person was
permitted to approach without giving
a satisfactory account of himself, if a
stranger. In Washington for a long
time the last President never went out
driving without the escort of a buggy
drawn by a fast horse and occupied
by two men armed to the teeth. When-
ever he made the trip between Buzz-
ard's Bay and the capital Government
detectives accompanied him, and in
New York the metropolitan police force
was called on to take care of him.

Mr. Thurber always claimed that his
chief knew nothing of these precau-
tions taken in his behalf, but it seems
beyond question that Mr. Cleveland
feared assassination. Two Presidents
of the United States already have been
shot to death, and it is not surprising
that an incumbent of that office should
feel nervous on the subject. Threaten-
ing letters are frequently received at
the White House, and cranks of all
sorts constantly besiege the mansion.
There is always the possibility of an-
other Giteau, and it cannot be denied
that Maj. McKinley is taking some
chances when he dispenses with the
guards who have been accustomed to
protect the body of the President.
Even at receptions two men of great
muscular strength invariably stood
close to Mr. Cleveland, ready at an
instant's notice to seize any person who
might make a motion to draw a
weapon.

Lafayette's Courtesy to a Woman.

The visit of Lafayette to America, as
the nation's guest, is graphically re-
called, in the Ladies' Home Journal, by
Jean Fraley Hallowell, who writes of
"When Lafayette Rode into Philadel-
phia," one of a notable series of arti-
cles on "Great Personal Events." The
welcome given Lafayette in Philadel-
phia is said to have exceeded in its
warmth and enthusiasm that extended
to the distinguished visitor in any other
city. In connection with his riding
into Philadelphia, the central figure of
a resplendent pageant, an interesting
incident is thus recalled: "Lafayette's
barouche was passing, on 11th street,
the house where dwelt the widow of
Robert Morris, financier of the revolu-
tion, a sister of the revered Bishop
White. Mrs. Morris was at her win-
dow, and, recognizing her after many
years, Lafayette rose up in his car-
riage and bowed to her. The rare cour-
tesy was instantly discerned by the
thousands congregated at this point,
and it seemed as if the people would go
mad with enthusiasm. The recognition
of Mrs. Morris seemed to set them
afire. Even Lafayette appeared sur-
prised that the simple act should evoke
such a wave of frantic huzzas. Shout
after shout rent the air; women vied
with men in their efforts to show to
Lafayette that his graceful act touched
them. So great was the furore that
the hero had to rise again and again
in his carriage, and it was several mi-
nutes before the wonderful enthusiasm
had abated. But if the applause sub-
sided at the special point where it had
been wafted into a flame, it was re-
kindled again and again, and carried
along the entire route of the march.
By a simple act he had aroused the
people, and the fruits of it remained
with him all through his visit in the
Quaker City."

High Heels.

Women are more often too short
than too tall, and consequently try to
gain height by putting on high-heeled
shoes, and these do, undoubtedly, give
dignity as long as the wearer stands
still, but in motion they are graceless,
even in a room, and deform the feet.
Thus women are made to minister to
a very short-lived fancy, and, from a
physiological standpoint, we cannot
recommend them. American women do
a rule, have too small feet, which do
not add to their beauty. The better
shape a foot is the smaller it will look,
but in the disproportionately small foot
there is always involved an awkward
gait. The foot of a large woman
should be larger than the foot of a
small woman or a slenderly-built wom-
an, and usually—to her unnecessary
sorrow—she has a large one. The foot
in length should be the length of the
ulna, a bone in the forearm, which ex-
tends from a lump in the outer por-
tion of the wrist to the elbow. Of
course the ulna is longer in tall people,
and to be graceful the foot should be
also. Most people would be surprised
that the foot should be as long as the
forearm, and would be inclined to dis-
pute the fact unless proven by experi-
ence. Large women pinch their feet
in tight shoes because they are ashamed
to have them in proportion to their
bodies; thus in time they deform them
until they are out of all proportion to
the body.

Lawyer's Levity.

First Attorney—You don't look hap-
py. Did the judge hand down his opin-
ion to-day?
Second Attorney—Yes—second hand.
He affirmed the lower court.—Cincin-
nati Commercial Tribune.

Very Much in Doubt.

Laura—Mr. Willis said I looked just
like a poster girl.
Flora—How complimentary!
"I don't know whether it was or not.
He strikes me as a man with too much
sense to be an admirer of poster girls."
—Cincinnati Enquirer.