

ADAM, LILITH, AND EVE.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

One day it thundered and lightened.
Two women, fairly frightened,
Sank to their knees, transfixed,
At the feet of the man who sat betwixt;
And "Mercy!" cried each—"If I tell the truth
Of a passage in my mind!"

Said Lillith: "Do you mind the morning
I met you with your scolding?
You, the love of the venom left my lips,
I thought, 'He, despite this lie, he strips
The mask from my soul with a kiss—I crawl,
His slave—soul, body, and all!'"

Said Eve: "We stood to be married;
The priest, or some one, tarred;
"If Paradise-door proved locked," smiled you,
I too sat, as I nodded, smiling too,
"Did one, that's away, arrive—nor is
Nor should unlock Hell's gate!"

It seemed to lighten and thunder,
Up started both in wonder,
Looked round, and saw that the sky was clear,
Then laughed, "Confess you believed us, dear!"
"I saw through the joke!" the man replied
They repeated themselves beside.

YOU.

If I could have my dearest wish fulfilled,
Or take my choice of all earth's treasures, too,
And choose from heaven whatso'er I would,
I'd ask for you.

No man I'd envy, neither low nor high,
Nor king in palace old or palace new,
I'd hold Golconda's mines less rich than I,
If I had you.

Toil and privation, poverty and care,
Undusted I'd do, nor fortune woo,
Having my wife; no jewel else I'd wear,
If she were you.

Little I'd care how lovely she might be,
How graced with every charm, how fond, how true;
E'en though perfection, she'd be naught to me
Were she not you.

There is more charm for my true loving heart,
In everything you think, say, or do,
Than all the joys that heaven could e'er impart,
Because it's you.

SHIPWRECK ON LAKE ERIE.

"Tell us how your hair turned white?"
said one of the party at the fireside.

"In June, 1851," said the man with
the white hair, "I left my home in
Ohio for Buffalo. Being in a hurry to
return, I took passage by the steamer
G. P. Griffith for Toledo, on a late
Sunday afternoon. The ship carried
over 400 passengers and crew. I must
have slept soundly for about two hours
in my berth, when I was awakened by
the sound of hurrying footsteps over-
head, and, looking through the venti-
lator to the upper deck, I saw two or
three sailors running along dragging
a hose-pipe. I partly dressed and went
forward to the promenade deck, where
I heard from the pilot-house above the
voice of the captain crying, "Star-
board! Hard starboard!" and steer
her for the shore!"

"The ship veered from her course and
headed for the shore, five miles away.
I went back to my state-room, awakened
the man in the other berth and rapped
on several of the doors. As I came out
again into the cabin I saw smoke curl-
ing out from the side. The command
had been given to call up the passen-
gers, and when I again reached the
forward deck they were crowding upon
it. Just aroused from sleep, they hur-
ried out half dressed or in their night
clothes, many carrying children, hand-
boxes, bird cages, carpet bags, and
bundles, all anxious to save something.
I climbed up on the railing and, taking
hold of a stanchion, swung myself to
the main deck below. Stepping over
the forms of many who were lying there
still asleep, I went around to the engine
and, looking up, saw that the fire had
broken out near the smoke-stack in a
spot so difficult to get at that in all
probability the ship was doomed. Hur-
rying back to the main deck, upon
which the crowd was fast increasing, I
removed all my clothing but my right
shirt and drawers. Taking my money
and valuables, I rolled them up with
my trousers and laid them carefully
away on deck where I might recover
them if the ship should escape destruc-
tion. Climbing up on the raft near the
gang plank, I held on until the frantic
crowd, pressing forward, forced me
away. I crept along on the gunwale to
near the wheel on the land side, where
I clung and watched the crowd as they
surged forward from the approaching
flames.

"There was scarcely a scream heard.
As the flames drove them further and
further forward whole columns of
people were pushed into the water.
Husbands caught their wives and chil-
dren, and, throwing them overboard,
jumped after them. Women with
babies in their arms went about pite-
ously begging some one to save their
children, and when they were pushed
or jumped into the water held their
infants high above their heads. After
they were drowned their guilts skirts
bubbled them up, and I saw babies
actually trying with their little hands
to catch the dancing light of the flames
in the water.

"The ship grounded at daybreak in
about ten feet of water, a little more
than half a mile from the shore. The
water all about the forward part of her
was full of drowned and drowning
people. Many good swimmers struck
out for the shore, but from all sides
the poor drowning wretches would
clutch them and drag them down.

"The flames drove me off at last. In
the water just beneath me was a strug-
gling crowd of drowning creatures
clinging to each other. Suddenly a
space of about twenty feet cleared in-
stantly by their sinking out of sight. I
determined to jump, swim toward the
stern of the boat until out of reach of
the clutches of the drowning, and then
make a detour for the shore. Remem-
bering how I used to jump into the
water as a boy, when learning to swim,
I put my feet closely together, arms
straight by my side, and plunged down
like a wedge to the bottom, with my
eyes wide open. For a brief second I
saw lying on the bed of the lake heaps
of dead bodies in all positions. On ris-
ing to the surface I struck out with my
arms, but to my horror found my feet
bound tightly together. The band of
my drawers had burst, and slipping
down, had bound my ankles as securely
as if tied. Turning on my back, I care-
fully disentangled them from each foot.
These efforts greatly exhausted me, but,
once free, I swam toward the stern
until I was quite clear of all obstruc-
tions, and then struck out for shore.
One strong swimmer passed me and
spoke some encouraging words. I saw
others, who must have become dazed,
swimming back into the lake.

"I was not an experienced swimmer,
but I had passed, as I had judged,

nearly half the distance to the shore
when a deathlike coldness and numb-
ness came creeping over me. All the
life I had left seemed centered in my
head, which felt like a ball of fire. I
found that I was turning round and
round in the water, now catching
glimpses of the burning ship, to which
even yet a few human beings were cling-
ing, and now on the beach. Could I
ever reach it? Was it worth while to
struggle any longer? Every movement
caused intense pain in my chest and
lungs. It seemed so easy to die now.
"I ceased all efforts, and raised my
eyes for a last look at the sky. I was
struck by a peculiar golden haze to the
atmosphere, and the air seemed filled
with human forms hovering over the
drowning. The air was filled with
them, and close beside me I recognized
my father, brother, and other friends
who had died many years before.
They called me by name. They pressed
closely around me, telling me to strug-
gle on and they would aid me—that my
work was not done—that I could not be
spared yet.

"A little strength came back to me.
I remembered that I must be more than
half-way to the shore. The water could
not be over five feet deep. I let myself
down, and felt the sand under me.
Aided by my spirit friends, whose hands
and presence were as real to me as any
human touch, I crept on my hands and
knees on the sand for some distance,
rising often to breathe. Becoming too
weak for this, with my heavy head con-
stantly falling backward, I sank to the
bottom, and drew my body with my
arms nearer and nearer to the shore,
rising to the surface as often as neces-
sary. A man was lying on the beach,
one of the few who ever reached it.
When he saw me feebly struggling, he
crept down to the water's edge, and,
reaching out his hands, tried to aid me.
I slowly crept up a little way out of
the water, but he was so weak that,
falling backward, I would lose my hold
and sink again.

"At last I was lying on the dry sand.
How good it seemed to lie there if only
I need never move again. My compan-
ion spoke roughly yet kindly to me,
telling me it was sure death to remain
there. I refused to move, but, being
much stronger, he compelled me to get
up, and, half supporting me in his arms,
dragged me unwillingly along. A
farmer met us and almost carried me
across the fields to a low two-roomed
log cabin. In the smaller room, con-
taining two beds, I was at last per-
mitted to lie down. The long, black neck
of a bottle was inserted between my lips
and I drank and drank until it was
gently removed. The draught warmed
me.

"I alternated between consciousness
and unconsciousness, but remembered
much that passed about me. A large
man with a tall hat, black satin vest,
and heavy gold chain came in and lay
down on the other bed. He certainly
had not been in the water, and I won-
dered if he had been saved in a boat.
A man in the next room was exclaim-
ing mournfully:

"'Mine Gott! Mine Gott! My monish
is all gone. Mine monish is all gone.
Mine wife is gone, mine son is gone.
Oh, mine Gott, mine monish is all
gone!'"

Again and again that mournful wail
went up. Then I heard the tall man
call out wrathfully:

"'Won't some one kill that d—d
Dutchman?'"

"Then I dozed off again. When I
awoke more people were coming in,
bearing a woman, and they were saying
she was the only woman saved. I heard
them say that eight men swam ashore,
and twenty were saved in a boat. Only
twenty-eight saved out of over four
hundred! Toward evening they put us
all in a heavy lumber wagon, on beds
of straw, to take us, they said, to
'Lloyd's Tavern, three miles away.'
Jolting along over a rough road, the
pain in my chest and limbs became un-
bearable, and I remembered nothing
more.

"Days afterward I awoke from what
seemed a long sleep. I found myself
lying on a bed in a strange room alone.
The sound of voices came in through
the open window and from the halls,
where people were constantly passing
to and fro. They were talking of a
great disaster, of dead bodies lying in
heaps on the sand waiting to be claimed,
and others being buried in a trench.
There was something about county
lines, of coroners quarreling over fees,
of thieves in boats at night stripping
the drowned bodies and tearing rings
from fingers and ears. Those monoto-
nous voices were forever talking about
that one thing.

"Well, what if they are dead? The
dead were at rest. What had I to do
with that shipwreck? Why did not
some one come to me? What was I
doing here in this strange room? Why
was I so stiff and sore, so full of pain,
so weak I could not move? I fell
asleep again, and when I awoke still
the same voices were talking about
poor drowned bodies, thieves, coron-
ers, and boats; and then came a dim
recollection that I had known some-
thing about that shipwreck. It all
came back to me clear and distinct.
Soon afterward a man came with broth
and nourishing food, of which I ate
with a relish while he answered my
questions. This was Saturday, and I
had left Buffalo on the Sunday pre-
ceding. Lloyd's Tavern was fifteen
miles from the city of Cleveland. I
must get up. How could I lie here?
I must get into the air. I must go
home. Home? Why, at home doubt-
less they mourned me as dead. I had
been dead for days to them. I begged
the man to bring me some clothes.
He brought me some old garments
much too large for me, with an old
black slouched hat, and helped me to
dress, for I was too weak to stand
alone. He then placed me comfortably
in an easy chair, and told me to rest
awhile. At length, feeling rested and
stronger, I arose and moved slowly
across the room toward the open door.

"I saw a gray-headed old man coming
toward me, poorly dressed, with an old
hat in hand, and a stubby beard on his
face. I thought that perhaps he was
one of the shipwrecked. I spoke to
him kindly, but he did not reply, and
still advanced. I stopped; he stopped
also. We stared at each other. I
spoke again. His lips moved, but not

a sound left them. I drew forward a
chair and sat down. He sat down also,
staring half fearfully at me. Great
God! was that myself? That white
hair—could it be mine? No, it was a
wig. Some one was playing a joke
upon me. I put up my hand. No, it
would not come off.

"I went back and lay down upon my
bed, very weak, utterly disheartened.
Later I was driven slowly down to the
beach, and I saw all that was left of
the steamer—a few blackened spars
and the charred hull. Many people
were examining, either from curiosity
or for identification, the bodies as they
were brought in. There was a long
trench in the sand, in which were
placed those not identified. It appeared
that the steamer had been wrecked on a
county line, and two coroners were
there quarreling over the bodies and
claiming their fees.

"My friend helped me out of the
wagon, and seated me on a rock close
by—a most forlorn and unkempt figure
I must have presented. Two men
stood near where I sat and one of them
spoke of having received another tele-
gram from Cleveland inquiring if the
body of the man K— had been found.
A cold chill ran down my back. Pro-
ducing the telegram, he read the des-
cription:

Twenty-eight years of age, 5 feet 9 inches
in height, weight about 160 pounds, fair skin,
blue eyes, black hair, small hands and feet,
mole on left shoulder. Has the body been
found? Have it properly prepared for
burial, and sent to H—, Cleveland.

"I was 'K.' and they were hunting
for my body to prepare it for burial!
My friend came back just then, and I
begged to be taken to the hotel at once.
I must start for home, I said, as soon as
possible. Arriving at the house, I saw
a carriage and horses standing before
the door. Four gentlemen came out
and agreed to take me with them.

"I learned from their conversation
that my companion had been sent out
from Cleveland to identify the dead
and find the living. Each related in-
cidents connected with the search. They
spoke of being out in boats, sometimes
of disagreeable quarreling of the cor-
oners, and of the discomforts of camp-
ing out. At length one of the gentle-
men said he regretted going back with
no news of the young man K., whose
friends were so anxious about him."

"I half believe," said he, "that he
was not on the boat at all. We have
seen everybody, dead or alive, who has
been found, and no one answering his
description is discovered."
"Where is his description?" asked
another.

"I have it. No, not here. I re-
member, I gave it to the coroners. He
was, as I recollect the description, a
man about 28, fair skin, blue eyes, and
black hair. It is hard to go back with
no information. By the way, stranger,
did you see any one answering that
description?"

"'Would you be willing to take the
body without preparation for burial?' I
asked.

"'Why, of course. Any way we
could get it.'"

"'Well, then,' said I, 'drop me at
H's house.'"

"A shout went up from the carriage.
A few days later, after having enjoyed
the delightful experience of being
kissed, cried over and welcomed back
from the dead, I lighted a cigar, seated
myself comfortably, and had the novel
experience of reading my own obituary,
and a good orthodox obituary it was,
too."

The Fable of the Cats.

There was formerly an old woman,
extremely gaunt and meager, that lived
in a little cottage as dark and gloomy
as a fool's heart. She had a cat that
never saw any other than the likeness
of bread—never beheld the face of a
stranger—and was forced to be con-
tented with only smelling the mice in
their holes, or to see the prints of their
feet in the dust; or if, by any extra-
ordinary chance, she happened to catch
a mouse, she was like a beggar that dis-
covers a treasure—her visage and her
eyes were inflamed with joy—and that
booty served her for a whole week to-
gether. Nevertheless, because the cot-
tage was still the mansion of famine,
she still bewailed her wants. One day
she was walking upon her house-top,
ready to perish with hunger, when she
espied from thence another cat upon a
neighboring wall, stalking along like a
lion, as if counting her steps, and so
fat that she could hardly go. The old
woman's cat, astonished to see a crea-
ture of her own species so plump and
large, called to her with a loud voice,
saying, "You look as if you came from
one of the Khan of Kathia's feasts.
Tell me, I conjure you, how you got
into such good condition?" "At a king's
table," replied the other. I go to the
house every day about dinner-time, and
there I lay my paws upon some nice
morsel or other, which serves me till
the next day."

After some further discourse, the fat
cat takes pity upon the lean one, and
engages to conduct her to the King's
house on some future day. Meanwhile
the depredations of the cats had been
so remarkably outrageous the evening
before the old woman's cat went thither
that orders were given to the servants
to kill all the cats that could be found.
In an evil hour, therefore, was it that
our puss went thither and seized a piece
of meat from a dish when she thought
herself unobserved; for, while quietly
solacing herself with such unwonted
fare under the dresser, the meat was
missed, she was discovered in her hid-
ing place, and one of the men threw a
knife at her, which wounded her
severely in the breast. However, as a
cat has nine lives, she made a shift to
escape notwithstanding her wound; but
in her flight, observing the blood
streaming from her breast, she said:
"Well, let me but escape this time, and
if ever I again quit my old haunts and
my own mice for all the rarities of the
king's kitchen, may I lose all my nine
lives at once!"—From the Persian.

Or once it was a Hibernian auc-
tioneer who said of a set of mourning
jewelry which he was trying to dispose
of that it was "just the sort of article
he would purchase for his wife if she
were a widow."

Baths and Bathing.

The skin is to be regarded as an im-
portant organ, richly supplied with
blood vessels and nerves, sweat and oil-
forming glands; it encases and covers
all the other organs and tissues, pro-
tects from injury from without, is the
chief regulator of the temperature of
the body in general, and is the remover
of certain waste products.

The blood-vessels vary greatly in
size and the amount of their contents
according to circumstances; cold and
fear, for instance, contract the vessels
and the muscular elements of the skin,
rendering it pale; heat, irritants, and
shame, on the other hand, relax the
skin and its vessels, producing a more
or less deep redness.

An increased supply of blood tends
to increase the amount of the perspira-
tion, the evaporation of which keeps
the body in general from becoming
overheated. There is no immediate
danger of sun-stroke as long as the
perspiration is free; and it is truly won-
derful how nearly constant the tempera-
ture of the human blood remains un-
der the most varying external circum-
stances, in absolute repose or during
the severest toil, on the polar sea or at
the equator.

A thermometer placed in the arm-pit
or under the tongue of a healthy per-
son registers 98.5 degrees Fahrenheit,
and a variation of ten degrees either
way is almost surely fatal.

In perfect health there is scarcely a
degree of variation in either direction.
The perspiration also serves the pur-
pose of softening and detaching the
older and used-up layers of cells on the
surface, together with particles of dirt,
clothes, etc., which adhere to it. The
oil-forming glands keep the skin soft
and supple; the roots of the hair are
supplied with them, and in some situa-
tions they are found independently of
hair growth.

These hints as to the anatomy and
physiology of the skin will serve to in-
dicate to you the important functions
which the organ has to perform, and
make it easier for you to understand
how cleanliness and bathing are of
service.

In general terms a bath and the sub-
sequent rubbing to dry the skin
primarily increase the blood supply, or
the rapidity of the blood current, or
both together, in the skin; cleanse the
skin from its own and other impurities,
and thus free the little openings of the
sweat and oil glands from obstructions
tending to prevent the proper discharge
of their secretions upon the surface; the
secondary effect lies in the promotion
of the health of the body as a whole, in
so far as the proper functional per-
formance of a most important organ ex-
erts an influence on that of all the
others.

Spring is at hand, and a few words
about bathing may be timely.

A daily bath is even more important
for a baby than for a grown person for
obvious reasons; and indeed, the de-
light which babies manifest in a
properly managed bath is good evi-
dence as to its usefulness.

Up to three months of age the bath
should have a temperature of ninety
degrees, and may be given in a large
basin; after that period, or even before,
according to the size of the child, a
larger bath will be needed, and the
temperature may be gradually reduced
not more than two degrees at a time
until, at six months, it reaches eighty
degrees. It may then be reduced
gradually again to seventy-five degrees,
but at these low temperatures the bath
must of course be short.

Always use a thermometer, that you
may know exactly what you are doing;
a suitable one costs a trifle.

But, above all, observe closely the
effect on the child. If the child is pale,
tired, or bluish for some time after-
ward, the bath was either too prolonged
or the water was too cold.

For children between the ages of three
and twelve to fifteen it is impossible to
do more than give the most general
directions. Use your observation and
common-sense in each individual case;
children of the same family differ nearly
as much as those of different families.

Bear only in mind these few principles
which I firmly believe to be safe as well
as sound, and which apply to grown
persons as well as to children. A daily
washing of the whole body on arising
in the morning with the use of soap on
certain parts, at least, and with cool
fresh water, followed with vigorous rub-
bing with not too soft a towel, is a
valuable aid to health.

Let the bath be short and cautiously
make it as cold as is consistent with
thorough reaction, reaction meaning
that the person is in a glow all over
and warmer after than before the bath
was taken.

A basin full of water is sufficient for
a bath if a tub, for any good reason,
cannot be used.—*Youth's Companion.*

Wall Street Yarn.

"A year or two ago," said a promi-
nent broker to a few of his friends who
were in his office, "an acquaintance of
mine of this city came to me with
\$1,000, which he said was all the money
he had. He owed considerable money,
and he wanted to increase his capital so
that he could pay his debts. I took the
\$1,000 with the understanding that I
was to do the best I could with it. He
did not know one stock from another,
but had got an idea that money could
be made in Wall street, and he wanted
me to make it for him. Well, I did the
best I could, and I have been handling
the money for that man ever since.
He has now some securities on hand,
and I will find out how his account
stands." Turning to the bookkeeper,
he asked: "James, how does Mr. —'s
account stand?" James pulled out a
big ledger, turned over a few pages,
and replied: "Overdrawn \$796.38."

"What securities are we holding for
him?" was the next query.

"Five hundred shares of Sutro," was
the reply.

"You had better make out his ac-
count and send it to him to-day, with a
polite request for a check."—*New York
Sun.*

Discouraging Youthful Genius.

A Marathon amateur who wrote to
the manager of the Madison Square
Theater to know if there was an open-
ing on the stage there for a young actor,
received a reply that there were several

openings in the stage there, and if he
would come on he would drop him
through one of them with pleasure.—
Marathon Independent.

A Doctor's Tribulations.

The individual who imagines that he
is going to give satisfaction to the gen-
eral public in anything he may under-
take is certainly the victim of delusion.
It is impossible to please everybody.
The man, be his station in life what it
may, who comes up to the expectation
of the multitude has not yet been born.
The editor in particular soon makes
this discovery. The clergyman, a so,
knows that there are people in his con-
gregation who are never satisfied with
what he does or leaves undone. The
doctor is another professional man who
has a hard row to hoe.

If a doctor dresses well and wears a
high hat, people say that he is a medi-
cal dupe. If, on the other hand, he
pays little or no attention to his toilet,
then he is accused of lack of dignity.
If he goes into society, attends balls
and parties, then the impression is that
he is fishing for popularity.

If the physician visits his patients
while they are in good health, he is
accused of attempting to sponge. He
comes to the house in order to be in-
vited to dinner. If, on the other hand,
he never comes unless he is called, the
inference that the only use he has for
his patients is to make money out of
them when they are sick. If the doctor
attends church, of course he is a hypo-
crite, who is trying to work on the
religious feelings of the community. If
he does not attend church, nothing can
be plainer than that he is an infidel or
a socialist. If the doctor's wife does
not return the calls that other ladies
make on her, then she is putting on
airs, turning up her nose at her betters,
etc. If she does return the calls, then
she is plucking patients for her hus-
band to shoot at.

If the doctor's horse is fat, that is a
sure sign that he has not got much to
do. If the animal is emaciated, he is a
brute for not taking better care of his
horse. If he drives fast, he is trying to
create the false impression that he
has been called to the bedside of some
important patient. If he drives slowly,
he does not care a cent whether or not
his patients die before he gets to them.
If the patient recovers his health, he is
indebted to a kind Providence, or a
strong constitution, or to the care that
was taken of him during his illness.
In no case is the doctor entitled to any
credit for the recovery. If the patient
dies he was undoubtedly murdered by
his physicians. If the medical man is
sociable and talkative, the people say
we do not want a doctor who tells
everything he knows. If he is a silent
man, then they say a doctor should en-
courage his patients to be communica-
tive. If he talks politics, they say
that a doctor should have no politics;
and if he does not talk politics, then he
is a sneak and a time-server who either
has no opinions or is afraid to own up
as to what his politics really is. If
the doctor does not run his horse to
death when he is called, he is not taking
sufficient interest in the case. If he
does not send in his bill, his object is
to prevent the patient from engaging
another doctor. If he does send in his
bill, he is in a fearful hurry for his
money, and so on to the end of the
chapter.—*Texas Siftings.*

Paralyzing a Minstrel Show.

A very fair and decidedly intelligent
audience assembled. After a painful
overture and a song by a young fellow
who seemed to express him through a
clogged and difficult quill, one of the
end men said:

"Mr. Rice, ef you wuz—ef you wuz
comin' down the street an' a putty girl
wuz ter kiss you, what would you do?"

"Why, I'd kiss her back."

"No you wouldn't," yelled a man in
the audience, "you'd kiss her mouth.
Give us something new."

"Mr. Rice," said another end man,
"what would you call a man from En-
gland?"

"I'd call him an Englishman."

"Oh, huh. What would you call a
man from Ireland?"

"I'd call him an Irishman."

"Oh, huh. What would you call a
man from Michigan?"

"I'd call him a Michigander."

The audience groaned and a man
called: "Say, don't give us that old
Michiganeese business."

Thus discouraged at joking, for old
men in the audience had heard the
"gags" annually since childhood, songs
were decided to be the safest means of
entertainment. A horrible looking
thing came out with a banjo and said:
"Goin' to sing you a funny song.
Took my girl to a fancy ball the other
night. Didn't have but 50 cents an'
was sorter slow in askin' her to eat,
but I asked her, an' she said she wasn't
hungry, but she didn't care if she did
take a few lines. I had but fifty—"

"Oh, hold on," cried a man in the
gallery. "We know all about how she
took oysters raw and plate of slaw."

Astonished at an audience that had
ever before seen a minstrel show, the
manager at last decided to make a fa-
vorable impression by introducing
something sensational, so he put on
the old ghost trick where a fellow with
a sheet around him comes in. The
white man and negro had sat down to-
gether and the white man had begun
the song about the old jaw-bone, when
a loud-moaned man, sitting near the
door, exclaimed:

"Boom, ooo, coo-coo, hoo," and just
then the drum boomed and the negro
jumped and said: "Coo, ooo, hoo, hoo,
and the audience groaned. The thrill-
ing ghost scene was a failure, and the
manager, thinking to capture the house
with a quartet, sent out a fellow who
looked like an unwashed railroad sec-
tion boss, a short fellow with a high-
water jacket and two emblems of igno-
rance and vocal incapacity. When they
began, the audience, almost to a man,
arose and left the house.

This reception was a sign of encour-
agement, for it shows that people are
at last frowning down on old and moldy
jokes.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

How CAN you expect your children to
be better than you are yourself? The
old proverb is a true one. How can
the foal amble when the horse and mare
trot?

THE BAD BOY.

"Say, I don't want you around here
no more," said the grocery man to the
bad boy, as he came in with his
breaches tucked in his boots, and
wanted to borrow a fish-pole. "I have
noticed you lately going around a good
deal with that 'sheeny' boy. Those
Jews are no good, and if you go with
that boy you will be ruined. Now keep
away from here until you let that boy
alone," and the grocery man looked
mad, though he was polite enough
when a Jewish lady, who lives in the
same block, came in and bought some
groceries.

"Well, what's the matter with that
boy?" asked the bad boy, the blood
coming to his face indignantly. "Has
he done anything that wasn't right? I
have never seen a boy that was any
straighter than he is."

"That don't make any odds. Jews
are all alike. That boy will cheat you
out of your eye teeth. He will pinch a
penny until the goddess of liberty will
grunt. You ask your pa what he thinks
about your going with Jew boys," and
the grocery man looked as though, if
his advice was taken,