

THE BABY.

BY J. W. RILEY.

O, this is the way the baby came:
Out of the night as of the dawn;
Out of the embers as the flame;
Out of the bud the blossom on,
The apple-blossom that blooms the same
As in the garden dead and gone—
With a grace and beauty none could name—
O, this is the way the baby came!

And this is the way the baby woke:
About the lips, and no one knew
The shine and shadows sink an' soak,
The sweet eyes glistened through and
through,
And eddies and dimples broke
About the lips, and no one knew
Or could divine the words they spoke—
And this is the way the baby woke!

And this is the way the baby slept:
A mist of tresses backward thrown
By quivering sighs where kisses crept
With y'armlings she had never known;
The little hands were closely kept
About a fly newly blown—
And God was with her. And we wept—
And this is the way the baby slept!
—Indianapolis Journal.

LILITH.

BY LILY M. CURRY.

And round his heart one strangling golden hair!
The keen wind, rising ever at the sea
inlet and sweeping its breezy circuit
around through the old town and up
the sandy, level road, swept with it a
merry party that August morning, up
from the railroad station to the summer
home of Harold Swain. The latter, a
youngish man—a widower of six years'
standing, long released into the happy
habits of bachelorhood—had come down
from the city, bringing with him friends
to remain one week, or two, or ten, as
they should please. Not all were of
old acquaintance; only his trusted
Lester Chapples, who had introduced
him to the others, all ladies, and
specifically, as follows: Theodosia
Wells, a vivacious brunette widow, with
a tender recollection of "poor Jack,"
who would go shooting in a boat on
Sunday, in spite of all she could say,
and so had met his death; Miss Meigs,
the elderly chaperon of the set, a little
inclined to lace mittens and dawdling;
and Miss Meigs' niece, Lilith Franchillon.
Harold Swain had met Miss Franchillon
but twice before this, and as they
walked up together from the station
he said to himself she was the most
beautiful woman he had ever seen.
Nevertheless, had any one called him
aside and asked him to describe her, he
might have hesitated, uncertain of the
hue of those changeable eyes, the shifting
glams of sunlight in that red-
brown hair, the flushes deepening or
paling in that pure, sweet face. Glancing
from time to time at the lovely
profile and loosely twisted hair under her
seaside bonnet, with its careless
droop of auburn feathers, its knot
of violet velvet, he wondered
how Lester could prefer the
gay banter of the little widow and the
prim wisdom of the elderly chaperon.
But Lester, he admitted, was
barbaric at times, in spite of his good
looks, his fortune, and his excellent
connections. The fact that Miss Franchillon
was an heiress should not detract
from her loveliness. Was she
not ever modest and demure?

Harold had not kept silence while
thinking these things. He had spoken
of what they should do for amusement.
"Did you ever catch a bluefish, Miss
Franchillon? I mean a good-sized one.
Because I've got the best little boat you
ever saw. Captain George runs it for
me. It is the 'Mary Jane' at present,
but I think I would like to change
the name, if I thought a young lady
wouldn't object to a boat for a name-
sake."

Lilith swung her parasol lightly over
her arm, and laughed her own musical
mezzo.

"I should think any young lady
would be delighted with the compli-
ment. I'm sure I would."

"Would you?" he asked, seriously.
And now the others, who had lagged,
came hurrying after, the lively widow
entreating Lilith to go more slowly and
to enjoy the morning.

"But I am enjoying it, Theo," Miss
Franchillon answered, earnestly, pass-
ing as she spoke, and lifting her gaze
to the leafy canopy of the old street.

Harold Swain remembered ever after
how she looked, standing there, her
red, sweet lips parted slightly, quick
rose tints flashing into those fairest
cheeks, and golden, varying lights in
the wide eyes.

They went on presently, up into the
cool width of the rambling old seaside
house, where the cheerful housekeeper
waited to welcome them.

"We are all here, Martha," said
Harold, laughing pleasantly. "You
might let the ladies choose their own
rooms. They will want those looking
seaward. Mr. Chapples will have the
one you always give him," and, turning
to his friend, "Come, Lester, we'll go
right up."

He went into the room with Chapples
and shut the door.

"You know the ways of the house,
Lester," he said. "Do as you please;
come and go as you like. I wish you'd
insist on the ladies sending for their
baggage. I don't want them running
away in twenty-four hours; and that's
women all over, if they haven't all their
toggery at hand."

"You're very good, Harold. I'll use
my influence if I have any." Chapples
was plunging his blonde, handsome face
into a bowl of rain water and mopping it,
man fashion, with a damask towel.

"How do you like them?"

"Very much. The little widow is
extremely fascinating, as you, of course,
acknowledge; the aunt is a virtuous born
of a necessity, and Miss Franchillon is
the most beautiful woman I ever —"

He stopped and went to the door where
Martha was knocking to inquire about
lunch.

Meanwhile, the ladies, having brought
no luggage, could only wash away the
suggestion of coal-smoke, indulge in a
suspicion of fine powder, and descend to
the parlor.

"Mr. Swain has a taste for art," said
Miss Meigs. "Lilith, my dear, come
and see these engravings."

"Yes, presently, aunt." Miss Fran-
cillon was surveying her sailor-blue
costume in the narrow length of gilt-
framed pier-glass. Theodosia was in-
terested in the life-size portrait of a
blonde young lady over the piano.

"Lil, come and look at this picture.
I suppose it is his wife. Dear me! I

wonder if it makes him as sad as poor
Jack's makes me!"

"I don't care to look at dead people,"
Lilith answered, regardlessly.

"You shook me, dear. Let us go
out on the piazza. Will you come,
Miss Meigs?"

"I think not, thank you. I'm tired
enough to stay indoors." Miss Meigs
was remarkably easy-going for chaperon.
There was no need to bother
these sensible girls two or three-and-
twenty years. She made herself com-
fortable in a wooden rocker, while they
slipped away through the long window
and indulged in girlish, gossiping con-
fidences.

"It's a lovely place, Lil. And he is
very impressive."

Lilith laughed. "You like him.
What can I do to help you?"

"Help me?"—in surprise.

A bell began to ring loudly. And
immediately Lester Chapples came
out.

"Hungry, girls?" He was not a man
of many words, but the pleasant accom-
panying smile sufficed. He offered an
arm to the little widow, whose "Jack"
had been her second-cousin; Lilith
took the other, and they went in to
lunch, Mr. Swain escorting Miss Meigs
to the seat of honor.

In the afternoon they took their first
sail, and, though no fish were caught,
returned with excellent appetites for
dinner. Afterward the lively Theo
played waltz music in the parlor with
contemplative eyes upon the portrait of
the deceased Mrs. Swain. Lilith danced
a little with Chapples, and also
with their host, just a swing or
two around the room, while Miss
Meigs dozed over the engravings, and
concluded to retire. The young people
now took to strolling in the verandah,
which was built on all sides of the
house. Miss Franchillon walked with
Chapples this time; the widow with
Harold, who found her less flighty than
he had imagined at first.

The couples were well apart when
Chapples asked, gently:

"Will you send for your trunk, Lilith?
I think we could enjoy a fortnight here,
and Swain is really anxious we should."

She looked up into his face as she
answered softly:

"If you wish to stay I shall be hap-
py here."

"But I want to consult your wishes,
my darling."

She felt his closer pressure of her
arm.

"I would really like to stay, Lester.
I will send to-morrow, and Theo will
do the same."

"Dear," said Chapples in a tenderer
voice, "don't you think it would be
well to announce our engagement?"

"Perhaps," she answered, slowly.
"To-morrow, if you wish. But is there
need of haste?"

"No; only I feel as if I should like
the world to know that you belong to
me."

They had turned the corner of the
house, and were out of the other's
sight.

He leaned his face down to her own.

"Kiss me, Lilith; you love me, don't
you, darling?"

"Better than any one else on earth,"
she cried, passionately.

"What made you sob, then, sweet-
heart?"

"Nothing, dear."

They turned back to the parlor, and
found Theo singing softly a duet with
Harold Swain, after which the little
widow declared herself sleepy, and
carried Lilith off to bed. Martha was
closing the house, and the gentlemen
went up-stairs to smoke.

"Do you know that I have been de-
cidedly impressed, Chapples?"

"With our little Theo?"

"No, no; not Mrs. Wells."

"Not Mrs. Wells?" Lester looked
up apprehensively.

"Mrs. Wells is a dear little thing,
but when Miss Franchillon is present
other women pale. I fancy if she is
here very long I shall be offering my
self. I'm more in love with her than
I've been with any woman since my
wife died."

Chapples had risen from his seat and
spoke with vehement sarcasm.

"You really would do Miss Franchillon
that honor? I am sure she ought to
be delighted to accept a place as sec-
ond best." He grew still angrier.

"Perhaps, Harold Swain, you fancy any
woman would jump at what there is
left you to bestow. But Lilith Fran-
cillon deserves more than a second
affection; a man's first, last, and
eternal worship is little enough to
offer her."

"Chapples," said his friend, recover-
ing from the first surprise, "you are in
love with her yourself. But how was
I to know? You are undemonstrative;
you gave no sign. And does she love
you?"

"She has promised to be my wife."

"Harold put out his hand.
"I congratulate you. Forgive my
offending; I was unintentional."

"It—it is all right, old fellow. I am
apt to show temper when I shouldn't.
Let's talk of something else."

"By all means. I've been floundering
about all the evening, finding out
old things. There's the little widow
says she knows another friend of mind
quite intimately, Dick Livesay. You
don't know him. Funny fellow, never
stays long in one place. Went out West,
then to Europe; came back in the fall.
Capital company, one of the most fasci-
nating fellows. Handsome features,
olive complexion, lustrous eyes. I'm
going to write him in the morning to
come at once. I've told Mrs. Wells I
should, and she seems pleased. You
see, Chapples, I had it firmly fixed in
my mind that you were in love with little
Theo."

Lester shrugged his shoulders.

"I want a woman's first affection,
and she shall have mine."

"Then Miss Franchillon has never
loved but you?"

"Certainly not," said Chapples vex-
edly, and shortly after withdrew for
the night. Harold shook his head over
so slightly when the other had gone.

"Perhaps he is right," he said. "Yet
she is very beautiful, and she is out of
her teens. I think. Such girls are be-
set with lovers from the start."

In Theo's chamber, whose windows
faced the starlit sea, Lilith sat, brush-
ing out her glowing, gold-brown hair
and talking to her friend.

"I must tell you something," said
Theo; "something which has been a se-
cret until now."

Lilith's beautiful eyes turned ques-
tioningly upon her.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Oh, Lil, I wish you could see how
pretty you look!"

"Never mind how I look, but tell
your secrets."

"Well, when I was walking with Mr.
Swain to-night, he spoke of a friend of
his, whom I happen to know very well
indeed. And Mr. Swain will write
me to-morrow that I am here and he
is to come."

"It is a lover of yours?"

"Well?"—defiantly.

"And you are in love with him?"

"Well?" stronger than before.

"You are engaged!" cried Lilith,
shaking back her golden mane.

"Well?" decisively.

"Well, Theo, why don't you go on?
Who is he?"

"He is very handsome and fascinating;
he has money enough for us—with what
Jack left me. I love him dearly, quite
as much as I did Jack."

"But his name, Theo?"

"His name is Richard Livesay."

Lilith made no answer for a moment;
the brush had fallen out of her hand,
and she was stooping to pick it up.

"Richard Livesay," she repeated by
and by.

"Yes; what's the matter, do you know
my Dick?"

"Know your Dick, Theo?" she
laughed, oddly. "I think not. Yet I
did know a Livesay once—perhaps his
name was Richard."

"Did you know him well?"

"Theo, you are looking jealous. Per-
haps I'd better tell you my secret; it
will be announced to-morrow. I am to
marry Mr. Chapples."

"O, Lilith! I am so glad, dear. I—I
hoped so. How could you imagine me
jealous. I do hope you will be very
happy."

Lilith went on brushing her hair.

"Isn't your affair something sudden,
Theo?"

"Well, yes; I've only known Dick
two months. I met him in Washing-
ton, and we soon became engaged. No-
body knows but you, Lilith."

"I thought it strange I hadn't
even heard you mention his name."

And with a careless good-night she
passed to her room, where she stood
looking out into the starlit night and
reasoning with herself. What was
Richard Livesay to her now, that she
must feel this pang at the knowledge
that he loved another? Could he love
another, after having loved her so? Or
had he never loved her? Was she
sorry for Theo? No, for Theo was
clear-headed and practical. She was
rather sorry for herself, sorry that she
must feel this pang. It would not be
pleasant to meet him as Theo's lover,
yet she had some curiosity to see him
once more, this man who had been her
earliest betrothed. "I shall only love
Lester more, when they stand side
by side!" she said. "He is so noble, so
tender, so great-hearted. Nothing
could turn me from Lester. Of that I
am certain."

Three days later Livesay arrived.
Theo went down to meet him, their
engagement having been announced, as
had that of Lilith and Chapples.
Coming up the path with her lover,
the little widow, in her gray velvet
costume and jockey cap, looked unde-
niable radiant. Lilith at the same mo-
ment rose gracefully from the piazza
hammock, clad in the palest of blue
lawns, with delicate laces and satin
ribbons, a white woolly shawl clinging
to her shoulders, a knot of heliotrope
upon her bosom. Her pale-blue hand-
kerchief, scented with the same helio-
trope, fluttered to the ground. "I be-
lieve I have met Mr. Livesay before,"
she said, quite unmoved at the intro-
duction. Then she slipped back into
the hammock and they entered the house.

"He has not forgotten," she said,
with a thrill of exultation at his
heightened color.

Lester Chapples came out and stood
smiling down on her.

"Mr. Livesay has arrived," he said.
"Theo tells me you used to know him."

"A long time ago," she answered,
dreamily. Lester, bending, lifted her
handkerchief and held it for a mo-
ment, as if he could caress any dainty
belonging of hers. She took it from
him then, and laid it under her cheek.
And still he stood looking down fondly.

"We go sailing to-day," he said.
"Your name is dry upon the boat. It
is the 'Lilith' now."

She was alone in the parlor that
afternoon, waiting for the others, when
Livesay came in. The deep blue of
her yachting dress intensified the
transparency of her complexion. Yet
she was first to speak.

"You didn't expect to find me here?"

"No," he said, in an uncertain tone.

"You would not have come, per-
haps?" she went on, slowly. "But I
have to congratulate you."

"Lilith!"

She shrank from him, continuing,
"You will be very happy, I hope."

"Not now, having seen you. Lilith,
is it too late?"

"Hush! You are wild. You must not
say such things. Go quick. There is
some one coming!"

He slipped into the hall, and then—
Lester Chapples came through the
long window, white with horror.

"Lilith," he said, faintly, "I was not
to blame; I was in the piazza; I heard
it all." He walked unsteadily, and
covered his eyes, as if the sight of her
was pain.

She came and clung to him, crying,
remorsefully, "O, Lester, don't believe
I am not true to you, don't! I was
wrong in not telling you of this—old
engagement; but it only lasted two
months, and I broke it myself. I
couldn't have done it if I'd really
loved him, could I? I found it was
a mistake, he only fascinated me; he was
fickle besides. Lester, look at me.
Only look at me and say you love me
still!"

He opened his arms and drew her to
his bosom.

"O, my sweet! I shall love you till
I die! O, my sweet, if I should lose
you the world would go out from under
me. Lilith, must I give you up?" His
despair rent her heart.

"O, no! I swear it; I have been true;

I will be true. Lester, it was only
pique, jealousy, that an old admirer of
mine should care for another."

"But he loves you still, Lilith!"

"No; he will marry Theo. Don't fear,
don't look so distressed, dear. Only
forgive me for not having told you. Let
us go outside, some one is coming."

Chapples excused himself from the
sail, pleading a headache, and Lilith
remained with him. The others came
back to dinner in their usual spirits.

"Your captain seems cautious about
the rocks," said Livesay, carelessly.

"He ought to be," Theo exclaimed.
"Fancy going down out there; what a
death!"

"Lilith is shivering," said her aunt.
"I'm afraid you've taken ill, dear."

"Oh, no, I think not, aunt."

With the following morning came
gray, bleak weather, souring clouds,
and white spots out upon the sea.

"Lilith," said her aunt, at noon, "you
are not well; you have a feverish look.
Pray, be careful."

"I am not ill; the wind has burnt
my face."

Chapples came to her an hour or two
later, saying:

"Lilith, Harold has a horse he wants
to try. He has asked me to go along;
do you mind?"

"Go, by all means."

There was a restless ring in her
voice.

"I'd rather stay with you."

"No; please go."

"Very well." But he went away too
uneasy to know where they drove or
what was said, or anything else, save
that something about the carriage
broke while they were outside the town
on a lonely road, and delayed their re-
turn until 6.

Chapples found Miss Meigs dawdling
in the parlor alone.

"Where is Lilith?" he asked, anx-
iously.

"She went out for a walk with Mr.
Livesay."

"Theo went also?"

"No," said the aunt, slowly. "Theo
was asleep. She had a headache."

"Have they been gone long?" He
was struggling with misgivings.

"They went to the station in time to
see the 4:30 train pass to the city. A
little diversion, you know."

Chapples turned and hurried up into
his own chamber, where he sat down
by the window to watch for them. They
had been out two hours! His very
heart seemed cold within him. Martha
came by and with word from little
Theo, asking if he were not alarmed
lest something had befallen the two.
He lit the gas before he should go
down to speak with her. When he had
done this something white on the car-
pet caught his eye; a letter, which must
have been slipped under the door. He
took it up, and knew the writing to be
Lilith's. He had to steady himself by
the dressing case as he read:

I will not ask your forgiveness; yet I know
you will forgive me, since you are so great
at heart for hatred. God knows I was not
worthy of you. I thought it was only jeal-
ousy I felt about him, but it is more; it is so
much that I will no longer try by taking
your love. The old feelings, the old fascina-
tion, have come upon me. I must go away.
God bless you and give you one worthier
than I.

LILITH.

"Swain! Swain!" He went staggering
into his friend's room. "Help me,
for God's sake help me, to bear it!"

Harold knew what it must be ere he
took the note.

"We must break it to Theo," he
said, with a thrill of horror at the
thought of this suffering for both.

And Theo was coming in now with
Miss Meigs' arm about her. The little
woman stood brave behind her pallor.

"O, Lilith," she said, and hid her
face in her hands. "O, Lilith!" and a
moment later she cried out in sudden
anguish.

"Understand, I am not regretting
Livesay. I am only too glad of the
escape. But for Lilith's sake; it is her
money he wants!" And then she be-
gan to cry softly, and Miss Meigs led
her away.

Chapples turned to his room once
more. He uttered no cries, gave no
sign of anguish, save intense pallor.
Swain followed him.

"What can I do for you, Lester?"

"Nothing, only let me be."

Harold went down to tell Martha
that the ladies might need wine or
strong coffee perhaps. He reproached
himself bitterly for having taken Les-
ter away that afternoon. He reproached
Miss Meigs for blindness—poor Miss
Meigs, who seemed dazed and helpless
now. But he could not help admiring
Theo's bearing. "Dear little woman!"
he said. "She is worthy of all devotion."

Then he went upstairs again, and
passing Chapples' door could hear
hasty, irregular footsteps. "God pity
him!" he said.

As the night wore on Harold felt
painfully his own powerlessness to
lessen this trouble of his friends. He
remained up, thinking Chapples might
come to him by and by. At 2 o'clock
he lay down without undressing, and
despite the wildness of the wind fell
into a troubled sleep.

An hour or two had passed when a
knock brought him to the door to find
Chapples, whiter than ever and wild of
speech.

"Harold, I am going. I've packed
my things. Please forward as they're
marked. I left written word, too—
you'll find it on the table. God bless
you."

He tore away from the detaining
hand, and Swain could hear the great
hall door unbolted and then relocked.

"The train isn't due for an hour,"
Harold said, noting the time. Then
he ran to the window and leaning out
called loudly, "Lester! Lester!"

The wind swept his words away, nor
brought response. Was it best to fol-
low at once? Would not the walk to
the station and the subsequent waiting
relieve his friend a little? At all
events Lester could not go till the train
came. Harold waited half an hour,
and then started to leave the house.
He stepped into the chamber Lester
had left, where the gas was flaring
wildly and the wind r-shing in at the
open windows. Chapples' valise stood
locked and strapped upon a chair.
Why had he not taken it? The written
word, of which he had spoken, lay upon
the table. Harold slipped it into his
pocket and hurried from the place.
Dawn was at hand, cold and gray. But
Lester was not at the station, nor did

he come, though the train thundered
into the town and out again toward the
city. Harold thought of the note in
his pocket; perhaps it might explain.
He opened it now. It was brief, but as
he read he shivered.

"O, my God!" he cried and rushed
out. He ran swiftly, not homeward,
but off in the direction of the cove,
where the sailing-boats were ever
moored, and whence they had so often
set sail toward the far-out, treacherous
rocks. The boat, his boat, so lately
named the "Lilith," was gone from its
moorings, and he could only stand
there looking forth upon the angry
waters.

Presently he turned, knowing he
must bear the awful tidings to others.
And as he flew upon his way, there
were terrible written words dancing
before his eyes in letters of fire—the
words of Lester Chapples' message:

The earth has gone out from under my
feet. The sea must receive me. I go forth
to my death. I could not live without her!

Players' Pranks.

"Stage fright," said a veteran ac-
tor, "often causes some funny effects.
Edwin Forrest's tremendous voice and
fierce manner used to alarm the utility
people and supers, and many are the
stories told of him. One of the best is
of a super who had to do a little bit of
business and couldn't manage it to the
star's satisfaction. Forrest did it for
him once or twice in the desired way,
and then growled out, 'Why can't you
do it as I do?' 'Because,' answered the
super, 'if I could I should be getting
your salary instead of twenty-five cents
a night!' Forrest was once about to
play Metamora, and at a particular
point desired to turn and find a utility
man standing close beside him. The
cue for the utility man was to be 'the
tomahawk of the red man is buried at
the white man's hearthstone.' Several
times the cue was given, but the poor
man never got there in time. He gave
assurance, however, that it would be
all right at night. The moment ar-
rived, and Forrest thundered the speech
with all his might. Then he turned,
but the man was missing. When For-
rest was in the dressing-room after the
act the face of the culprit appeared
through an opening just wide enough
to admit it. 'I am very sorry, Mr.
Forrest, but I really didn't hear you
give the cue.' Any other excuse would
have drawn from Forrest a torrent of
abuse, but this astounded him. Taking
out a five-dollar bill he gave it to the
man, with the words, 'Didn't hear me?
Well, go and see an ear doctor in the
morning.'

"When eating has to be done on the
stage there is a great temptation to play
tricks with the food. During the run
of 'Henry V.' at Booth's, Bishop, as
Pistol, had to eat a leek every night.
It was made from an apple. But
once Thorne, who was Fluellen,
gave him a real onion, and he had to
struggle with it though the tears
coursed down his fat cheeks. When
Sellers has the dish of turnips brought
in there are always two peeled apples
on the dish. Raymond can't bear a
turnip. It is poison to him. An actor
removed the apples one night and
Raymond had to struggle with the real
thing. You can bet there was war-
ter the curtain fell. Matt Snyder, now
stage manager for Robson & Crane, is
an inveterate practical joker. He was
sitting one day at a matinee perform-
ance of 'Uncle Tom.' Fosberg, who is
exceedingly tall, was playing George
Harris. When he came to the speech
in which he declares that at the worst
he can earn six feet of free soil, Snyder
arose and said very politely, 'Excuse
me, Mr. Fosberg, seven.' 'Thank you,
Mr. Snyder, seven,' returned Fosberg,
and went on gravely with his lines.

"The boys got even with Snyder last
season when he was playing in '45' with
Rankin. Snyder acted the bibulous
general who has to take three or four
drinks of whisky during the last act.
Cold tea was the substitute all along,
but at the end of the season the boys
got some awful Jersey lightning and
handed three stiff drinks to him. Snyder
smelt them, but had to drink. The
cruellest part of the joke was that, af-
ter drinking the whisky, water is offered
him, and he has to refuse it with dis-
gust. That night he would have given
\$5 to cool his throat, but Rankin was
watching him, and he had to do the
regular business. When people get up
and go out during a scene it is,
of course, very annoying. A variety
man said to a party of young men who
were moving rather noisily from their
seats recently: 'Pray, don't get up; I'll
have the drinks sent to you.' They
didn't go. Pistols that have been for-
gotten, or that have refused to go off,
have caused innumerable trouble to ac-
tors. This year, in Chicago, Bouc-
cault forgot the pistol which he has to
fire from behind the barrel in the last
act of the 'Shogun.' Arte O'Neal
and Kerry Kinchilla engaged in their
desperate struggle, but no pistol came
to the relief of the virtuous maiden in
distress. Those spectators nearest the
front heard this whispered dialogue:

'Where's the pistol?'

'I've forgot it.'

'What shall we do?'

'Hit him, and he must fall.'

'Arte raised her pretty little hand
and knocked out the villain with one
blow. But the actor who had to come
on and feel the wounded man was not
prepared for the change, and his refer-
ence to the supposed bullet brought
down the house.'—New York Sun.

A Pleasant Day in the West.

"My dear," said a Western farmer to
his wife, as he got out of bed, "will you
look and see what kind of a day it is?"

"Well," she replied, gazing out of the
window, "Mr. Smith's barn across the
way is being blown into the next lot
but—"

"Not his new brick barn?"

"No, the old wooden one; and it looks
as if the roof of his house will have to
go; but I don't believe there will be
much of a storm."

"Probably not," replied the husband;
"but still we can hardly expect settled
weather at this season of the year. I
guess I had better drive to town to-day
instead of waiting until Saturday. It
might storm then."—Philadelphia
Call.

Talking Through the Nose.

"Talking through the nose" when a
person has a cold, is in reality talking
with the nose so stopped that less
rather than more than the usual
quantity of vibrating air can pass
through the nasal cavity. In producing
certain articulate sounds—those which
occur in English are represented by m,
n and ng—all the vocal air escapes
from the pharynx by the nose. The
nasal air passage has the general form
of the resonator, and there can be no
doubt but that it has a corresponding
influence, and that the o m's produced
by the air passing through it are
strengthened by its resonance. The
larger the nasal cavity the more power-
ful the resonance, and consequently the
re-enforcement experienced by the tone.
Sounds uttered with the nasal reso-
nance, particularly the nasal vowels,
are fuller and more ample than the
same sounds when strengthened by the
resonance of the cavity of the mouth,
and it is for this reason that third-rate
tragic actors like to give a nasal reso-
nance to all the vowels in the pathetic
speeches of their heroic parts. The
resonance of the nasal cavity plays a
part also in the formation of non-artic-
ulate sounds; then, however, appearing
only as a re-enforcement of the reso-
nance of the cavity of the mouth. The
directly excited nasal resonance some-
times plays an immediate part in the
formation of all articulate sounds, pro-
ducing the nasal "twang." But the
general conception of this mode of
speaking is by no means scientifically
correct, every species of pronunciation
in which the nasal element asserts
itself with undue prominence being
called "talking through the nose." It
may, however, arise from two unlike
causes; firstly, from a stoppage of the
nasal cavity; or secondly, from in-
complete closure of the posterior en-
trance to this cavity. If the nasal
cavity is obstructed, as when a child's
nose is pinched and he is told to say
"pudding," an accumulation of air
forms in the back of the mouth, being
unable to escape through the nose, and
in the end is obliged to find exit
through the mouth. The resonance is
also altered, and the nasal sounds
are, therefore, formed imperfectly and
falsely. The same disturbance is pro-
duced by the partial obstruction of the
nasal cavity which is experienced from
the swollen condition of the mucous
membrane, and from its increased se-
cretion, during a "cold in the head."—
F. A. Fernald, in Popular Science
Monthly.

The Blue Laws on Smoking.

From the Colony Records the fol-
lowing extracts are taken, showing the
order and sentences of the Massachu-
setts Court of Assistants and General
Court before the establishment of the
"Body of Liberties" in the year
1640:

"Oct., 1632.—It is ordered, that noe
person shall take any tobacco pub-
liquely, under paine of punishment;
also that every one shall pay id. for
every time hee is convicted for taking
tobacco in any place, and that any As-
sistant shall have power to receive evi-
dence and give order for the leveying
of it, as also to give order for the leveying
of the officer's charge. This order
to begin the 10th day of November
next.

"Sept., 1634.—It is ordered, that noe
person shall take tobacco publicly,
under penalty of 2s. 6d., nor privately
in his own house, or in the house of
another, before strangers, and that two
or more shall not take it together,
anywhere, under the aforesaid penalty
for every offence."

Then followed several laws relative
to the same sub.ect, and in November,
1637, it was decreed that "all former
laws against tobacco are repealed, and
tobacco is set at liberty." And in the
following year the subjoined was an-
nounced:

"Sept., 1638.—The [General] Court,
finding that since the repealing of the
former laws against tobacco, the same
is more abused than before, it hath,
therefore, ordered, that no man shall
take any tobacco into the fields, except
in his journey, or at meale times, under
paine of 12d. for every offence; nor
shall take any tobacco in (or so near)
any dwelling house, barne, corne, or
hayrick, as may likely endanger the
burning thereof, upon paine of 10s. for
every offence; nor shall take any toba-
co in any inne or common victualing
house, except in a private room there,
so as neither the master of the same
house, nor any other guests there, shall
take offence thereat; which, if they do,
then such person is forthwith to for-
bear, upon paine of 2s. 6d. for each of-
fence."

The Elephant and the Buddhist Priest.

Two young ladies were gazing at the
white elephant as it stood enthroned in
all its sacred splendor and surrounded
by the mystic emblems of its holy char-
acter and the adoring priests who were
kneeling devoutly on every side.

"How curious it is," remarked one,
"that any race of people should be so
deluded as to worship an elephant."

"It is, indeed," replied the other sad-
ly. "When I look upon this worship-
ing throng of ignorant, superstitious
creatures, and realize how earnest and
sincere they are, I cannot but feel that
there should be no rest until the mis-
sionary message is borne to the last one
of these misguided heathen."

"True," asserted the first speaker; "it
is a grand and solemn duty."

Just at this juncture the animal
flicked his tail and struck one of the
Buddhist priest in the mouth.

"Howly Moses!" he exclaimed, inter-
rupting his devotions, "ye hathen
baste—" and then the young ladies
strolled on to the monkeys' cage.—Phil-
adelphia Call.

Dr. Dudgeon, the famous homeop-
athist physician of London, recalls the
fact—apropos of Koch's investigations
into the nature of the cholera germ—
that Hahnemann in 1831 suggested that
the contagious matter of cholera con-
sisted of "excessively minute, invisible
living creatures," and accordingly ad-
vised the free use of cam hor, which
he held to be a potent cholera bacillicide
—to the efficacy of which treatment,
adds Dr. Dudgeon, the statistics of
every epidemic in Europe testify.