

IF IT COULD BE.

It could hold your hands to-night,
For just a little while and know
That only I of all the world,
Possessed them so.

A slender shape in that old chair,
If I could see you here to-night;
Between me and the twilight pale—
So light and frail.

Your cold white dress its falling lost
In one broad sweep of gray;
Your weary head just drooped aside,
The sweet old way.

Bowed like a flower-cup dashed with rain
The darkness crossed it half your face,
And in the glimmer of a smile
For one to trace.

If I could see your eyes that reach
Far out into the furthest sky,
Where, past the trail of dying suns,
The old years lie;

Or touch your silent lips to-night
And steal the sadness from their smiles
And find the last kiss they have kept
This weary while.

If it could be, oh, all in vain
The restless trouble of my soul,
Sets, as the gr at tid to the moon,
Toward your control.

In vain the longing of the lips,
The eye's desire, and the pain;
The hunger of the heart. Oh, love,
Is it in vain?

A Man in a Dream.

BY CHARLES W. HOOKE.

In an eddy of the great stream which ebbs and flows along Broadway I found myself one afternoon unexpectedly face to face with my very good friend, Dr. Adolph Mayer. As we stood there talking, suddenly the doctor stretched forth his hand and drew one whom he knew out of the river of strangers. Thus I became acquainted with Mr. Clarence Hall, whom, presently, the current bore away again.

Dr. Mayer had seized rather eagerly, I thought, the opportunity for this introduction, and I was not surprised that he should ask me, when Hall had gone, what had been my impression of his friend.

"He is a handsome fellow," said I, "and looks like an athlete."

"True; but as to his manner?"

"He seemed preoccupied. I thought at first that he might be deaf, because I noticed that he pronounced the introductory form with unusual distinctness."

"His hearing is all right."

"Yes, I soon perceived that the trouble was in his faculty of directing his attention. He gave me the idea of a man in a dream."

"You have hit it exactly," exclaimed Dr. Mayer. "That's just what he is."

I could hardly take the doctor's statement literally. Somnambulism on Broadway at 4 o'clock in the afternoon would be too great a wonder.

"Do you mean that he is in love?" I asked.

"He is in love," was the reply, "but that is only a part of the dream. It was not even the beginning of it."

"I don't understand."

"Of course you don't; but come, you shall hear the whole story. There's no objection to my telling it to you. This case is the most remarkable in my experience, and the story will be worth your time."

We walked to the doctor's office, which was near by, and there I stretched myself in his great "operating chair," and listened at my ease.

"Hall was poor at 21, when he came out of college," Dr. Mayer began. "He was alone in the world. The best offer of work which he received—and it wasn't a good one by any means—brought him to this city. He had an artistic nature, and, as I believe, great literary ability; but, bless you, he couldn't have made care out of it. So he became a bank clerk."

"He had a great craving for wealth; not for the luxuries it would bring, but for the opportunities. Studious leisure was what he wanted. He was not the man to write poetry in a garret, and he knew it. There was no disguising the fact that dull, hard labor made him wretched, and he was one of those who can no more produce that good thing of which the seed is in them without happiness, than a tree can bear its fruit without sunshine. During his two years' servitude in the bank he did not once put pen to paper except in the routine of his daily toil."

"But such an imagination as his would find an expression somehow. In his case the creative power wrought daydreams. We all indulge ourselves in these delusions more or less. He would be a poor creature who could not tell himself a better story than the pointlessness, threadbare, barren tale of life. When too much weariness returned upon him, he at least a counterfeited of peace by painting restful scenes; we are the stronger, I dare say, for fancied heroisms. This is the natural remedy for the nausea of existence, and it is good, no doubt, in small doses. But Clarence Hall carried the practice to dangerous excess. He established a regular dual consciousness. He was jostled by the crowd in an E. train and at the same time he floated on the Bay of Naples; he worked in the bank at \$10 a week and spent his entire revenues with lavish hand in the bright world of fancy."

"I did not know him then, but he has told me that he could banish reality from every place but one, and that was his little room on the East Side. There he led but one life, and that was torture. His most wretched moment of the day was that in which consciousness returned to him after sleep. It was then that the dull wall stared at him and the tawdry furniture mocked him and the hard truth was like a clenched fist shaken in his face."

"Elsewhere, however, he was not unhappy. His dreams at last had taken definite form; they had become unified into something like a Chinese drama, which requires a month for its performance. He became rich in the first scene, and always in the same way—by inheritance from a relative of whom he had never heard. Then came a luxury at home, then travel and finally love. He would keep his place in this dream as one does in a book, and if driven into reality for a few minutes he would then pick up the thread of dreamland's story, where he had laid it down."

"It was a great grief to him that he could not dream in his room. He got a horror of the place, and at last he came to believe that another, though equally meager in its furnishings, might not have the same baleful effect upon him. He boarded with one who worked hard to support two or three children. She regarded Hall as a model boarder, and

wept copiously when he announced his intention of going away. She offered to reduce her charges, to give him better furniture; to do anything in reason. Her terms were much more reasonable than he could possibly find elsewhere, and he knew it, but superstition had taken hold of him and he could not stay. That room had become to him a prison, of which 'Reality' was the warden."

Dr. Mayer paused to light a fresh cigar.

"So that's his case," said I. "He is practically insane, I suppose. Delusions of grandeur, and paroxysms just beginning to get their grip on him. Heavens, but it's a pity! He is certainly one of the handsomest men I ever saw, and a gentleman, as one may see at a glance. Strange how his delusion has stamped itself upon him. He has dreamed of wealth and gained the bearing of a young Cressus."

"Well, as to that," said the doctor, "he really is rich."

"Then his dream came true? At least as to the money?"

"Yes, and the event was surprisingly like the dream. Just as he was ready to leave for New York, Mrs. Rogers' house fortunes changed. It was an inheritance, and it ran up into the millions. The legal business was done through Webster & Hathaway. I knew Webster well."

"The demeanor of Hall was such that the lawyers doubted his sanity. In the first place he seemed to know all about it without being told. Webster broke the news to him, and Clarence did not move a muscle. Finally he said he had been expecting it for a long time. Now, Webster had every reason to believe that Clarence had never before heard of Leonard Hall, the Brazilian merchant, whose fortune had been so strangely laid at his feet. Oh, yes, Clarence had known all about it; he had, indeed, already selected bachelor apartments suited to his ample means; he had gone the day before to assure himself that they were still vacant. Webster took pains to verify this statement the next day. There was no doubt about it. Clarence had called at the Croisic and had examined a suite. He had carried his dreams so far into reality."

"At this stage of the proceedings I was asked to look the young man over. I made his acquaintance and examined him at leisure. Well, he was insane, but I could not bring myself to say so. My thought was that Webster was such that Hall got his money."

"I should have said it would have cured him," said I. "Knowing that he is rich, why should he dream?"

"It would have cured him, as you say," remarked Dr. Mayer. "The trouble is that he doesn't know it."

"Doesn't that make it rich?"

"No, he thinks that it is all a dream. He has no notion that the luxuries by which he is surrounded are realities."

"But does he not believe you when you tell him so?"

"Unfortunately, he doesn't believe that I am a reality. He thinks that I am a creature of the imagination. Doubtless he has the same thought of you."

"But other people must be continually contradicting his delusion."

"No; for they are not aware of it. Until I told you, no mortal but myself suspected it. You noted his dreamy air, but it would never have led you to guess the truth. You see he acts like a sane man; his life is incredibly well-ordered. He has a great advantage in his two years' preparation for the joys and responsibilities of wealth. His dream developed in his mind till the follies were eradicated from it. They could not fasten themselves upon him, for they were only the shadows of follies cast upon the golden dust of dreamland. He passed on into a clearer light. I tell you, Maynard, he's a model young man."

"Lunatic," I hastily supplied the word. "Can nothing be done for him?"

"I don't know. Time may do something, but whether good or evil, I'll be hanged if I know. Talking won't help him. I've laid his own case before him with bare, scientific accuracy, and again with poetical trimming. But what's the use, when he believes me to be a creature of his own brain?"

"Why trouble him at all? Is he not happy?"

"No, Maynard, he isn't. He believes himself to be insane, but that does not grieve him. On the contrary, he is glad of it. His chief trouble is the fear that he will recover his reason, and find himself once more a clerk."

"What is your theory?"

"It is simply a habit of thought hardened into a delusion. Thought is nothing but a phenomenon accompanying certain chemical and physical changes. Something starts it in a certain direction, and it tends to keep on. Take a simple natural process as an illustration: Rock candy is made by crystallizing sugar that has been dissolved in water. The crystals will be very small if you let them alone; but put a piece of string into the water, giving the process something to start with, and big, clear crystals result. Some string of association was dropped into his mind when those little dreams began to form, and behold, they took greater size, and new and beautiful shapes."

"And the cure?"

"If I could find just what that string was I might pull it out and start the process going in a new way. But I can't. He passed and shook his head."

"You don't believe that you can find it?" said I.

"Perhaps I may, but shall I dare to use the knowledge? He might go stark mad. He would unquestionably feel a tendency to suicide. I don't know just what will come of it. At present I am studying him, and doing nothing else in his case."

"You spoke of his being in love."

"Yes, there was a woman in his dreams, and it seems that he has found her. She lives in New Haven. I have met her, and she is a most beautiful and charming girl. Clarence, of course, has no thought that she really exists. He thinks that his fancy has created her."

"Does she know of his condition?"

"She does not," replied the doctor. "It is one of the gravest problems of the case. Should I tell her?"

"In honor he should do so. You say he knows that he is crazy, and surely he is a gentleman."

"But, my dear fellow, how can he feel a moral obligation of that sort regarding a creature of his brain? It has never occurred to him that she needed to be informed. She is one of the spectres in the ghostly country he inhabits. Why should he talk to her as if she was a visitor from the real world?"

"This is too much for me," said I. "But then, you should like to expect to understand at once a case that you have been studying for months?"

"Almost a year," said Dr. Mayer. "But what do you think of it?"

"I gave it up, as the phrase goes. I could form no opinion as to the probable result."

"Keep me informed of every phase of the case," said I, in parting with the doctor. "I am deeply interested."

Some weeks passed before I again met

Dr. Mayer. When we met my first question touched upon Hall.

"Is there anything new in the case?" I asked.

"Everything is new," he replied.

Then he put on the close of his professional manner which disguises sentiment. I perceived at once that something unusual had happened to Hall, and that my friend had been deeply affected by it.

"Death," said I to myself, "and probably by his own hand."

Again we were in the doctor's study, and in my old place ready to listen.

"You remember," Dr. Mayer began, "that I told you of Clarence's love. The young lady in question was Miss Charlotte Warren, of New Haven."

"Daughter of Sam Warren, president of the Connecticut Northern Railroad? I have met her. She is by all odds the prettiest girl in the State."

"I honestly believe so," said I. Well, Clarence used to call on her about three times a week. They were engaged, of course. Last Friday evening he was in New Haven and he remained at the house later than usual. In fact, when he took his departure there wasn't much time in which to catch his train. He believed that by running he could make better time than by riding. So he took a straight cut for the station. His way one point led him through a rather 'tough' part of the city and brought him upon an exciting adventure."

"It seems that a little fellow who was out late selling papers was being tormented by a big brute for what reason I didn't learn. I guess that innate cussedness was the only real explanation. Clarence interfered to save the boy at the risk of losing his train. He didn't risk anything else, as you know, having seen him. Somehow the 'tough' didn't see Clarence quite so clearly. His name, I remember, was McGee. Well, Mr. McGee resented Clarence's interference. Clarence was perfectly cool. To him it was only a dream and could have but one termination. He seized Mr. McGee and in a second the ruffian was standing on his head in the mud. He got upon his feet again and drew a pistol. Clarence took it away from him and, lifting him clear of the ground, rammed him head foremost into an empty ash barrel. When Mr. McGee had extricated himself he appeared to be satisfied."

"You run home, now," said Clarence to the little boy.

"I don't," said the boy, "he'll follow me and lick me."

"This view of the case appeared quite reasonable to Clarence. He looked at McGee and then at the boy and quickly made his decision."

"I'll go with you," said he. They passed through many dirty streets, and still the boy said home was a long way off. "You can go alone, now," said Clarence. "That fellow can't find you." For answer the boy pointed in the direction whence they had come. On the other side of the street a bulky figure stood in the shadow. "So he's after you," said Clarence. "He ain't after you," said the boy, grinning; "he's had all he wants of you. It's me he's after."

"So they went on together, and at last arrived at the door of a fairly good house. Here Clarence would have said good-night, but the boy begged him to wait. He pointed to the mother's thanks in the little fellow's eyes. Clarence looked at the boy. The sound of their voices brought a woman to the door. The boy instantly poured forth his story, and the woman's gratitude was unbounded. She did not, however, neglect to sold the boy for remaining out so late, against her oft-repeated orders, as she declared. She prevailed upon Clarence to come into the house for a minute, and there, in the light of the lamp, he found himself face to face with his former landlady, Mrs. Rogers.

"She new him instantly, and renewed with greater fervor the expression of her gratitude."

"So you didn't recognize Harry," she cried. "Well, he has grown wonderfully since we moved down here."

"She told him the entire family history of course, and it was nearly 2 o'clock when he rose to go. But she wouldn't hear of such a thing. He couldn't find his way back, he must be robbed and murdered; he must be half-tired to death. One at least of these arguments was valid; it would have been very hard for him to find his way to the station. So the upshot was he consented to spend the night in Mrs. Rogers' spare room. He was asleep as soon as he touched the bed, and daylight had long since come when he awoke."

"For some minutes the shadow of sleep oppressed him, and then slowly, with deadly accuracy of detail, the present scene made itself perceived. He lay in the same rude bed, the same dull, yellow walls stared at him, the same tawdry furniture mocked him. He had returned to the old life. The dream was done."

"By what device of Satan it happened that the room was almost an exact reproduction of that in which he had suffered in the old days, I cannot say, but such was the case. The Rogers family had brought their furniture with them from New York, and had stocked the 'spare room' with their best, which had been Clarence's in the days of his poverty."

"He did not question the immediate evidence of his senses. That room had been the hardest link in the chain which had bound him to reality. He could not dream there. He had dreamed of escaping from it, and of living in untroubled fancy for months. The wealth, the freedom, the love that he had found in dreamland were taken from him in a second."

"I do not wonder at what followed. Clarence arose, and, having partly dressed, sat down beside the table in the center of the room and buried his face in his hands. He has as much courage as most men, I think, but not enough to bear this. Mind you, his delusion was not based on lying, or on a decision to lie; he was suddenly taken from the world of his endurance was reached."

The doctor paused and seemed to enjoy the spectacle of my impatience.

"Suicide," said he at last, "is largely a matter of opportunity. If, for instance, the pistol which Clarence had taken from his assailant the previous evening had not been lying on the table before him he might not have come to a decision so promptly; he might never have brought his mind to it. Even with this deadly weapon ready to his hand he did not yield at once. He pushed the pistol away, and half turning from the table again leaned upon his hand and thought. I pity him for what must have passed in his mind."

"Slowly the arm which had supported his head stretched out. He did not look at the table, but his fingers groped upon it, seeking something. Suddenly they closed upon—"

"You don't mean it?" I exclaimed, unable to restrain myself longer. "The pistol—"

"No, my boy, not the pistol. They closed upon my hand, and I put into it the friendly pressure, all the sign of

my compassion, all the promise of my never-failing help, that the spirit of nature, my mother, granted me at that supreme moment. He cried out hoarsely, fell forward into my arms and wept like a child."

"For a minute my suspense was awful. Would he go stark mad? Not a bit of it."

"He was cured right then and there. And the secret is simple enough. He had originally lost his reason because of the coincidence of his leaving that room and the receipt of his fortune. He had gradually brought himself to believe that if he could leave Mrs. Rogers' house he could leave his delusion. He had left it and instantly had found his expectations realized. He was rich thenceforth. So the conclusion was that the room had held him to reality."

"When, therefore, he found himself back in it he believed that reality had returned upon him. Nothing which he had ever seen in that room had been a delusion. When, therefore, he saw me there he accepted the fact of my existence, and when I told him that his wealth, his freedom and his love were real he believed me. He is to-day as sane as you are."

There was a long silence. Then I asked, "How did you happen to be there?"

"I found that Clarence had not returned to his rooms that night. I traced him to New Haven, heard the story of the boy's rescue, urged by fear that some familiar face that house would be the death of him, and the event showed that my fears were not ill-founded. If he had waked that morning five minutes earlier I should have found him dead."—(Phila. Press.)

RELIABLE RECIPES.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—Strawberry shortcake should not be made of cake dough or batter. Also plain biscuit dough with a little additional butter is better than the richer piecrust. Sift one quart of flour and two teaspoons of baking powder together; rub into this four ounces of butter, add a small teaspoon of salt and sufficient milk to make a soft dough; roll out as lightly as possible nearly an inch thick. Bake in a quick oven until done about twenty minutes; then split through with a cord; never use a knife. Butter the open halves generously and lay the berries as thickly as possible on the lower one. Put the other on top and dust heavily with sugar. The berries should first be stemmed, very slightly mashed and well sugared. If they are too large slice them with a silver knife. Do not prepare them too long before serving, however, as they become pulpy. The shortcake should be set in the mouth of a cool oven a few moments. Serve with a pitcher of rich cream.

THE BASIS OF GOOD COFFEE.—An ideal cup of coffee can, it is said, be made only in one way. The coffee must be the best quality and must be roasted and ground immediately and used as quickly as possible. Connoisseurs in coffee assure us that it is out of the question to make this beverage absolutely perfect in taste and aroma. It has been allowed to stand in the open air any number of hours; and in addition, one might say such a thing as a good cup of coffee from that which is purchased ready ground is quite an impossibility. The fine aroma of the berry evaporates in a very short time. Given the freshly roasted and ground coffee, an earthen coffee-pot heated very hot by being filled with boiling fresh water, which must be filled out again, and a coffee-bay strained. Then add the coffee, ground very fine, almost to a powder; pour upon it boiling water, not merely hot, cover tightly, and allow the coffee to filter through. Have ready the cups, heated by pouring boiling water in them, put in the required quantity of cream and sugar, then fill up with the distilled nectar from the coffee pot, and one has a beverage that is a revelation. Never expect good results from poor coffee or lukewarm water and half-cold utensils.

Old Virginia Taverns.

Here in Virginia we have had some famous hostleries. The old Raleigh Tavern at Williamsburg lives in romance and history. It must have been well kept, for contemporaneous writers speak of it so very respectfully. They could not have written of it as they did had the proprietor furnished them with tough beefsteak and bad bread, or sent them to shabby chambers, or hired a man with a Kobinor in his frilled shirt bosom to give them short answers to civil questions.

Taverns were once the great name here. The Bell Tavern, which preceded the present St. Charles, was a famous place of resort when Byrd's tobacco was the house stood on the opposite side of Main street, and it had a worthy contemporary in the Washington Tavern, which is now the St. Claire.

The Eagle Tavern was of later date and was a grander house than the other two. In it Lafayette was entertained in 1824. The Eagle stood on the south side of Main street, between the Exchange and the Monument, and had an archway, the porte cochere of the present day—into which the stage-coaches drove and landed their passengers.

Fire destroyed it early in the forties, and from the city's need for another good hotel the Exchange arose. The Exchange, the Ballard House, the Columbian Hotel, the Potomac (Ford's) Hotel, the Monument (St. Claire), and the St. Charles and the Spotswood were all in operation here at one time.

How Gas Injures Books.

The most formidable enemy to bound books is gas. A couple of gas jets in a close room will in a few years ruin the bindings of any number of books. Almost any reader remembers taking books from public or subscription library with the bindings so decayed that they could be picked to pieces with the finger nails. That was done by gas. The librarians of this country understand the fact, and are now, as far as possible, lighting their rooms with electricity. In large foreign libraries the fact has been long known, and in some, like the British Museum, in order to preserve the books as well as to guard against fire, artificial light of any kind is permitted.

An English sparrow hopping about the street got its foot entangled with a bit of thread, at the end of which was attached a piece of brown paper; and could not find out the cause of its trouble, or how to get on with it, until it was a small way about to catch the little bird, when down from the adjacent house-top came two other sparrows, and at once liberated their companion. This was witnessed by several persons on West Leigh street.—(Richmond Va.) State.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND VARNY BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Heredit—Vicarious Gymnastics—A Short Memory—An Obliging Nephew, Etc., Etc.

HEREDIT.

Mrs. Jackson—I don't think that the boy is a counterpart of you by any means; he frequently exhibits traits of my character.

Mr. Jackson—Yes, and I have noticed then that a spanking always followed.—[New York Sun.]

THE CYCLE.

She—Pshaw! A married woman doesn't have any fun and an engaged girl doesn't have any fun.

He—(Most distressed)—But what fun does an unmarried girl have?

She—She has the fun of trying to get engaged and married.—[Truth.]

VICARIOUS GYMNASICS.

"I say, Cholly," said Chappie, "I should think it would make you tired to sit head in the gymnasium and watch your man swing Indian clubs."

"It does, dear boy, it does. I do it for half an hour every morning. It's the way I take me exercise."—[Washington Evening Star.]

A SHORT MEMORY.

"Do you always learn all the hard lessons the teacher gives you?" asked Uncle Mark.

"Oh yes," replied Willie; "but I find they're awful easy to forget."—[Harper's Young People.]

AN OBLIGING NEPHEW.

Aunt—You visit me often enough, I admit, but you want money every time. Now I tell you plainly that you need not expect anything from me as long as I live.

Nephew—Oh, my dear, I will willingly wait longer than that.—[Schalk.]

KNOW NO MORE THAN THE FLY.

For several minutes Carleton watched a fly buzzing on the window-pane and then asked: "Why does that fly do that?"

"Because," explained mamma, "he doesn't know what glass is, and wants to get out."

"Well," answered Carleton, shortly, "I guess I must be a fly, 'cause I don't know what glass is."—[Harper's Young People.]

AN HONEST WOODER.

The Heiress—Why do you wish to marry me?

The Imprecunious—You wish me to answer honestly?

The H.—Yes.

The I.—Without concealment or prevarication?

The H.—Yes.

The I.—Because I want you to be my wife.—[New York Press.]

SAFETY ASSURED.

Old Lady—Oh, I always get so nervous on a railroad. Don't you think we're going at an awful rate?

Mr. Bluck—Yes, but you needn't worry, mum; there won't be any accident.

"How do you know there won't?"

"Cause I've got an accident insurance ticket."—[New York Weekly.]

THEY COME HIGH, BUT—

Mrs. Makeshift—Well, I've found out how to make up my new dress at last.

Mr. M.—Then why don't you get the stuff?

Mrs. M.—No money left. It took all I had to buy fashion magazines.—[New York Weekly.]

POVERTY IN OPULENCE.

"With all her money there's one thing Mrs. Oldgirl doesn't own."

"What is that?"

"Her age."

CALL TO A CHAIR.

Barber—Well, this is the last time I shall cut your hair.

Customer—Going out of the business?

Barber—No; I have accepted the call to a chair at Cornell University.—[Puck.]

DISCOURAGING.

Wearly Raggles—Please, mister, can't you give me a little assistance?

Mr. Newcomer—Dig up this garden and I will give you fifty cents.

Wearly Raggles—Better keep it, boss; you'll need it to buy vegetables with.—[Puck.]

HIS PROSPECTS NOT GOOD.

Waterman—Who is that dude who has come here to board?

Wife—He says he is a marine painter.

Waterman—You'd better ask board in advance. All the mariners around here paint their own boats.—[New York Weekly.]

THE MUSE ON A TEAR.

If a lot of little mouses
Are a lot of little mice,
Why are not a lot of houses
Called a lot of little hives?

—[Philadelphia Press.]

THE GROVES OF BLARNKY.

Mary—Cover your head, Mr. Costigan, or it's sunstroke you'll be.

Mr. C.—Cover those party eyes of yours, darling, or it's worse than sunstroke I'll be.—[Life's Calendar.]

TWO PUNCTUAL HUSBANDS.

Wife No. 1—I must say that my husband is as regular as a clock. He comes home punctually every night at 7 o'clock.

Wife No. 2—My husband is also as regular as a clock. Punctually at 7 o'clock every night he goes to the saloon.—[Fliegende Blätter.]

A TEXT APPLIED.

Mrs. Hichurch (as she gazes out of the window on a rainy Sunday morning)—Yes, it's true. Providence does temper the wind to the shorn lamb.

Mr. Hichurch—What makes you say so?

Mrs. Hichurch—Why, my new bonnet didn't come home last night.—[Puck.]

A PROUD RECORD.

Schoolboy (proudly)—I haven't missed school one day this term, and I haven't been late once.

Mother—That's splendid; but what are all these black marks in your report?

Schoolboy—Them's only for missin' lessons.

A NOBLE AMBITION.

Cholly—I am tired of letting paw sup port me, and I've made up my mind to become independent of him, don't you know.

Miss Bullion—I think that a very noble ambition.

Cholly—Yas. I've determined to settle down and marry some nice rich girl like you, don't you know.—[New York Weekly.]

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

Miss Spinster (to small caller)—WM you have some tea?

Small Caller—No'm, thank you. Mamma says if I drink tea I'll be a sour old maid, like you.—[Good News.]

HAPPY DAYS OF OLD.

Those were indeed the good old times. Whenever a knight saw his creditors approaching he simply pulled up his draw-bridge.—[Fliegende Blätter.]

LUXURIES OF LIFE.

Mrs. Upton—You will have to increase my allowance for servants' wages, my dear.

Mr. Upton—What for?

Mrs. Upton—Our butler wants a valet, and my waiting maid wants a waiting maid.

EVOLUTION.

"I am looking," said the dusty, travel-stained man with a valise, "for an old friend of mine who used to live on this street."

"What's his name?" inquired the policeman, leaning against the lamp post.

"Dobbin."

"No man of that name living along here."

"No, I reckon not," said the dusty traveller, looking in a perplexed way at a memorandum he had in his hand and then at a row of stately dwellings in front of him. "but he used to live in a one-story cottage right where that big stone-front stands."

"Was he a short, heavy man, with a bald head and one leg a little shorter than the other?"

"Yes, that's the man. Where is he now?"

"Always walked with his hands behind him and wore chin whiskers."

"That describes him exactly."

"Why, he got a street-paving contract three or four years ago and he's worth \$100,000."

"Good for Dobbin! What's become of him? Is he in Europe?"

"No," answered the policeman, pointing at the big stone front. "He lives right there, and his name's D'Aubigne."—[Chicago Tribune.]

ODDS AND ENDS.

The doctor understands all tongues.

Wherever the experienced blind man moves there is an era of good feeling.—[Troy Press.]

No matter how cheap quinine may be it is always a drug in the market.—[Inter-Ocean.]

With reference to dog shows it may be said a dog's ancestral tree cannot be told by its bark.—[Philadelphia Times.]

A match doesn't know enough to keep in when it rains. At all events, it is sure to go out if it is wet.—[Boston Transcript.]

The restaurateurs at the Columbian Exposition seem to think that a Fair exchange is no robbery.—[Indianapolis News.]

The estimated cost of suspending Dr. Briggs is \$50,000. In some of the frontier communities, and even within the borders of the effete East, they sometimes have a way of suspending a man at a merely nominal expense.—[Detroit Free Press.]

"I never could understand, Mr. Widehat, why it is they call your part of the country the 'Woolly West.'"

"It wouldn't be any mystery, my dear Miss Harlebridge, if you knew the number of Eastern lambs sheared out there."

In Machinery Hall—"Don't you think the noise here is very overpowering?" said a recent visitor to Chicago. "It doesn't seem so to me. I have just come from the Woman's Building."

Executions in China.

The correspondent of a Shanghai journal, writing from Peking to the capital of the province in which Peking is situated, says that the population of provincial capitals are quite biased in the matter of punishments and executions. It is exceedingly common to hear the sound of clanking fetters in the street, and presently meet several unwashed, unshorn, haggard, and miserable wretches, looking like victims escaped for a moment from Dante's hell. The ghastly proportions that pass to and fro from the execution ground scarcely excite remark. A few delighted boys run and caper in advance, the bystanders shout out jesting remarks and witty salutations to the proudly self-conscious executioner, and the poor, half-stupefied wretch who peers out from the tattered coverings of the cart. As they reach the execution ground, marked merely by a post erected where the roadway is a few feet wider than is common, the scattered attendants close in hurriedly, the neighboring cake-sellers and hucksters move up to the center of attraction, and for perhaps three minutes all business within a radius of a hundred feet or more is suspended. Then the good-natured crowd breaks up laughing, the empty cart with the guard of mounted soldiers returns to the yamen, and if one passes the spot half an hour later, there will be only the trodden dust by the roadside to mark the tragedy that every dweller in the city holds so lightly.—[London Times.]

The United States as a Gem-Producer.

The United States has entered the field as a gem-producer. Turquoise mines have been discovered near Coalinga in the State of California. Turquoise has been discovered near Coalinga in the State of Washington. Mine buildings have been erected and a settlement called Gem City founded, which it is hoped will prove the center of a paying industry. A surprising fact to the general public will be the pearl fishing of Wisconsin, which for the past few years has been extensively carried on along the Pecos and Apple Rivers and their tributary creeks. Pearls weighing over fifty grains each and varying in value from \$300 to more than \$1,000 have been taken.

Great Panics.

The most disastrous European panics were those of 1793, on account of the French war; of 1873, because of the Irish rebellion, when the 3 per cents went down to 44; of 1825, when 770 banks failed in Great Britain alone; of 1847, through the railroad mania; of 1857, from fear of a general war in Europe; of 1863, through over-speculation in limited liability companies; and that of 1870, at the beginning of the Franco-Prussian war.—[Chicago Herald.]

THE BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

CAUSE OF HUMAN RUMINATION.—In narrating his observations of several cases of rumination in men—three of which occurred in men and two in a mother and her child of three and one-half years—M. Decker states that in three instances the complaint was congenital, nor is there any reason for believing that rumination is due to any paralysis of the cardiac, but this habit opens at the time of each regurgitation; only in one case was there any evidence of cardiac weakness. Hyperacidity is only an accidental occurrence; in four of the five cases the gastric juice was normal, and there may or may not be dyspepsia; dilatation of the stomach was only present in one case, but this was the result and not the cause of the complaint; he thinks that too rapid an excessive eating, with deficient chewing, is the proximate cause, having been present in four of the cases, and, in addition, there must be a neurotic predisposition. Again, in a comparison between eructation and rumination, it is pointed out that, in the former, there is only a slight contraction of the stomach, whereas, in the latter the stomach contracts energetically as well as the diaphragm and abdominal muscles.

DEATH FROM A BROKEN HEART.—Do people in trouble ever really die of a broken heart? The late Sir George Paget, in one of his lectures, acknowledges that in the vast majority of cases thus popularly described there is nothing like an actual rupture of the heart; yet he admits that mental affections will not infrequently cause real disease of the body, and he mentions an actual case of broken heart cited by Dr. J. K. Mitchell of the Jefferson College, Philadelphia, in lecturing on the heart. In an early period of his life Dr. Mitchell accomplished, as a surgeon, a packet that sailed from Liverpool to one of the American ports. The captain frequently conversed with him respecting a lady who had promised to become his bride on his return from that voyage. Upon this subject he evinced great warmth of feeling, and showed some costly jewels and ornaments which he intended to present as bridal gifts. On reaching the destination he was abruptly informed that the lady had married some one else. Instantly the captain was observed to clasp his hand to his breast and fall heavily to the ground. He was taken up and conveyed to his cabin on board his vessel. Dr. Mitchell was immediately summoned, but before he reached him the captain was dead. A post-mortem examination revealed the cause. His heart was found literally torn to pieces. The rupture of the propulsive blood (adds the narrator) consequent upon such a violent nervous shock, forced the powerful muscular tissues asunder, and life was at an end.

THE BATH IN ITS RELATION TO HEALTH AND GOOD LOOKS.—The majority of people, says a medical authority, bathe with a view to comfort and cleanliness without much thought of the relations of regular ablutions to the preservation of health and good looks. In olden times there existed the idea that too frequent bathing of the face and neck injured the skin. Now the general belief is that the beauty of the skin cannot be preserved unless its pores are kept well open. Proof of this is readily seen by observation among people who bathe infrequently and insufficiently. A good complexion is almost unknown among them, and although improper food and impure air do their share in muddying and thickening the skin its unhealthy condition is largely due to the clogging of the pores which prevents their carrying off as they should the waste matter of the system. The temperature of the bath is a mooted question. To some persons there is nothing more bracing and invigorating than a cold plunge, while others do not recover for hours from the chill such a bath gives. Certain physicians recommend a very hot bath, at least that it is as stimulating in its effect as the cold plunge and less likely to produce ill effects. Nearly all unite in declaring immersion in the tepid bath relaxing and thus detrimental to health. The question is one that each bath must settle for herself. What suits one may be positively harmful to another. Certain it is that the hot or warm bath is more cleansing than cold water. The sudden chill of the latter closes the pores and prevents the escape of the effete matter it is the object of the bath to remove. The woman who takes a cold plunge for its after effects should first sponge herself off in warm water and achieve cleanliness before she indulges herself in her "bracer."

Whoever feels a chilly sensation after a warm plunge and experiences difficulty in regaining the normal temperature should try the experiment of sponging off with cold water when leaving the hot bath and see if the slight shock will not tone up the skin and prevent any subsequent chill. The beneficial effect of a bath is greatly heightened by a hard rubbing after leaving it. A rather coarse or rough Turkish towel should be used, and the friction should not be stopped when the moisture has been removed, but continued until the body is in a glow from head to foot. This operation will only require a few moments, and it is well worth the trouble. The best time for taking the bath must, like its temperature, be decided by individual preferences. Some persons find a bath taken late at night most soothing; to others it is provocative of insomnia. The early morning bath is sometimes favored by the medical profession, while to others it serves as a tonic and in its stimulating and refreshing qualities as valuable as an extra hour's sleep.

An Army of Over 2,000,000 Women Wage Earners in America.

The following interesting statistics, concerning women wage earners, is furnished in the *Woman's Journal*: "America had in 1890, 2,700,000 bread-winning women and girls working outside of their own homes. There were 110 lawyers, 165 ministers, 320 authors, 588 journalists, 2,001 artists, 2,136 architects, 2,106 stock raisers and ranchers, 5,135 government clerks, 2,438 physicians and surgeons, 13,183 professional musicians, 56,500 farmers and planters, 21,071 clerks and bookkeepers, 14,465 heads of commercial houses, 153,000 public school teachers (based on the census of 1890)."

Quakers Fought.

A hay harvest in the heart of the city is the unusual sight that presented itself to people passing the old "Fighting Quakers" burying ground on Fifth street south of Locust, last week. The society of "Free Friends," as they call themselves, is now extinct, as the general society has broadened to meet their views, and no burials have been made in the ground for years. During the civil war many Union soldiers who died in the hospitals of this city were given a resting place alongside the "Fighting Quakers" of the Revolution.—[Philadelphia Record.]