

### THE BOTHER.

"Dear, dear! what a bothersome baby!" The care-worn mother sighed out, as she looked at the books and the play things.

That were everywhere scattered about, at the great dingy spot on the carpet. Where he'd let grandma's medicine fall, and the marks that the fat baby fingers had left on the windows and wall.

"Such a baby for getting in mischief! I can't keep him tidy and sweet. Though I'm busy from daylight to bedtime. The room never seems to be neat. I never catch up with his sewing; I've never a moment to rest."

And she sighed as she threaded her needle with life and its worries oppress.

A slow, muffled sound on the pavement. She looks through the mist-clouded pane and sees, almost under her window, a hearse going by in the rain.

There's a little white casket inside it, and then by swift tears it is hid, as she thinks of the household whose darling lies under the small coffin lid.

She goes to the bed of her baby. And kneels by the sleeper in tears, and the prayer that goes up, mute and wordless.

The great loving Father-Heart hears. No longer the child seems a bother. As she thinks of the hearse in the rain, and the mother-arms, aching and empty, where the little dead baby has lain.

—Eben E. Rexford. In Good Housekeeping.

### HOW OLSON SQUARED IT.

BY DAN QUIN.

"Now I thoroughly savvy," remarked the old cattleman, reflectively, at a crisis in our last conversation when the talk turned on men of small and cowardly measure. "I thoroughly savvy that taste for battle that lurks in the defiles of folks' nature like a wolf in the hills. Which I reckon now that I, myself, is one of the peace-fullest people who ever belted on a gun; but in my instincts—while I never justify or follows his example—I clearly apprehend the emotions of a gent who convenes with another gent all similar, an' expresses his views of him with his gun, an' immediately precedes a adjournment sine die by skepin' the opposition. Sech is human nature unrestrained, an' the same, while deplorable, is not surprisin'."

"But this yere Olson I has in my mem'ry don't have no sech manly emotions as goes with a gun play. Which Olson, I takes pleasure in sayin', is a alien an' a rank outsider, an' no more born in this home of freedom than a Mexican. Olson is so cowardly he's even furtive; an' for a low-down meanly play let me tell you what Olson does. It's shorly enery."

"It all arises years ago, back in Tennessee, an' gets its first start out of a hawky which is owned by Olson an' is downed by a gent named Hoskins—Bill Hoskins. It's this way:

"Back in Tennessee, in my dream-wreathed youth, when anamies goes projectin' about pernicious, a party has to build his fences 'bull strong, hawky tight, an' boss high, or he takes results. Which Hoskins don't make his fences to conform to this yere roole none; leastwise they ain't hawky tight as is shown by one of Olson's hawks."

"The hawk comes piroutin' about Hoskins' fence, an' he goes through easy; an' the way that invadin' anamile turns Bill's potatoes bottom up don't bother him a bit. He shorly looks Bill's lot; that's whatever."

"But Bill, perceivin' of Olson's hawk layin' waste his crop, reaches down a Hawkins' rifle, 30 to the pound, an' stretches the hawk. Which this is where Bill falls into error. Layin' aside them deficiencies in Bill's fence, it's clear at a glance a hawk can't be held responsible. Hawks is ignorant and therefore innocent; an' while hawks can be what Doc Peets calls a caus belli, they can't be regarded as a fee legitimate."

"Now what Bill oughter done, if he feels like this yere hawk's done put it all over him, is to go an' lay for Olson. Sech action by Bill would have been some excessive, some high, so to speak, but it would have been a line shot. Whereas killin' the hawks is 'way to one side of the mark, an' under."

"However, as I states, Bill bein' hasty that away, and oncapable of perhaps refined reasonin', downs the pig, an' stands pat on it, waitin' for Olson to fill his hand, if he feels so moved."

"Now, that's where the cowardly nature of this yere Olson begins to shine. He's ugly as a wolf about Bill copperin' his hawk that away, but he don't pack the nerve to go after Bill an' make a round-up of them grievances. An' he ain't allowin' to pass it up none on his own account. Now, here's what Olson does; he 'sassinates Bill's pet raccoon."

"That's right, pard; jest massacre a pore, confidin' raccoon, who don't no more stand in on that hawk killin' of Bill's than me an' you—don't even advise it."

"Now, I allow you savvy all thar is to know about a raccoon. No? Well, a raccoon is like this: In the first place he's plump ingenious, an' ain't lookin' for no gent to hold out yards or ring a cold deck on him. That's straight; a raccoon is simple-minded that way; an' his impressive trait is, he's meditative. Besides bein' nacherally thoughtful as to his own affairs, I might say a raccoon is a heap melancholy—he jest sets thar an' absorbs melancholy from merely bein' alive."

"But if a raccoon is melancholy or gets wrapped in thought that away, it's after all his own play. It's his credit that once when he's tamed he's got a mountainous confidence in men, an' will curl up an' go to sleep where you be an' shet both eyes. He's plumb trustful; an' moreover, no matter how mournful a raccoon feels, or how plumb melancholy he gets, he don't pester you with no yarns."

"I reckon I converses with this yere identical raccoon of Bill's plenty frequent when he feels blue an' again when he's at his gayest, an' he never remarks nothin' to me except p'lite generalities."

"If this Olson had been a dead gent,

party who regards himsef wronged, he'd searched out a gun, or a knife, or mebbe a club, an' pranced over an' recited Bill a whole lot. But he's too timid and too cowardly, an' afraid of Bill. So to play even he lines out to bushwhack this he'less, oninstructed raccoon. Olson figgers to take advantage of what's clearly a loophole in a raccoon's constitution."

"Mebbe you never noticed it about a raccoon, but the fact is once he gets interested in a pursuit, he's rigged so he can't quit none until the project's a success. Thar's herds an' bands of folks an' anamies who's fixed similar. They can start, an' they can't let up. Thar's bulldozers; they begins a fight too easy, but the capacity to quit is left out of bulldozers entire. Same about nose paint with gents I knows. They capers up to whisky at the beginnin' like a kitten to warm milk, an' they never do cease no more. An' that's how the kyards falls to raccoons about plenty of things."

"Knowin' these yere defects in raccoons, this Olson plots to take advantage tharof; an' by playin' it low on Bill's raccoon, get even with Bill about that dead hawk. Which Bill wouldn't have took a drove of hawks, no indeed; not the whole fall round-up of hawks for all of West Tennessee, an' lose that raccoon."

"It's when Bill's over to Pine Knot layin' in terbacca, an' nose paint, an' cornmeal, an' sech necessities, when Olson stands in to down Bill's raccoon. He goes injunnin' over to 'Bill's' an' finds the camp all deserted, except the raccoon's thar settin', battin' his eyes mournful an' lonesome on the doorstep. This Olson sets down by the door an' condes the raccoon, an' strokes his coat, an' lets the raccoon search his pockets with his black hands until he gets that friendly an' confident about Olson he'd told him anything. It's then this yere miscreant, Olson, springs his game."

"He's got a couple of crawfish which he's fresh caught at the Branch. Now, raccoons regards crawfish as unusual good eatin'. For myself, I can't say I deems none high of crawfish an' viands, but of course raccoons is different; an' the way they looks at it crawfish is pie."

"This Olson brings out his two crawfish, an' fetchin' a jar of water from the spring he drops in a crawfish an' incites an' aggravates Zekiel—that's the name of Bill's raccoon—to feel in an' get him a whole lot."

"Zekiel ain't shy on the play. He knows crawfish like a gambler does an' sechso turnin' his eyes up to the sky like a raccoon does when wrapped in pleasant anticipation that away, he plunges in his paw an' gets it."

"Of course once Zekiel acquires him the pore crawfish don't last as long as a drink of whiskey. When Zekiel has him plumb devoured he turns his eyes on Olson, sort of thankful, an' waits developments."

"Olson puts in the second crawfish, an' Zekiel takes him into camp same as the other. It's now that Olson enfurfs his plot on Zekiel."

"Olson drops a dozen buckshot into the jar of water. Nacherally, Zekiel, who's got his mind all framed up touchin' crawfish, goes after the buckshot with his fore foot."

"But it's different with buckshot; Zekiel can't pick 'em up. He tries an' tries with his honest simple face turned up to heaven, but he can't make it. All Zekiel can do is feel 'em with his foot, an' roll 'em about on the bottom of the jar."

"Now, as I remarks prior, when a raccoon gets embarked that away, he can't quit. He ain't arranged so he can quit. Olson, who's plumb aware tharof, no sooner gets Zekiel started on them buckshot than 'knowin' that nature can be relied on to play her head out sa'nters off to his wickieup, leavin' Zekiel to his fate. Bill won't be home till Monday, an' Olson knows that before then, unless Zekiel is interrupted, he'll be even for that hawk Bill drops. As Olson comes to a place in the trail where he's goin' to see sight of Bill's camp he turns an' looks back. Thar picture is all his revenge can ask. Thar sets Zekiel on the doorstep, with his happy countenance turned up to the dome above, with his right paw elbow deep in the jar, still rollin' an' feelin' them buckshot around, an' allowin' 'em due to catch a crawfish every moment."

"Well, it works out exactly as the wretched Olson figgers. The sun goes down, an' the Sunday sun comes up an' sets agin, an' still pore Zekiel is planted by the jar, with his hopeful eyes on high, still feelin' of them buckshot. He can't quit no more'n if he was loser in a poker game, Zekiel can't."

"When Bill rides up to his door about second drink time Monday afternoon, Olson is shorly even on that hawk. Thar lays Zekiel too dead to skin. He's jest set thar with them buckshot an' felt himsef to death."—Chicago Tribune

Not a Rag.

The prominent citizen was rather proud of his standing in the community.

"And, do you know," he said, "when I first came to this town I had hardly a rag to my back?"

The man who was not so prominent shrugged his shoulders.

"When I first came to this town," he said, "I actually didn't have a rag to my back."

"You're joking," said the prominent citizen.

"Not at all," replied the citizen who was not so prominent, seriously. "I was born here."—Chicago Post.

The Start.

First Burglar—What led you to the profess?

Second Burglar—Tryin' ter get pennies outter me toy bank w'en I wuz er kid.—Washington Times.

A miscreant was originally a person who differed in religious belief from yourself. The name was first applied to the Saracens.

### FIGHT WITH HATPINS.

New York Policemen Dread This New-Fangled Weapon.

Two Desperate Female Characters Use It So Violently and Cleverly That Gotham's Fly Cops Hate to Arrest Them.

What weapon is most dreaded by the New York police? Ask a policeman of the Tenderloin Precinct the question and he will promptly reply:

"The hatpin."

Yes, it's a fact. The metropolitan police fear the slender, insignificant hatpin more than they do pistols, shot-guns, knives, dynamite or Roosevelt.

"Hatpin Mary" and "Hatpin Liz" are names which are comparatively new in police annals, but already their mention suggests mighty unpleasant business to the bluecoats.

These women, of course, get their nicknames from the weapon they use in fighting and resisting arrest—the hatpin—which they have demonstrated may be made a most formidable weapon. It can be snatched from the hat and thrust into the person more unexpectedly than any other stabbing implement, and the long, slender steel pin is sure to penetrate deep, causing an ugly wound at best.

It is at the eyes that these women usually aim, with the evident intention of gouging them out. Blood-poisoning is also very apt to set in if the pin is rusty.

"Hatpin Mary" and "Hatpin Liz" are but two of a large number of women who have recently adopted the hatpin as a weapon. In fact, its use has lately become common among the dissolute creatures of the Tenderloin, who find it a powerful ally in baffling the repeated attempts of the policemen to arrest them.

Nowadays when a Tenderloin policeman arrests a woman, says the New



RESISTING ARREST.

York World, he stays as far away from her as possible on the way to the station house, and keeps his eye out for hatpins. To find the prisoner reaching towards her hat or feeling of her back hair is cause for alarm.

Before the ways of these hatpin-jabbers became familiar to the police it was in patrol wagons that they did their most dreadful work. There at night, shielded by darkness, they were able to get out the pins from their hair unnoticed and jab at will among their captors. Many a policeman attached to the West Thirtieth and West Thirty-seventh street stations has ugly scars on his body, received in this way. One woman jabbed a long hatpin into the abdomen of Patrolman Thompson, of the Nineteenth precinct. Inflammation set in and the wound caused him great pain for many days.

Mary McGovern is the real name of the woman better known as "Hatpin Mary." During the past few weeks she has been "doing time" in the workhouse on account of her latest escapade. Policeman Essig, of the West Thirty-seventh street station, was her victim. He found her on Fortieth street using vile language and indulging in high-kicking. He took her into custody and successfully resisted all her efforts to gouge out his eyes with her hatpin while on the way to the station house. While her name, age, etc., were being taken by Sergt. Cahill she stealthily drew a long, steel pin from her hair and with a quick movement struck at Essig's eyes. He saw her just in time, dodged, and the pin just grazed his forehead, leaving a long, red scratch.

Policeman William Mulcahey, of the West Thirtieth street station, had a similar experience with "Hatpin Liz" a few nights ago. She resisted arrest, and while struggling with the policeman jabbed at his eyes with her hatpin, missed, but left a bad scratch on his neck.

Thought It Was an Insect.

She wore her hat very far down over her eyes. It was a very large hat, and its proudest decoration was a bunch of bird of paradise tail feathers. She came into church with the most devout air imaginable and knelt for a moment in silent prayer. The bald-headed man just in front of her twitched uneasily. His head moved from side to side. He lifted one hand and brought it smartly down on the top of his bald head—and the tips of my lady's bird of paradise feathers which had been tickling it. After that a very red-faced woman sat bolt upright in her pew, while a bald-headed man just in front turned purple, and what in any other place would have been a snicker ran through the congregation.

Whistling Aids Digestion.

"Whistling for half an hour after meals is," says Mrs. Alice Shaw, the lady whistler, "the best possible aid to digestion. Try it, weak-chested, slender-throated sisters mine, and profit by my experience."

Fine Paid with Hogs.

At New Augustine, Fla., the mayor, sitting as a magistrate, accepted five hogs from a negro culprit as security for the payment of a fine.

### MEDICINE CABINET.

Very Pretty One Can Be Made of White Enamel. Fine.

Every careful housewife should have a medicine chest or cabinet, for when any member of the family is taken suddenly ill she should know just where certain remedies are which will give relief or effect a cure.

A neat medicine cabinet is made of white enamel pine, and is an ornamented piece of furniture for a bedroom or sitting-room, giving the appearance, when the curtain is drawn, of a bookcase. The four shelves furnish abundant room for all bottles of medicine required by the average-sized



MEDICINE CABINET.

family, and the deep drawer at the bottom is for bandages, wrappings, in fact, anything which would be needed in case of sudden sickness or accident. Some ladies make quite a study of doctoring their children, and their cabinets contain a mortar, pestle, measure for liquid medicines, also spoons of different sizes. A brass rod across the top supports a curtain of serviceable tan canvas cloth worked with rows of shaded brown silk at the top and bottom. Many persons prefer a curtain of fancy silk. Brie-a-brac usually adorns the top. A number of young married ladies in Mt. Auburn and Avondale, who do wood carving for a pastime, have carved elaborate walnut brackets with leaves for a similar purpose, but they have discovered that the cabinet, which rests firmly upon the floor is a great improvement, and they are carving panels of dogwood blossoms or other flowers on either end, finishing the bevel on the top with a neat beading. Some ladies go into detail and invent designs of medicinal blossoms.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### MORAL INFLUENCE.

It Should Never Appear in the Form of Unsympathetic Opposition.

The most effective way to strengthen a man or a child in a wrong course is to manifest an unsympathetic opposition. Something in human nature leads most of us, in such circumstances, to desire to have our own way. We say "most of us," because we ought never to forget that there are certain ideally constituted persons who, when they are told what they ought to do, straightway go and do it. But parents commonly find that in dealing with average children a hard exercise of authority is not usually the most effective to lead them to choose the best courses. And those who seek to influence and lead men discover that to lay down the law too vigorously is not always the wisest way of getting men to do what they desire. "It is not the more fact of opposition that fixes men in their determination not to be guided by others," says the Watchman. "It is unsympathetic opposition. If you can once convince a man or a child that your opposition is not prompted by disregard of his opinions, or by pride of authority, you have gone far toward winning him to your view. The Apostle Paul enjoins men to 'speak the truth in love.' It is not enough that a parent or leader possess the truth and declare it; to be effective the truth should be spoken in love. Some people think so much of the truth that they think nothing at all of the feelings, the opinions and prejudices of those to whom they declare it. They wonder that they do not do more good. There is nothing mysterious about it. Their attitude toward others is unsympathetic, and that is enough to account for the fact that those whom they seek to influence are under a strong temptation not to do the thing that has been urged upon them."—Boston Budget.

### NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT.

The "Mystery Tea" Is a Source of Much Innocent Amusement.

While there is "nothing new under the sun," there are new ways of combining old things, and in this day of search after unheard-of and pleasing combinations the "Mystery Tea" seems particularly amusing.

Upon entering the room one of the entertainment committee hands you a card, with pencil attached, upon which are the numbers from one to ten, with a blank space after each. This is your menu card, and it is your duty to put a cross or check mark after each number you wish served to you, the first order being limited to five numbers, the second to two.

Having checked numbers one, two, seven, nine, ten, the serving waitress receives your card, and shortly after are set before you a glass of water, a roll, a piece of cake, a doughnut and an apple. Your second order reads five and eight, and you are given a cup of coffee and a toothpick.

Following the waitress out into the kitchen and over the table, convenient to sight, and rapid reading, is the following list:

- |                     |                   |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Glass of water.  | 6. Pickle.        |
| 2. Roll, buttered.  | 7. Cake.          |
| 3. Slice of tongue. | 8. Cup of coffee. |
| 4. Piece of cheese. | 9. Doughnut.      |
| 5. Toothpick.       | 10. Apple.        |

The numbers may be increased, or other articles substituted for the very modest ones listed here, but the idea in all cases is the same. One orders always in entire ignorance of what he will receive, and mystery prevails. Ladies' Home Journal.

### SUGAR FROM BEETS.

HOW THE INDUSTRY HAS GROWN AND WHAT IT MAY BECOME.

Some of the Great Difficulties in the Way of its Establishment in the United States—The Import Trade in German Beet Sugar.

It is only within the last few months that the people who refine sugar in this country have become aware of a new factor that promises to be very formidable. To every family from the Atlantic to the Pacific this new factor is of interest, for the reason that it is within the bounds of possibility that through it the price of sugar will be still further reduced. Already it has had the effect of lowering slightly prices at times, though the refiners and the middlemen are reluctant to acknowledge it. The new factor is the increasing production of a fine quality of beet sugar in the West and the largely increasing importation of the same from Germany. Not enough has come over as yet to make much difference, it is true.

The chief difficulties in beet-sugar manufacturing in this country have been to find the proper soil for the growing of sugar beets, and when such soil was discovered to make contracts with the farmers in that vicinity for a sufficient quantity of that vegetable.

Only in the Far West and on the Pacific Coast up to this time have proper localities been found. There stand ready at a moment's notice to day hundreds of thousands of dollars waiting to establish beet-sugar refineries in the East as soon as the right soil and substantial guarantees of crops can be assured.

Eight sugar-beet refineries are running prosperously in the country today. Two of these are in Nebraska, two in Utah, and one is in the Pecos valley of New Mexico, a newly opened region that has considerable promise in it. The remaining three are in California. Of such an excellent quality is their product that there is no difficulty in selling it near by. Practically none of it ever reaches New York, and seldom any of it Chicago, though when any quantity of it does arrive in the Western metropolis it finds a market easily.

While more beet sugar comes to New York than to any other city, it is nearly all the German product. In spite of the fact that this sugar has to pay an additional duty because it comes from a bounty-paying country, it undersells the refined sugars by a quarter of a cent a pound at least.

The average person cannot tell the difference between beet and cane granulated sugar, for the reason that to all intents and purposes they are the same to the taste and eye, though the beet sugar is a little grayer. It is said to be even cleaner.—New York Tribune.

### WARNING ON A TOMBSTONE.

The Strange Monument a Kansas Woman Set Up Over Her Husband's Grave.

Out in Oak Hill Cemetery, the fashionable burying ground of Atchison, this city, a marble shaft towers far above its neighbors. It is colossal in size, white as the driven snow, delicate in proportions, exquisite in design, airy and graceful as a spire of the Cathedral of Milan when viewed from far away. It is the observed of all those who visit the beautiful cemetery and who tread its flower-lined and shadowy avenues, and they linger at the granite base to admire the delicate carving and ponder upon the strange and suggestive inscription chiseled upon its polished surface:

"At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.—Proverbs, xxiii, 22."

This unusual and unique monument marks the grave of a once prominent citizen. He was prominent in business, prominent in politics, prominent in social affairs. He was the personification of business integrity, a leader in public enterprises, the exemplar of the young men of the community.

By and by even as some insidious disease takes possession of the human body, an appetite for strong drink took possession of this business man, this political leader, this social lion, this model for young men.

His history is simply the old, old story. He fell from his lofty pedestal, from his high estate, from heaven to hell.

The man had lived and was dead and buried, and the great world, forgetting his faults and frailties, remembered only his excellences. But the widow! She remembered—even if she did not remember the virtues of her husband—the cursed cause of ruin. And one day, by her orders, the imposing monument above his grave was erected, and around it from apex to granite base, the sculptor had chiseled from the inanimate marble a snake of many coils, whose forked tongue, ever protruding, and stony eyes, never closing, are a constant warning to all who look upon it and read the strange device upon the polished surface of the granite base, that "at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—Kansas City Times.

### The Effect of Cold.

Little Ike: "Uncle Rastus, does cold make eberything git littler?"

Uncle Rastus: "Yas, it do; cold will contract; don't you 'member night 'fo' las' Christmas de wood-pile of Parson Jones dat libs nex to me swunk up in one night 't nex 't nothin'?"

Little Ike: "But don't you 'member, Uncle Rastus, how de pile o' wood by de side o' de stove, in de cabin, got heap bigger?"

Uncle Rastus: "Well, t'was hot in de room, you little idiot; heat makes things bigger. You 'ain't got de sense you was born wid."—

### EUGENE FIELD EXPLAINED.

He Killed the Farmer's Duck but Showed the Fowl at Fault.

A few years ago the late Eugene Field and Stanley Waterloo went duck hunting on Mudcock Lake, near St. Louis. Ducks were rather scarce and very shy, and the two hunters spent the day without overburdening their game bags. At length they decided to separate, in the hope that each might drive the ducks within the range of each other. Waterloo paddled up the lake and Field down.

Late in the afternoon Waterloo banged away at a flock of mallards and brought one down. The wounded duck, however, was not seriously disabled, and before it could be bagged rose and went wabbling down the lake toward Field, and dropped within easy range of the poet's gun among a number of tame ducks which belonged to a neighboring farmhouse.

Field rested his gun across the bow of his boat and let both barrels go. The mallard went flying away. The tame ducks set up a quacking and paddled ashore—all but one. One of the farmer's pets had received its quietus.

The farmer himself didn't like it, and after indulging in certain emphatic remarks well calculated to impress the young Niurod with the enormity of his offence, began throwing stones and inviting him to come ashore and fight. Field paddled out of stone's throw and began to parley. The farmer wanted a dollar for the duck.

"How do you figure that?" queried the poet.

"Do you mean to deny that you killed my duck here?" demanded the granger.

"That's true enough," said Field, "but where does the responsibility really belong?"

"I don't understand you."

"Why, that duck of yours was par-ticeps criminis; that's what it was."

"I don't care what you call it, but I want a dollar for the duck just the same."

"Well, now, see here," insisted Field, "you must acknowledge that your water fowl was at least guilty of contributory negligence. Instead of keeping away from me while I was gunning for ducks, that misguided fowl deliberately invited death by getting right in front of my gun just as I was about to terminate the earthly existence of a mallard."

The farmer was dazed into silence.

"It looks to me like a clear case of suicide. I'll wager you hadn't fed that poor, heart-sick, discouraged duck for a month. No wonder it found existence intolerable under such circumstances, and embraced the first opportunity to escape from a thralldom worse than death. I suppose I ought to charge you with cruelty to animals and have you arrested, but I have no disposition to deal harshly with you. If you'll pay me for the ammunition and the time I have wasted with you, I'm willing to call the matter square, and you may keep the duck."

But the farmer shook his head and fled.

### Changed Its Course.

The Hoang-ho, or Yellow River, one of the principal rivers of China, is more than 2,000 miles in length. This river is said to have changed its course as many as twenty-two times in the course of the present century, and its mouth is now three hundred miles distant from its position a hundred years ago. Each change causes great devastation, and has earned the river the title of "China's Sorrow." Its last great inundation in 1887 was credited with destroying millions of lives. An Indian river, the Brahmapootra, has changed its course more than once, and gave rise to most serious floods in 1866, when two hundred and seventy-five miles of the country were submerged.—Tid-Bits.

### He Was Very Considerate.

Two gentlemen were standing in a street in a Georgia town when they were approached by a man offering for sale two dressed geese. They decided to purchase, but the dealer insisted on selling the two birds to one man. Accordingly one of them bought the two, and sold one to his friend. After the transaction was completed, the goose-vender was asked why he would not sell the birds separately. Said he—"That old goose and gander have been together thirty years, and I wouldn't separate them for any consideration."

### No Misunderstanding the Explanation.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert dropped into the opera-box of a parvenue friend one evening when The Magic Flute was on the bills. After asking him who wrote the music, the lady said, "Mozart—Mozart? Never heard of him before. He's immense! Why isn't he here? Why isn't he doing something else? Why isn't he composing?" "Because he's decomposing, my dear lady!" answered Mr. Gilbert.

### The Druggist's Conscience.

A Chicago druggist keeps his store open on Sunday, but will sell medicines only, and the profit is devoted to charity. Sometimes he has to exercise a nice discrimination to avoid selling things which are not medical necessities. The Tribune says he refused to let a little girl have ten cents' worth of pearl powder until told that her sister couldn't "fix for church" without it.

### A Considerate Youngster.

Amiable Mother—Here, Tommy, is some nice castor oil with orange in it. Doctor (playfully)—Now remember, don't give it all to Tommy; leave some for me.

Tommy (who has had some before)—Doctor's a nice man, ma; give it all to the doctor.—Household Words.