The man in the moon is looking, love; He's winking, love; he's blinking, love; And each little star will tell——

Here Jack ran against a tree and lost the thread of his song. After recovering his hat, which had rolled in the gutter. Jack resumed his journey, and turning up a quiet side street climbed up a front stoop and sat down upon the topmost step. The moon was shining brightly and paling the street lamps. The horizon was let up with a glow like that of a prairie fire, and the chimneys across the way stood out black and distinct against the glowing background. From far down the street he could hear a party of serenaders singing an old song which sounded familiar to him. Jack was beginning to get sobered. He put his hollowed hand behind his ear and listened. Yes, although he could not hear the words, the serenaders were so far away, he could supply them himself:

There's a heart beating for somebody. Lighting the home he loves best, Warming the bosom of somebody-

Warming the bosom of somebody and the "oh" came wafted down the street in a tuneful little cadence which died away like a sob in the distance. The song brought to Jack's remembrance an old-fashioned farmhouse on a Vermont hillside. There were horsehair chairs in the room and a picture of In the corner stood a little melodeon have something of regret in it. Jack took off his hat and ran his hands through his hair. He lapsed into reminiscence again and remembered how he had married the blue-eyed girl and brought her to the big roaring city; how the babies had come one after another until they had three; how his little woman's eyes had lost some of their swelled in : lustre from weeping, and how he stayed out late o' nights drinking beer when he should have been home looking after the welfare of his wife and babies. By this time Jack was thoroughly sobered and repentant. He felt in his pocket for his latchkey, but the key wasn't there. He didn't care to ring the bell, because he was afraid of his wife's antried to undo the fastening. A low growl made him withdraw his hand quickly. Then it occurred to him that it was only his setter dog, and he whistled softly to the dog and the animal whined a recognition. After struggling with the fastening until he succeeded in unfastening the window he lodged on the window sill when he tried to climb in, and, loaded as he was, teetered back and forth, at the imminent risk of tumbling into the stone basement below. At last he rolled into the room with a thump which shook the whole house. He had just gathered up his bruised body and placed it upon the

sofa when the door opened and his wife made her appearance. 'So you've returned, have you,' said she sarcastically, while her eyes blazed like ardent coals, 'The baby is sick with the croup up-stairs, but of course you don't care anything about that. We might all be taken down with the cholera and you wouldn't know anything about it. I suppose you've had a very pleasant time to-day with your friends, and are as drunk as usual. This thing has gone on as long as it is you. That's what I think of you,' and she struck him a blow in the face with the flat of her hand which made his head ring. 'Oh, you deceitful wretch. if I had a pistol I would shoot you,' she continued.

Jack gritted his teeth together and clenched his hands. He half arose from the sofa, and then his good sense prevailed and he resumed his seat. The door closed with a bang behind his wife and he was left alone in the room with the dog.

'Old fellow,' said Jack, taking the dog's silky ears in his hands and looking down into the dog's brown eyes, 'old fellow, things is getting mighty warm around here, aren't they ?'

The dog thumped his tail and emitted a short bark.

'And somebody's to blame, eh, old fellow ?'

The dog put his forepaws on Jack's knees and whined.

'The little woman exaggerates my

right. What d'ye think ?' The unfailing barometer of a dog's e-

parlor carpet inviting a frolic. 'No. Rover there's no funny business about this. This affair is serious. There's got to be a reformation. You remember old man Luther had a reformation, don't von? Yes, I suppose

you do. Well, here's what's going to reform; going to give up beer and clams and staying out nights. Back, old fellow, lie down in the corner,' said Jack, as he opened the door on a crack and listened. A faint sound as of sobbing came down the stairs. Jack closed the door and resumed his seat.

'It's raining up-stairs. I'm afraid the little woman will get wet. Now, I'm going to take off my shoes and see if the root leaks. You lie right down here in the corner and keep still till I brought him to earth with the commoncome down,' said Jack, speaking to the place comment: dog, who slunk off into the corner in a shamefaced way.

Then Jack stole softly up stairs and peeped into the room, where sat his wife with her face hidden in the bedclothes. She was sobbing violently and ence, but the clams were something of Jack's heart was touched. Jack walked up to her and placed his hand upon her shoulder.

'Little woman,' said he. Louder sobs but no answer.

'Little woman,' he resumed, trying to swallow his throat, 'I've been a big prute to you and the children, but if you'll try to overlook what I've done in the past I'll try and do better in the future.

'Oh, Jack, I struck you!' came from the bed-clothes in smothered accents. 'Never mind that, little woman, It lidn't hurt me.'

Jack sat down upon the side of the bed and drew his wife upon his knee. She hid her face upon his shoulder, just as she had often done in the olden times in the house upon the Vermont

'Do you think you can give me another chance ?' said Jack. 'It was all my fault, Jack, and very sorry.'

'Well, we'll call it square then and start in again. What d'ye say?' 'Oh, Jack !' was the only reply, and then there followed a sound which had something of sweetness and requital in it, and borne on the wind from half a mile away came the refrain:

Warming the bosom of somebody oh!

Singing Themselves to Sleep.

Mrs. Merriam Grant, one of the people wounded in the Chatsworth disaster, was in the rear car with her husband. In this car was a party of six young people. In order that they might sit together, Mr, and Mrs. Grant changed seats with a young man and his bride. Their courtesy saved their lives, for young people were killed. Mrs. Grant thought this party were Washington and his family on the wall. | theatricalpeople or concert singers, they were so jolly and sang so well. They with squeaky bellows, the complaining | could sing and they laughed and told of which he could hear even now stories and anticipated the pleasure of through all the intervening years. Be- the trip until late at night. Then Mrs. fore the melodeon sat a young girl Grant composed herself in her chair whose blue scarf matched the color of and covered her face with her handkerher eyes and who was playing the very chief to go to sleep. Nearly eyerybody tune he had just heard. The "oh !" at in the car was quiet except the jolly the end of the song came softly to him party of six About this time the out of the past and it seemed to Jack to young bride was requested to sing 'Nearer, My God, to Thee." Something in the desire to sleep and rest recalled the dear old song. The young woman sang, and all listened while the train sped on.

As the little gleam of devilish fire ap-

"Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer my, God, to Thee." The speed of the train increased down the grade. Again the song swelled

There let the way appear, steps unto The way was already in sight.

All that Thou sendest me in mercy given." engine, the singers sang to their God : "Angels to beckon me

Nearer, my God, to Thee. Enough. It was finished. The engines struck the frail bridge and it sank. The car containing the singers grinding as a foot kills a worm. In through it, and the singers were dead. -Springfield Republican.

Care of a Tramp's Hands.

"One of the essential points of success in my profession," said a dilapidated old tramp who was talking to a reporter from behind the bars of one of the cells in the city jails recently, "is to keep the hands in good order. You don't understand what I mean, th? tramping from town to town, a man is how time changes things. liable to be arrested for yagrancy at any time. He must tell a story of how he has just been thrown out of work and using the slate as a medium for illuspossible to last. Get down, Royer. I is looking for employment, which, as trating certain horned domestic anicould curse you, sir. Even the dog is yet, he has not been able to find. In mals instead of worrying over long and a better protector than you are. I hate nine cases out of ten the judge will ask him to show up his hands, and when he does produce them they must be horny and toilworn. Catch on, do you?

So you see it is a part of my business to keep my hands looking as though they belonged to a man who was accustomed to work 365 days in the year. For that purpose I carry with me this small piece of hickory wood, which is round and very smooth. About twice a day I take it between my palms and rub them so that the friction will make them hard and callous. In that way, see I produce the 'real result' with very little trouble and annoyance. There is a bottle of brown liquid which I use occasionally for staining the back part of my hands a beautiful sunbrown color, and there you are. When I show up my hands and tell the judge that I am a hard working man, thrown out of employment by the strikes, what can he do weakness, but in the main she's about but believe me? The trick has saved me many a day in jail, and I flatter myself is a strictly original idea, though motion, his tail, played a tattoo on the it is spreading rapidly. The profession, floor and he executed a dance on the you see, is beginning to realize that it will never do to show up to a hardhearted police judge a pair of lily white bands."

> THEY were seated in the balcony, and he, the ardent and romantic lover, was breathing impassioned sentiment into the ears of the peerless but practical Priscilla.

'How sweet to me is the scent of oses!' he murmured, in his thrilling tones. 'The perfume of that queen of flowers affects me strangely, agitates me, nay, eyen forces the tears into my eves !'

And Pegasus would have soared to even greater heights had she not

'Well, do you know, I've noticed the same thing about onions!

"YANKEE DOODLE."

Famous American Painting by an American Artist-Brief Sketch of A. M. Willard.

CLEVELAND. - Every one who visited Philadelphia during the centennial exhibition, and who went to see things with American eyes, were enraptured by a painting that came from Ohio, and was the production of an artist then comparatively unknown outside of Ohio. The painting was "Yankee Doodle," the artist, A. M. Willard, of Cleyeland.

Frequently during the exhibition men and women from North and South, fore the painting and gave yent to their patriotism by singing that soul-stirring ong, "Yankee Doodle." "Yankee Doodle" as a song reaches the American heart ; but "Yankee Doodle" as a painting presents to the eye a scene which, once looked upon, can never be obliterated.

It was given to the world at a time when patriotism was at fever heat. It created a great sensation, and brought prominently before the public, its author. The fever heat of 1876 passed away, but "Yankee Doodle" lived, lives to-day, and will live as long as American art graces civilization.

Americans could find no fault with it. The yery attitudes of the central figures spoke volumes of patriotism, the expressions of the faces told better than history of the heroism displayed in that mighty, unequaled, yet victorious struggle against British tyranny. It was a picture of the past, calculated to instill in young and old, a better, purer ove for native land and heal the few wounds that still remained open from the civil strife of the "sixties." It accomplished all and still lives. In times to come, ages hence, may "Yankee Doodle," in song and painting, be the stars that shall lead America's mighty hosts on to victorious struggles against ignorance and tyranny.

While American critics could find no errors in the ideal treatment of the subject, a few foreign critics sought notoriety by attacking the artist for placing the fife and drum corps in front of an advancing regiment on the field. They claimed that it was incorrect and made great deal of bluster. Their bellowngs only increased the popularity of he painting, when it became generally nown that these zealous critics were oreigners, and English at that.

Everyone knows well that the Conti ental army was not at all times proficient in military tactics. It mattered but little whether the band was in the peared far down the track their voices front or rear. The music was there, and men were plentiful who would lead a regiment "into the jaws of death" with no other weapon to strike terror into the British heart than the inspiring air of "Yankee Doodle."

Mr. Willard knew this, and when he credited the famous painting he endeavored to give a vivid and faithful picture of real patriotism uncumbered of mili-And then, with but a moment of tary tactics, and well he succeeded.

cause the night was warm, but he thrust poor Ed. M'Clintock's hand was giv- the first time at the Centennial, and his hands between the blind slats and ing its last desperate wrench to the was the central flugre in the Art Gallery. Then it went to the "old South Church" in Boston. For some months that famous old structure was crowded for his loss. with good old Vankee stock. From Boston it was taken to San

Francisco and exhibited for some time. crushed like a bolt of Jove through Then it went to the Corcoran Art Gal the two cars in front of it killing and lerv, in Washington, and then back to Cleyeland. During this time the counthe same instance another car crashed try was flooded with copies and the artist reaped his first harvest. The original was purchased by the late General Deveraux, of this city, who formerly presented it to the old town of Marble-

head, Mass. "Yankee Doodle" is an American painting from the easel of an artist who to perform at a Christmas party held traces his ancestors back to the exciting days of 1776. Therefore it can be a Scotch city. His audience on that classed among the yery few American occasion was the most fashionable to productions of note.

A. M. Willard was born in Bedford. a few miles from Cleveland, in 1863. In What I mean by keeping the hands in those days Bedford was a far more im good order is this: Of course, in portant place than Cleveland. Alas At school young Willard was noted

for one thing at least. He persisted in

short divisions. The teacher endeavored to "bull" the cattle market, but the young scholar never "sold short." When seventeen the hopeful young man obtained a little instruction in portrait painting. A thorough art educalearned the trade of a carriage painter. His remarkable ability soon manifested skilled ornamental painter. The rouwas about this time that he produced | London Tid Bits. the "Pluck" pictures which were sold extensively as chromos. "Pluck" was the dawn of day to him, and clear daylight came with "Deacon Jones."

In 1874 he moved to Cleveland, and early in '76 produced" Yankee Doodle.' Mr. Willard is well-known throughout the country, and is on intimate terms with all the prominent men of the day. He is an industrious worker and commands enormous prices for his work. One of his late works, "The Minute Men of the Revolution," was one of the great attractions at the New Orleans exhibitions.

.- John have you seen that woman

lately? John, in astonishment: What woman? Speer's Wine. Just see her in another | ing the engine was thrown into the bed column and read about it, the wines of a dry creek and never found. That are found by chemists to be absolutely is the engine and some of the cars pure and equal to the best in the never were. The engineer and firemen World. The Board of Health in Large were both lost. The train was a freight Cities and leading Hospitals have a- and that's why there were no passengers

AUNT KATE-"My dear don't you think if it had been the Lord's wish was, was never found because the water that you should have curling hair he and mud were deep and swallowed up would have curled it for you ?" Jessie-"And so he did, Aunt Kate, when I was a baby. He probably

for myself-"

CONJURERS' MISHAP.

Sleight-of-Hand Tricks That Proved Expensive to Their Performers.

Conjurers, despite the 'quickness of hand" they usually get credit for, make some awkward and most amusing blunders. But they have this in their favor, that the audience seldom knows of the mishap that has occurred. As is well known, a great many of

the articles to be performed with are borrowed from the audience, such as watches, bank notes, rings, haudker- it wasn't a bad poem, either. It was a chiefs, etc., and the owners of these case of compulsory composition and articles should not be surprised if they received them back in a damaged condi-East and West, gathered in groups be- tion, when the treatment they are subjected to is taken into condition. They are supposed to be mashed, burned, or in some manner destroyed, and then mysteriously put to rights again; and, although sensible people know full well that the genuine article has not ; really been destroyed, but that a substitution has been adroitly effected, still the process of substitution is often attended with great risk to the articles operated upon-such as dropping them quickly into the operator's pocket, or into traps, or slipping them into an assistant's hand.

A conjurer performing recently in the south of Scotland asked for the loan of a watch. A gentleman lent him a valuable gold chronometer. A wonderful trick was performed with it, and the audience accorded the performer a heavy round of applause; but when the gentleman got his watch back a a note was slipped into his hand intimating that his watch had been dam aged, but he would be compensated for it at the close of the entertainment. The watch was indeed damaged -but the performer paid the owner its full price. Some performers have been most unfortunate in this way. We know one who had to pay the full price for damaged watches three times in as many years, and each time owing to the gross carelessness of his assistant.

A few years ago a young conjurer who has since acquired some celebrity, gave his first public entertainment and was assisted behind the scenes by some kind friends. The loan of a bank note was requested, and one for twenty pounds was handed to the performer. This he successfully substituted for a sham note, passing the genuine one, by means of a trap in his table to his assistants behind. He then proceeded to burn the duplicate at the flame of a candle, all the while enjoying the discomfiture of the lender, who apparently fully believed that his twenty pound note was being destroyed, and who was heard to remark : "If I had known he was going to do that with it he shouldn't have got it." But the peraudience knew nothing of the disaster. and before the conclusion of the entertainment the lender was compensated

Prof. G., hailing from the North of Scotland, had acquired great dexterity in his manipulation of eggs, with which he performed a number of clever illusions. In practicing these feats he generally used hard boiled eggs, but he very carelessly allowed several unboiled eggs to get mixed up with the boiled ones, so that after some time he could not tell the boiled from the unboiled. He was punished for his carelessness in a way he never dreamed of. He was engaged at the mansion of the Lord Provost, of which he had performed either before or since.

His first experiment consisted in exracting eggs from the flame of a candle that stood upon his table. Three eggs were successfully produced, which he proceeded, as was his custom, to band around to prove their genuineness; but in handing one of them to a gentleman to examine he allowed one of the others to fall, which, striking on STOVES. the knee of a lady, broke and be-

smeared her dress. The egg having been long in the performer's possession was considerably "stale." A disagreeable and sickention not being available to him, he ing odor speedily filled the apartment. handkerchiefs and smelling bottles were brought into requisition, the itself, and in a short time he became a young lady had to retire and change her dress, which she never wore again, tine life of a village painter was not the other ladies also quitted the apart suited to his tastes, and he began to ment and the entertainment was consider the opening of a new field. It brought to an abrupt termination .-

> When Baby was sick, we gave her Castorie When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Quicksand Swallowed the Train.

"Talking about railroad accidents." remarked an old railroad man in conversation about the Chatsworth horror. "the most remarkable one I eyer knew of-and I've been running on the road now for nearly thirty years-was in Kansas on the K. P., not far from Fort That woman picking Grapes for Wallace, where a train of cars includdopted their use where wines are need- to be killed. At the time of the Tay bridge disaster in Scotland, the train. which was blown from the bridge, or went through the bridge, which ever it the engine, while the coaches probably went out to sea withthe tide. But there is no tide in that Kansas dry branch. thinks I am old enough now to do it The quicksand just swallowed everything."-[Chicago Tribune.

Writing Under Pressure.

In a chat the other day with a gentleman well-known in the literary world he told me a number of entertaining things in connection with his literary experience. I asked him, among other things, whether he had ever written anything under high pressure. We had been talking about inspiration, but he purpossly misconstructed my meaning in the reply he made.

'Yes,' he said, 'I once wrote a poem of forty lines in as many minutes, and taxed me more than I had eyer been taxed before-or since. I had sent to a certain magazine a poem entitled 'The Light House in a Storm.' Not hearing about it for almost a year, I concluded that it had been declined. I then had it put in a literary weekly of which I was the editor, and had a fine engraving made of it. The page was made up, and was just about to go to the electrotypers, when the magazine for the month arrived, and, upon opening it, there was the poem. A cold chill ran up my back-or down it, I'm not cer tain which. Of course it couldn't appear in the other journal-but there was the engraving, the forty lines of space, the form ready to go to the electrotypers! I am up to the composing room. 'Can you hold that form for half an hour " I asked of the foreman. I'll try, he said. I dashed off another lighthouse poem (so asto utilize the engraying), had it inserted, and was relieved of my embarrassment. It was entirely different from the other poem.' 'And which was the best poem?' I asked. 'The one which I was compelled to write,' he said. 'And if I was inspired I wasn't conscious of it, I'm sure. I'll show you both poems some day, and you can judge for yourself.'

Women's Work in Syria.

There are grand women in Arabia women of ability, keen insight and wonderful capabilities. The duties of the wife of a Syrian to-day are as follows: She brings all the water for family use from a distant well: this is accomplished by filling immense jars, and bringing them upon her head. She rises early and goes to the handmill of the yillage, carrying corn, enough of which for the takes of the rich which it is made day's bread she grinds by a slow, laborious process. This she carries home and cooks in an oven which is made in the earth. It is a round hole, lined with oval and flat stones, and heated by a fire built in it. When the bread is mixed with water and a little salt she removes the ashes and plasters little pats of dough against the hot stones to cook. Could anything be more crude i

She cares for her children-usually a large family -and does all the rough work at intervals, while the devoted (?) husband calmly smokes his "argelic." former's enjoyment at the lender's or sits cross-legged upon his divan or anxiety was of short duration for when housetop, in conversation with some the act of restoration came about he equally hard-working member of Syrian discovered to his horror that his friends society. The houses are made of a had completely destroyed the genuine coarse stone, roughly hewn. The housenote as he had the sham one. An ex- tops are of clay, covered with coars planation was made to the lender, the gravel. In hot weather the sun bakes this mud-formed roof, and large cracks appear. The rain comes, and, as a natural consequence, the roof leaks.

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