

THE LITTLE BIRD TELLS.

It's strange how little bird's mothers Can find it all out as they do...

Now, where the little bird comes from, Or where the little bird goes...

The moment you think a thing wicked, The moment you do a thing bad...

You may be in the depths of the closet, Where nobody sees but a mouse...

And the only contrivance to stop him Is just to be sure what to say...

A RASH ACT.

"So you've been bounced?" said Mrs. Popover. Marian Milman winced at the inelegant word...

"Yes, sir," answered meekly, "I've been discharged." Mrs. Popover was stout and short, with no visible waist...

"Eat and drink, Marian, and you will feel better," said she. "I have heard of a woman who wants a book-keeper in her business...

"How do you know?" she said. "I don't know it," she said. "Well, you'll see. Eat and drink, I say, dear. Don't sit so mournfully there."

But when Juliet was gone, Marian rose and put the soda crackers back into the cupboard. "She thought I didn't know they were the two last," said she...

"I don't know," said she, piteously. "Just then the door opened, and a blooming young girl came in, with a satchel in her hand..."

"Does this Mrs. Popover's," she said. "Is Miss Milman— Oh, Marian, you dear thing, I've found you at last! Oh, how glad I am to see you!"

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Popover. "Here's Miss Marian herself just been thrown out of business. I'd like to know how she's to help anybody else?"

"I will do the best I can," said she. "And Juliet, an apple-faced, sanguine natured young country lass, nestled close up to her..."

"I knew you would help me," said she, "because you know all about the city. And oh, Marian, dear, I'm so tired and so hungry!"

"And thus Marian Milman became charged with the responsibility of another beside herself. And the days went by, and situations were harder than ever to obtain, and the little common purse was exhausted, and Mrs. Popover's account became larger than ever for the rent of the back bedroom..."

"All but five dirty copper cents, Juliet," she said. "Mrs. Popover will trust us for a few of yesterday's rolls or a loaf of stale bread," she suggested cheerfully...

"I would rather starve than sink into the quicksands of debt," Marian firmly answered. Juliet's cheeks flushed; she bit her lip...

"But—a pawnbroker!" sobbed Marian. "Oh, Juliet, what are we coming to?" "No worse than many another has come to," said Juliet. "Cheer up, Marian! Remember that it's always darkest just before daylight."

And she kissed the pale girl and went cheerfully out. The garnet ring and the mosaic scarf-pin kept them for a week. Still they were seeking for work—still the same old answer was returned...

They sought from place to place; they traversed street after street, but in vain. And on a dreary February night when the snow was turning to discolored slush on the pavements and a dismal fog hung over the streets, Marian looked sadly up into her friend's face...

Juliet, stronger and more courageous, brewed her friend a cup of weak tea, and produced two soda crackers from the cupboard. "Eat and drink, Marian, and you will feel better," said she...

"You won't get the place, Juliet." "How do you know?" she cheerily. "I don't know it. I feel it." "Well, you'll see. Eat and drink, I say, dear. Don't sit so mournfully there."

But when Juliet was gone, Marian rose and put the soda crackers back into the cupboard. "She thought I didn't know they were the two last," said she...

"I hope it isn't very wrong," she murmured, "but—but it must be so hard to die by inches! Harder still to go to the poorhouse on Blackwell's island! Oh, no, I could not endure that!"

"And removing the cork, she drank the bitter draught. Surely this would be a dose strong enough to silence all the pangs and woes of a dozen poor souls!

"Will it be painful?" she asked herself, nestling down among the pillows of her bed. "Because I have not much strength to endure."

No, it was not painful. Heaven was thanked for that! A sweet drowsiness, like the breath of poppies, overspread her being, and with a half-murmured prayer on her lips, Marian drifted into slumber.

"Didn't I tell you it was always darkest before daylight? Wake up, Marian—wake and rejoice with me!" Through a sort of cloud, Marian saw Juliet's radiant face. She struggled into a sitting posture, and tried to remember what had passed.

"Had all the sunshine come, now that it was too late? And yet, how good the little feast looked!—how deliciously fragrant was the coffee. With a feeble gesture, she pointed to the little vial on the mantle. Juliet would know what she meant."

He has saved me from my own rash will—saved me to begin life anew—saved me for new strength and hope! Oh, I never, never will abandon myself to despair again, no matter how dark the future seems!"

General Sherman's Trained Eye. An interesting story of General Sherman is told by a park guard. When he was last in this city he was riding along the Wissahickon when he saw the sergeant of the guard riding toward him...

"Sergeant, let me shake hands with you; you are a brave man." "I never make a mistake," added the general, who drove on. "A civilian never rides like that, and the salute settled all doubts."

Big Crop From Two Kernels of Corn. A Kansas paper says the entire supply of Jerusalem corn in the State came from two kernels. These produced the following season, and the next crop amounted to 500 bushels.

The plant grows to the height of about three feet, and resembles corn or sorghum. The grain is white and answers every purpose which is served by Indian corn. It makes sweeter and better bread, and is delicious when boiled, after the manner of oatmeal.

A Daring Argument. A quick witted and daring western lawyer once saved a guilty client from sure conviction on a charge of poisoning. It was proved that the poisoning had been done by means of certain cakes, a portion of which were produced in court.

A Well That Flows Gold. There is a wonderful well down in Del Norte. It is an artesian well with an abundant flow of pure water sufficient to irrigate a considerable body of land.

The Expense Was Immaterial. I am not permitted to give my authority for this anecdote, but it is true. A woman who is not unknown in fashionable society, where she reigns by right of riches over a little queen of loyalty, had an admirer and addressess, had an affection for the throat, but was not too ill to see her physician.

NOT THE TRUE BANANA. The true eating banana, or "madura," is said to be unknown in northern countries, the varieties we import being simply those which are used in the land of their growth for cooking purposes.

SUSPICIOUS. First Anarchist—I dells you, dot Hooftogel was not von of us. He was a spy. Second Anarchist—I dink not. He makes some good talk for the verkinman ality.

A CORRECT DIAGNOSIS. Young physician to patient—Your dyspepsia comes, I think, sir, from too high living. You are a very high liver, are you not?

THE CAMPOR INDUSTRY IN FLORIDA.—The new industry of campor production gives promise of being permanently established in Florida. It is believed that in ten years' time there will be more campor trees than orange trees in Florida, and that the campor industry will be more profitable than that of sugar.

HE WAS PROUD.—"Do you have your washing done in this precinct?" asked one of the judges of election. "No sir," replied the man. "Then you cannot vote here," said the judge. And the slaggy-haired reformer of society turned contemptuously on his heel and went away, too proud to tell the tyrannical minions of a capitalistic and corrupt government that he didn't have his washing done in any precinct.

IN AN ADVERTISEMENT by a railroad company of some uncalled for goods, the letter "I" had dropped from the lawful, and it read: People to whom these packages are requested to come forward and pay the awful charges on the same.

Ancient Ships.

Some of Them in Size and Luxury Compared Favorably with Our Own.

We moderns are justly proud of the wonderful and magnificent specimens of naval architecture that crowd the great ports of the world. If there is anything new under the sun, a first-class ocean steamer, it is believed, is only the galleys and trimmings of the ancients, that scarce ever ventured beyond the coast line, and the small barks in which Columbus and those that followed him conquered a new world and gave commerce its greatest field.

"You are an old soldier, a cavalryman, sergeant," said Sherman. "Yes, General, of the Seventh Cavalry; I served twelve years after the war." "Ah! then you know of Custer and Major Reno?"

But as the agnostic is not sure that this life boat of the human race ever existed, and as the materialist is sure she never was built, let us take for example of big ancient vessels some other craft vouched for upon the authority of profane and not sacred writers. The Egyptians, fond of large things and big dimensions, made the big tonnage vessels of ancient times. Ptolemy (Philopator) would have appreciated the Great Eastern. He was fond of building big boats. One of these is said to have been 420 feet long, 57 feet broad and 72 feet deep from the highest point of the stern.

The Hungarian Government is a believer in the kindergarten system as a remedy for existing social evils. A bill drawn up by the Minister of Education is now before the Hungarian Parliament. It provides for the establishment of kindergartens in every one of the 12,000 communities. It makes attendance between the ages of three and six compulsory, unless private governesses are employed. The compulsory feature is explained by the great mortality of the children in Hungary which is said to result from want of supervision because the parents work in factories.

WHAT WILL PREVENT BUNIONS.—Easy shoes with wide soles and low heels will be found the most effectual preventive of bunions on the feet. Where they exist, they can be palliated by spreading thickly with cold cream or some healing salve, upon going to bed. A round piece of court-plaster over the unguent will keep it in place and save soiling the bed-clothes.

ALTHOUGH NEARLY every European Government has grabbed a slice of Africa, that continent is so large that every nation on earth can gobble a chunk of territory as large as the State of Texas, and there will then be left plenty of land to support a negro population of 100,000,000. No fear of any one taking too much of the dark continent.

Editor (to young assistant)—"Mr. Greathead, I want to map out a line of journalistic study for you." Young assistant (dubiously)—"I am pretty well up in newspaper stuff, as it is, sir." Editor—"I am aware of that, Mr. Greathead; but you know too much. I would suggest that you devote one hour each day to forgetting something."

A huge squid or cuttlefish stranded itself on the beach at Island Cove, Newfoundland, a few days ago. Its extreme length was 32 feet; the tentacles alone measured 21 feet; the body was much longer than that of an ordinary horse, and the pelt three inches in thickness. It was cut up before being removed.

A VISITOR—Isn't your mother afraid Willie of catching cold in those slippers? Willie—Hub, I guess you don't know them slippers. Ma uses them to warm the whole family with."

Caller—Pease, sir, the master, Deacon Skindint, died last night and the Miss us was to know if you will preside at the funeral? Long Suffering Pastor—Yes, certainly, with pleasure.

Boy—Say, Mister, please give me five cents' worth of castor oil and give me very short measure, too? Druggist—Short measure? Why? Boy—Cos I've got to take it myself.

The Cheerful Man.

How He Gets His Wrongs Redressed, and Makes the Best of Life.

Does any one wrong the cheerful man? He quickly sets about getting his wrongs redressed in what has been described as the best way—namely by forgetting all about it. Also he very frequently reminds himself that our happiness depends upon the treatment of what we have and not of what we have not. And of what he has, he takes care, as far as in him lies; instead of neglecting it in fooling and useless longings after what he has not, and so, presently it may be, like the dog in the fable, losing the substance while following the shadow.

A slip—a knock—slow progress here—and there a cheerful man; The zits are now, and the zamp, And so the work is done.

"Cheerfulness," says Mr. Smiles in his "Self-Help," gives elasticity to the spirit, and specifiers fly before it; difficulties cease to despair, for they are encountered with boys; and the mind acquires that happy disposition to improve opportunities which rarely fails of success. And the cheerful man thinks, with the same author, "that we make the best of life, or we may make the worst of it, and that it depends very much upon ourselves whether we extract joy or misery from it."

It is not to be supposed that the atmosphere in other large cities is much less tainted than it is in Paris, or that the air even of country districts is wholly uncontaminated. The Hungarian Government is a believer in the kindergarten system as a remedy for existing social evils. A bill drawn up by the Minister of Education is now before the Hungarian Parliament. It provides for the establishment of kindergartens in every one of the 12,000 communities. It makes attendance between the ages of three and six compulsory, unless private governesses are employed. The compulsory feature is explained by the great mortality of the children in Hungary which is said to result from want of supervision because the parents work in factories.

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Domestic Concerns.

The outer skins of onions make a very pretty yellow dye for silk or woolen; set with alum.

Uncover your soap kettle as little as you conveniently can while it is boiling and then only to skim the substance that rises to the surface. When silver spoons become discolored from eggs scum them with fine table salt. This will remove the discoloration which is caused by the sulphur in the egg, and will not scratch or wear the silver.

Well-constructed and properly-maintained roads are of importance and value to every citizen, says a recent writer, and much more so than many affairs that are absorbing the attention of the people in their homes, public meetings, and legislative halls. The annual loss through badly-kept highways may easily be reckoned among the millions.

How to Cut a Pineapple: Pare it carefully, and with the point of the knife take out all the eyes; then, with a silver fork, pick the fruit from the core in bits as large as an almond or Brazil nut. Cover with sugar or not, as preferred; sugar draws out the juice. Place on ice in time to have it well chilled when served.

Potted Beef Tongue with Chicken: Take the meat off the chicken—do not use the skin and sinews. Chop and pound well with a pound of tongue, boil the bones to make a glaze, and moisten the meat with it; season with salt, pepper, nutmeg, and a spoonful of butter. After pounding well and running through a sieve, press it in pots, stand the pots in a step-pan with hot water in the bottom. Let steam thirty minutes, then cool. Wipe dry and cover with hot butter.

Yellow and pink polka dotted gauze for little girl's dancing frocks. Gold bangleettes for the hair, ending in a bow of gold ribbon on top. Gold ribbon for millinery purposes and for rosettes on evening gowns. Natural colored ostrich feather fans, with silvered, black or shell mounts.

Narrow cord and jet gems in black to edge different portions of the bodice. Band trimmings of pearls, white ostrich tips and gold cord for evening toilets. Passenteries of metal cords ornamented here and there with tiny ostrich tips. Quill feather fans having a few center quills covered with ostrich feather effects.

A Grecian trimming of jet beads forming the scrolls, with tinsel cord leaves interwoven. Quill fans cut on the upper edge to give shape to the flowers, butterflies, etc., painted there.

Yellow and white brocade for the sleeves and yoke of white wool dresses and garniture of gold gauloon. Hairline stripes in medium light silks for dress evening costumes that are not expensive or in full dress. Very fine patterns of oriental lace for edging the neck and sleeves of the semi-transparent woolen dresses. Fine gold, steel or silver cord for lacing sleeves and parts of the bodice of a gold trimmed or gold brocade costume.

"Jenkins, I've got something to tell you. It grieves me to say it, but as a friend, I don't think I ought to keep silent." "What is it, man—what is it?" "I saw Brown throwing kisses to your wife." "Great Scott! I wouldn't have believed it." "I thought not." "But, come to think of it, Brown never did have much taste."

A BRIGAT FUTURE.—"When I was twenty-one years of age," he said, "I thought that if I wasn't rich at thirty I would be too old to enjoy wealth." "How old are you now?" "Seventy." "And rich of course?" "No, I'm a poor man yet; but I've got a scheme in view that will make me as rich as mud before I'm eighty, and then I propose to take things easy and enjoy life."

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