

IT MUST BE SETTLED RIGHT.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
However the battle is ended,
Though proudly the victor comes
With fluttering flags and prancing nags
And echoing roll of drums,
Still truth proclaims this motto
In letters of living light—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.
Though the heel of the strong oppressor
May grind the weak in the dust,
And the voices of fame with one acclaim
May call him great and just,
Let those who applaud take warning
And keep this motto in sight,
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.
Let those who have failed take courage
Though the enemy seemed to have won,
Though his ranks are strong, if he be in
The wrong,
The battle is not yet done,
For sure as the morning follows
The darkest hour of the night
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

SHE WANTED POP CORN.

By Levi A. Miller.
Ye cruel powers!
Take me, as you have made me miserable:
You cannot make me guilty; 'twas my fate,
And you made me that, not I. —Dryden.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed a lady standing in front of a grocery store on Allegheny street with a corn-popper in her hand.

The deep shade of disappointment that pervaded her manner and expression attracted attention rather more than the words she uttered. A more careful study of the face, which was strong, intellectual, and quite pretty, showed nature, but of the kind that tends first to annoy and then to amuse.

"Why stand you here in the mud and cold?" said a comfortable looking, good-natured young gentleman, as he touched his hat and bowed.

"It is too funny; I'll never tell you," she exclaimed, in that quick, abstracted manner peculiar to persons suddenly awakened from profound reverie.

"If it is funny you should tell it, because it is the duty of every one to draw as many nails from the coffin of their friends as possible," said the young man in a quizzical tone.

"What do you mean by drawing nails from coffins?" she asked earnestly, her face assuming a sober aspect so suddenly that the contrast was almost comical.

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt, and every grin so merry, draws one out." This quotation from Peter Pinder, by the young man, drove away the cloud of anxiety which had dimmed the lustre of her large, expressive eyes, but had in no way lessened the earnestness or tenderness of their expression.

"Oh! I thought you meant something awful; I never think of nails in a coffin that I do not shudder. Do you know that when you said that, I could almost feel myself being nailed up in one of those horrid boxes," she said, resuming her usually cheerful tone.

"You must be a little nervous," replied the young man, in a bland, light tone, hoping thereby to dispel the gloomy cloud that his unfortunate remark had raised; he had meant to say something cute, but said it at the wrong time and place.

This young man is one of a great many who have a variety of poetical and classical quotations on hand which they try to work in at every opportunity. A quotation is a good thing in conversation when it fits neatly, but very ugly when there is no place for it, and it has to be pasted on, like a patent medicine "sticker" on a clean window pane.

"But you haven't told me what threw you into this state of abstraction—this dreamy attitude," queried the young man, in an effort to get back to the starting point.

"Do you see that?" said the lady, drawing a red-handled wire box from under her wrap and holding it close to his face.

"Of course I do. It's a corn-popper. But what of it?" exclaimed the young man, evidently puzzled, not only at the sudden appearance of the popper, but also at her uncontrollable laughter.

"Well, I'll tell you, now that I have gotten over my disappointment," said the young lady, after handing the popper over to the young man. Whether she meant thereby to suggest that he needed a popper, or just gave it to him to carry because he was more able to do so, will probably never be known; he evidently saw nothing suggestive in it.

"That I must have some pop corn, and as I would as soon eat pine sawdust as this stuff they have in stores, I just skipped out and bought a popper for a nickel, and then skipped around to find something to pop. I first went to one grocery and then another, asking for pop corn. They all had it, but it was popped. I told them that I wanted it un-popped. The clerks looked puzzled, and then I would shake my popper at them, and they laughed in my face."

"Then you would get mad," interrupted the young man.

"No, but I would feel bored, because I didn't know but what I was making a fool of myself. The clerks would then suggest that I might get it at some other grocery, and away I would go. At last one told me I would be sure to get it at a feed store. You just ought to have seen that man look at me when I asked for pop corn not popped. I thought I would die!"

"But you didn't."
"I didn't mean really. He said they didn't keep anything but horse feed, but he thought I could get it at the seed store. Then I felt ashamed that

I didn't know that much myself. The fellow where they sold seeds told me I could get it in all shades at the grocery in the next square. He said they didn't keep it, but they had all sorts of beans and pumpkin seeds, and such like. Seeing my disappointed look and, I suppose pitying me, he said he thought I could get it at the flower store, where you saw me. I hadn't much hope of getting it, but as I had started out to get pop corn, not popped, I resolved to go until I got it."

"Why didn't you try a saloon? There you could have gotten pop not popped," suggested the young man, in another vain attempt to be funny.

"Really!" replied the young lady; and then resuming her narrative, said: "I asked a real handsome young man if they kept pop corn. Like all the others he began to tell me where I could get it in all shades, from ashes of roses to mud on the fence, but I shook my popper in his face and told him that I didn't want popped pop corn but pop corn not popped. He laughed right in my face; he just couldn't help it, which made me mad enough to kill him. I put my popper under my wrap and walked out."

"Too bad you had to give it up," sighed the young man, "faint heart never won fair lady, you know."

"That may suit your case, but I am going to have pop corn not popped, if I have to go to Kentucky for it."

The young lady, after relieving the young man of the popper—probably concluding that he wasn't that kind of a young man—retired to the solitude of her chamber to reflect upon the trials and disappointments of life. Ten to one she concluded with solemnity, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

An occasional wild goose chase is rather enjoyable than otherwise. There is a clever admixture of bright prospect and disappointment, pleasure of pursuit and pique at defeat, flashes of humor and dashes of petulance, desperate determination and unrewarded exertion, frantic efforts and flat failure. All combined, these form a crazy quilt which attracts attention rather than affords protection from the gaze of a curious and teasing world. Wild goose chases, however, have merits as well as faults. They are rabid exercises in which the goose has lots of fun and the chaser gets a great deal of valuable experience. One chase of this kind sometimes serves as a review of all that an individual ever

studied or ever knew. It not only takes him over familiar grounds, but reveals to him many rough spots and sharp snags that he had passed by unnoticed. One peculiarity of a wild goose is that the farther it flies the higher it gets, until out of reach of the pursuer's shot gun. A tame goose is different. If pursued diligently for a time, it stops and permits itself to be caught and plucked of its soft feathers and strong quills, without a show of resistance. It is a wise man who knows a wild goose when he sees it.

Dog Adopts Blind Pedler.

A good friend of animals who passed the winter in the south tells of a strange attachment formed between an unknown, homeless dog and a blind colored man. The man makes his living upon the streets of the city by selling lead pencils. A short time ago the little dog came from—no one knows where, and stationed himself beside the man and stayed with him till the end of the day. When the blind man started for home the dog went with him, taking hold of his coat at the street crossings and conducting him safely over. This he has continued to do with daily regularity until the pair have become inseparable companions. The Humane Society recently voted to buy the dog a

collar and to provide him with a license.

MEDICAL.

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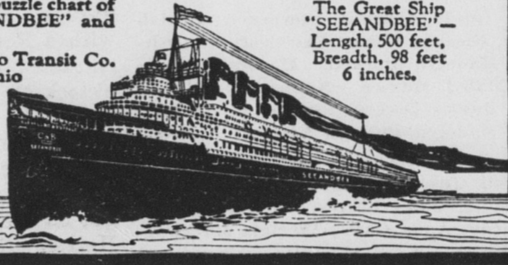
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