- When I go home, this welcome waits Such evening when the day is fled: se pattering of little foot: Then clinging arms, and kisses sweet From rosy check and curly-head.
- hey come with shouls of rioting: They're laughing so they scarce can speak! A pair of highwaymen are they; And I, an easy yielding prey To curly-head and rosy-cheek.
- that curty heads will sometimes ache And fill our souls with sudden dread: Ann roses tade, while hearts stand still On, may there come no touch of ill To rose-cheek and curly-head!
- God bless all tittle cheeks of rose Where'er they bloom, Thy sunlight shed! Elless little heads of rippling helr! On, take into Thy tender care

Each rosp cheek and ourly-head! -Edgar W. Abbot, in Outlook.

HICK'S PATENT COOKER.

The Pathetic Story That Induced the Rector to Buy.

"I would like to call your attention to my paytent cooker," said the mildmannered man with the soft low voice to the rector of St. Bartholomew's. "It

consists, as mebbe you can see—"
"But I don't desire a cooker, and would not look at one if I did," interrupted the rector of St. Bartholomew's as irascible manner as is permitted

"They come in three sizes," continued the mild-mannered man with the soft low voice-"small, mejum and large. They're made of tin, genuwine block tin, not rolled tin. I have frequently been congratulated on the quality of my tin. Said Bishop Dobson to me: 'Hicks, I congratulate you on the quality of your tin.' "

'Bishop Dobson?" queried the rector of St. Bartholomew's with languid interest. "I don't remember to have seen his name in the church calendar."

"Methody," explained the mild-man-"I'm a Methody. Here's nered man. a certificate from my pastor saying I'm an individeoal of moral character and use good tin in my cookers. Here's a letter from Rev. Edward Atkins—but ready. That's how the mejum-sized I don't set much store by that, bein' as cooker saved my life." he is a Baptis', and no judge of tin. The principle on which my cooker is

"You will have to excuse me." said the rector of St. Bartholomew's, looking hard at the heavy gold watch presented him by the parish on his last birthday, "but I have a sermon to

"Mebbe your lady would like to see the cooker," said the mild-mannered "It's made of genuwine blocktin, and Bishop Dobson himself said: Hicks, I congratulate you on the quality of your tin."

"I have no wife," said the rector. with the merest suspicion of a blush.

"Then buy a cooker and git one," said the mild-mannered man, confidentially. With Hicks' paytent cooker as an argumint, you will git one easy. They come in three sizes-small, mejum and This here is the small one. Folds all up, you see, like a telescope. Mebbe you wouldn't believe it, but one of them small-sized cookers saved my life once. It was in the spring of 1853, or the fall of 1852, or the winter of 1854. I don't remember which and it don't make no difference, that Rev. Dr. Walkup, goin' as missionaries to some of the numerous cannibal tribes that keeps down the population, and consequently accounts for the depressed values of real estate in the Dark Continent. Rev. Dr. Wilyums was to teach the savages religion, but my mission more important one I was to em. You can see that even this largesized cooker won't hold a man, to say nothin' of the mejum and small ones. Now I calculated to teach the savages to use my cookers, and when they got so attached to 'em as to never eat nothin' except what was cooked in a cooker-seein' that you couldn't cook a man in 'em-cannibalism would naturally die out. When I broached my plan to Bishop Dobson his eyes shone and he said: 'Go, Hicks, go. Your work will supplement the work of Rev. Dr. Wilyums. I heartily commend your plan. and I congratulate you on the quality of your tin.' Them was hie words, and

"Well, sir, the mornin' after I arrived in Africky I began to talk to the chief about my cooker, when what does he do but take me down to the leadin' grocery store of the town and show me Rev. Dr. Wilyums chained up. 'Can you cook him?' axed the chief. "'No,' said I, my breath all gone with surprise at the turn affairs had

took. 'Well,' said the old chief, 'them's the kind of victuals we cats. We don't consume much in the way of broakfash foods, infants' foods and the like. If your cooker can't cook our style of pro-

visions we ain't got any use for it.' "And with that they put me in their jail, and that was the last I ever seen or heerd of Rev. Dr. James Wilyums, D. D. They would have et me at once, but the chief's daughter, Ugogina, fell in love with me, and made 'em put off the obsequies or festivities, according as you looked at it from my standpoint or the savages'. I talked nice to gogina, and got her to bring me my small-sized cooker, the only one the old witch doctor what kept the cookers would let her have; and with that I cooked them savages the finest kinds of victuals they ever et, and they set me free and made me royal cook, and the chief Ugogina was makin' up to me. So you see the small-sized cooker saved my

"I'll buy the small size," said the rector, hastily "I have a sermon to

"Now you just take my advice and git a mejum size. You can afford it. When you take that small-sized cooker round to that young lady you're after, when you ask her to marry you what'll she think? Why, she'll say to herself that in buyin' this small cooker you are layin' out not to ever have any company to meals, and if she is a girl that

is fond of company, you're runnin' a risk. Wait till I tell you how the mejum-sized cooker saved my life. Well, the old witch doctor took a big dislike to me, and kept tellin' the folks that I would make a better meal cooked than I would cookin'. Ugogina wanted to marry me, and the chief was willin', but the witch doctor prophesied a lot of calamities if the marriage took place, and scared the chief. Now I didn't want to marry Ugogina, but I could see that if I did I would be saved from bein' et; but I thought I would try to save myself and get out of the marriage also. I could have run off to sea any day, but there warn't no boats. I could see ships sailin' by quite often, but there warn't no way to git off to 'em. I decided to fix the witch doctor first. I got Ugogina to wheedle the old feller to give me my mejumsized cooker, the small-sized not bein' large enough for my purposes. Then I got a lot of African beans and some hollow reeds and some sticky clay. I set the beans a cockin' and put the reeds into a little hole I made in top of the cooker. I invited the witch doctor in, and told him this was some of my new vaporized atmospheric air, and told him to put his mouth to the reeds and suck some in. You know, if you have studied chemistry, that beans are highly charged with gas. Especially is this true of the genuine African bean. Well, sir, that old chap swallered a lot of that gas, and quicker than a wink Ugogina and I knocked him over and plastered his nose and mouth up with day, and I'm a dummed line if that gas didn't float that old feller right up in the air, clear out of sight. You see, he was remarkably capacious, and the gas was remarkably strong-remarkably strong. I stood there in front of the people when he was floatin' in the air, and told 'em I was a magician, and could set 'em all floatin'. They was scared; wanted to elect me chief; but I wasn't used to high political honors, and compromised with alderman and president of the school board. Well, sir. Ugogina was dyin' to marry me at once; but I staved her off for a time by sayin' I wanted to git my trousseau

"I will buy a medium-sized one," said the rector, faintly. "It can be used by St. Margaret's ward of the guild church

"Or country fairs, either. However, I think you would like the large-sized cooker for the church fairs. But you wait till I finish my story. Now, I was engaged to a girl in the United States. If I married Ugogina what would be the consequences? Breach of promise suit for ten thousand dollars, and me with no assets but three sample cookers of block tin. What then? Default of payment, state's prison for life. 'Sides, I didn't want to marry Ugogina. What did I do? Well, sir, one day I see a ship goin by, and, stretchin' out the large-sized cooker-they are all airtight-I jumped on it and paddled off to the ship, poundin' on the small and mejum-sized all the way to scare sharks. That's how the large-sized cooker saved my life."

"Put me down for the large size," said the rector of St. Bartholomew's, wearily.

"I knowed you would," said the mildmannered man with the soft, low voice. "There's something affectin' in the James Wilyums, D. D., and I took passage for Africky in the brig Thomas J. life."—Wardon Allan Curtis, in Harper's Weekly.

The King of Spiders. Ceylon is the home of the largest species of spider that has yet been made the subject of entomological investigation. This web-spinning monster lives lountainous districts of introduce Hicks' paytent cooker among | that rugged island, and places his trap -not a gossamer snare of airy lightness-but a huge net of yellow silk from five to ten feet in diameter, across chasms and fissures in the rocks. The supporting guys on this gigantic net. which in all cases is almost strong enough for a hammock, are from five to twenty feet in length (as conditions and circumstances may require) made of a series of twisted webs, the whole being of the diameter of a lead pencil. As might be imagined, this gigantic silken trap is not set for mosquitoes, flies and pestiferous gnats, but for birds, gaudy moths and elegantly painted butterflies, some of the latter having a spread of wing equal to that of a robin or a blue jay. Some extra fine skeletons of small birds, lizards, smakes, etc., have been found in these webs, with every vestigo of fiesh picked from them. The owner and maker of these queer silk traps is a spider with a body averaging four and a half inches in width and six length, and with legs nine to twelve inches from body to terminal claw. Some are spotted, others red with greenish gold abdomen and legs.—St. Louis Republic.

The Other Dear Charmer.

"It is really a great pity," said Esmerelda Cervantes, the harpist, who is on terms of intimate friendship with the different members of the Spanish royal family, "that Princess Isabella, Eulalia's eldest sister, did not come to America instead of Eulalia. She is one of the most admirable and accomplished women I ever knew. Hers is indeed a noble character. She is a widow and devotes herself to good works and the arts. She is a thorough musician and is the author of some very fine musical compositions. It would really be difficult to fancy two people more totally unlike than are these two royal sisters. Neither do they look alike, as you can see by their photokinder smiled indulgently at the way graphs," and Mile. Cervantes produced two inscribed pictures, one a very good likeness of Infanta Eulalia and the other representing a sweet, dignified. refined woman, somewhat older but much handsomer. "Princess Isabella is greatly beloved in Madrid," continued Mile. Cervantes. "Had she come here she would have won golden opinions for herself and the Spanish people. Unlike Eulalia, she is of equable temper and is always to be relied upon. I am very fond of her and consider it not only an honor but a privilege to be numbered among her friends."—Chi-

HIS PREDICAMENT.

This Young Man Was in a Peck of Trouble Through No Fault of His Own.

There is a certain young man in Chicago whose natural propensity for being agreeable has sometimes placed him in embarrassing positions. He has not quite recovered from his latest

Two weeks ago he decided to accept an invitation to a certain club reception. A young lady from the far south side was to accompany him.

That evening when he called at her father's door the young lady was in-disposed. A female cousin happened to be spending the evening at the house, and being an old friend the young man was ushered into the family sitting-room and introduced to the ousin, whom he had never seen. Natarally enough he didn't eatch her name on presentation, and naturally enough too, he proposed that she go with him to the reception.

o the reception.

Five minutes after the introduction she withdrew to get ready. When she came out prepared to keep out of the old she seemed only an animated bun-

alle of wraps. It was this animated bundle which a few moment later retired to the club dressing room set aside for ladies. She came out metamorphosed beyond all hope of identification at the end of ten ninutes. Introductions to three or four other ladies, had in the meantime tended to still further bewilder the young men, and he stood with a cold, dammy sweat on his thoughtful brow.

What a situation! The escort of a young lady whose name he couldn't all and whose face he couldn't remember! And there were half a hundred of faces about the rooms.

Twice in the course of the evening he thought he had found the young lady. Each time he spoke guardedly about her "sick cousin," and each time the young lady gave him a scarec look, as if she doubted his sanity.

It was not she. The evening dragged on somehow. He thought several times of running away-somewhere - anywhere - and never being heard of more. Then a happy thought struck him. It gave

him new hope of life. People began to go home after a time. The crowd thinned and the young man watched hopefully.

Six women were left-five-four-Two

And one other young man!

Then the other young man took the arm of the tall young woman who was smiling so graciously about her, leaving a sober-faced, demure little woman buttoning her left hand glove.

And then, with a great feeling of thankfulness in his heart, the first young man went forward and without a word took the arm of a Dead Cortainty!-Chicago Record.

FORMAL VISITS.

A Card Exchange Would Certainly Be a Labor-Saving Institution. Is there any more tiresome or un-

satisfactory occupation than the making of formal calls-or the "paying of formal visits," as it has been the fashion of late to call it? The woman who attempts to keep up her social duties in a large city finds nothing more irksome than this. There is no satisfaction to be obtained from a ten or fifteen minutes' conversation when the hostess feels annoyed at being interrupted in some more agreeable occupation, and the guest linwardly sighs because she was not able to leave her card, thus obtaining more time to score off other names from her long list. If the call is made on a day "at home," the caller is apt to have only a passing word with her hostess, and then must give way to new arrivals. A cynical clubman suggests that some public-spirited leader in society might confer a benefit upon her suffering sisters by instituting a card ex-change that in time might rivel the stock exchange for the work accomplished. At certain hours and days of the week, he says, its members might assemble for the exchanging of cards and calls, and in a short time perform the labors that otherwise might take a week to complete. "Only a short time ago I ordered a thousand cards, and now they are all gone but these," said a pretty woman of society, opening an example of the latest Paris fashion in card-cases. It might almost have been called a portfolio, for it was about air inches wide by eight inches long, and was made of dark-green leather. One-italf was formed of the calling book. with its lists of addresses and dates of calls made and returned. In the opposite half were three pockets side by side, one small, one medium, and one large. The first contained the cards of monsieur, the second those of madame. and the third a package of note paper conveniently arranged so that each sheet formed its own envelope. The full length of the case, back of the small pockets, was a long pocket, to be used as a receptacle for any other list or notes; and a dainty gold peneil completed this model cardcase. And yet, it was hardly quite complete. Madame could not easily carry such a bulky article did she go on foot, so a carriage becomes a necessity, likewise an attendant footman-and then only can the conveniences of such a card-case be fully appreciated. - N. Y. Tribune.

Kilduff's Objection.

Gazzam-Why don't you marry her, Kilduff? She's dead in love with you. Kilduff-I know that, but you see she has too much beard for beauty and not enough for dime-museum uses .-

Gnest-So you always want pay in advance now, baggage or no baggage? Hotel Clerk-Yes. You see, a great deal of money has been lost lately by hotels burning down.-N. Y. Weekly.

After the Trial

"See here, doctor, your testimony Fourth Street. -"I know that, my dear sir. But I was retained by your opponents late

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Rev. Edward A. Wilson, Brooklyn, New York, Sep. 16, 1 year.

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