

THE HAUNTING DREAM.

Last night a melancholy dream Pursued me down the gulfs of sleep...

Tragedy or Comedy

There were eight of us all told. We composed a constellation of dramatic "stars" and a brass band.

Alfred Morley and Edgar Watteau were the remaining active members of the company, and active members they literally were...

It was a great wonder how they ever remembered what their names were in the plays, but a great wonder how they had any of their beautiful curly hair left...

The two gentlemen left to make up the eight were the leader of the orchestra (whose duty it was, as soon as we reached a town, to scour the place for some musicians to lead, otherwise he had to do it alone and play both first and last fiddle) and Jim Handy, the property man...

We were a contented little company, and were quite happy among ourselves until a series of bad houses, and a postponement of the salary-day, made us gloomily prophetic and generally distrustful.

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be killed in the piece, Mr. Handy fired off his only pistol in one of the wings. When the fact that the pistols were needless became known, both principals who had been very pale before, began to scowl at each other with renewed vigor...

"Let them try swords. I have a pair of foils without buttons on them. I brought them in case of an emergency," said Mr. Rawdon, who was Wattson's second, to Mr. Tonless, the second of Morley.

"My principal knows nothing of quart and tierce," said Mr. Tonless. "All the better," answered Mr. Rawdon: "neither does mine."

"My principal wishes me to state, said Mr. Tonless, "that neither of the principals know anything more of the sword exercise than that contained in the Richard the Third combat, but as your principal has invariably played Richard to my principal, let me be somewhat unfair. Yet we are determined to go on if you can suggest some mode of so doing."

"As your principal, Mr. Tonless," said Mr. Rawdon, "has played Claude Melnotte to my principal's Colonel Damas, I think that balances matters and if there is to be a fight they'd better proceed."

"Enough!" said Mr. Tonless. "So let it be!" At this dread word each of the principals bent the right knee, held the left hand high up in the air, and commenced to bore with the sword as though it were a huge broad-sword.

Slash came the weapons, and, at the same time, a loud scream was heard. The scream, or rather screams, came from the throats of Mrs. Rawdon and Mrs. Tonless, who, accompanied by the manager, here arrived upon the scene.

"Hold, upon your lives!" cried Mrs. Rawdon, in her heaviest tones. As this was exactly what both principals had been endeavoring to do all the morning, the advice was pleasant to them, and they dropped their weapons.

"To fight for such a concealed mink as she is," said Mr. Rawdon, in contemptuous voice. Mrs. R. had been cut out of all the heavy parts since the arrival of the star, and was a trifle jealous.

"What is all this about?" inquired the manager. He was soon told, and them, bidding the four men follow him, he led them to the hotel and into the tragedienne's room. There, bidding them to be seated, he left, and soon returned with Jim Handy.

"Tell Jim what the cause of the affair was," said he. Rawdon thereupon told Jim how the duel was to be fought, because each man loved the fair actress.

"Why, you fools," said Jim, "she's my wife; I've been married to her three years." This put a different complexion on the whole affair. Mr. Morley at once said that he had been misunderstood by his second; for although he entertained the greatest respect for the great tragedienne, he had never had any feeling for her that could be called by the name of the tender passion.

What had caused him to challenge his colleague was the insulting manner in which he had treated him. Mr. Watteau said he held the same feelings of respect for the actress as his worthy friend, Mr. Morley, and further, on consideration, he felt he had treated Mr. Morley wrong; he was sorry for it, and begged his pardon like a man, a gentleman, and an actor.

Everybody then shook hands, and said everybody else had acted in a highly creditable manner, and so ended the great tragedy—or comedy.

Strange Superstition in Russia. A curious case of gross superstition was recently brought before the Criminal Sessions Court at Samara, in Russia. Six peasants were tried and sentenced to imprisonment for terms of various duration up to four months for deliberately disinterring the body of a woman who had died of intoxication and floating it down the Volga as a means of causing rain. It seems to be quite a fixed belief among the Russian peasantry that throwing the dead body of a drunkard into the river is a sure cure for want of rain.

School Yards. A most interesting and valuable vacation work has been done by the Massachusetts Emergency and Hygiene Society in order to make the vacation a happy time for poor children. Eleven school yards were open, where a few years ago the little ones had only the streets for a playground. Each yard was open about three hours a day, and the games were in charge of some merry, helpful grown person, able and willing to teach the children the best ways of employing their playtime.

Agriculture in the Schools. The study of agriculture in the common schools is receiving the attention of many of the thinking men and women all over this country. The faculties of some of the agricultural colleges have taken up the discussion. The St. Louis Journal of Agriculture says: "Half the population of the United States live in the rural districts. Why not give them all a chance to understand the principles underlying their avocation?"

Mush and Glaciers. A camper returning from the northern Rocky Mountains, where he had been exploring glaciers, a lively advocate of the use of cereals in camp, owns up in Harper's Weekly that perhaps he carried too far his advocacy of oatmeal, rice and hominy. He says: "I overheard one of the men discontentedly reply to one who asked if we had had much game, 'Oh, no! we had lived on mush and glaciers during the whole trip.'"

On the Bright Side. The optimist is one who sticks so closely to the brighter side he doesn't walk within the shade. Though from the heat he died. —Detroit News.

A Timely Idea. "No time like the present and no present like time," remarked the gay youth, as he presented his charmer with a watch.

THE CHICKEN COULD READ.

Case of Absolute Gameness on the One Hand and Knowledge of English on the Other.

This is an instance where the chicken could read. "It's a case of absolute gameness on the one hand and a knowledge of English on the other," remarked Deputy Collector of Customs Ozanne, of the Teche district, the other day.

"I have what some people say is an inordinate fondness for game chickens. Well, I have a good reason for it, but that's not the question. About two weeks ago I concluded not to set any more game eggs on account of the lateness of the season, so I gathered a lot of the eggs deposited by the hens in various portions of the yard and placed them in a nest, intending to take them into the house for use there.

Among the lot was an egg belonging to a 'dunghill' fowl, and this I marked 'no good' and placed with the others. Leaving the nest for an hour I found upon my return that a hen, one of the game ones, had taken possession and was setting for dear life. I thought I'd let her hatch, and the next morning when I went to the nest I found the egg marked 'no good' on the straw outside. Thinking it had fallen out I placed it again in the nest and left. The next day I again found the egg on the straw, and as I had placed it in the middle of the lot in the nest I thought this funny. I once more placed the egg in the nest, again in the center of the lot, and then went outside. Hearing a noise in the chicken house a little while later I went back and found the hen looking at the egg. In a moment she found what she wanted and proceeded to roll with her bill an egg from the nest to the ground. She rolled it several feet away, and then, as if reconsidering her intention to leave it thus, deliberately cracked the shell. I picked up the pieces and saw that it was the 'no good' egg. Not only had the hen been able to read, but she had been too dog-gone game to hatch a 'dunghill' egg."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Sound Deductive Reasoning. An amusing incident occurred in the Hope Chapel Sunday school last Sunday. The lesson of the day was found in the text, "For He shall gird you about with great strength." As the superintendent passed among the classes, he finally stopped at one composed of half a dozen pickaninnies, who were doing their best to absorb the explanations of their teacher.

"Well, Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_," he remarked, "are you getting along nicely to-day with the lesson?" "Well, no," she replied. "I find it rather difficult to make the class understand it."

"Why, it shouldn't be so difficult," said the superintendent. "You understand what the word gird means, don't you, children?" There were many dubious shakes of the head, but no replies in the affirmative.

"Why, now," he continued, as he moved his hands in front of him in imitation of a man tightening a belt, "supposing you were going to run a race, why would you tighten your belt?" "To hold your pants up," squawked two of the youngsters in concert, and the superintendent turned his face to hide the smile that the conclusive deduction had produced.

Brown's Bad Luck. "Hold on; I've got another hard nut story for you," exclaimed Brown. "Yesterday a pretty little spaniel took a fancy to me and followed me all over town. I swore at him, chased him and threw rocks at him, but he would sneak back as soon as my back was turned and I would find him at my heels in a moment."

"He followed me all day, till about 4 o'clock, when I happened to step into a market street cigar store. There I peeped a placard giving a description of the dog that had been following me and offering \$15 reward for his return to his owner, who has an office up stairs. I was just in time to see a messenger boy going up stairs with the dog under his arm to get the reward."—San Francisco Post.

Even With the Editor. Poetic-looking Young Man—"I've with this manuscript." Clever Comic Editor—"Show it in the waste paper basket, please. I'm very busy now and haven't time to do it myself."

Poetic-looking Young Man (throwing the manuscript in the waste paper basket)—"I've come from the—Theatre, and the manuscript I have just thrown in the waste paper basket is your comic drama, which the manager begs me to return to you with thanks—many thanks. He suggests you should sell it to an undertaker, to be read at a funeral."

Exit poetic-looking individual, gently smiling.—London Tid-Bits.

It's Location. "Ah, for a lame hawk, I presume?" inquired the druggist, suavely. "No," replied the callow poet, who had asked for a porous plaster, "for writer's cramp."

"Fardon me, but how can you supply it to your wrist?" "It isn't my wrist—it's in my stomach."—Truth.

Compensation to All Things. "There is one thing that I must say for Biowhard and that darnation trombone of his." "What's that?" "He has driven all the cats into another neighborhood to do their serenading."—Detroit Free Press.

Wrecked. A girl, a wheel, A shock, a squeal, A heater, a thump, A girl in a lump, A bloomer all torn, A maiden forlorn. —Springfield Monitor.

A Man of Peace. Mudge—No, I shall not quarrel with Parsons. He is completely beneath my notice. Yabsley—You don't tell us? I didn't know he was so good a fighter as that. —Indianapolis Journal.

The Sense of Touch.

The sense of touch is the simplest, but at the same time one of the most important special senses of the human organism. It is possessed by nearly all portions of the general surface of the body, but finds its highest development in the hands.

The true skin contains multitudes of nerve filaments arranged in rows of papillae, about one-hundredth of an inch in length. It is estimated that there are 20,000 of these papillae in a square inch of the palmar surface of the hand. The cuticle is absolutely essential to the sensation of touch, for when the true skin is laid bare by a burn or blister, the only feeling that it experiences from contact is one of pain, not that of touch. The cuticle shields the nerve filaments from direct contact with external objects.

Touch is most delicate at the tips of the fingers, and the hand is one of the most important organs. Buffon declares that with fingers twice as numerous and twice as long we would become proportionately wiser. Galen, however, taught that man is the wisest of animals, not because he possesses the hand, but because he is the wisest and understands its use the hand has been given to him; for his mind, not his hand, has taught him the arts. Exquisite delicacy of touch is attained by practice. Without it the skill of the painter, sculptor and musician would be rude indeed.—Jenness Miller's Monthly.

Fire at Lewistown, Saturday, destroyed fifteen stables, including two liveryies; W. A. Felix's wholesale grocery, W. H. Felix's undertaking establishment, Spangler's tinware manufacturing department, and Peter Dreyer's barber shop and dwelling. The Miller House was badly damaged. The loss will amount to between \$35,000 and \$40,000. It is nearly all covered by insurance. The origin of the fire is unknown.

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comes to stay

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