

THE SHOWER.

...the sweet race of a cat, / Grew curiously blurred, a hush of death / Fell on the fields, and in the darkened wild / The zephyr held its breath.

The Johnson Hoe.

"Goliath Johnson, why are you so late? Supper has been a spillin' on de stove dis half-hour," and Aunt Lucy faced her liege lord with stern dignity.

ing at the sink, when aloud knock was heard at the kitchen door, wh'eb, boing opened disclosed Mr. Benson.

"Goliath Johnson," said the constable, "you're my prisoner. You stole Mr. Benson's hoe."

There hung Mr. Benson's new hoe. "You Paul!" fairly shouted Aunt Lucy, pouncing on her young hopeful.

"Liah Johnson, why you keep secrets from yo' wedded wife? Why didn't tell me 'bout dat?"

A Clever Cat.

Over at the West End there lives a colored family which is noted for possessing a breed of cats which it seems to have a monopoly of—remarkably intelligent animals they are, if not always sleek and handsome.

"Does Eliza Orangeblossom live here?" the lady asked. "Yes, she do, ma'am; but she ain't in jes' dis minute," said the stout colored woman.

"Will—will the cat bring the daughter?" the lady asked in astonishment. "Laws bless ye, ma'am, you wait an' see," said the colored woman.

"I wish you's a little bigger, but do Lord will hol' you up. Paul, you listen."

FATHER'S TIME'S CHILDREN.

Of Father's time's children / Not on the earth / No wild, or tame, / As his rude Maen (three).

A TALK ABOUT SLEEP.

NO WAY TO VIOLATE NATURAL LAWS AND OBTAIN REFRESHING REPOSE.

Quit Using Tea, Coffee and Tobacco.

An ex-superintendent of a city hospital was asked the best method of procuring sleep by natural means, the old-fashioned method of counting, in the mind's eye, a succession of sheep, jumping over a fence being barred.

"I think the best way to get to sleep is to go to bed, that is, make it a habit to go to bed whether you are sleepy or not. Sleep will come if a persistent and continued invitation is given.

"It is not necessarily work that kills nor work that keeps men awake. We are built for work, physical and mental. Our forefathers worked and thought, and we are endowed with the like ability.

"The natural remedies," said the Doctor, "are to cease to do evil and learn to do well. Give up these things altogether. We have only to go back to the time of Sir Walter Raleigh to note the advent of tea, coffee and tobacco among civilized people, and all three were introduced into England within a score of years.

"And it is true that you are going alone?" "Yes, almost alone. My husband's business will not permit him to accompany me. I am taking with me, however, one woman to act as my stewardess and body servant. I selected her after making a great many inquiries. She is a highly educated woman, possesses medical and surgical certificates, and will, I hope, prove of great value to me. But you can have no idea," she exclaimed, "how difficult it has been to adhere to my decision to go alone! I have had shoals of applications from gentlemen, doctors, barristers, and men of all classes who have begged me to allow them to join my party."

"You will require some escort, however, when you reach Africa?" "Oh, yes, I shall hire some carriers. I hope to get them at Zanzibar."

"And what will be your line of route?" "I shall take the East Coast route now that it has been opened up, going first to Mombassa and Zanzibar, then on to Kilimanjaro, about 250 miles up the coast. I have a great desire to see the lake near Mount Kilimanjaro, which Mr. Stevens has described."

"What produces sleeplessness?" "Worry, overwork and haste in eating," replied the Doctor, "are about the chief factors in producing it. Want of exercise and sedentary habits may be added. The remedies? Well, the chief remedies are nutritious food and

good exercise, not drugs; and there must be a motive behind the exercise. A perfunctory walk of so many squares at a certain arranged time affords a very limited benefit. It is a good thing for a business or professional man to have a hobby outside the grind of his daily pursuit."

How to Stop a Runaway Horse.

A policeman who has distinguished himself in stopping runaway horses gives the following points as to how to accomplish that end with the greatest success. When you see a runaway coming do not try to check him by a rush from the opposite direction, or the side, for you will be immediately knocked flat by the collision; but instead, prepare yourself for a short run with the horse. Measure with your eye the distance, start for the run while he is yet some way off, perhaps ten feet, in the case of fair to medium runaways. You may depend upon his keeping a straight line, for a really frightened horse is half blind and would not veer for a steam engine. He will go straight ahead until he smashes into something. So do not get close to the line on which he is rushing, and as he passes you grab the reins near the saddle. Gather the reins firmly, and then, leaning backward as you run, give them a powerful yank. You may then be able to brace yourself somewhat as you give this jerk, half sliding on your feet. The strong jerk on the bit tells the horse that he again has a master, and prepares him for the final struggle. A step or two forward after the first yank, do it again. This is the finishing stroke. It never fails when given by a determined man. The horse is on its haunches. Keep a firm pull on the reins till you grasp the horse by the nostrils and hold him till he is pacified. —Medical Classics.

MRS. FRENCH SHELDON.

It was my privilege a few days ago to call upon Mrs. French Sheldon, and to learn from her own lips the truth concerning her proposed journey to Central Africa. On a brilliant spring-like afternoon, when the winter silence was broken for the first time by the notes of birds, I found myself at the gates of Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon's riverside home at Hampton-on-Thames. My entrance was barred by a superb collie dog, who eyed me for a moment with suspicion, but when, at the maid's instigation, I uttered his name, "Jack," his manner became cordially itself. No sketch of Mrs. Sheldon would be complete without the mention of Jack, for he, too, is a hero, being the possessor of the Humane Society's medal for having saved a life from drowning in the Thames. Herded by the most friendly Corieths, I was in a moment ushered into the presence of his mistress.

Mrs. Sheldon is so faithfully and characteristically represented by the portrait, that a further description is rendered unnecessary. But as every one nowadays is a worshipper of heroes and heroines, I will add that Mrs. Sheldon is a slight, youthful-looking lady of about the middle height. Physically she may not be very robust—and upon one occasion, at least, she has been dangerously near death's door—but she possesses such a fund of intellectual and nervous energy as will probably carry her safely through many dangers. As the saying goes, she is 'alive to the finger-tips.'

"I am sorry that you cannot see my house in order," said Mrs. Sheldon as she received me, "but I have not much time now before I leave England, and so I am already making my preparations."

"I am not it very difficult to decide what to take and what to leave behind?" I inquired. "No, I have not much trouble about that, for I am already an experienced traveller. But on this occasion I have to take with me a great many things to barter with the natives, and the trouble is that every tribe requires different articles. This entails taking a good deal of luggage."

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point of view. I have read nearly all the great books of African travel, but they none of them give me what I want. They do not tell me enough about the natives. All these uncivilized races must have a social and a family life of their own; there must be great differences in these respects between the customs of one tribe and another. In particular, I intend to observe as much as I can of the characters of the women.

"Men's minds," she continued, "it appears to me, are chiefly objective, and women's are chiefly analytical. For instance, if a man sees a mountain in front of him, he wants to get to the top, and, dashing towards it, he very likely forgets to notice a brook that lies at his feet, and so he falls into it. But a woman would not look at the top first, but at the smaller objects immediately before her, and she would not make the ascent until she had determined whether her boots were strong enough and her skirts short enough to cross that brook in safety."

This feminine touch reminded me to ask how Mrs. Sheldon proposed to solve the costume question. "I do not," she replied, "intend to adopt any peculiar garments, but I ray great regard to the matter of lightness. I am wearing between thirty and forty dresses, but they are chiefly made of light washing silks, cotton, and undyed wool, and you will be surprised to hear that they do not all together weigh more than twenty pounds. I do not like tailor-made dresses; they seem to me to wrap the body up too tightly."

"What first suggested the idea of this journey to you?" I inquired. "The direct reason of it," said Mrs. Sheldon, "was the desire to obtain local color for a book which I have had on hand for the last eight years. It is a romance somewhat on the lines of Flaubert's 'Salambo,' of which, as you know, I made the authorized translation."

"My new book," continued Mrs. Sheldon, "may take a different shape from that which I at present contemplate, but I expect my plans for it will crystallize during the voyage down the Nile."

In reply to questions about her early life, Mrs. Sheldon said: "I am a genuine New Yorker, although I have spent much of my life in London, for my husband is an Englishman. At one time I devoted my attention to sculpture, but I worked so hard at it that it affected my health, and I had to give it up. I have travelled a great deal already. For some time we lived in New Mexico, where we had a ranch, and I afterwards wrote a book about it. I have spent two years in Cuba, besides visiting a good many other parts of the world. On one side of the family I come of Quaker stock, and it may interest you to know that I am the great-great-granddaughter of Sir Isaac Newton. All my life I have been thrown much into the society of travellers and men of action. I have known Garibaldi; Du Chailin has been a friend of mine ever since I was twelve, and as for Stanley, I have known him as long as I can remember knowing anybody."

GRANDMOTHER'S TREASURES.

"What are those treasures, you ask, dear? Keep in that old wooden chest! Ah me, what memories awoke, dear. Within your grandmother's breast, And look at the dear old treasures, And think of each happy day 'Wh' all things were as pleasures. And every mouth was May."

Here is a withered rose, dear, Which when I opened, was full of life; Ah me, 'twas on that day, dear, I promised to be a wife; And here are the jewels I wore, These pearls of pure, pure white, Ah me, ah me, my heart is sore As I look on them to-night."

For the giver of these is gone, dear, To that fair, bright home above, Where everything is good, dear, And all by peace and love. But I know it will not be long, dear, Before I am called away To that glorious angel throng, In the light of eternal day."

So I look at my treasures often, And touch them with loving hand; And all my heart thoughts soften, As I think of that better land. For I know the pearls will be whiter Than the pearls I wore that day, And every month will be brighter Than the merry month of May."

SERVICE.

Pray that the day is gone, And thy task is still undone, 'Twas not thine, it seems, at all, To die to thee it chanced to fall, Close enough to stir thy brain, And to vex thy heart in vain. Some hero, in a nook forlorn, Yesterday a babe was born; He shall do thy waiting task; 'Till thy questions he shall ask, And the answers will be given, Whipped lightly out of heaven. His shall be no stumbling feet, Falling where they should be feet; He shall hold no broken cup; Friends shall unto him be true; Men shall love him; falsehood's aim Shall not shatter his good name; Day shall leave his arm with light, Slumber soothe him all the night; Summer's peace and winter's storm Help him all his will perform. 'Tis enough of joy for thee, His high service to increase. —Edward Rowland Hill.

Seven Thirsty Elephants and How They Quenched Their Thirst.

One day a circus and menagerie train halted at the railway station on its way through a town. Of course there was great curiosity among the railroad men to inspect this queer special train; and among others the engineer and the fireman of one of the locomotives in the yard left their posts for a short time to see the different menagerie cars.

When they came back and were ready to move their locomotive, they noticed that the cover of the water-tank was open. Further, they luckily discovered that the tank was nearly empty—thought it had been full to the brim when they left it.

Such an extraordinary thing had never happened before! No wonder there was great surprise on all sides; everyone knew the tank was full when the men had left it; in fact, some of the "chaps" had seen it filled, neither was there a leak in it, and yet the tank was empty. The question was, where had the water gone?

Seven thirsty elephants, shut up all day and all night in a car that gave them hardly room to move; their warm bodies fairly touching one another, a paltry allowance of water to quench their thirst, and then, to be left standing on the hot railroad track, the sun's rays pouring down upon the roof of the car, and with only a few drops of water come through the small open windows! Was it any wonder, when their keen scent told them water was near, that they should search for it? How were they to know that it was not there for their convenience. At any rate, no sooner were the men gone, when through a small window of the elephant car the dusky trunk of an elephant made its way sinuously out. Another followed its example, then another, until seven trunks had felt and snuffed around, over engine tender and coal. What they sought was not there; but they still kept moving about, and coming to the water-tank, one of them stopped, felt all over the cover, and at last managed to get the fingers like end under the edge of the cover. Then slowly and carefully it was opened, and behold! there was what the elephants wanted—water, and plenty of it. The owner of that particular trunk took a long draught, his companions meanwhile shoving and pushing one another in their anxiety to drink. One after another they filled their trunks with the cool water, and poured it down their dry, parched throats. How grateful! How refreshing! After the long, dusty ride, with what keen enjoyment they squirted the water over their tired, hot bodies, until they were cool and comfortable.

The mystery of the empty tank was a mystery but a short time. The keeper of the elephants in visiting his car, had found it and the elephants deluged with water. A few inquiries, and the matter was explained to everyone's satisfaction. —James St. Nicholas.

The Turnabout Plan.

Where there is a large family of girls the plan of having each one take some special part of the household economy into her own hands and become responsible for it, finds favor with many mothers; and this is as it should be, in our estimation. A girl who is early made to bear the burden of domestic duties becomes accustomed to it, and finally ends by really enjoying the care of the house and family—that is, if the teaching has been judicious. She always, at least, takes a pardonable pride in knowing that she can do her work well, and anything one can do well with their hands is not wholly distasteful to the person so gifted.

Very little girls can learn to dust neatly and to pick up litter from the floor or carpet. Perhaps one of the earliest lessons to be taught a child is the tidying up of the nursery at evening, or when the playthings are done with for the time being. As the daughter gets a little older they begin to take care of their own rooms, and then they find they can help in the sitting-room or parlor, and by degrees they assume one duty after another, under the supervision of mother or aunt or older sister, and there is no conflict in their minds against working in the home, for they have unconsciously imbedded the spirit of work long before it seemed a burden to work.

At first there is no special work more appropriate to one than another; but after a time the duties seem to conflict, and if each daughter is led to consider herself responsible for some particular part, she tries to perform her special duty well. Sometimes girls resent being called from their work, however, and asked to do that which a sister usually does. And this is where the turnabout plan comes in admirably: If each one is given the direction of some part of the work for a specified time, long enough to enable her to do that work well and easily, and then she be taken from that and permitted to have the direction of some other part of the household economy, she will not fail to become educated all round in housewifery lore. The only way can be in her charge for three months, for example, then deserts for some weeks, and then marketing for a time, the length of time corresponding somewhat with the number of girls who must take turn. Frequently the eldest one must keep the harder parts of the work for some time, while the younger girls are thoroughly learning the easier portions. But after a time there comes a happy rivalry as to which shall do the work best, and have the most hitches in any department which she has charge of. And in this rivalry much of the genuine benefit of the turnabout plan lies.

An English syndicate intends to buy the Aspen (Col.) silver mines. The price is said to be \$17,000,000.

The U. S. Senate voted to give to the families of the late Chief Justice Waite and Justice Miller one year's salary.

Chaney frequently should begin at other people's homes.