

CARCASSONNE

How old am I? I'm eighty years, I've worked both hard and long. Yes, patient as my life has been. One dearest sight I have not seen— It almost seems a wrong. Alas my dreams! they come not true; I thought to see fair Carcassonne! I have not seen fair Carcassonne.

One sees it dimly from the height Beyond the mountain blue; Fain would I walk five weary leagues— I do not mind the road's fatigues— Through morn and evening's dew; But bitter frost would fall at night, And on the grapes that yellow blight I could not go to Carcassonne, I never went to Carcassonne!

They say it is as gay all times As holidays at home; The gentles ride in gay attire, And in the sun each gilded spire Shoots up like those of Rome! The bishop the procession leads. The generals curb their prancing steeds— Alas! I know not Carcassonne! Alas! I saw not Carcassonne!

Our vicar's right he preaches loud, And bids us to beware, He says, "O guard the weakest part, And most the traitor in the heart, Against ambition's snare!" Perhaps in autumn I can find Two sunny days with gentle wind; I then could go to Carcassonne, I still could go to Carcassonne.

My God and Father! pardon me! If this my wish offends! One sees more hope more high than he, In age as in his infancy, To which his heart ascends! My wife, my son, have seen Narbonne, My grandson went to Perpignan; But I have not seen Carcassonne, But I have not seen Carcassonne.

Thus sighed a peasant, bent with age, Half dreaming in his chair. I said, "My friend, come go with me To-morrow; these things eyes shall see Those streets that seem so fair." That night there came, for passing soul, The church bell's low and solemn toll; He never saw gay Carcassonne, Who has not known his Carcassonne? —[Translated by M. E. W. Sherwood.]

DOMINIC'S FEE.

Among the persons who were in the habit of regularly frequenting the well-known Cafe de Foy in the Palais Royal, in the year 18—, was a little old man, very carefully dressed, although his costume constituted a real anachronism. His head was enveloped in a warm Welsh wig, with a long, thick queue depending from it, which appeared, when viewed from behind, to resemble a full-grown cabbage, with the stem still dangling from its circumference. His pantaloons were of black cloth, and were met midway down his stumpy legs by long Hessian boots, garnished with tassels, and bright as the surface of a polished mirror; a long green waistcoat fell downward in folds so as to cover it, part a round and well-developed paunch; a loose and capacious coat, of a deep maroon color, decorated with large bright metal buttons, and forcibly reminding one of the era of the republic, hung over the shoulders; and a hat, beveled off into a sugar-loaf form, surmounted the wig, and completed his equipment.

After all, however, this costume was nothing very extraordinary, or indeed very different from that of the hundreds of antiquated men who about this epoch were to be seen swarming forth in fine weather, like a host of innocent green frogs basking in the sun after a spring shower. The little old man in question visited the Cafe de Foy every morning precisely at one o'clock, called for a cup of coffee with cream, and a roll of bread, which he always divided into the same number of circular slices. It was necessary, however, that this bread should be stale, and as they knew the particular fancy of the old gentleman in this respect, a roll was carefully reserved for each day's consumption, and put aside for his breakfast the following morning. From this practice the old man became known among the different waiters by the sobriquet of "the man who always ate stale bread."

The old gentleman's state of existence was so uniform, and his movements so regular, as to resemble in no small degree, those of an automaton. He entered the cafe every morning without looking to the right or the left, and proceeded directly to a little round table, isolated and small, and for these reasons, nearly always unoccupied. After being served with his breakfast, he invariably abstracted two out of the five pieces of sugar which lay beside his cup, and conveyed them into the dexter pocket of his green waistcoat; he next proceeded to butter in succession each of the numerous morsels of bread, adding, if I mistake not, precisely the same number of grains of salt to each, and then ate his breakfast, cautiously abstaining from looking at any of the journals or periodicals.

Some of the ardent politicians who frequented the place expressed astonishment and contempt at this last habit, and regarded the little old man as a very vulgar, careless of the honor and interests of his country. The more judicious, and among them myself, were of a different opinion; we considered him, for precisely the same reasons, a very paragon of prudence and wisdom. Inattentive to both parties, "the man who always ate stale bread" pursued the quiet tenor of his way without change.

One day, toward the close of the year 18—, the old man quitted the cafe without paying for his breakfast; but as he made no observation in so doing, it was supposed that he had forgotten it, and would remember it the next morning. The coffee-house keeper, however, reckoned without his host in this supposition, for the next day, and the next day and the next, "the man who always ate stale bread" regularly pocketed his two lumps of sugar, beat his accustomed march, pulled up his Hessian boots, and did all that he had been accustomed to do, with the exception of paying his bill.

This change in his usual practice con-

tinued for a week, and at the end of which time the proprietor of the coffee-house, ignorant of the name or residence of his debtor, determined upon presenting him with a bill, the more especially as the little man gave no explanation of his conduct, or made any allusion to his remarkable change in his ancient habits.

Dominic, the chief waiter of the establishment, had become accustomed to the old man in consequence of the little trouble he gave, and his quiet and gentle demeanor. Dominic imagined, from the circumstances of his not diminishing the expense of his breakfast, that the good man was merely laboring under some temporary embarrassment, so that, partly from calculation and partly from good feeling, Dominic determined to become responsible to the proprietor for the past and future breakfasts, not doubting that the embarrassment would shortly cease, and the little man would soon settle his arrears, and perhaps accompany the settlement with a gratuity for the accommodation.

But Dominic was deceived in his calculation of time; ten months elapsed without any allusion to the matter, or offer of payment. The coffee-house keeper and his waiters began to shrug their shoulders and make long faces at the risk poor Dominic was running. Dominic himself exposed to these daily doubts, began to think that he had acted too liberally in becoming responsible for a man whose debt seemed destined to go on accruing forever, when one day the old man, without any explanation, demanded his account, settled it in full, and after a careful calculation handed to the waiter, in addition, the sum of fifty francs for the common receipt, and fifteen francs for the other moneys to his own stronghold, for he had previously paid, day by day, the expenses of the breakfast from his own pocket.

If interest alone had guided the conduct of the head waiter, it must be confessed that he had lamentably failed in the result, for in France the contributions to the waiters are all placed in one general cash box, and at the end of a certain period the proceeds are divided among all the servants of the house—the master first helping himself to the lion's share; at this rate, therefore, Dominic's recompense would probably amount to a solitary sixpence. Dominic knew this, but was satisfied with the reward of his own heart; he thanked the old man graciously for the payment; placed the gratuity in the common receipt, and transferred the other moneys to his own stronghold, for he had previously paid, day by day, the expenses of the breakfast from his own pocket.

The little man followed Dominic's movements with his eyes, at the same time beating upon the table a march, somewhat longer and vehement than was his wont; but by no word or movement did he afford an indication of having understood the liberal conduct of the waiter in his behalf.

About the close of the same year—three or four months after the liquidation of this singular debt—the proprietor of the cafe, who had amassed a fortune, announced his intention of disposing of the establishment and retiring from trade. Hearing this intention announced in the cafe, the old gentleman made a sign to Dominic, who was in attendance, to approach and began a conversation. Dominic was as much surprised at this sudden fit of loquacity as though one of the stucco figures on the ceiling had opened its mouth and had asked for a cup of coffee. But Dominic was destined to be even more surprised at the nature of the conversation.

"My friend," said the little old gentleman to the head waiter, "you are a good fellow, and I wish you well." Dominic bowed, and elevated his shoulders with that slight movement which may be interpreted as libitum to mean, "I am much obliged," or "it is of little consequence to me." The old man took the former explanation and continued: "Dominic, I am sure you have been economical; I know this and much more of which I do not speak, because I am too well acquainted with the value of words to throw them away—I know you have saved money."

Dominic bounded back a step or two, and the action hardly needed to be interpreted. "He is about to ask me to lend him money," thought the head waiter. The questioner appeared to divine the thoughts of the waiter; his visage was for an instant distorted with a grimace of which the model may be seen in the figures of the middle ages, which decorate the porch of some Gothic church.

"Dominic," he continued, "I see that I am right—you have money in the funds. This is excellent; and now to reply to my question shortly and to the purpose. Do you think, from your own knowledge, that an intelligent man, desirous of improving his circumstances, would find this a favorable speculation in which to risk a capital so large as that demanded by your master for his business?"

Dominic was pleased to have an opportunity of talking on a subject which entirely occupied his thoughts. "If," said he, "the purchaser understood the business so as to be able to attend to his own interests, and if he were not compelled to borrow the purchase money on extravagant terms, he would find the business a fortune."

"Well, and why do you not purchase it?" "With your savings." "With my savings? they do not altogether amount to ten thousand francs." "Ten thousand francs! how long have you been in service, Dominic?"

"I have carried the napkin for twenty-three years. I am now thirty-nine." "You are a good fellow, as I said; the man who could amass ten thousand francs by adding sou to sou would soon be worth a million at the head of a house like this. Decidedly it must be so. Dominic, I know a person who could assist you with a loan; how much do you want?"

"Nothing. I would not incur a debt of two hundred and twenty thousand francs—the risk is too great, and the interest would probably absorb all the profit. I would rather continue a waiter a few years longer, and retire upon a small annuity, than running the risk of marching to prison in the shoes of a bankrupt."

"You speak sense, my friend, but leave the matter to me."

The old man then adjusted the folds of his boots, and departed without another word. The next morning he came half an hour earlier than was his custom. Dominic commenced arranging his table. "Where is the proprietor?" said he. "In his cabinet," said Dominic. "Conduct me to him."

Dominic moved forward to show the man the way; his heart beat with violence. Although he had passed the whole of the preceding day in trying to convince himself that the old man was weak in his intellect, and was trifling with him, still his perplexity returned when he beheld the air of assurance and determination with which "the man who ate stale bread" proceeded about the business. When they were both arrived in the presence of the proprietor, the old man commenced the conversation without further preamble.

"How much do you demand for your establishment?" said he. "Before I reply to your inquiry," said the proprietor, who suspected some mystification or scene of folly: "before I reply to your demand, and enter upon the affair with you, suffer me to ask whom I have the honor to address?"

"You are right. When two parties are about to enter into a contract, it is first of all necessary that they should know and have confidence in each other. I am the Baron Ragelet, ex-commissary-general of the armies of the empire."

"Baron Ragelet," said the proprietor, bowing. "I know the name; I have seen it lately in the newspapers."

"No doubt—in relation to an injunction obtained by my indignant family to prevent me from wasting my fortune. They say that I am a fool, and that my liberality has its origin in imbecility. During ten months, while the inquiry was going on, my property was sequestered, and I refused to touch the allowance offered me. Since then the inquiry has terminated in favor of my sanity, and having again entered upon the administration of my property, I was enabled to refund to this excellent man the little sum he had the generosity to disburse for me. Now that we know each other, let us return to business. What sum do you demand for your establishment?"

"Two hundred and twenty thousand francs." "It is not, perhaps, too dear; and yet you would probably have no objection to leave some of the purchase-money on mortgage. But listen to me. The times are unsettled, and the most solid establishments are at the mercy of revolutions, and two hundred thousand francs now are better than two hundred and twenty thousand in prospect. Here, then," he continued, drawing an old portfolio from his pocket, "I have two hundred thousand francs in notes of the Bank of France. If these satisfy you, the affair is finished. This is my way of transacting business, and in my time I have completed more important bargains in fewer words."

Dominic and his master both seemed stupefied with surprise. The baron appeared to enjoy the confusion, and rubbed his hands and repeated the grimace to which he was alluded. "I am willing to agree," said the proprietor; "but it is necessary that the matter should be arranged by a notary."

"Why so? Is not the sale executed in good form by the three parties present?" "But with respect to the interest," murmured Dominic in a smothered tone of voice, seizing the baron's coat, "it is necessary."

"Bah!" replied the old man, "I do it to oblige a friend, and am no usurer. Give me your acknowledgment—I desire nothing else. But as I have no intention of making you a present of two hundred thousand francs, I will arrange it in such a manner that you shall not long remain my debtor."

Dominic fell from his elevation, and "the man who always ate stale bread" descended to the coffee-room. While the buyer and seller were preparing themselves to register the transfer of the property, he swallowed tranquilly his cup of coffee, without forgetting the two pieces of sugar to be transferred to his pocket, beat a superb march on the table, drew up his boots, and departed with his two friends to finish, by a dash of the pen, a transfer of the two hundred thousand francs.

In a few days Dominic was installed in his new dignity. The little old man continued to take his customary breakfast in his usual impassive manner, when, one day, as he was leaving the room, he deviated so far from his usual custom as to approach Dominic, who was enthroned in the seat of honor, and address him with the following words: "Dominic," said he, "I think you have warm affections."

"Perhaps," said Dominic, fixing his eyes upon the baron, as though he would read his thoughts. "I see," said the other; "you have them when the occasion demands it. You are right—I am pleased with the reservation. I find you have not lost your heart. Marriage is the most important affair of a man's life. Dominic, you must get married."

"I have already thought of it, sir," said Dominic; "a wife would be a great source of comfort and economy—it would save the expense of a dame de comptoir."

"True," said the baron, "you have need of aid and counsel—you shall have them. Be ready at 8 o'clock this evening; I will call for you, and we will pay a visit together."

The appointed hour arrived, and with it the baron. Dominic was ready and accompanied Monsieur Ragelet in a hackney-coach to that quarter of decayed wealth—the Faubourg St. Germain. Here they stopped at the door of a house of mean appearance, and having ascended several flights of stairs, entered a small apartment, where they found two ladies, who received them with marked attention.

"Madame Dupre," said the baron to one of them, with the appearance of friendly familiarity, "this is the worthy man of whom I have spoken, and in whose welfare I hope to interest you. Dominic," continued he, turning toward the cottage-house keeper, "this lady is the widow of a man who has rendered me many an important service. She has promised to extend her favors to you and will permit you to visit her at intervals."

While Monsieur Ragelet was making these introductions in due form, the daughter of Madame Dupre, whose name

was Rose, and who, without being exactly beautiful, possessed all the freshness and bloom of the flower whose name she bore, regarded Dominic attentively and he in return bestowed upon her a large share of his attention. The result of this double investigation appeared favorable to both parties, for Dominic was well formed and with good features, and his countenance reflected the goodness and gentleness of his heart. He had the meanness of the apartment, and the simple and inexpensive dresses of the ladies somewhat disappointed Dominic. He was anxious at the earliest possible moment to return the baron's loan and indeed thought from a hint that the baron had dropped, that it was his intention to introduce him to a lady of property, who could do something toward the liquidation of his debt.

The next day, as the interview had been satisfactory between the young people, the baron announced to Dominic his plans in full. He stated the nature of the services done him by the elder Dupre, and his desire, as the family were left in reduced circumstances to discharge the obligation without alarming their delicacy and this he thought he could best do by effecting marriage between Dominic and the daughter of his friend.

Dominic was satisfied with this explanation and arrangement; the young lady seemed truly amiable, and desirable as a partner for life; and before a week had elapsed Dominic made a formal offer of his hand and heart, and was duly accepted.

The marriage was soon after solemnized, and the same day after his customary breakfast, the baron beckoned to Dominic to approach.

"You have done well," said he, "you have married without interested motives a woman desirous and capable of rendering you happy. I told you I should find the means to cancel the debt you owe me—it is the dowry of Rose. And here," continued he, tearing the 200,000 franc bill in pieces, "I destroy the acknowledgment you gave for the money. Enjoy it and be happy."

Dominic, full of gratitude, would have thrown himself at the baron's feet, but he was already out of the door. "Two or three such acts," he muttered to himself as he walked swiftly away, "and I shall die contented; and these are what my relations call prodigal dilapidations of my fortune."

Dominic verified the prediction of the baron, and became a millionaire. He improved the establishment of the Palais Royal, and, having brought it to its present state of perfection, sold the property for 500,000 francs. He is now retired citizen, residing in a noble hotel in the Rue St. Honoré, distinguished chiefly for the simple probity of his character. Rose and he have never forgotten nor hesitated to acknowledge their obligations to "the man who always ate stale bread."

The Rise in Commerce.

In trade the rose is very valuable, as the attars of India and Persia sell at a very high price, and there are large districts of rose gardens, in which number of men and women are employed—the harvest months being March and April. In Turkey, also, rose farming is largely carried on, and a very fine attar is got from the roses grown in Cashmere. Even rose-water is a luxury which is by no means to be despised as to price, but the attar of roses is immensely costly, as it takes an enormous number of flowers to distill even a few drops. The attar is said to have been first discovered by the favorite wife of Jehan Jeer, through whose garden ran a canal of rose-water, on the surface of which the Begum found a few drops of the precious attar, or oil, floating. The petals of the tea-rose, a species of noisette which as a flavoring for teas, a mild astringent, and a perfume, are used in Cherington's French rose, and the hundred-leaved rose, a variety well known to the ancients, and originally found in the Caucasus, is also used to make rose-water and a medicinal syrup. A vinegar made from roses is used for headaches; a conserve of roses and sugar is given medicinally to children, and the fruit or hip is also used as a medicinal conserve; while on the Continent dried hips are used to flavor soups and stews, and one even hears of them being preserved in sugar or made into a kind of jelly. The first cultivated rose is said to have been planted in Britain in A. D. 1522. The damask rose was brought from France in 1573, the moss rose about 1724 and the China rose some fifty years later. Wild roses are, however, natives of all parts of Britain. In Withering's "British Botany" only five distinct species are said to be indigenous; but in Hooker's and Arnott's "British Flora" nineteen species are mentioned, and some writers on botany raise the number as high as twenty-four. Certainly there are very many beautiful varieties, of all shades and colors and of exquisite sweetness, to be found in all parts of the country, which make a glory in our Summer hedgerows and give us the brightness of the Autumn dogberry to gladden the fading year.—[Detroit Free Press.]

Licorice.

The stick licorice imported from Europe is rarely pure. Most of it comes from Spain, where it is adulterated to an almost incredible degree. The chief adulterant is a common and cheap gum obtained from an acacia, which grows in great abundance in Morocco and along the west coast of the Sahara, and is called Barbara gum. But this is not the only substance used, for starch, flour and even sand are employed in such quantities that some of the cheap grades of licorice have only one-half their weight composed of the material they purport to contain.

Some Vegetarian Examples.

Wendell Phillips was a vegetarian. He told me he had not tasted meat in fifty years, except on occasional instances when he could get nothing else to eat, and that he knew he was better off without it. Miss Alcott, authoress of "Little Women," was a vegetarian, as was her father, Bronson Alcott, the famous philosopher. Thoreau was also a vegetarian, and in some of his books he mentions reasons and gives experiences.—[Food, Home and Garden.]

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Progress in Agriculture—W. Miss Her—Higgling for Honors—A Real Good Man.

PROGRESS IN AGRICULTURE. Mr. Cityman—Why do you plant beans between the hills of corn? Rural—Oh, that's a new way we have of raising succotash.—[The King's Jester.]

WE MISS HER. The autumn glory we now behold, A richer beauty adorns the plain, The groves are tinted with red and gold, And the same brightens the rural lane. The swamps are glowing with wondrous hues, But, alas, with her beauty no more we're cheered, The radiant girl with the milk white shoes And the frills and flounces has disappeared.—[New York Press.]

HIGGLING FOR HONORS. Mrs. Hicks—What were you and Fred fighting about? Dick Hicks—He said my grandfather was hanged, and I said his was. Mrs. Hicks—Well? Dick Hicks—I wouldn't have punched him, only he claimed his was hanged the higher.—[New York Herald.]

A REAL GOOD MAN. I like to fish, but do you know It's seldom that I ever go. Although I like the fishing, I Do not desire to tell a lie.—[Judge.]

A STRIKING EXCEPTION. Dashaway—They say that to lend a man money is to make an enemy of him. Do you believe it? Travers—Not always. A fellow lent me \$10 not long ago, and I am sure I have never tried to get even with him.—[Life.]

TO BE ENVIED. "Well, I declare," said young Mr. Dolley, as he sat in Miss Munn's parlor at 11 p.m., "my foot has gone to sleep." "Happy foot!" exclaimed Miss Munn, in envious tones.—[Brooklyn Life.]

HIT THE HEN. Mrs. Suburb—I threw a stone at a hen, and hit it, too. Mr. Suburb—With the stone? Mrs. Suburb—No, but my ring flew off and hit it right square.—[New York Weekly.]

A MEAN MAN. "I can't do nothin' with that man Jones," said the editor. "He's too mean to live." "What's he been doing now?" "Well, he took sick and the doctor wanted to blister him and prescribed a mustard plaster. And what do you think he did?" "Don't know." "Why, the blamed old skinflint, sick as he was, crawled out of bed to a sand-hill, in hopes that the sun would blister him and save the expenses of the mustard!"—[Atlanta Constitution.]

DEFENDING A FRIEND. Yabsley—Watts was accusing you for always laughing at your own jokes, but I promptly called him down. Mulge—Ah, you did. Much obliged, I'm sure. Yabsley—Don't mention it. You see, I explained to him that you had never got off a joke of your own in your life.

WITH GOOD REBOUND. Pipkin—Did I understand you, that the fowl you sold me yesterday was a spring chicken? Butcher—Yes, sir; that was a spring chicken; why? Pipkin—I thought I heard rightly; and I'll bet a dollar they were coil springs, too.—[Truth.]

THE CHEERFUL STUDENT. First Medical Student—Ah, good morning, doctor. How is that fclow getting along whose head was crushed in last week? Second Student—Just moderately, doctor; just moderately. I am not sure yet but that I may be compelled to make an amputation.

THIS IS SAWFUL. "My!" shrieked the saw. "This sets all my teeth on edge." "It might mine," answered the file, "were I not hardened to it."—[Indianapolis Journal.]

ALL PROVIDED FOR. Aunt—And so all the children you play with are to appear in tableaux? Have you found characters for them all? Little Girl—We've got everyting fixed for all ze pretty ones—flower girls, brides, gipsies an' everyting. "But how about the ugly ones?" "I don't know for sure. We've thinkin' 'bout gettin' up a chamber of horrors for ze rest."—[Good News.]

PURE NICKEL CURRENCY. It is probable that the Austro-Hungarian government will adopt pure nickel for its currency. The alloyed coin generally used, containing only twenty-five per cent of nickel, combined with seventy-five per cent of copper, possesses, it is considered, numerous disadvantages, while the favorable points of the pure nickel piece are that, notwithstanding its hardness, it can easily be coined, that it has the quality of extraordinary durability, loss by wear and tear being reduced to a minimum; that it is preserved clean in circulation and that no oxidation worth mentioning sets in.—[Iron Age.]

NOT ALTOGETHER ALONE. There was a very small audience present and it was rapidly dwindling away. On the stage the hero and heroine are holding a rendezvous. Hero (to heroine)—Are we alone? Heroine (thinking of the audience)—

Not yet; there are two fellows near the door who look as if they might be able to sit through another act.—[Texas Siftings.]

THE EDITOR'S DILEMMA. Once upon a time an editor fell into a pit and one of his would-be contributors came along and offered to help him out. "I will accept your assistance," said the editor. "Thank heaven," said the contributor, "I have at last found something you are willing to accept!" "Hold on!" shrieked the editor. "Will you try to sell me that joke when I get out?" "Yes," said the contributor. "Then leave me to my fate."—[Harper's Bazar.]

PURELY SUBJECTIVE. Mr. Huckleberry—No one admires me. Miss Wallflower—No one admires me, either. Mr. Huckleberry—We had better organize a mutual admiration society. I admire your eyes. What do you admire about me? Miss Wallflower—Your good taste.—Pack.

CLARENCE'S BED TIME. Little Clarence—Pa, if a man from Portugal is a Portuguese, is his little boy a Portuguese? Mr. Bosanko—It will be your bed time in fifteen minutes. Clarence—May I ask one more question, pa? Mr. Bosanko—If it is not a foolish one, Clarence—Well pa, why doesn't Wednesday come on Saturday? Mr. Bosanko—Go to BED NOW!—[Life.]

THE TIME SHE DIDN'T LAUGH. Mrs. Harlem Heights—You must not laugh and make fun of everybody, Mammie. Mammie—I don't mamma; I am not the girl who laughs. The other day a little girl fell off a board fence, and all the other children laughed, but I didn't. Mrs. Harlem Heights—That was right. Mammie—Yes, I was the little girl that fell off the fence. I was the girl who cried.—[Rare Bits.]

THE OFFICE SOUGHT THE MAN. Editor (running)—Clear the track, Don't stand in my way! Surprised Citizen—Where in thunder is the man going? Old Resident—He is running from office. S. C.—Running from office? O. R.—Yes, the postoffice. It's an office that seeks the man, and the salary is \$15 a year.—[Weekly Journalist.]

WELL AGAIN. Mother—Is Johnny Judson well yet? Little Dick—"I guess so. I heard his mamma scoldin' him this mornin'."—[Good News.]

BELLES VS. BELLS. 'Tis bells that summon men to church, But many will agree The kind which does it best of all Spells with a final "c."—[N. Y. Herald.]

AT A DISCOUNT. "Edward," she sighed, "when I read your notes my hopes are raised toward happiness." "Yes," he answered, moodily, "I never was able to raise anything on my notes in the city except hope."

THE CHANGEABLE SEX. I hope when I ask Julia Will she wed, I'll be declined, For J.—'tis not peculiar— Never fails to change her mind.—[Life.]

NOT DISAPPOINTED. Jack—You are the first girl I ever loved. Jess—I expected you would say that. Jack—How could you anticipate it, pray? Jess—Oh, the girls told me you would.

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION. The Bride—Kiss me again, dear. The Groom—But, Midge, I have done nothing but kiss you for the last three hours! The Bride (bursting into tears)—Traitor! You love another.—[Truth.]

HIS Vocation. Miss Blanche—What a successful Arctic explorer you would make, Mr. Remayne! Remayne—Why so, Miss Blanche? Miss Blanche—Because there the night is six months long.—[Truth.]

AROUND THE HOUSE. To make awnings waterproof, immerse first in a solution of soap, and repeat the process in a copper solution of equal strength; then wash and dry. If the windows are washed every two weeks in winter and summer they will always keep bright. The best way to see to this is to have a certain day set apart for sweeping and washing windows, and divide up the windows in the rooms occupied, washing half of them each week alternately. If there are outside blinds to the house, these should be kept thoroughly dusted. Where such blinds are closed, as they are in summer, they collect the dust rapidly and become a fruitful cause of dirty windows. It is a matter of congratulation that the outside window blind is passing out of use. Where awnings are used, they serve to shade the window as well as the outside blind did, while they allow the free ingress of air. The inside window-shutter, for that matter, is very little used, and with its box-case, serves chiefly to draw dust to itself. While the house is uninhabited it is brought into use as a protection to the window; but a stout boarding would serve the purpose better, would be of less expense to the householder, and not as complicated an arrangement. It should be the object of a modern builder to do away with all nooks and crannies where that known enemy to public health, dust, may lurk. In washing windows, if one objects to the use of whitening because of the infinitesimal powder it might give off (and in the hands of a careless servant this might be a serious objection), a tablespoonful of turpentine dissolved in half a gallon of water will give wonderful results in the way of polishing. It should be applied with a damp chamois and polished off with a dry one.