The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.

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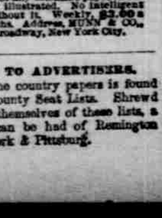

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PINS.

Sister Prue received a note
From Silas Henry Brown.
"Spec ter see yer, Prue," he wrote,
"This eve' when Sun goes down."

Foun' that note a-layin' roun',
Read it, don't yer know;
Then I 'as 'termined, double, boun'
Ter hoax that city beau.

Way back in our parlor sittin',
Was a great big oak settee,
I knew just sure as flirtin'
On it they'd sure to be.

I ran to Mammies' cushin'
I foun' the biggest pin,
I kept a wishin', wishin',
In him 'twould run—way in.

So, I bent it, so, and so,
The point was awful straight;
Sneaked ter that settee so low,
I couldn't hardly wait.

So 's 'twouldn't give in pushin',
I fixed it tighter'n sin.
An' all the time a wishin'
In him 'twould run—way in.

I 'as just goin' ter vanish
Where I could see the fun,
When Prue—a dancin' Spanish,
Came in 'fore I could run.

She said—"Come dearest Brother,
Let's play you're Mister Brown;"
I thought I was goin' ter smother,
She made me sit right down.

I said I didn't want ter,
That she should lemme go,
She said "You'll have to want ter,
Now hug me close, there—so."

My heart was fallin' 'thin me,
(That pin so close yer know;)
She leant quite hard against me,
I 'was on it—Oh! oh! oh!

Then just while I 'as cryin',
Why Brown hisself comes in,
Ter please him Prue was tryin',
But sot him on that pin.

Fergot I was a cryin',
Fergot I had a pain,
Fer Brown jest went a flyin',
Like any hurrycane.

I laft an' laft an' giggled,
I danced an' laft agin,;
The way he squeaked an' wiggled,
I tho't I bust my skin.

Next thing I know'd was nuthin'.
He grabbed me drefful tight,
An' on that pin a cussin,"
He socked me all his might.

Mine hurt, but so must hisin';
I'm O. K. agin an' trim;
That parlor's fairly sizzin
With pins lay'n low fer him.

Prue says he's a "Foreign Mission."
I don't care what he's been;
But, Oh, I do keep wishin',
Them pins would run—way in.

—Charles Gingrich.

A MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

The tide was rolling in rapidly. Great white-topped, fleecy crowned waves, so white, so fleecy in contrast with the deep hues of the water itself; and the sun was gilding, crimsoning and purpling the western sky. Away up in the heavens were soft, floating clouds of all bright colors, and their reflections lay on the ocean, tinting it with their many hues.

The carriages were whirling up and down Ocean Avenue with gaily dressed women, gentlemen caracoled on horseback at their sides; laughter, jest, merriment everywhere. Then, as the twilight deepened, soft, sweet music floated out from the brightly lighted rooms, and the piazzas were crowded with promenaders, loungers and all the pleasure loving crowd of a gay watering place.

Two young girls, with arms intertwined, slowly paced a garden walk.

"Is it not delicious, Mary?" said one, "This briny breath of old ocean, the music, the summer night? Listen! There is that old waltz of Walter's. It just accords with my mood."

"Delicious, indeed, Helen; and if so to you, what do you think it is to me? Pent up as I am through weary days, it is heavenly. I can never express to you how I enjoy it all. It is my first week at the seashore. The music, moonlight, freedom, intoxicates me. I feel as if I could float off upon those flowing waves, rather than go back to my weary work. But that is only now. By and by I shall return to my practical self, and be thankful for work which gives comfort to those I love. I think sometimes, do you know, that I have two selves."

"Both very nice selves, Mollie; one's a patient, kind sympatizer in your friend's romantic follies; that must be your romantic self; and the practical self gives me excellent advice and sets me an example of patient industry and perseverance which often makes me ashamed of my own idly spent life."

"But you had a special topic of conversation for to-night, you said. Do you need the judgment of my practical self upon your two last lovers, for I see it is almost time that you make a decision."

"You have guessed rightly, Mollie. I do not say I shall take your judgment, however, but I want to talk with you."

"Let me avow, Helen, at the outset, I am only interested in one."

"I supposed so, and that is why I say I am not prepared to accept your judgment. Albert Norris is very handsome, wealthy, a successful merchant. An only son—"

"Yes; and Edward Barnes is plain, in very moderate circumstances; a struggling young lawyer who has loved you from boyhood. I have regretted to see how much you were influenced by the exterior advantages of one, Helen, and how little regard you give, apparently, to the quick, good sense, the persevering spirit, the solid, substantial qualities of the other. I say apparently, for I can not but think down in the depths of your heart you do appreciate them. To my mind, uninfluenced by the incense of their admiration, which is only swung towards you, there is only one choice."

"But you know how much I admire beauty, and, silly as it may sound to you, I very much admire Albert's appearance. I am somewhat of a cat, as somebody says most women are. I like to nestle on soft cushions in the sunshine. I do enjoy the luxurious things of this life. I am afraid I should not want to share poverty with Edward, wear calico dresses, perhaps cook his meals. Think of it Mary."

"You are a little goose, and I do not suppose it would do you a great deal of harm to cook the meals if there was some one to clean the pots and pans. I am vulgar enough to enjoy the preparation of a dainty dish if some one I care for will help to eat it; and why may not all dishes be daintily prepared? Cooking, you know, is becoming one of the finest arts, if it was not always so considered. But let us return to our subject. Confess, Helen, if the two were similarly situated as fortune, what would your decision be?"

"Now, that is what I want to talk about. I have an underneath, quiet sort of feeling that if a great calamity came to one, Edward Barnes could aid, console, be, perhaps, a strong rock of refuge; but Albert comes and absorbs all my time and attention. We ride, and dance, and talk nonsense together, and all the girls are envying me, and I find myself drifting off upon a sort of sea with him, which I am not yet sure I wish to voyage upon or to take him as helmsman."

"Helen, I do believe that is the way half the girls marry. Don't you, I beg of you. Life is such a terrible thing when one has chosen wrongly. Think of finding too late that you have made an awful mistake, and when calamity comes—as come it must in every life—you have no sure rock of refuge, only a broken staff to lean upon, and you are indeed alone. Poverty—I mean industrious poverty, (what you call poverty)—which generally earns enough for all the absolute necessities and many of the luxuries of life, is not the worst trial of life. But don't take either of your lovers if you can not resolve to share any reasonable lot with them, for you do not love unless you feel that you can."

"Mollie, were you ever in love?"

"In love? No; but I thought I was. I will tell you the story to-night. Take your wrap, let us go to the beach. I want to feel the fresh breeze blow about me while I talk of that old time."

They wended their way to the beach. The moon was just rising, silvering the waves. How far away seemed the noisy, turbulent, work-a-day world.

"Before my father's death," said Mary, "which condemned me to daily toil for myself and my poor mother, you know we were very well-to-do country people. My father spent lavishly upon my education and for our daily comforts, and never dreamed that a sudden death would take him from us in the full vigor of manly strength before he had provided for our comforts. Henry Gray was a neighbor's son, and your Albert reminds me somewhat of him. Pleasant to every one; soft, gentle manners and with an attractive person, it was no wonder that a young, foolish girl like myself very soon idolized him into a hero.

"He went to college, leaving a betrothal ring upon my finger and three or four sheets of paper filled with protestations of undying affection came once a week to me. After a while the letters were not quite so long and gradually cooled in ardor. Helen, I am ashamed of my old self. I suffered tortures then and thought my heart was broken, my life blighted, as I saw he was drifting away from me. And then came our great affliction. And when I saw him again I was a wiser, older girl. Life had become very real, very hard. And I can almost laugh as I tell you now. I could not realize that I had ever loved him, except for the memory of the doleful hours I spent in weeping over my broken idol. His was not a constant nature. He was not the sort of character I could have loved in after years. And what seemed a bitter draught then was a cup bitter indeed to the taste, but most beneficial in results and healing.

"One is very wise after all that, you know, and I am not likely to give my heart lightly again."

"Not lightly, but very wisely, I am sure. But here come the subjects of our conversation, so no more discussion of them at present." And Helen turned gayly to greet the comers.

Albert Norris was very handsome, as she had said. His figure was tall and graceful; his head finely formed; his features regular, with the usual fresh coloring of youth. A close physiognomist would have detected a lack of strength in the face. The mouth was not firm enough; the bright hazel eyes glanced too frequently aside. But to most young girls he was faultlessly handsome, with charming manners.

Not so his companion, whose figure was built more for strength than for beauty. His face was firm, open, intelligent, genial. Clear, gray eyes looked clearly and penetratingly into yours. His movements were quick, active, lithe, lacking entirely the gentle indolence which was habitual to the other.

"This is just the night for one of your songs, Mr. Barnes," said Mary. And as they seated themselves he sang in a rich, full baritone, to the accompaniment of the waves rushing rhythmically upon the shore, the song of the Three Fishers.

For a few moments after, none of them spoke. The night was heavenly; the music suited the scene; the voice was sympathetic, and awakened many thoughts in the listeners.

"It does not seem possible here, in this quiet, calm spot, that there can be a turbulent, noisy world, full of many unhappy people, of 'women who weep,' and men who risk life for life's bare necessities."

"No, indeed," was Edward's reply; "but to-morrow's sun will shine on this same spot, upon all sorts of inconsistent human creatures, who make up this very world; women who think of life only as a show; men who strive to outdo each other in a mad chase after life's glare and glitter. More of these compose this crowd than the genuine lovers of nature, who find companionship in the sea and the woods, and to whom the very stones preach sermons."

"Which do you prefer, Mary—the sea or the mountains?" asked Helen.

"I can not tell here and now. I love the woods of my home dearly, and the mountains there are my old friends from childhood. But if I were restless or unhappy, I think I should find more sympathy in the restlessness of the sea. I do not know, perhaps, after all, its tossing and moaning might so intensify that of my restless spirit that I might find myself fleeing from it for fear I should cast myself into it."

"Mary, Mary! What are you saying?" said Helen. "You who are the personification of cheerful submission."

"Only talking, Helen, as people will sometimes. But is it not time to return?"

And, half reluctantly, they turned from the moonlit sea toward their cottage home.

As they neared it, Albert lingered to speak the words Helen had evaded a long time.

"You must have known," he said, "how much you are to me. Can I not hope that I have not loved you in vain?"

"Oh! do not ask me now. Give me more time to know my own mind," she said.

"To-morrow then, to-morrow I shall come to know if I may not claim you as my wife."

What was there in the tone that jarred upon her? Was it an assurance of what he desired? An impossibility of refusal?

* * *

The morrow came—another day of clear, bright sunshine, and gay parties were crowding the beach, for it was bathing time. Such a motley crowd!

"Is it possible this is you?" was heard more than once, as those unaccustomed to their bathing costumes encountered friends.

"How few look well who bathe, Helen," said Mollie. "Some are so cold and blue, and all their lovely roundness of figure has become limp. Now, there is a lady I like to watch. She swims finely and has such a lovely color after; she seems to me a veritable nymph of the waves."

"And the bright little boy you were admiring so yesterday is her child. See, he is swimming near her."

"Here comes our party—are you ready?"

But just as they were about entering the waves, a shrill cry of terror rang through the air. The boy had apparently been carried beyond his power of control, and the mother vainly strove to reach him.

"Can no one save him?" inquired Helen.

Her face was pallid—her beautiful eyes dilated with pity and fear.

"No one without endangering his own life," was the quiet, measured answer of her lover.

But there was a prompt reply near her.

"Do not forget me, Nellie, if I am lost," and with quick, strong strokes Edward Barnes was beating the waves, and far away from the crowd of bathers strove to rescue the child. Farther and farther he is borne by the merciless current. Will he never reach him? And lips unused to prayer murmured appeals to Heaven's mercy, and all hearts beat with apprehension for the two lives so far away from shore.

"He has thrown away his own life uselessly," said Albert, "the madman."

But Helen gave him no reply.

Was this the man who claimed her heart? For whom she wavered in indecision; who had filled her thoughts of late to the exclusion of old childish friendship and love? Now full well she knew who was the strong man in times of calamity—he who could peril his life for another. And all the quiet, unvarying love, the truth and tenderness of heart, the unselfishness of character, which she had never fully appreciated before, burst upon her like a revelation. She was the unworthy one. She had never deserved this love if she could have been so attracted by another, who could not even pay due homage to the heroism his eyes beheld.

How she endured the moments which seemed ages she never knew. But at last a glad hurrah! rent the air, and she scarcely saw—she felt he must have saved the boy. But exhausted, faint with the long distance he had swam, the heavy waves with which he had struggled and the burden he bore, he fell senseless upon the shore, and needed all the kind ministrations—the care so ready to greet him. Helpful hands were there in abundance, however, and skillful aid, and when evening came he was amply repaid, as reclining in the cottage parlor, Helen's smiles, tears, blushes were all for him. No more doubt or indecision for her, but the quiet content of perfect trust; of entire reliance on the strong, true heart of one whom she might find a staff of support in time of need.

"But, Helen," said Mary, mischievously, "what about those dreadful dinners and possible calico dresses?"

"Don't speak of them. I have grown five years older and wiser since this morning, and I think I would live with Edward in a log cabin."

Reflections of a Bachelor.

No man is much of a hero to a widow.

The woman who marries for spite usually gets it.

Few men would marry if they could live forever.

Matrimony has established the fact that love is not incurably blind.

About every third woman imagines that she is an uncrowned queen.

The man who is good for nothing else sometimes makes a good husband.

Never marry a man to reform him. Reform him first, and then don't marry him.

A good many men marry to get a home and then spend most of their time away from it.—New York Press.

The Ingenious Small Boy.

I never walk about the town without being impressed with the ingenuity of the small boy. A few afternoons ago I was passing a house out on the road to the Soldiers' Home. It was rather a handsome house, with a wide sweep of velvety lawn, windingly intersected by a cement driveway. He was mounted on a bicycle and as he rode he pushed the lawn mower along beside him. Of course, it was much harder work than walking with the grass cutter would have been and a deal slower in the doing; but no real live boy is ever going to let such trifling considerations as those have weight with him.—Washington Post.

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MASTERLY DISCOURSE ON THE ISSUES.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—Ex-President Harrison acted as the eastern proxy of the Republican candidate last night, and struck the key-note of the eastern campaign in a speech to 5,000 people. Half as many people as composed the audience were denied admittance because of lack of room.

The enthusiasm was tremendous and the many points of the speech were received with hearty applause. The audience was a distinguished one, and from the early hour when they cheered the band's interpretation of "America" displayed their patriotism in every possible way. Indeed the vast audience arose and sang the national anthem with ardor.

The decorations of the Auditorium were entirely of the American colors. Flags were in many hands. Pictures of the Republican national candidates adorned the sides of the proscenium arches, which were festooned with silk bunting. The lower tier of boxes was gay with beautifully dressed women and men in evening attire. Mrs. Harrison occupied one of the boxes with the family of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew.

There was a vocal solo, "Marching Through Georgia," then Chauncey M. Depew stepped to the front of the platform. When the hearty applause had subsided Dr. Depew, as chairman, addressed the meeting. When Mr. Depew sat down General Harrison stepped to the front. He was in evening dress in contrast to Dr. Depew, who was in a frock coat, and as he waited for the enthusiastic cheering to subside, looked in very good health. General Harrison said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I am on the Republican retired list not by reason of any age limit nor by the plea of any convention, but that the younger men might have a chance and that I might have a rest. But I am not a soured, or disappointed or bedridden citizen. My interest in my country did not cease when my last salary check was cashed.

"I hoped to add to the relief from official duties retirement from the arena of political debate. But the gentlemen having in charge this campaign seemed to think that I might in some way advance the interests of those principles which are not less dear to me than they are to you by making here, in this great city, a public address. I thought they greatly magnified the importance of anything I could say, but I could not quite content myself to subordinate what others thought to be a public duty to my private convenience.

"I am here to-night not to make a key-note speech, but only to express my personal views, for which no one else will be in any measure responsible, for this speech has not been submitted to the judgment of any until now. I shall speak, my fellow citizens, as a Republican, but with perfect respect to those who hold differing opinions. Indeed, I have never had so much respect for Democrats as I have now, or perhaps I should say I never had so much respect for so many Democrats as I have now.

"That party has once more exhibited its capacity to be ruptured, and a party that can not be split is a public menace. When the leaders of a party assembled in convention depart from its traditional principles and advocate doctrines that threaten the integrity of the government the social order of our communities and the security and soundness of our finance it ought to split, and it dignifies itself when it does split.

"A bolt from any party is now and then a most reassuring incident and was never more reassuring and never had better causes than now, but these Democratic friends who are disposed more or less directly to help the cause of sound finance in this campaign ought not to expect that the Republican party will organize itself because the Democratic party has disorganized itself.

"The Republican party, the Republican voter, if sound money triumphs, as I believe it will, must in the nature of the thing, constitute the body of the successful army. We ought not, therefore, to be asked to do anything that will affect the solidity, the loyalty, the discipline or the enthusiasm of the Republican party.

"The Republican party confronts the destructionist and trumpets its defiance to the enemies of sound money. It will fight, however, without covering any of the inscriptions that are upon its banners. When the house is on fire, and many of our Democratic friends believe that to be the present domestic situation, the tenant on the top floor ought not to ask the tenant in the basement to bary any of his opinions before he joins the fire brigade, and our Democratic friends, who realize as we realize the gravity, the far reaching consequences of this campaign, ought not to ask the Republican party to reorganize itself to put aside any of the great principles that it has advocated in order to win a vote.

"The defense of the constitution and of the integrity of the supreme court of the United States and of the president's power and duty to enforce all of the laws of the United States without the call or consent of the governor of any state is an important and living issue in this campaign.

"Tariff and coinage will be of little moment if our constitutional government is overthrown. When we have a president who believes that it is neither his right nor his duty to see that the mail trains are not obstructed and that the interstate commerce has its free way irrespective of state lines and courts who fear to use our ancient and familiar power to restrain and punish law breakers, free trade and free silver will be appropriate accompaniments of such an administration and can not add appreciably to the national distress or the national dishonor.

"The atmosphere of the Chicago convention was surcharged with the spirit of revolution. The platform was carried and its nominations made with accompanying incidents of frenzy that startled the onlookers and amazed the country. The courts and the president were arraigned for enforcing the laws and government by the mob was given preference over government by the law enforced by the court decrees and by executive orders.

"In the platform they denounced interference by federal authorities in the local affairs as a violation of the constitution of the United States and a crime against free institutions. Mr. Tillman in his speech approved the declaration. It was intended to be in words a direct condemnation of Mr. Cleveland, as president of the United States, for using the power of the executive to brush out of the way every obstacle to the free passage of the mail trains of the United States and the interstate commerce.

"Once we were told, and a grave question was raised whether the United States could pass its troops through Kentucky to meet a rebel army in Tennessee. My friends, this constitutional question, this division between the general and local authorities is a plain and and easy one. When a law of the United States is invaded and broken it is the sworn duty of the president to execute it and this convention arraigns the president for doing what his oath compelled him to do.

"I do not intend to spend any time in the discussion of the tariff question. That debate has been won and need not be protracted. We needed an experience of our own, and we have had it. It has been a hard lesson, but a very convincing one, and everybody was in the school-house when it was given.

"A panic in 1893 of most extraordinary character has been succeeded by a gradual drying up, less and less, and less, until universal business distraction and anxiety prevail all over our community. I do not believe there has ever been a time except, perhaps, in the very heat of some active panic, when universal business fear and anxiety and watchfulness characterized this great metropolis as it does to-day. Men have been afraid to go away for a vacation.

"So eager were our Democratic friends to relieve their embarrassment and to put directly upon our people according to the English system a tax to support our government that they passed an unconstitutional act in order to levy internal taxes and help out a tariff bill which had reduced the duties upon imports.

"In connection with the financial matter do we all realize how important is the choice of a president? Do you know that as the law is now, without the passage of any free coinage of silver law at all it is in the power of the president of the United States to bring the business of this country to a silver basis? All he has to do is to let the gold reserve go, to pay out silver when men ask for gold, and we are there already. It is only because the presidents of the United States that we have had, and the one we have now, have regarded it under the law as his public duty to maintain the gold basis, maintaining that parity between our silver and gold coins which the law declares is the policy of the government.

"The silver question—what is it? Do we want silver because we want more money, a larger circulating medium? I haven't heard anybody say so. Mr. Bryan is not urging it upon that basis. If anybody were to seek to give that as a reason for wanting free silver he would be very soon confounded by the statement that free silver would put more gold out of circulation than the mints of the United States could possibly put in in years of silver and that instead of having more money we would have less.

"It is not more dollars, but cheaper dollars that are wanted. It is a lower standard of value that they are demanding. They say gold has gone up until it has ceased to be a proper standard of values and they want silver. But how do they want it? Now my friends, there is a great deal of talk about bimetallism, of the double standard and a great deal of confusion in the use of those terms.

"Bimetallism is the use of the two metals as money where they are both used. By a double standard they mean that we shall have a gold dollar and a silver dollar which shall be units of value by which all property and all wages and everything are to be measured. Now our fathers thought that when they used these two metals in coinage they must determine the intrinsic relative values of the two so that a comparison of the markets of the world would show just what relation one ounce of silver bore to one ounce of gold.

"Now what do these people propose to do; to take any account of thousandths? No. When the markets of the world fix the relative value of silver or gold at thirty-one ounces of silver to one ounce of gold they propose to say sixteen. Well, my friends, there has been nothing more amusing, and yet I fear that with the thoughtless it may have been in some measure misleading, than the repeated declaration of Mr. Bryan that everybody admitted that bimetallism was a good thing—"there is no debate on that subject, and that the debate of the campaign has come down to this fine point, the Republicans say that we can not have this good thing without the consent of England, and we say we can have it ourselves," and he has endeavored to pivot this great campaign with its tremendous issues upon that pin-hole.

"I will tell you what this government can do alone. It can fix its money unit. It can declare by law what shall be the relative value of an ounce of gold and an ounce of silver, but it can not make that last declaration good. It is unquestionably fully within the power of this government to bring this country to a silver basis by coining silver dollars and making them legal tender, but it can not say, and enforce its decree if you should call out the regular army and navy and muster all our great modern ships and add the militia and put William J. Bryan in command of them.

"My friends, these men surely do not contemplate the irretrievable and extensive character of the disaster and disturbance and disruption which they are proposing for all of us in all our business affairs, great and simple. Take the laboring man, how full of sympathy they are for him. My countrymen, I never spoke a false word to the laboring man in my life. I have believed, and I believe to-day, that any system that maintains the prices of labor in this country, that brings hope into the life of the laboring man, that enables him to put by, that gives him a share in the property of the country is the policy that should be our American policy."

No Cranks in Kansas.

"I have just returned from a trip through Kansas," remarked a traveling man to a Star reporter. "At Clay Center the landlord said:

"'The newspapers are hurting Kansas by calling it a State of cranks. There ought to be some way to stop it.'

"It may be on account of the silver question,' I suggested.

"Well, of course, we are all for having plenty of money—we don't care particularly about silver. The best way would be for the government just to print enough greenbacks for every one to have enough.'

"'How about women in politics?'

"'Women have tongues, and they ought to go into politics. Men have their business to attend to, and the women ought to attend to the stump-speaking—they have plenty of time.'

"'How about repudiating mortgages?'

"'Of course, the farmers ought not to pay the mortgages. When they borrowed money they expected to have good crops. They were not responsible for crops failing, and the loss ought to fall on the men who loaned the money: they can stand it.'

"'As to the sub-Treasury scheme?'

"'We favor that. The government ought to loan money to the farmers. It would increase production and benefit the country."

"'Do you believe in government ownership of railroads?'

"'Certainly. The East would be benefited by Kansas grain and Kansas must get clothing from the East. Each section is interested in exchange goods, and there ought not to be any freight to pay for transportation. It's for the public welfare. I believe in the prohibition of liquor, keeping all foreigners out of the country and refusing to allow any Catholics to own any property; but as to cranks—I have lived in Kansas twenty years and never met a crank who was a resident of the State, and this criticism should be stopped. Newspapers are too free, anyway, and we will never have peace until the government appoints men to read everything before it is printed and keep out such stuff.'"—Washington Star.

Justice and Generosity.

They were talking about their neighborhood—as neighbors will—and especially about one man, over whose case they couldn't agree.

"He's a mean man," declared Fusus, who is always "broke" and rather prides himself on the fact.

"Not mean," protested the other. "Not mean, but just."

"Just mean, you mean."

"No. I mean he's just before he's generous."

"Yes, a long time before. That's what a mean man always says to cover up his meanness. What's the matter with being both just and generous?"

"But who is both?"

"Well, perhaps nobody. But the fact is, and you might as well admit it, that there is nothing so odious as the sterner virtues."

The other was silent.—New York Herald.

Empress Nathalie.

It is curious to think what a short time it is since the Emperors of Russia treated their womankind in the same way as they are now treated in Turkey. It is true that in those days the Czar chose his wife from among his subjects, and she was never considered his equal. On a certain day the nobles brought their young daughters to be looked at, and she who took the potentate's fancy was forthwith chosen. The princesses were kept with the same strictness as Eastern princesses, and marriage only changed their place of residence, but gave them no more freedom. They were allowed occasionally to be present when guests were received, to whom they would hand a cup of wine, and then retire to their apartments, there being a suite of rooms at the north side of the palace reserved especially for them. The first Czarina who emancipated herself from this state of slavery, and so instituted a new and happier era for Russian women, was the beautiful Nathalie Naryschki, the second wife of Alexis Michaeloviteh, and the mother of Peter the Great, and her first triumph was when she obtained her husband's consent to drive with him in an open carriage to the monastery of Troitsky, a proceeding which at that time occasioned a great scandal. Naturally, when the Russian princes began to intermarry with other European royal families, they were obliged to treat their wives differently, but it was a long time before the court of Russia became as civilized as the rest of Europe.

They Never Met Again.

"Yes," said the tourist on Lookout Mountain to the stranger who was surveying the scenery, "a great battle was fought on the spot where we stand."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sir. The Federal and Confederate troops had a terrific engagement here, and at one time during the action the entire mountain was in a blaze!"

"Indeed!"

"Fact, sir. The banks of the river below there were lined with the dead and wounded and the trees were shattered and stripped by the shells."

"Awful!"

"You may well say so. By the by, where were you at that time?"

"I was in the battle that you were speaking of," replied the stranger serenely.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Kitchen Brevities.

To purify the water cooler, either porcelain or zinc lined, pour a little vinegar on a clean cloth and wipe it well one or twice a week.

To clean the silver spoons and forks, in everyday use, rub them with a damp cloth dipped in baking soda, then polish them with a little piece of chamois skin.