SHE WHO IS MINE.

She who is mine, whose soul is all my own

With what warm hands, with what a low

ing face, She gives me welcome to this quiet place This cottage hearth, where w alone.

We have the poor for neighbors; weare one Content with simple duties simply done; And she, at least, of no ambitious race, She who is mine.

Ab, yes; Life's vain results have com

gone; And the dry heart, like a cold kernel stone

Within its withered pulp and shrunk case, Might well have lost such fuiness and suc

grace As once it had, but for this love, full grow lute and pure, that she hath shown

She who is mine, -[The Academy.

POPPIE'S DILEMMA.

A biting wind has everything its own way out of doors to-day. It whirls away in triumph the few brown leaves that have clung obstinately until now to the shivering branches of the big copper beech opposite to the library window; it means disamaly in chimneys, whistles shrilly through loose fitting window frames, and, in short, makes itself as disagreeable as possible. But I, sitting in my favorite chair in the snug library, and with a new and exciting 'yellow-back'' in my hand, bid defiance to the weather, congratulate myself that I have the afternoon free to enjoy myself in and need not go outside. Thave reekoned without my host, how-two chapters of my book, I hear a door opened behind me and a voice say in-quiringly;--"Susan !" It is Poppie, and I know she will want

"Susan1" It is Poppie, and I know she will want to talk. I bend lower down over the fire, with my elbows on my knees, and pre-tend not to hear; perhaps she will go away again. Vain hope! She closes the door and comes toward me. "Susan!" she says again. "Well?" I reply unwillingly and with-but turning or raising my eyes. "I want to talk to you," says Poppie, zoaxingly.

"I want to talk to you," says Poppie, coaxingly. "I knew you did," is my inward re-mark. "Well," I repeat aloud, "what is is it about?" And still I keep my eyes fixed on the page, devoutly praying that Poppie will repent of disturbing me when abe sees how engrossed I am, and will leave me in peace. But she does no such thing; on the contrary she kneels down upon the hearth rug beside me and lays her two hands upon my book. "Don't read, Susan," she says, in her pretty imperative wa? "I really have something to say to you." With a faint sigh I lay down the book and turn to my sister. I do not know why or how it is, but I always find my-uelf obeying Poppie with most exemplary mechanism.

hat have you to say?" I asked re-

signedly. "It is about something that happened while I was at the Nugents," begins Pop-

pie. "Oh, I'm sure you must have told me sverything about that visit!" I interrupt

"Did I ever say anything of a Mr.

impatiently.
"Did I ever say anything of a Mr. Harris?"
"No, I think nat—I don't remember," I reply donbtfally.
"Well, then, you must know he was staying there, too, nearly all the time that I was," says Poppie, sitting on the floor beside me, her hands clasped round her knees and her face turned towards the fire. "He is a youngish-oldish man—you know what I mean—no particular age—very tall and big, with a large round face, like a red moon more than anything else. He is a retired merchant or manufacturer, and has heaps of money, which he has made in business. He has a lovely place somewhere in the lake country and a splendid house in the result have at least twenty thousand a year." She pauses, and, taking up the poker, begins most unnecessarily to stir the fire.
"Well, is that all?" I ask after a short times

'Well, is that all?" I ask after a short

poker, begins most unnecessarily to stir the fine.
"Well, is that all?" I ask after a short silence.
"Well, is that all?" I ask after a short silence.
"Well, is that all?" I ask after a short silence.
"Well, is that all?" replies Poppie calmly, with her back still toward me and emphasizing her words with little tage of the poker upon a sputtering, fizzing log.
"He asked me to marry him."
"Be speaks with such utter unconcern that for a moment I do not believe her, where are to it, how provide the toward were poker upon a sputtering, fizzing log.
"You are joking." I cry wrathfully, this not!" declares Poppie, dropping the poker with a clatter into the asier it would look like if you said Yes.""
The after somer size a her in silent amazement. Then she begins to a unterly absurd?"
"You look so utterly absurd?"
"Well," I ejaculated, "I must poker with a shame!"
"Well," I ejaculated, "I must poker with a shame!"
"Well," I ejaculated, "I must poker with a shame!"
"Wull, I ejaculated, "I must poker with a shame!"
"Wull, I ejaculated, "I must poker with a shame!"
"But, now that I have told you, what do you asy!"
"I think it is by far the most delight a coept him?" I acked end a sprasma and basis in Park hane and-"
"Stop, stop!" cries Poppie. "You are running on much too fast, Susan, for I-did ta coept him." I see book her chair with a set of turing he handle. "Poppie," I cry, figure and the made. "Poppie," I cry, figure and the made. "Poppie," I cry, figure and the made. "Poppie, and the made. "Poppie," I cry, figure and the made. "Poppie, "I cry, figure and the made. "Poppie, "I cry, figure and the made. "Poppie, and there and the mad since before you went to the Nugents," '' my dan is any delightfully, as it throw another log upon the fire in anticipation of our visitor. But when I turned again toward my sister I perceive that she has burried to the door and is in the act of turning to the handle. "Poppie," I cry, flying across the room to her side, "where are you going?" - Thave a headache—I— Oh, Susan, het me go? You can tell Jack I was sontry not to see him-anything you like; but—" She pulls her arm from my de-taining grasp and opens the door for flight; but she is too late—Jack Neville is already standing on the mat outside. "How are you?" I say cheerfully, as I hold out a welcoming hand to him. "I have not seen you for so long that I had onest forgotten what you were like!" He laughs a little as he shakes hands with me, and then turne quickly to Pop-ple, who is standing silently beside me with her eyes fixed on the carpte. "So you have come back at last!" he says. know?" He is not satisfied now with holding her hand; he puts his arm around her and draws her pretty head down upon his shoulder. At this juncture it dawns upon me At this juncture it dawns upon no that my presence is most unnecessary, so I steal away softly, leaving them alone. And I am very certain that poor Mr. Harris will have to look out for an-other suitable person to wear his dia-monds now. running on much too tast, Susau, ave - I did not accept him." "Didn't accept him?" I echo blankly. "My poor susan," says Poppie, laugh-g again as she puts her soft little hand on mine, "are you terribly disap-direta?"

me; but—I don't know why it was—he would not take 'No' for an answer—per-haps"—smiling a little—'the was too conceited—at any rate he could not bring himself to befeve that I really meant to decline the honor he wished to confer upon me. He declared that a woman's 'No' always meant' Yes,' and he bothered me so that for the sake of peace I agreed to take a week to think over the matter, and at the end of that time to write and give him my final answer. The week will be up to-morrow, so I must come to a speedy decision. I told him at the time that thinking it over would not make any difference, that my reply must always be the same; but now—I don't know mperhaps he was right—I have thought and rethought and rethough the whole story, Susan, and I want you to help me."
 "It is hard for me to advise you, Poppie," I say slowly, after we have sat for some time in silence. "You see, I have never seen this Mr. Harris, and never even heard of him until this afternoon. What kind of a man is he?"
 "I don't think he is anything out of the common, oue way or the other," my sister answers reflectively. "He is good-natured and generous after a fashion; he has an exalted opinion of his own merits and sine money; and—yes, decidely there is a touch of vulgarity about him?"
 "Upopiesmiles slighty."
 "Wold be very nice to be rich, the is found so it his wants some one to ware his diamonds for him, drive m his carriages and fill his great houses with smart people—in fact, to help to show of his wealt; and all that I could do very well."
 "Ut would be very nice to be rich, though."I murnur half to myself.
 "You would be very nice to be rich, though."I murnur half to myself.
 "Of course you could not be expected to boke of his wealt; and align that I could do very mell."
 "Us mud be very nice to be rich, though."I murnur half to myself.
 "Of course you could not be expected to be him." The since hearing and fill his great houses with smart people......." of course you could not be expected to be him

suppose, Poppie?" "I suppose not," she returns. "Are you sure?" I ask. inwardly quak-ing as to the result of my boldness. "Be conse?"

"Because what?" she says a little

sharply. "Because I once fancied— I may have

"Because I once fancied- I may have been wrong, and you must not be vexed with me if I was-but I did fancy there was something between you and Jack Neville," I blurted out desperately. Poppie flushes scarlet and frowns; then she asks quietly:-"What made you think so?" "Oh, I don't know-lots of things!" I reply. "You have been a great deal together all your lives, and - But I suppose I was wrong; there was noth-ing

'Nothing whatever—you are quite wrong!'' she answers, but she avoids my glance and moves restlessly in her chair.

chair. "I am sorry," I say stupidly, "I should have liked Jack for my brother in-law,

I come to a sudden stop, for Poppie and "——
I come to a sudden stop, for Poppie has risen quickly from her seat and stands before me with angry eyes and flushed cheeks. The next minute, how-ever, she presses her quivering lips to-gether and turns away.
"You have wandered from the point as usual, Susan," she says coldly. "We were discussing Mr. Harris, not Jack Neville, and we do not seem to be get-ting any nearer to a decision."
"Suppose you write a letter and see what it looks like!" I suggest.
Bhe walks over to the little writing thole by the window and, sitting down before it, opens the blotter and dips a pen into the ink.
"Which ought I to put, Susan, 'Dear Mr. Harris,' or 'My Dear Mr. Harris?"
she asks, doubfully.
"That will depend, I think, on what you are going to say," I roply. "Try 'Dear first.
"Wukon one next, supposing this to be a refusal, you know?"

"What comes next, supposing the bear effected, you know?" "Much as I appreciate the honor you have done me," I prompt glibly, ""I regret that I must adhere to my former decision.""

regret that I must adhere 'to 'my' former decision.'' ''It sounds just like a Polite Letter Writer,'' objects Poppie; but I suppose Imust put something like that;' and she writes it down. ''It looks perfectly hor-rid, Susani'' she goes on plaintively. ''Oh, why did I ever say that I would write? I had no idea it would beso dif-ficult. If one could put just plain 'Yes' or 'No,' and sign one's name to it, how much easier it would be!'' ''Try something else then; see what it would look like if you said 'Yes.'' She takes a fresh sheet of paper. ''I suppose it must be 'My Dear' this time,'' she says, sighing. Well, Susan, 've committed myself so far; but it seems more hopplesly hard than the re-fusal. How in the world am I to word it?'' While I rack my brains for a suitable

rid, Susan!" she goes on plaintively.
''Oh, shyd id I ever say that I would write? I had no idea it would be so dif.
ficult. If one could pat just plain 'Yes' or 'No, 'and sign one's name to it, 'No', 'An one of arther. What on earth has hap-much easier it would be!"
''Dry something elses then; see what it would look like if you said 'Yes.''
'She takes a fresh sheet of paper.
''I suppose it must be 'My Dear'this ime," she says, sighing. Well, Susan, I've committed myself so far; but it seems more hopelessly hard than the ro-fusal. How in the world am I to were you needint ears.
''Mile I rack my brains for a suitable fulls from her fingers and she pushes back her chair with a suppressed ex-clamation as some one on a brown.
''Who wait?' I akked eagerly, get-ting up.
''I was Jack,' replies Poppie Sould and the and the says kindly, 'do not dis-tress yourself, do not cry so. Did you

ping hot tea, Fing, not tear, intre you any news to tear inte?" on "I reply, shaking my head as I shut the lid of the teapot with a bang; "but I might have if—" "What an enigmatical remark!" he exclaims, Jaughing. "What does it mean? You might have if—what?" "I am not sure if I may tell you," I answer, casting a doubtful look at Poppie. "Oh, then it concerns Poppie, does it, this mysterious piece of news?" and he ghances at her too.

answer, dasing adoubtion look at Popple.
"Oh, then if concerns Popple, does it, this mysterious piece of news?" and he glances at her too.
"May I tell?" I ask persuasively.
"Certainly, if you wish to do so," returns my sister.
"Well, then, Juck, Popple has had a proposal from a very rich man, and she can't make up her mind whether to accept him or not. Isn't it odd?"
"Isn't what odd?"
"That she is not able to decide what to say to him. Of course it would not be a love match, but then she would have—oh, overything she could possibly want; and, if that would not satisfy her and make her happy forever after, as the story book says, what would?"
Thave known Jack Neville from my childhood; still I do not quite understand him. He has an uncomfortable way of arouses a susplicion that he is langhing at one all the time. "Jack, I am really in earnest," I say, a little reproachfully. He turns to me quickly.
"So am I, Susan."
And as I look searchingly at him I cannot detect the faintest glimmer of a langh on his grave handsome face or in his steady eyes. "What, then, I wish you would help me

"Well, then, I wish you would help me "Well, then, I wish you would help me o decide for Poppie. Of course I only vant to do what will be for her happi-

"Of course," he interposes gravely; "but what way do Poppie's own inclina-

"but what way do Poppie's own inclina-tions lie?" At this Poppie rises from her chair and, coming over to the tea table, puts down her empty cup and turns to Jack. "I assure you I have no inclination one way or the other, she says hurriedly, with a faint, nervous little laugh; "I stand on perfectly neutral ground; it is a matter of absolute indifference to me." "That being the case, would it not be the fairest and simplest way to draw lots?"Jack quietly suggests. "Of course it would! How stupid not to have thought of that before," I ery, rising quickly and ranning over to the writing table. "I will just write 'Y es' on one piece of paper and 'No' on an-other, and then fold them in exactly the same way."

other, and then iold them in exactly the same way." When I return with the neatly folded slips of paper in my hand I notice with some surprise that my sister is fushed and that her eyes gleam excitedly, which seems strange in a person who hardly five minutes ago declared herself per-fectly indifferent as to the upshot of the affair.

feetly indifferent as to the upshot of the affair. "Now, then, Poppie, will you draw?" I say briskly. "I myself do not really know which is which." Quickly drawing back her dark head, Poppie steps forward. Jack is standing at a little distance behind her, intently watching as she stretches out her hand toward the paper that is to decide her fate. She hesitates for a moment, touch-ing the slips irresolutely, then her fingers close firmly upon one. "I will take this," she says, a little ex-citedly.

"Very Well. Now be quick and open "Very Well. Now be quick and open it for I do not know which it is!" I cry

eagerly. As she stands before me without mov-ing all the pretty color fades out of her face.

 As sub stands before me without moving all the pretty color fades out of her face.
 "I am afraid to look," she says, in a tone that is only a little louder than a whisper; then she turns round suddenly to Jack. "Will you read it forme?" sho says, putting the paper hurriedly into his hand and drawing a deep breath.
 Slowly—oh, so slowly!—dack unfolds the little slip and reads the one word written on it. Poppie is trembling all over, and her eyes are faced on his face, which wears a curious expression, such looks up. his eyes meet Poppie's.
 "The Fates have proved themsolves kind for once, at any rate," he says, "I must congratulate you. Poppie."
 "You have drawn 'Yes,'" says Jack, slowly. Chappie (after receiving the bill of are from the waiter-Let us get out of seah. Chollie—What faw? Chappie—This is a beastly low place. Chollie—How do you know? 'Chappie—The bill of fa-ah_is in Eng-ish, dontcherknow.

own. "Poppie," he says kindly, "do not dis tress yourself, do not cry so. Did you tress yourself, do not ery so. Did think for a moment that I would let marry that man? And you actu dared to say it was a matter of indi marry that man? And you actually dared to say it was a matter of indiffer-ence to you when you knew that I lored you, and when I know— Oh, Poppie, my darling, did you think I did not know?"

Pears Without Cores.

me; but-I don't know why it was-he as he stands with his back to the fire sip-would not take 'No' for an answer-per. ping hot tea. "have you any news to tail ESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

"Hoor thy father and thy mother," as a commandment which sounds like hol-low mockery to the boy who for no rea-son except "discipline," is sent down to the cellar to chop wood just as the parade is passing the house.-[New York Herald. Man of the World-A Futile Experiment—Not the Office He Wanted—Had Seen Better Days— Often Longed For, Etc., Etc.

HE CAN'T SEE WHY HE SHOULD.

HUMAN NATURE CROPS OUT.

HUMAN NATURE CROPS OUT. "Those two dogs across the street look as if they were spoiling for a fight. Who owns them?" The "mongrel cur with the vicious look belongs to a neighbor of mine. The hand-some, intelligent looking animal belongs to me,"—[New York Press.

WEAVING A CHAIN. Rosalie—How is your new beau? Grace—Oh, he promises well. Rosalie (warningly—Get him to write, my dear, get him to write.

THE MOON WAS WANING.

THAT MATTER SETTLED.

CRUEL.

"I've seen very few birthdays yet," she laughed, airily. "Ah," said he, "I understand. Born in leap year, on the 29th of February."

The Tomb of Paul and Virginia.

Many who have read that sweet and

The comb of rant and virginia. May who have read that sweet and simple love story, "Paul and Virginia, "do not believe that it is really counded facts. Yet such is said to be the scale the second store of t

Built a Town in a Day.

singing News.

' said the other; "well, now I can see Why they claim that his mind isn't right." TIME TO REBEL Young Father-What on earth is the

A MAN OF THE WORLD

Beggar—Please, sir, will ye lend me a ime ter git somethin' ter eat." Gentleman—You've got a quarter in our hand now. What's that for? Beggar—That's ter tip th' waiter,— New York Weekly.

A FUTILE EXPERIMENT. When I proposed to her I thought I buld have the last word, and this is how When I proposed to her I thought I vould have the last word, and this is how (didn't get it: After describing my condition and prospects I said; "Will you have me?" "Yes," she said. "You're welcome," said she. "You're welcome," said she. "You are very kind to say so," I said. "Not at all," she answered. "I am very grateful," I added. "Don't mention it," she said. I let it go at that. I saw it was no ase.—[New York Press. At different times Willie had been told of the man in the moon, and that the moon is a green cheese. Putting the two statements together, he exclaimed one evening: "The man in the moon must be very hungry these nights." "Why, dear?" " "He has eaten almost all the cheese."

NOT THE OFFICE HE WANTED.

"He called me the belle of the party,' said she, "When escorting me home yester-night." "He did," said the other; "well, now I NOT THE OFFICE HE WANTED. "What's the matter with Glumm these lays that he looks so sour?" "Things have gone wrong with him italey. He has been trying to got up a benefit club for some time and it was or-ganized the other night, and they made him president." "Wol, wasn't that what he wanted?" "No, he wanted to be treasurer."— [New York Press. Young Yattel – what on earth is the baby yelling so about now? Young Mother (wearily)—Dear me, I don't know. Perhaps that new nurse is singing "Comrades" to him.—[Good Now

HAD SEEN BETTER DAYS. MAD SERVE DATHER DAYS. Mr. Sellit-Well, Uncle Eph, how are are gettin' along these days?" Uncle Eph-Oh. I'm gettin' along fine. It's a mighty poor day 1 don't make my two or three dollars. Mr. Sellit-You must be gettin' rich. Spose you pay me that little bill you owe me.

Spose you pay no the sport of t

OFTEN LONGED FOR.

Little Boy (pointing to window of rub-ber store)—W hat's them? Mamma—Those are diving suits, made all of rubber, so the diver won't get

MR. MEEK'S COUNTENANCE Little Terror-Mamma, Mr. Meek's kin is as smooth as papa's. No marks n it at all.

on it at all. Mamma—Just hear the child, Mr. Meeks. Of course there are no marks on

t, my pet. Little Terror—Bat you said the hens ad been pecking him.—[New York

WHEN SHE FOUND OUT.

at when she knew the truth of it, That they must eat both soup and

bone, She changed the pitch, and now she talks talks In rich and heavy dark brown tone. —[New York Herald.

& BEASTLY LOW PLACE.

SAME OLD WAY.

wr. Hamm—How did the audien rike you out West this time, Fatter Mr. Fatter—Same old way—with eg

NO GOOD REASON.

Pretty Cousin-Your friend Dr. Lan

Jetty Coustn-1 our Triend DF. Lan-ter passed me down town to-day without yen a bow. He-Oh, well, you know he's awfully basent minded. He's so completely de-oted to his surgical practice. Pretty Cousin-But that's no reason thy ho should cut me.--{New York Jocald

A MISAPPREHENSION.

A MISAPPRENESSIOS. "Why, Edwin," exclaimed the tearful bride, "you certainly told me before we were married that you would gladly give me all the pin money I wanted." "Yes," said Edwin, gloomity; "I know I did; but I didn't suppose you meant diamond pins."—[Somerville Journal. FRAGRANT FLOWERS.

Florist—Here take this cart-load of wers to the Highstyle Opera House." New Man—"Yessir. What shall I

"Unload 'em at the front entrance, and ive 'em to the ushers to present to the rima donna after the curtain falls on the hird act."

hy n. derald.

hird act." "Yessir." "Then reload nd bring 'em

Before they wed he used to rave About her voice of bird-like pitch, was soft and mellow then, you kno For she still fancied he was rich;

Weekly.

et. Little Boy—I wisht I had one. Mamma-Why, what for, my dear? Little Boy-To wear when you wash

any mine, "are you terribly disappointed?" "I am," I replied solemnly and mourn-fully—"dreadfully disappointed! It would be, oh, so nice if you wore mar-ried to such a delightfully rich man as this Mr. Harris seems to be! But, of course, there is no use in my saying anything now, since you have refused him," and I end with a regretful sigh. "Poppie gets up from the floor and, drawing a chair close to mine, sits down. "Susan," she says, "I want to ask your advice."

Josan, she says, 'I want to ask your advice.' I do my best to suppress my astonish, ment at this remark, for never before was my sister Poppic known to seek advice-at any rate, of me-and respond inquir-inglyingly-"Yes, dear?"

"I es, dear?" "I did not exactly refuse Mr. Harrisa moment until I have done, «!"—as I prepare to give vent to a y of delighted exclamations—"I said pver and ever again when he asked wait a mor

dight; but she is too hato—Jack Nevills is already standing on the mat outside.
"How are you?" I say cheerfully, as how on the sense you for so long that I had onor forgotten what you were like."
We laught a little as he shakes hand into he same of the stores, is an apple all kinds of fruits. There is an apple all kinds of this is appearea is more with the eyes fixed on the carpet.
"So you have come back at last!" has "before you went way we quarrelled."
"Before you went way we quarrelled."
"Before you went way we quarrelled. "Poppie, didn't we?" he goes on hastly." "Are we friends again now, or are wenemics?"
"Let us be friends."
"Well, Susan," says Jack a little later."

"What is the sweetest thing in all the My sweetheart asked, then heaved a tender sigh d stole a glance at me that plainly

'em at the stage door back again.''--[Good

said, "I'll be offended if it is not I."

EASY.

A HANDY TOOL.

Mrs. Blinks-Where in the world is Ir. Blinks' revolver? I forgot to take it rom under his pillow this morning. New Girl (a recent arrival)--What's it ke, mur?

like, mum? "It's about so long, with a crook as one end, and it's bright like silver." "I don't know, mum, unless it's that thing little Tommy is hammerin' tacks wid."-[Good News.

MISS KATE'S LITTLE JORE.

They tell me you are a happy father

"Yes." "Yes." "Are you setting up the cigars?" "No. I'm sitting up nights."

A NEEDED EFFORT.

Charles-I'm trying as hard as I can, arling, to get ahead. Clara-Well, goodness knows, Charles, ou need one badly enough.

CAUSE FOR LAUGHTER.

Jessie-What are you laughing about. Bessie-Before Chappie went away he told me whenever I felt sad to think of

Built a Town in a Day. "There's nothing like it—when people wild over a mining discovery." said the Tremont House. "One day last August a town literally sprung up is august a town literally sprung up is for orgen and the sprung up is sprund and one morning when the sun spread and the town was called La have a boom. The day I left Sait Lakk assays thirty ounces silver and two and norser second Leadville. Mills will soon be in operation. Claimants are working every day and source is being imade ready for slipment. The stage imade ready for slipment. The stage imade ready for slipment starting towns! No boomers can beat the record of La bata. Talk about starting towns! No boomers can beat the record of the plate. Talk about starting towns! No boomers can beat the record of the hat and the starting towns! No to Etat an Egg. How to Eat an Egg.

raised without irrigation. The great fifty-ton hammer in the Krupp Gum Works at Essen, Germany, gained its name and the inscription it bears, "Fritz, let fly!" in the following manner: In 1877, when old Emperor William visited the gun works this great steam trip-hammer was the first thing to attract his attraction. Krupp then in-troduced the vetran Emperor to the ma-ohinist Fritz, who, he said, handled the giant hammer with wonderful precision; that he was so expert with it as to drop the hammer without injuring an object that no was so expert with it as to drop the hammer without injuring an object placed in the centre of the block. The Emperor at once put his diamond-studded watch on the spot indicated and beckoned to the machinist to set the hammer in motion. Fritz hesitated out of consider-ation for the pregious object, but Krupp and the Emperor both urged him on by saying: "Fritz, let fly!" Instantly the hammer was dropped, coming so closely to the watch that a sheet of writing pa-per could not be inserted between, but the jewel was uniqued. The Emperor gave it to Fritz as a souvenir. Krupp added \$250 to the present. Let the lover of a good egg—the one who can eat eggs every morning all the year round, and who rejoices in the real egg flavor—stand the beloved article on end in a small egg-glass and then, ôver so cautiously, tap on the other end until a hole is made. Let him, still proceed ing cautiously, take of the broken shell until there is a bare white surface er-posed about the size of a five-cent pieco. Now, with an agg spoon or an after-din-mer coffee spoon, puncture the surface of the egg, and, after dropping in a piece of butter about as large as a white bean let him chop up the entire egg until if rests in its shell, all cut up and ready ts be eaten. It is still deliciously hot, and has parted with none of its pristine love-timess. Just as soon as well prepared if should be eaten, before it has had time to do not take them thus would do well to give them a trial.—[5k Louis Ropublic.] Jack, the preacher's horse, writes a Let the lover of a good egg-the one

ually he recovers strength, and enjoys amazingly the wonder he has excited. Ir was recently stated that the Mormons were finding a new country for the prac-tice of their creed in Mexico, and that the emigration from Utah was already large. The report now comes from Salt Lake City that Mr. S. F. Spencer, a local real estate dealer, has sold to a Mormon company the Hacienda de la Press ranch, containing 100,000 acres of land and sit-uated in Chihuadua, about nisety-fivo miles southwest of the city of that name. The capital of the company is said to be \$1,000,000. Some 3,500 acres of the land are under cultivation, and the timber tract is extensive. Sawnill and factory machinery is to be transported there in to the new. The lands are described as being situated in the foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains, at an elevation of 5,000 feet above sea level. The eleva-tand the trigion and the presence of timbered hills gives a climate free from the extrense of heat and coid, and the region is noted for its healthultness. Such fruits and vegotables as are raised in Utah and the Middle States can be produced by irrigation, while corn and other usual erops of the country are raised without irrigation.

THE German Kaiser is said to be extra Anoty fond of white, especially of white trousers. The late Governor Hovey, of Indiana, had a similar liking for white --a liking that extended even to the use of white rose extract as his favor-ite perfume. His linen was always im-ite perfume. His linen was always inthe use or white this linen was always im-ite perfume. His linen was always im-macculate in its glossiness, and he used to buy his white neckties in lots of twen-ty-five, so that the instant one became soiled he could replace it with a fresh

an unlovely but eternal fame. A UNIQE marriage ceremony has just been performed in Baltimore. The ser-vice was the Episcopal. The groom was a deaf mute, but the bride was able to talk. The officiating clergyman was deaf. The groom's answers were spelt out in the deaf mute alphabet. He is a painter and has done very creditable work. The minister, by the way, was the Rev. J. M. Kochler, of Philadelphia, who presides over a church of deaf mutes in that city, though his pastorate ex-tends over Pennsylvania. Dolaware, New Jersey and Maryland. Though deaf, he speaks well. Mrs. GARCIA, of New York, the other

Jersey and Maryland. Though deat, he speaks well. MRS. GARCIA, of New Yo'k, the other day, saw aman dash out of the hallway of her house. Sho ran out after him and saw him running up the street. In the area was a big Newfoundland dog, the property of a neighbor. "Catch him, Charlie," she cried, and Charlie was after him like a shot, and presently had him by the coat-tail, and there he staid until a police officer came along, when Charlie released his hold and quietly accompanied the prisoner to the station house. When he saw the man properly locked up he re-turned home. Is Berlin there appears to be little

turned home. Is Berlin there appears to be little reverence for the dead. The old cholera churchyard of 1831, which afterward be-came a cemetary for the poor, has long been anglected, though there have been funerals there during the last ten years. The place is now to be changed. In the lower part of the charchyard, where a new church is to be built, the graves have been opened, and the skeletons and remains of coffins taken out, to be buried in a general grave higher up, where it is

where it is

in a general grave higher up, whe intended to make a public garden

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PROFESSOR NOTHNAGEL, the Austrian PROFESSOR NOTHNAGEL, the Austrian court physician, traces the grip back to the ninth century, and says it recurs with varying intensity for three or four years and then dies out for twenty or more years. He knows no remedy.

g give it to Fritz as a souvenir. Krupp added \$250 to the present. WILLIAM LEARV, owner of the Gem Theatro, Suspension Bridge, N. Y., has en-teredinto a wager by which he stands to lose his theatre, or win \$2,000. Leary warety show" consisting of five men and five women who will walk from New York to Chicago in 100 days (Sundays except-ed), and give shows on the way. The company must start from New York on June 1, 1892, without a cent of money in their pockets, and they are to use no showing one night in New York cirr. They will also have the privilege of showing one night in New York cirr. The wall es provided and the restwill have to carry him or her, as the case may be, The wage grew out of a discussion on the going to pieces of shows on the road and their being left in towns. One of

JACK, the preacher's horse, writes a correspondent from La Grange, Ga., seems to be particularly fond of beet tongue. Some time ago he bit off the tongue of Rev. W. E. Dozier's mildh cow; and only a few days ago, in al-most the same place and manner, he bit off the tongue of a yearling. Who has e ' yee that can beat this record.